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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

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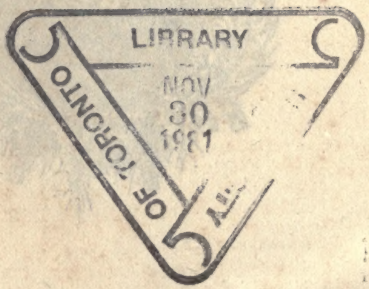

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXV. JANUARY, 1824. Vol. XV.

THE IRISHMAN.

No. II.

Nations in many respects resemble private individuals, and in none more than this,—that those which apparently have most cause to be content, often exhibit the strongest symptoms of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. The poor man who can earn enough for his decent support, jogs on quietly through the vale of humble life, while they who seem to want nothing are frequently the prey of restlessness and discontent. I question whether the world, at any period, has been able to furnish such a living picture as Great Britain now exhibits, of public and private prosperity, of high cultivation, of extended commerce, of opulent inhabitants, of national renown, of general knowledge, and of individual happiness. Sure I am, that it would be vain to think of finding a parallel to it in any era of her own history, previous, at least, to the last forty or fifty years. How much more indulgent soever nature may have been to other countries, in excellence of climate, fertility of soil, or felicity of situation,—or whatever advantages their inhabitants may have derived from the culture of some peculiar arts,—where is the candid and intelligent stranger, who, returning to his own country after an intimate acquaintance with England, will hesitate to acknowledge the decided superiority of the Empress of the Ocean, the free and happy Island? Where will he find such an aristocracy as that which the great landed proprietors of Great Britain present to his view? Where will he look for such a profusion of magnificent seats, or such a number of munificent proprietors? Where will he behold such a description of tenantry as that which flourishes under the auspices of that noble and high-minded aristocracy? Where else is he to seek for a land which will shew him among her Esquires men who almost look down upon Royal honours, and whose pride is, not to accept titles, but to decline them? Where will he find such a House of Peers, such an assembly of Representatives, as are presented to his view in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain? Where can he hope to behold such wealth, spirit, intelligence, generosity, and enterprize, as are centred in that vast and respectable body composing the mercantile interest of Great Britain?—Volumes, not pages, are required, for giving even a very brief detail of the several items which make up the sum-total of British industry, British power, and British prosperity. Years, not days, would suffice to make a person acquainted with the immense extent and variety of her arts, her manufactures, her literary attainments, her cultivated lands, and her commercial cities; and did circumstances permit, I do not know how

a man of curious and intelligent mind could for years be so delightfully and so instructively employed. All the rest of the world can not, the whole of the old world never could, boast such a throne, such a senate, such a country, and such a people!

Are we now to be told, that this great country is ill governed, that her constitution is imperfect, and that her legislature wants reform? I laugh at an assertion, of which every man, who enjoys only the sense of sight, must discern the palpable absurdity. Could such an empire have grown, can such a state of things be found, under an ill government? Impossible. Is it to be believed, that there exists any want of imperial protection, of wise administration, of legislative vigilance, in a country, the moral and intellectual character of whose people has attained the highest summit of honourable distinction, whose trade embraces the world, and the opulence and industry of whose private citizens enable them to accomplish the most arduous undertakings, and to rival princes in generosity and magnificence? Impossible. The defects, for defects will be found in everything connected with humanity, are not in the system, but in those who would abuse it. I can readily understand that the country may be governed worse—I cannot easily conceive, with fair allowance for mortal frailty, that it could be governed better. Will a wise man risk the stability of a form of government, capable of conferring such blessings, on the vain hope of renovating its strength, or enlarging its powers, by a change of system? Will he give up the conscious certainty of GOOD enjoyed, for the fallacious promise of theoretic perfection? Would he do so, if the characters of the theorists were recommended by the highest excellence of moral principle, exemplary conduct, and benevolent intention? and if not, will he listen for a moment to counsellors of such character as the reformists of the present day generally possess? No, unquestionably he will not; because, if he did, he would forfeit his pretensions, not to wisdom only, but to common prudence, common honesty, and common sense. I speak as a mere individual partaker of the general welfare. I have no personal connection with the exercisers of power, or their agents or instruments, directly or indirectly; but as a subject of the imperial realm, I profess my unwillingness to change a single foundation-stone of that political structure, which long time, profound wisdom, and fortunate circumstances, have concurred to construct—which surrounding nations find it much more easy to admire than to imitate—which, once shaken, may never recover its stability—and which owes its great value, not to symmetrical order, or regularity of form, but to the strength of its buttresses, the durability of its roof, and the substantial comforts of its internal arrangement, and its multiplied accommodations.

If Great Britain be as I have described it, whence, it may be asked, can so much discontent arise—discontent, not merely confined to hair-brained experimentalists, Jacobin reformers, desperate adventurers, or idle profligates, but pervading occasionally superior classes, and bearing in its train recruits from every profession, clerical, military, legal, literary, and even senatorial? The answer is obvious—it arises from the nature and constitution of man, being a proof as well as a consequence of free government; a natural excess of that liberty which permits *sentire quæ velis, fari quæ sentias.* In such a government, where the community is large, there will be numerous candidates for place and power, and all cannot be successful. Disappointment will be experienced more or less in other pursuits; and as no one is willing to acknowledge deficiency in himself, he is naturally disposed to account for failure on some other ground than his own ill fortune or ill conduct. Misgovernment immediately presents itself as at once a pretext and consolation for miscarriage—a convenient butt for the arrows of malignity—an abundant receptacle for all the overflowings of angry and irritated minds. As discontent is naturally querulous, as it requires little talent to find fault, still less to vituperate, and least of all to falsify, he must be deficient in judgment, indeed, who forms his estimate of the country's real state from factious clamour, from party journals, tumultuary meetings, reforming demagogues, and opposition orators. To obtain a true knowledge of the actual situation and nature of things, he must take a cool, patient, and comprehensive view of the whole; to form a

correct judgment of the British Government, he must examine all its curious and complicated machinery, the harmonious operation of whose parts will surprise him much more than the occasional irregularity of a few movements. The great cause of astonishment to a sound and sober mind will be, that any who live under its protection, who have been born within its precincts, and whose attachment ought to have been strengthened by the impressions of early prepossession, should be foolish or wicked enough to harbour sentiments derogatory to its fame, or subversive of its establishment. I am not one of those who feel serious alarm from the insidious designs of the literary underminer, or the more open attacks of the factious. The sterling weight of solid learning and sound talent is on the side of the constitution, and there is a steadiness of character in the British people which will, I trust, for ever defeat the secret machinations of the pretended friend, as well as the undisguised enmity of the audacious aggressor. Real danger, as it appears to me, is only to be apprehended from a want of union and firmness in Government—from a ministry who would be weak enough to concede too much to that restless spirit of change, with which so many, under the pretence of reform, are either deluded themselves, or endeavouring to delude others.

But, alas! poor Ireland! though marked, both by size and situation, as the associate, not the slave, of the sister Island, though now at length indisputably connected with her fortunes, governed by the same crown, subject to the same laws, represented in the same Parliament, and scarce less favoured by the fertilizing hand of benignant nature, the just reporter of your internal state has a different and far less gratifying representation to make.

In endeavouring to give a clear, though succinct, account of the real state of Ireland, it is not dealing fairly to make her sit for her picture in the hour of distress, to take our view of her features while under the influence of a depression, in which all the nations of Europe have participated, and from the shock of which even the superior wealth and resources of English agriculturists are but now beginning to recover. Their numerous petitions to Parliament, complaining of agricultural distress, spoke a language as melancholy and despairing as the famous petition of their ancestors to the senate of Italy, when the Roman protection was obliged to be withdrawn. In their despondency they predicted a general bankruptcy of both landlord and tenant, a death-blow to agriculture, and little less than national ruin. They had their Rockites too, some riots, and some burnings, though soon checked by the vigilance of the magistracy, and the general respect of a long civilized people to the salutary authority of the laws. Ireland, from various circumstances, has hitherto derived her principal wealth from the productions of her land, from what is called the provision trade—from cattle, and from corn; for both of which, and more especially the former, the nature of the climate, and the fertility of the soil, are well adapted. It cannot surely be matter of surprise, that what was disastrously felt by a people possessing so many resources, so abundant in wealth, and so superior in civilization, should be productive of deep and bitter calamity in a country deriving its staple, almost its only support, from that very branch of industry which the sudden change of European politics had so deeply and unexpectedly paralysed. War, which impoverishes other countries, has long been an enricher of Ireland, by employing her spare hands, and consuming her superabundant provisions. But the harvest was generally short, and the gainers, regarding it only as a temporary resource, were probably better husbands of the profits. The unusual duration of the last war seems to have given it the character of interminable. The longer it lasted, the less it seemed likely to end. What was got with ease was spent with profusion; none seem to have speculated on a decrease of income. Rents, which had been paid for fifteen or twenty years, appeared beyond the danger of reduction; estates were loaded with charges proportionate to their supposed eternity of value; prices, which for many years had been advancing, might, it was thought, rise, but could never recede; and when the shock did come, there was general alarm, general dismay, general discontent, and general dis-

tress, because there was no preparation for an event, which, however distant, must have arrived at last.

The substitution of paper for cash —a measure which nothing but the direst necessity could justify, and to which, under Providence, Great Britain has been indebted for the successful support, and the glorious termination of her long protracted struggle with the Gallic Usurper—unfortunately contributed to increase the evil. The facility of obtaining money when the stamp of a banker could create a circulating medium, gave a spur to speculation, of which Irish ardour made a most improvident use. That an after reckoning must come, seemed never to be contemplated either by the lender or the borrower; and such was the peculiar state of things at one time, that the only person in danger of real suffering was the actual capitalist. The bankers, of whom an inordinate number started up, who issued their hundreds of thousands, less on the credit of their houses, than on the credulity of the public, and who lived like princes while that credulity lasted, whatever injury they might do to others, could do little to themselves by becoming bankrupts. Speculators, who, with the aid of a bold front, and a new coat, got deep into their books and precipitated their failures, sported for a while in adventurous notoriety, and by their fall injured only the lenders.

The money expended by these adventurers in cotton and paper-works, corn-mills, and various other schemes, though, while it lasted, much advantage seemed to accrue in consequence of the employment given to tradesmen and labourers, &c. yet was it in reality injurious, by advancing wages, and increasing a circulation of paper already too large, as well as from the suddenness and frequency of their failures. Many of them had even address enough to repeat their bankruptcies by obtaining fresh credit, and persuading their dupes that the way to recover an old debt was by making a new one. The failure of banks was more extensively injurious, as it affected almost the whole body of the peasantry within the range of their issues, whose chief means of meeting the several demands upon them were those very notes which the shutting of a door had converted from moneyed value into worthless paper. They sustained also very serious losses through the means of corn-buyers, of whom many started up in different parts of the country, outbidding each other, and receiving grain into their stores on the promise of more high prices, many of which were never paid.

These, however, were not the worst evils which persons deriving income immediately from land, and particularly the laborious cultivator, had to encounter. A British reader can scarce conceive, and will be unwilling to believe, the extravagant extent to which land-letting and land-jobbing were here carried. I know that in several parts of Great Britain there was much competition for farms, and that rents rose to an unusual and inordinate height. But Irish land-jobbing was quite a different thing, and involved a much greater variety of persons in difficulty, in distress, and in ruin. When, in consequence of an unrestricted circulation of paper, and a ready demand for every species of provision, the price of land's produce rose beyond all former example, to make fortunes by farms was the favourite object of every country speculator. As the duration of those prices was never doubted, all that seemed necessary to success was to become tenant to as much ground as possible, and to secure the continuance of such valuable interests by length of lease. The rent which a man might thus bind himself to pay, was a minor consideration, as he always looked to an increasing value, particularly where the farm was susceptible of any improvement. How, as he represented the matter to himself, could it be otherwise, when twenty stone of wheat brought three pounds, and frequently more, and when all the other marketable articles of a farm were in proportion? The number of these competing land-jobbers, among whom were gentlemen of real property as well as greedy adventurers, necessarily raised the market upon themselves, and gave an additional stimulus to enterprize, originating from avarice, fostered by ignorance, and founded on delusion. Every nobleman and gentleman who had lands to let, was besieged by suitors and applicants vying with each other for the happy privilege of becoming tenant at any rent they might be pleased to require, tempting the needy landlord

with fines, and soliciting the favour of agents by bribes, which, it may be supposed, were not *always* rejected. There were no doubt a few, whom cooler judgment exempted from the danger of such excesses; but, generally speaking, both land-owner and land-holder submitted to a deception, on which one cannot now reflect without the utmost degree of wonder and astonishment. Thousands of engagements were then made, which were impossible to be kept, and many sums of money sunk in speculations as foolish and deceptious as the famous South Sea Bubble, a project bearing great similitude, in absurdity at least, to the late Irish rage for land-letting and land-jobbing. Numbers of persons, substantially wealthy and respectable, who speculated in this manner, have been reduced to a state little short of absolute indigence. Many have been obliged to pay douceurs for being permitted to relinquish their bargains, at the loss of all the money expended in bribes, fines, or improvements; several were under the necessity of flying the country, in order to get rid of rash and ruinous obligations; and some, who strutted for a while in fine clothes, and sported fashionable gigs, on the strength of profit rents and farm incomes, have been reduced to the humble mediocrity of a plain coat and a walking-stick.

What then, need I say, at the bursting of the bubble, must have been the condition of the Irish peasantry, of that class from whose labours all those emoluments, present and perspective, were to accrue, and on whom was imposed a burden of rent to the utmost verge of what their ability was able to undergo? Such, however, was the idea universally entertained of agricultural capability, that they were as ready to give high rents as the land-letter was to require them, and for a time, and a long time too, they not only paid high rents, but prospered on the payment. They wore good clothes, rode good horses, drank liberally, quarrelled lustily, and married superabundantly. For the fortnight preceding Lent—for marriages are seldom contracted at any other time—the priest's hands were full of business, and joyous wedding parties crowded the roads leading to his house from every part of the parish. A visitor, forming his judgment from this annual exhibition of matrimonial merriment, would have pronounced them, and not without reason, the happiest people upon earth. They did really enjoy all the happiness which minds not very delicate, nor very enlightened, were capable of tasting; absorbed in the festivities of the passing hour, pleased with the present, and heedless of the future. The sudden fall from a degree of prosperity accommodated to their habits, and equal to their wishes, from actual affluence to actual poverty, was at once woful and astounding. To see the produce of that industry which so lately sufficed to answer all demands, and left a surplus, not only for subsistence, but for enjoyment, either unsaleable, or to be disposed of for less than a third of its pristine value, appeared to them as strange and unaccountable as it was cruel and disastrous. Had the demands of their several creditors diminished in due proportion, and had the reduction of rents kept pace with the reduction of prices, though they might have been puzzled by the cause, they would have been little injured by the effect; their nominal rather than their real property would have suffered. But this was by no means the case. The middle-man, or land-jobber, in order to maintain himself, and make good his engagements to the head landlord, was obliged to exact his rent from the occupier; and to do this, frequently had recourse, not merely to the produce of the land, but to the sale of his tenant's stock and moveables, a measure which wholly ruined the one, and eventually injured the other. To anticipate this result, the tenant, conscious of his inability to make up the rent which he knew would be required, removed all his effects a little before pay-day, to some distant part of the country, and as the people mutually assisted each other in these schemes, they were generally successful. Thus commenced a sort of straggling warfare between landlords and tenants, the former endeavouring to get as much, and the latter to give as little, as they possibly could; the consequences of which were, the dissolution of that friendship and confidence which should subsist between them, much loss and injury to both, and a general spirit of resistance on the part of the people, to the payment of accustomed demands, even where

those demands were urged with lenity and moderation. From disorderly occurrences of this nature, originated those nightly outrages, not much attended to in the beginning, which at length arrived at an alarming height, and assumed the character of a dangerous and rebellious confederation. It is very difficult to form an accurate estimate of the extent of popular conspiracy in Ireland, at least in the beginning of its career, because they who refuse to enlist in its ranks never offer the least obstruction to its progress; the duty of giving information of any criminal proceeding whatsoever, which does not personally affect themselves, not being among the duties which they have been accustomed to consider obligatory on them by the laws either of God or man. The obstinacy with which the combination is still supported, shews, however, that the insurrectionary spirit had taken deep root, and spread to a very wide extent, embracing, as it always does, additional views, and objects not contemplated at its commencement, and fomented as it goes on by brawling *patriots*, disappointed place-hunters, insidious reformists, and unprincipled democrats.

However unwillingly either little men or great men relinquished their claims to what hope had encouraged them to regard as a secure and permanent income, the wants of each passing hour demonstrated the necessity of submitting to circumstances, and conceding an abatement of rents. It was begun by the greater proprietors, most of whom evinced a disposition to deal liberally with their tenants, and to contribute, as might have been expected, their endeavours to diminish the pressure of public distress. If their reductions were at first insufficient, it is less chargeable on their want of inclination to relieve, than on the unsettled state of things, and their ignorance of the quantum of reduction the case required. Abatement, on the part of the petty proprietor, and middle landlord, was much more reluctant, and much less considerable. Hopes were still entertained that the depression was but temporary, and that lands would again recover their value. They either wilfully turned their eyes from a mortifying and melancholy picture, or, what is more probable, as the views of such persons are usually bounded by a very narrow horizon, were ignorant of the operating principle, of real causes, and of necessary consequences. It was even the opinion of many persons claiming more title to wisdom, that ministers should have put off the evil hour by protracting the return to cash payments. But sound policy seems fully to justify the conduct which they thought proper to pursue. It was, I think, far more advisable to know the worst at once, than to uphold a state of anxiety and suspense. It was better to suffer one smart shock, than to prolong a state of unhealthful existence by a fictitious shew of wealth, by keeping up a paper system injurious to sound credit, deceptious in operation, and liable to so many abuses.

No prudence, on the part of the people, could have prevented individual suffering, or general complaint. In a country almost dependent upon agriculture, nothing could materially affect the prices of land's produce, without making a correspondent impression on its inhabitants. In Ireland, which unfortunately does not include frugality among its national virtues, the severity of the shock was greatly aggravated by lavishness of expenditure, which, in almost all classes of life, more than kept pace with increase of income, and redundancy of profit. For many years, at least, preceding the return of peace, the difficulty was not in *making* money, but in *keeping* it. They who for twenty years and upwards had enjoyed incomes raised to two, three, or four times their preceding amount, have surely none to blame but themselves, if, at their return to the old income, they are in no better, and very frequently in a much worse condition, than when they set out. When bankers and merchants built palaces, and lived like princes; when dealers of inferior order regarded the acquisition of a rapid profit, not as a foundation for the increase of capital, but as the means of indulging pleasurable pursuits; when country gentlemen increased their expenditures in a double ratio of their new raised incomes; when there were no Misters, but all Esquires; and when few of any description made provision for an evil hour to come, I do not see with what justice the calamitous result of such imprudence can be charged on the effects of the Union, the partial policy of the

sister country, or the negligence and incapacity of the King's ministers.

To those who seriously despair of any solid advantages from the Union, it may be sufficient to cite the example of Scotland, to whose inhabitants the incorporation of their interests with England appeared still more obnoxious and exceptionable. Many years elapsed before any great national benefits accrued to Scotland from the measure, notwithstanding her closer affinity to England and her more thrifty population. It is only within the last 40 or 50 years that her trade has been so prosperously extended, that her manufactures have been so flourishing, that her lands have been so highly cultivated, and that her two great and beautiful cities have risen to such commercial and literary eminence. Let those who are in the habit of imputing Irish backwardness, Irish poverty, and Irish failures, to the corruption or incapacity of government, ask themselves this plain question, To what is the great and advancing prosperity of Scotland, a country much inferior to Ireland in advantages of situation, in extent, and in natural fertility, to be ascribed? Has it flowed from any peculiar fosterage of government, or superior enjoyment of representative privileges? Certainly not. It is attributable to HERSELF; to the improved character of her people; to their general exemption from the debasing influence of antiquated dogmas; to an awakened and emulous spirit of industrious exertion pervading all classes; to an ardent desire of knowledge, unimpeded by the clogs of religious domination; to a liberty which government cannot give here, LIBERTY OF MIND; to the intelligence of her gentry, the enterprize of her merchants, and the kindly co-operation of all. Such a people as they are, in such a country as this is, would, in a very few years, present a picture of national prosperity, not only by means, and with the aid of government favour and patronage, but in the very teeth of its hostility. In an Island so favoured by nature, government must be ingeniously oppressive indeed, to prevent the inhabitants from improving their minds, and bettering their condition, when they themselves are sedulously and seriously bent upon both. Injudicious restrictions upon trade, and favour partially bestowed, may impede or retard the accumulation of national wealth, but cannot altogether suppress it among a frugal, intelligent, and industrious people. Under any system of laws, providing for the reasonable security of person and property, though such a people may not arrive at great riches, at least it must be their own faults if they become very poor. Whatever the conduct of government might have been previous to 1782, and it was usually bad enough, I do not hesitate to say, that since that period Ireland has enjoyed her full share of national consideration. That she has not better availed herself of it, is ascribable to herself alone.

Among the advantages which were to result from the Union, some, it seems, contemplated the immediate arrival of English capitalists, to employ their superabundant wealth with higher advantage in the auspicious security of a new and cheaper country. I cannot see the justice of that expectation, or why a man, who in England was as rich as he need wish to be, should come to Ireland to become richer. An Englishman, versed in the arts of procuring riches, but unpossessed of them himself, might be induced to try his fortune in a country where his skill would stand him in the place of capital, and by degrees enable him to create one. This, I believe, has been frequently done, with more or less success. Scotland was still more liberal of emissaries, sometimes with a little capital of their own, and sometimes without, and among them we have to reckon very valuable men, as well as fortunate adventurers. To one in particular, the county of Cork, and, I may add, the South of Ireland, through which he established mail coaches, has been highly indebted. He shewed what might be done even in this *depressed* and *ill represented* country, by address, intelligence, and activity. The conclusion of his career was, indeed, like that of Buonaparte, unprosperous to himself, and for a similar reason; his views expanded with his success, and induced him to undertake projects too mighty for performance. Mr Anderson's fortunes were wrecked on the same rock which so many vessels split upon. He made large purchases of landed property on the inconsiderate notion of its permanent value, and the fruits of his more successful industry were unable to sustain the overwhelming weight of its depreciation.

In enumerating the leading causes of Ireland's inquietude, distress, and depression, consequent on the termination of the last war, I have omitted one, not from its insignificance, for it was most severely operative, but from the temporary nature of its character; I mean, the late failure of the crop of popular subsistence. Visitations of this kind are not peculiar to any country or nation, though most distressing in those which are poor. At another time it would have been much less severely felt. In the dry summer of 1800, or 1801, as remarkable for the peculiar excellence of wheat, as for the almost total failure of potatoes, the staple food of the people was still more scanty, and the distress would have been greater, had the internal state of the country then been similar to what it is now. But it was full of money. The extravagant prices of grain and export provisions, had filled the pockets of all except the very lowest classes, and from that abundance the poor were relieved and fed. In the last case of similar infliction, the generous contributions of the sister country nobly supplied that aid which the altered state of things here was unable to administer, and established a title to the eternal gratitude and affection of Ireland. Everything is valuable which tends to strengthen the bonds of connection between the sister islands, and one almost ceases to regret the calamity, on account of the munificence to which it gave rise, and the cheering consciousness of possessing so excellent a friend in so near a neighbour.

Of Ireland's general and striking inferiority to the sister island, there are indeed other causes which shall be noticed hereafter; but enough has been said to account for the peculiar wretchedness of her condition within the last five or six years; a wretchedness which disappointed ambition, and factious clamour, under the mask of patriotism, have very materially contributed to aggravate and increase. I challenge any intelligent person, acquainted with this country, to disprove the statement I have made, and, admitting it to be true, can any man in his senses be at a loss to ascertain the prevailing causes of present depression, or so sottish as to believe that they have the smallest connection with political squabbles, any farther than as the said political squabbles, by irritating the popular mind, have added fuel to the flame of discontent, and promoted insurrectionary phrenzy. If ministerial negligence and imbecility, so loudly trumpeted by statesmen out of place, or the rejection of the Roman Catholics' last claim, so vehemently dinned into our ears by demagogues wanting power, be the true cause, how did it come to pass, that neither one nor the other offered any obstruction to the rapid growth of Irish prosperity during the continental war? Simply, because her prosperity hinged upon circumstances different from either. I have already observed, that it was not fair to make Ireland sit for her picture in the hour of a temporary depression. For the elucidation of the present subject, it will not be amiss to take a view of her situation, as it presented itself during the last 20 years of the Buonapartean dynasty, which, though the selfish memories of those who recollect no bright days, save when the light serves to illuminate themselves, have thought fit to erase from their calendar, are in the perfect remembrance of others. He must be a young Hibernian indeed, who does not remember when the rapid growth of Irish prosperity was the theme of universal gratulation. Mr O'Connell, and Mr O'Clabber, and Mr MacJabber, *et hoc genus omne,* might have pined and fretted at a national advancement which they had no hand in promoting; but prosper she did, and that with a pace of almost unparalleled celerity. New and handsome mansion-houses were erected, demesnes were extended and dressed; planting and farming became favourite pursuits; new towns were built; old towns were enlarged and beautified; mail-coach roads, and post carriages, established; banks multiplied, credit abounded, mercantile speculations flourished; dealers of all kinds *made* fortunes, if they did not *keep* them; petty landlords grew into Esquires, Esquires became men of fashion and pleasure; agriculture increased everywhere, and improved in many places; farmers wore good cloaks, rode good horses, and indulged to the utmost all their propensities to rustic gratification; all was bustle, business, profit, and pleasure; and the enjoyments of the day were unembittered with anxiety, or apprehension for the morrow. Even tithes and taxes were unable to make much deduction from the gene-

ral fund of happiness and hilarity, the former being easily paid while the farmers were rich, and the latter only felt with severity by the poorer inhabitants of towns and cities. Is it not obvious, that an intelligent Irish gentleman, warped by no sinister or selfish views, and sitting down to take a fair view of his country's situation during the greater part of the period alluded to, would have drawn a very favourable and flattering picture of her internal state and condition? Sober judgment might incline him to entertain apprehensions for the permanence of a prosperity that was so much indebted to causes of a temporary nature, but the fact of its actual existence was undeniable. Even Sir John Newport himself, exceeded by few in occasional obliquity of political vision, must have seen, and, unless *out of place*, would not have hesitated to admit, the extraordinary rapidity of national improvement. Even now, amidst all the just complaints of actual suffering, the angry clamours of brawling demagogues, the hypocritical lamentations of *ex officio* statesmen, and the multifarious effusions of factious discontent, let any man who has known this country for the last forty years, compare the state of Ireland as it was when he first knew it, with what it is at the present moment, and I ask no more than the testimony of his senses to justify my statement. Let him consider also, that within the limits of this period, she has had to struggle with difficulties, dangers, and calamities, of the most appalling nature; with democratic sedition, religious rancour, political animosity, and desolating rebellion. Any of these seem sufficient to check the calm progress of national prosperity, and in this unfortunate country, each of them was carried to an excess that threatened not merely the peace and wellbeing of the state, but its very existence. Yet such is the power of revivification in a country where person and property are under the protection of laws decently administered, and where industry is even imperfectly operative, that the moment of danger's disappearance seldom fails to mark the commencement of a new course, rather invigorated than depressed by the recollection of past disasters. This observation was here very strikingly exemplified. For some years previous to the termination of the rebellion of 1798, the general mind was in a state of most anxious uncertainty respecting the result of those revolutionary principles, which France, not content with her single blessedness, had so good-naturedly laboured to diffuse among her neighbours. I do perfectly well remember when it was the opinion of many (perhaps I might say most) persons highly respectable and intelligent, that the tide of democracy was irresistible, and that, ere a very few years elapsed, there would not be a king, peer, or priest in the world. The mania, however, was shortlived, repressed by the steadiness of British policy under the auspices of the greatest statesman of his own, or perhaps any other age, and, finally, dissipated by the spreaders of the contagion; to whom, however little we may thank them for administering the poison, we are under great obligations for supplying us with the antidote. Full dearly did they pay for both, and have perhaps to pay still; but as to what the future may produce, our only concern is to make the best preparation for it by acting well at the present. No sooner was the rapturous dream of French beatitude vanished, and the hydra heads of rebellion cut off, than a new and different spirit seemed to animate all bosoms. The friends of establishment exulted in the defeat of those schemes which threatened its overthrow; the revolutionist abandoned his projects, the wavering became fixed, the timid re-assured, and all appeared disposed to return with fresh alacrity to the cultivation of their true interests in the pursuits of industry. I have already related how unfortunately the contingent advantages of this general disposition to active and profitable exertion were counteracted by that wasteful and uncalculating improvidence, for which Ireland has so long been distinguished, and to which an unexpected facility of acquiring wealth seems to have imparted an additional spirit of extravagance. Adversity, though a rough, is often a sage instructor, and it may at least be hoped that the salutary lesson so lately and so feelingly impressed, will not be soon or easily forgotten.

Of the various late manœuvrings of Opposition policy, the most surprising (if any of its manœuvres can surprise) seems to be the motion for a Parliamentary inquiry into the state of Ire-

land, brought forward in the Lower House, consistently enough, by some hungry or discontented Whig; but in the Upper House, *proh pudor!* by—the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE!!! by the head of the noble House of Cavendish! by the man whose name for centuries has been eminently distinguished among the powerful and intrepid assertors of liberty, civil and religious; by the princely Peer, who should scorn to lend his illustrious name to the purposes of *any* party; by the exalted nobleman, whose hereditary property embraces a large portion of two great counties in the South of Ireland, with the circumstances of which immense estates it behoved him to be acquainted; and with which, if he *was*, he ought to have been the unfettered and enlightened communicator, not the party-led and pitiful seeker of information concerning the state and concerns of Ireland! We can make allowance for the stings of envy, and the rage of disappointment in little minds; we can forgive pert and puny agitators for annoying where they cannot injure; for hiding vexation under the veil of public good, and for endeavouring to embarrass government with questions of ostensible utility and impossible embracement; but a Duke of Devonshire ought to stand on higher ground. Respectable, indeed, ought that party to be, of which a Duke of Devonshire would even condescend to be the head; of none should he demean himself by holding up the tail. I speak this with unfeigned respect for his Grace's exalted rank, and still more for his private virtues. I speak it as one of his Grace's sincere well-wishers; as one of those who lament his Grace's late conduct in the House of Lords, as a degradation of his character, as a stain on that more than dueal spirit of munificence so extensively displayed, and hitherto so proverbially untarnished.

The introduction of such a question would create less surprise had it preceded some late parliamentary inquiries, though even then it would, Heaven knows, have been sufficiently preposterous. With them in view, I cannot easily conceive anything more ridiculous, more extravagantly absurd, than an inquiry, *viva voce*, into the state of seven millions of people, inhabiting this *terra occidentalis incognita*, before a House of Commons, consisting of 600 members, empowered to summon and examine all or any of the aforesaid seven millions, though unable to administer an oath to one of them. The points of a measure so replete with sapience, the information to be collected by such boundless powers of investigation, the satisfactory result of so multitudinous a scrutiny, and the probable duration of so pleasant, so temperate, and so constitutional an examination, may be demonstratively proved from the felicitous events of remote as well as recent examples. The scrutiny of a contested election, even before a select committee, has, I believe, outlived a year's session of Parliament. The investigation of the Lord Chief Baron's (of Ireland) conduct respecting some petty charges, before the House of Commons, continued for two sessions, began in fire, and ended in smoke. Need I remind my readers of the second edition of a bottle conjuror, of the renowned conspiracy of the broken rattle, of the noble zeal displayed in the *ex officio* prosecution, and of the subsequent appeals to the representatives of the United Empire, who, after several months, employed in a manner highly illustrative of their wisdom, and honourable to their character, most sagely terminated the question by leaving the appellants and the appellees—just where they found them.

Exclusive of those noble senators, who possess titles and estates in both islands, and therefore may be presumed to know something of each, Ireland sends one hundred representatives to the Lower, and thirty to the Upper House of Parliament. These may not unreasonably be thought sufficient, in point of number at least, to display her wants, enforce her claims, and watch over her interests. When to this advantage we add a resident chief governor, generally a man of talents as well as rank, and a chief and under secretaries, always men of intelligence and political sagacity, I am at some loss to conceive how parliamentary knowledge of her real situation should happen to be numbered among the wants of Ireland. Her peculiar peers and representatives are not, I think, justly accusable of silence or remissness in the exercise of their senatorial functions, some being always ready to communicate, not only as much as they know, but sometimes a little more. As little do they seem

chargeable (speaking of them collectively) with partial leaning to one side of a question, or unworthy deference to the higher powers, for every reader of parliamentary debates will find the Opposition (*i. e.* in their own vocabulary, the patriot) party, commanding a strong posse of Irish auxiliaries. From such sluices Hibernian information should flow in copious channels; from the edifying collision of the sentiments of so many opposing sages for more than twenty years past, sparks of knowledge ought, one would think, to have been drawn, sufficient to elucidate that subject, for which parliamentary inquiry was lately demanded. The most active, and in their own opinion certainly, not the least sapient of those senators, have been peculiarly ardent and vociferous for the proposed inquiry, a circumstance which I cannot deem very creditable to themselves, as it seems to intimate that all their past labour has been lost, all their energies exerted in vain, and all their eloquence—a waste of words. It appears tantamount to saying, "here we are, a group of senators, sent to the Imperial Parliament by the uninfluenced voices of free and independent Irish electors, for our superior virtue and intelligence—for their sake we have neglected our own private interests, devoted our time to the good of the empire in general, and of our dear native island in particular—we have let no opportunity pass of displaying our distinguished talents in so noble a cause; and yet—at the end of twenty years—the House is never the wiser!" This modest admission of deficiency, the usual accompaniment of true merit, may possibly account for the laudable anxiety these senators have shewn to reinforce their parliamentary phalanx with recruits from the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, with what they may not improperly call a *miraculous* accession of strength. It is not one of the worst of their arguments, though I do not think it derives much weight from the present exhibition of senatorial ability in the self-elected parliament of Dublin. Whether from lack of matter or lack of brains I cannot tell, but that meeting which professed to exhibit a model of political wisdom, to lecture chief governors, and to direct imperial parliaments, has changed its plan, and become a sort of non-descript assembly, a kind of ex-clerical convocation. Weary of expending their verbal ammunition upon politics, they have turned it to theology, and undertaken a crusade against heretic unbelievers, under the happy auspices of a princely German quack, a superannuated Irish titular archbishop, four or five friars, two or three medical doctors, a hypochondriacal matron, and an hysterical miss, supported by skirmishers, and Kerry evidences, *ad libitum*, in the shape of editors, essayists, attestators, &c. The success of this holy campaign appears indubitable. Entrenched within the impregnable walls of a Dublin nunnery, defended by a second Joan of Arc, sanctified by the benediction of infallibility, and flanked by the riflers of the NEW CONVOCATION, whose leader speaks with "most miraculous organ," the good old cause of Popish miracles defies the puny malice of its once potent foes,—wit, learning, truth, honesty, and common sense. Much as I reverence this unlooked-for revival of exuberant Faith, which cannot only remove mountains, but make them, I have some doubts whether it will operate favourably for the advancement of Irish catholics to a British legislature. John Bull is a matter-of-fact sort of fellow, mightily given to apply that faculty called reason to all subjects that come within the range of his discussion, somewhat distrustful of sanctified appearances, afraid of wolves in sheep's clothing, and horribly alarmed by the idea of being priest-ridden, in consequence of what he once suffered from such sticking and troublesome jockeys. When he considers the number and magnitude of evils and misfortunes under which an entire nation really suffers, he will find it impossible to believe that the God of all the Earth, leaving these to the ordinary course of Providence, or regarding them as below his care, should employ the visible arm of Omnipotence in enabling a few knaves or fools to work a couple of miserable and insignificant miracles! to make a sulky miss recover the use of her tongue, and a bed-ridden nun the use of her limbs! *Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.* I am afraid he will consider it less as a proof of divine condescension than of divine displeasure—of intellect miserably degraded, of shameless bigotry, and of triumphant superstition! I shall be glad to know

how Mr Brougham likes this novel specimen of senatorial qualification exhibited by his new clients—whether it will animate his zeal in the cause of such liberal, pious, and enlightened petitioners—whether he will feel much satisfaction in contemplating the powerful legislative assistance, he, the proud champion of civil and religious liberty, is, if successful, likely to obtain from the disciples and admirers of Prince Hohenlohe, from believers in all the trumpery of monkish lies and legends, from the defenders of pious frauds, from the assertors of all the spiritual rights, powers, privileges, and immunities of the Hispano-Hibernian church, and from the volunteer advocates of miracles in a Dublin nunnery! Happy qualifications for the exercise of legislative functions in a British senate of the 19th century!!!

The circumstance which most surprises, and is most apt to mislead an English traveller, in the opinion he forms of this country, is the vast difference between the first classes of inhabitants and the last, the striking and extraordinary contrast everywhere presented between the man of fortune and the peasant, the frequent contiguity of splendid opulence and miserable squalidity. Hence the tourist, who travels only for pleasure, and has means of introduction to the nobility and gentry, by whom he is received with polite as well as profuse hospitality, will give a more favourable opinion of the country than its real state fairly warrants; while the philanthropic visitor, who looks with more scrutinizing eye into the condition of the common people, will certainly represent their wretchedness to be much greater than it actually is, because he uses a false standard of judgment, and forms his opinion, not from a knowledge of the people he visits, but from a comparison of them with the people he has left. Opinions formed from transitory and superficial observation can never be depended on as just representations of real life; however faithfully they may exhibit things as they seem, it is hardly possible that they should be faithful pictures of things as they are. To acquire just and accurate knowledge of a people, it is necessary to live among them, to become acquainted with their peculiar manners, and general habits, and to see them at various times, and in different situations. Let him, who, from a view of their ordinary modes and occupations, discovers nothing here but slovenliness and pauperism, repair to a Sunday chapel, a fair, or any holiday place of recreation, and he will hardly believe that he is beholding the same people. These are their days of public exhibition, of dress, and of cheerful assemblage; to the first of which many perhaps resort for pleasure as much as for devotion, to the second for mirth as much as for business, and to the third for merriment only. The ladies appear in all their finery; those who come from a distance frequently adopting the Caledonian method of keeping clean their shoes and stockings by wearing them—in their pockets. The men are not less ambitious of shining in outward array, though after a different manner; their pride of dress consisting, not in the quality, but quantity of apparel—a mode of costume, which, as it is not affected by change of season, subjects the summer beau to a very oppressive weight of ornament. Fashion indispensably requires the exhibition of all his new or good clothes, so that it is not uncommon to see a strapping countryman in the dog-days sweltering under two cloth waistcoats, one of them with sleeves, a body-coat of the same, and over all a large surtout of still stouter material, under which comfortable burthen he has perhaps walked half a dozen miles, actuated by precisely the same motive, however different in mode, of the dandy in high life, the vanity of appearing—a well-dressed man! I must, however, except some of the younger men, who, designing to take a share in the dance, deem themselves, not unreasonably, exempt from a weight, which, how honourable soever it may be in stationary exhibition, is little suited to the graces of the dancer. I am also to except the inhabitants of towns and large villages, among whom something of modern refinement has crept, and who are much less rigidly attached to the observance of ancient forms. The parts these people act are not assumed; the exhibition is piquant and voluntary; Nature is their prompter, and her dictates may be received as the test of real feeling and actual enjoyment. That there is much misery where there are so many unemployed, and consequently so many poor, is too true; but that there are great numbers who possess what *they* consider to be the com-

forts and conveniencies of life; and that many of those whom a stranger, without being very fastidious, would number among the wretched, do by no means enroll themselves in the catalogue of the unhappy, is a fact no less certain and undisputable. Most things in this world are to be estimated by comparison, and though it must be the first wish of every friend to Ireland to improve both the mental and corporal condition of the people, and though before this is done, they cannot attain their due weight in the scale of nations; yet it is consolatory to know that their wretchedness is neither so great nor so general as it has been represented; that much of it has been owing to temporary causes; that the work of improvement has begun, and is now in progress; and that under the persevering aid of a paternal government, and, above all, of vigilant magistrates, and kind, enlightened, spiritual pastors, encouraging, beneficent, (and would I could add, generally resident,) landlords, nothing but the schemes of rash, selfish, and insidious ambition, will be able to obstruct or retard the growing prospects of Ireland. Much as there exists of evil spirit still to be reclaimed and subdued, and extensive as discontent and distress appear to be, there are nevertheless many unequivocal symptoms of general amelioration,—well founded cause to hope that, of the shock so deeply and universally felt, though the tremor in some degree continues, the perils are nearly at an end. The hand of improvement is distinctly visible. The linen manufacture of the South is rapidly emerging from depression; the bustle of trade has begun to reanimate our towns; houses of a better description are daily adding ornament to utility; the fisheries are at length receiving that attention and encouragement they so eminently deserve, and the happy result is already discernible; the prices of corn and provisions begin to advance, and the drooping spirits of the farmer to revive; rents, on the due regulation of which the interests of the peasantry so mainly depend, and which, though not the sole, have been the principal cause of contention between high and low, are in a course of attaining their just level, prior to which, the peace of the country will not be established on a secure and permanent foundation.

There exists, indeed, one evil, or, as I would rather call it, obstruction to national prosperity, for which, during the present general debasement of popular mind, it seems altogether hopeless, and for which, under any condition of the people, it will be very difficult to find an adequate remedy. No person acquainted with this country will be at a loss to know that I allude to its great and overgrowing population. Mr Malthus appears to have been the first who called the public attention to a doctrine so obvious, when once pointed out, that the only thing which now surprises us is how it came to elude prior consideration. The reason seems to be, that prejudice had always run in favour of population, infusing a general belief, that increase of inhabitants exhibited the most indubitable proof of national strength and prosperity. It was not until the evil began to be felt that the validity of the old opinion came to be suspected. The ingenious gentleman to whom we owe this salutary warning was accordingly treated at first as a sporter of paradoxes; but the old and sure test of truth, time, has satisfactorily confirmed his judgment, and done justice to his sagacity. It is indeed difficult, if not impossible, to fix the utmost point of extension to which the support of population in a given country *may* be carried by the vast powers of enlightened industry, and the astonishing efforts of human skill; but that there *is* such a point, seems capable of decisive demonstration. That which happens frequently here in a small district of five thousand acres, will as unquestionably take place in one of fifty millions, the growing inhabitants of which must at last become too numerous for their means of subsistence. The supplementary support afforded by external commerce, as in Great Britain, and the wealth arising from an extensive sale of manufactured commodities, will, no doubt, protract the period of overgrowth, so as to render its prospect less alarming; but the chance of failure in those great commercial resources must always be contemplated with some degree of anxiety and apprehension. In a highly civilized country, it is true, the danger is of far less magnitude, because the restraints of moral feeling and prudent reflection cannot fail to oppose a strong check to the evil, by forbidding young persons to marry before there appears a

reasonable prospect of being able to provide for their offspring. It is to the want of this prudential check, to the utter absence of moral reflection, that we owe that inundation of pauperism, which a rude peasantry, yielding without scruple to the first impulse of desire, pour upon the country in lamentable and overwhelming abundance.

How deficient is human wisdom in the calculation of future events, the estimation of contingent results, and the contemplation of prospective advantages! What were the hopes and expectations of the discoverers of America? and for what purpose did Spain's *Christian* adventurers, endure almost incredible fatigues, and commit the most atrocious cruelties? For what were petty colonies planted, many unoffending native tribes exterminated, and others reduced to a state of the most wretched slavery, under the lash of the most unrelenting master? For gold—for the acquisition of that which, by a just retribution of Providence, has become the means of debasing, not exalting, that haughty nation, of punishing, not rewarding, the unprincipled and insatiable avarice of the discoverers. How little did it enter into any imagination to conceive that the new world was to become, what, with respect to Europe at least, seems to be one of the greatest blessings it can bestow,—a receptacle for the overgrowing population of the old, a glorious theatre for the interchange of commercial amity, for the cultivation of new interests, tending to the comfort and improvement of both! In this, as well as in many other important considerations, we seem bound to acknowledge the hand of Providence peculiarly displayed in the timely discovery of so great a resource for the growing necessities of mankind. We have often been accustomed to hear emigration lamented as a serious calamity, by those who did not consider that in all cases of excessive population, the departure of some is a relief to the rest; and that, generally speaking, too many, instead of too few, were left behind. It will, no doubt, happen, that the lot will sometimes fall on those whom it would be more desirable to retain, and in this case only can emigration be a subject of regret, but even in this case there is something gained by the increase of room to those who are left. Of this island I will venture to say, that one of its seven millions might be spared, not only without injury, but with manifest advantage to the remaining six, that is to say, provided the selection was to be made from the ranks of ignorance and pauperism.

I am now going to offer some remarks on what is likely to be generally uppermost in the mind of an Irishman, as affording subsistence, not only to men, women, and children only, but also to all those live appendages, pigs, dogs, horses, cattle, and poultry —the potatoe. If you should happen to be disposed to conjectural anticipation, you will perhaps think that I mean to propose, what national gratitude ought to have done long since, the erection of a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom the potatoe was first brought to this country, and presented to a nobleman, right worthy of being the dispenser of natural benefits, Richard, the first Earl of Cork. But no, I have no such intention. I question whether any important advantage was in the contemplation of the donor; and moreover, I doubt whether the culture would have been recommended by either of those great men, had they been able to predict the future and remote consequences of the gift. The great Earl of Cork, (as he is commonly called,) the munificent founder of many towns, as well as of an illustrious race, to whom the county of Cork has never ceased to owe those obligations which the rare union of virtue and ability so happily enables their possessor to bestow, certainly contemplated a different sort of subsistence than potatoe diet for his numerous tenantry. Could his lordship have foreseen that they would become almost the only food of the people; that they would supplant the use of bread, abolish the arts of culinary preparation, and by the extreme facility of providing a mere bellyful, promote idleness and vagabondism, and multiply an ever-growing propagation of paupers, he would, I will venture to affirm, have been the very last man to advise or encourage the culture of potatoes. But let me not be considered as meaning to depreciate so extraordinary and valuable a root. I only lament the excessive use, or rather abuse, of one of the most useful vegetable gifts which the bounteous hand of the Almighty Creator has conferred upon mankind. Used as they are in the sister island, as an

auxiliary to better food, their worth is inestimable; but constituting, as they do here, almost the sole food of the lower orders, the effect is as I have stated; and though the blame be not attributable to the article itself, yet is not the consequent wretchedness of its consumers the less deplorable. They are objectionable in another respect, as being only a supply for the current year; so that the superabundance of a favourable season will constitute nothing to the relief of a deficient. Hence the superfluity of subsistence among a potatoe-fed people in any given year, is but a superfluity waste, which does not afford the smallest security against a famine on the ensuing. Every other species of staple food can be held over; and, therefore, for this, as well as other reasons, it should be one of the prime objects of all those, whose ability and wishes to promote the interests of the people go hand in hand, to ameliorate their style of living, and render them somewhat less dependent upon the fluctuating comforts of the potatoe system.

The last forty or fifty years, so fertile in great events, claim also the credit, as far as it can be so termed, of extending and generalizing the use of the potatoe. Previous to this period, that voracious article of subsistence, which in several places, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed all the rest, enjoyed but a limited share of popular preference. I can myself remember a time when numerous little country mills were at work, of which only the vestiges now remain, and when oaten bread was the general food of the people in spring and summer. On days of public work, such as sand-drawing and turf-cutting, &c., when labourers were fed by their employer, potatoes were never thought on, the large table being plentifully furnished with fresh milk, and oaten cakes. It was, I think, the casual introduction of the species called the apple potatoe, remarkable for retaining its firmness and flavour through the entire year, which first induced the people, in an evil hour, to discontinue the use of oaten bread. Laziness probably contributed not a little to the substitution of a food requiring only simple boiling, for a better and stronger diet, attended with more labour of preparation. But the abridgement of labour which laziness procures, only serves to nurse the growth of an evil habit. The time expended in that exercise of culinary art, which gives additional nourishment as well as variety to the homely meal, is far from being lost, and may rather be considered as supplying a stimulus to useful exertion. Perhaps, indeed, the falling off may be in a great measure ascribed to the evil system of middle-landlordship, and land-jobbing, which then began extensively to prevail, and by raising the rent of land to an inordinate degree, left, I am afraid, in too many places, to the laborious occupier, little more than the bare potatoe. Of one thing there can be no doubt, that the farmers then lived much better than they do now. Inhabitants were comparatively few, and consequently farms, of which the rents were very low, comparatively large. To the extraordinarily rapid increase of population, may certainly be ascribed a large portion of that pauperism, to which other causes were also contributory.

I can never reflect on the prodigious augmentation, of the lower orders more especially, which has taken place within my own memory, without wonder and astonishment. I shall not venture to calculate the ratio of this increase, satisfying myself with observing that it far exceeds the usual standard of human multiplication, under the most favourable circumstances, short of actual importation; and that too in the very despite of wars, rebellions, scarcities, and emigrations. Poverty, in other countries, irreconcilably inimical to matrimonial connection, here promotes it, pauperism begetting pauperism as fast as Shylock's usurious ducats begot others. Another singularity observable here is that the inhabitants of the country appear to multiply more rapidly than those of the towns, (though these too are in a state of progressive increase,) one cause of which is the want of those extensive manufactories that require the local union of many hands, and thus lighten the burden of rural population. Increase of numbers always accompanies the rising prosperity of a town, and is regarded as one of its unequivocal symptoms; but after a country has once attained a sufficient number of cultivators, to the skilful execution of whose art great numbers are by no means necessary, augmentation of families becomes a serious encumbrance on the land, and a certain forerunner of idleness and pauperism. The only

immediate means of lightening the weight in this country, for mental improvement is of slow progress, will be found in a more extensive and skilful cultivation of flax, one of those few manufactories suited to rural management, and to which the soil, situation, and general circumstances of Ireland are peculiarly adapted.

To the causes of population's rapid progress already assigned, I have to add one, now almost forgot, but unquestionably entitled to a high place in the catalogue,—I mean the cessation of that dreadful malady, the small pox, for many years little inferior in devastation to the plague itself. Many old people still bear in mind the wailings occasioned by the extinction of almost entire families, and I can myself remember, when few of those who had survived its attack were free from marks of injury, and when many a face was horribly disfigured. The general practice of inoculation took place here about the middle of last century, and the recent introduction of the cow pock seems to promise a gradual annihilation of the disorder. Indeed, an improved mode of treatment, for want of which many of the first inoculated were sufferers, had, even before Dr Jenner's valuable discovery, almost disarmed it of all its terrors.

A question will naturally occur—if mankind in general, and the Irish, in particular, possess this instinctive and irresistible tendency to multiplication, —how comes it to pass that the general history of ancient times contains so little complaint of overgrowing population, and the history of Ireland none at all? The question admits of easy solution. With respect to times of high antiquity, the paucity of inhabitants, and their simplicity of manners, attest the truth of the Mosaic account, which places the creation of man at no very early period of the world. Had it been otherwise, our globe must have been fully peopled, and generally civilized, long before the date of the oldest history. The tendency of man to multiply his kind, a fact incontrovertibly established by present experience, did therefore exist at all times, and if we may believe the maintainers of human degeneracy, must have been more operative in those days of superior vigour than at present. To analogical inference, on which in this case we may safely enough venture to rely, we can add abundant corroboration from historic testimony, which will both establish the existence of such a tendency, and explain the causes of its frequent miscarriage. The means of counteraction were manifold, and many of them continue to exert a baneful influence to the present day—bad governments, licentious habits, savage and predatory modes of life, polygamy, slavery, pestilence, famine, and the desolating ravages of war, frequently undertaken, not for conquest, but extermination. A review of this black catalogue of misfortune, ignorance, and iniquity, removes all difficulties from the question of multiplying tendencies, and only leaves the reader to wonder how, under such circumstances, mankind could have multiplied at all, for that they *did* multiply, and that abundantly, in the face of these general discouragements, is a fact supported by the same unquestionable evidence. From what small beginnings the commonwealth of Rome arose, and what a height of power, an extent of territory, and a mass of population, her steady and skilful policy enabled her to obtain in the course of not many centuries, is known to every classical school-boy. Greece, too, where arts and arms so eminently flourished, in spite of her restless spirit, and unceasing as well as sanguinary commotions, was obliged to relieve her growing weight of populous encumbrance, and enlarge her territory by emigration and colonizing. Even the barbarians of the North, unpropitious as their mode of life was to the nurture of children, became too numerous for their forests, and after many repulses, at length succeeded in overpowering the degenerate legions of Rome, and getting possession of the imperial city. Though their numbers have been exaggerated by terror and effeminacy, yet were they in reality very considerable, supplied from such an immense extent of country, capable, under the hand of civilized culture, of supporting twenty times their amount. From Cæsar's report of his Gallic campaigns, and the multitudes that fell under his victorious arms, we draw indubitable proofs of the accelerating progress of population even under circumstances of barbaric discouragement. But we must not employ a modern scale in estimating the amount of a nation's people then from the number of its warriors. An army now, even in a Buonapartean calculation, makes but a

small portion of the people; it is collected either to aggrandize or to defend. All were warriors in those days, and the march of a barbarian army might not unfrequently be called a march of the nation. In fact, where herds and flocks constitute both the wealth and the subsistence of the people, it is altogether impossible that they can be very numerous. Corn, it is true, was cultivated in Gaul, where civilization had made some advances, but rarely, if at all, in Germany and the northern districts. These observations naturally supply an answer to the question, as far as Ireland is concerned, the paucity of whose ancient inhabitants, and the tardy progress of whose population, serve to prove what indeed has been pretty well proved already, that their best state was little better than a state of barbarism, and that they *could not* have possessed the arts of civilization so lavishly bestowed on them by the arrogant mendacity of modern scribblers, because those arts must infallibly have led to the building of towns, the pursuits of trade, and the cultivation of land; all which employments would of necessity have produced a rapid, and, in no very great length of time, an overflowing increase of population. The state of Irish society under native chiefs, or rather the perpetual hostility of those petty predatory potentates, was indeed tolerably well calculated to thin their numbers, and avert the evils of overgrowth. In this way it more than answered all the happy purposes of Dean Swift's project for preventing beggary, by eating the children of the poor, because it not only diminished the breed of paupers, but kept up a race of heroes. How far such heroism might be conducive to Irish glory, I leave to those who so piteously lament its extinction to determine; it was not certainly conducive to any of those arts and acquisitions which the enlightened philosophy of modern days regards as indispensably necessary to the prosperity and renown of a civilized empire. Though the exquisite *soul*, or (as an author like me, who writes only to be understood, would say) sound of music, which once delighted the ravished ears of Irish demigods in the halls of Tara, and though the songs of minstrels, celebrating exploits not always very dissimilar either in plan or execution from those of the Rockite hero, might have been extremely pleasant and appropriate in their day; yet am I inclined to think, that the melodious bard, who now so patriotically laments their loss, would be very little pleased to see them revive in any but poetic shape. The resurrection of these terrible graces, is, I trust, a miracle beyond the utmost hope of the most sturdy and inveterate Milesian. Yet have we lived to witness the return of what seemed as little to be looked for in the 19th century of the Christian æra. In times of national barbarism, when pious fraud was deemed requisite for the subjugation of minds incapable of rational persuasion, and accessible only through their fears, the miracle-monger might have found some apology for his deception in the necessity of deceiving. To see it resorted to *now*, to see the divine truths of Christianity thrown into the background, and a confederacy of sacerdotal jugglers exhibiting their legerdemain, with nuns and nunneries; to see popular ignorance, rusticity, and superstition, not endeavoured to be removed by moral and rational instruction, but endeavoured to be retarded and confirmed by the grossest frauds of the grossest ages, is no less to be wondered at than deplored. Occasional instances of fancied inspiration, of enthusiastic raving, or of monkish quackery, would never surprise; from individual acts of deceit, of folly, and of falsehood, no state of society is or ever will be exempt. But to behold the highest dignitaries of a church calling itself Christian, and professing to be the lineal possessor of apostolic virtue, the perfect patron of evangelical rectitude, and the sole depository of divine commission—to see also a sage assembly of self-constituted senators, claiming more than an equal share of natural talent, of acquired knowledge, of legal ability, and of liberal patriotism; to see all these, I say, sanctifying, sanctioning, and defending the miserable delusion, while not a single voice among the host of that church's educated and well-informed followers, raises a fresh sound in defence of reason and of truth, is wonderful and astonishing indeed!!! If they believe this linsey-woolsey compound of Irish and German manufacture—what must we call them?—Fools.—If they do *not*, I leave my readers to find the appropriate appellation. I have return-

ed unwillingly to this painful subject; it recurs irresistibly to every intelligent and enlightened mind, alive to the feelings of real patriotism, and anxious to wipe off the stains of national reproach. It must, I am convinced, lead to an ultimate dereliction of those unworthy arts, and the adoption of better modes of influence; for, silent as they may be, shame and sorrow have at this moment a seat in many an honest Irish heart; and those who are now passive under the impressions of habitual respect, of shame, or of surprise, will unquestionably raise their voices at last in defence of outraged decency and truth, and those voices *must* be heard. I look not to, I never *did* contemplate, the conversion of that Church to Protestantism; but I *do* look, and now, perhaps, with greater hope, to its adoption of a more evangelical character, a more rational and efficacious mode of communicating Christian instruction. Though, like an overgrown tree, its powers are now wasted in the production of barren foliage, yet may the hand of a judicious pruner easily repress unprofitable luxuriance, redeem its character, and restore its fruit. To promote this happy change, I take leave to add a few additional observations.

Instances of providential favour and protection, both to nations and to individuals, have been, and now are, sufficiently apparent in God's moral government of the world. The records of the past, and the experience of the present, abundantly attest the overruling direction and allwise and almighty Power. Although the clear voice of reason proclaims the necessity of miracles to the primary support of our divine religion, at a time when every human power, prejudice, and passion warred against it, yet does she employ an equal strength of argument in demonstrating the futility of fancying that they are to remain when those obstructions have been overcome, and the system they were wanting to establish, secured upon an immoveable foundation. It must be no ordinary cause that will induce the Deity to change the settled course of things, invert his own rules, and disturb the order of Nature, for such is the power possessed by the real, and claimed by the pretended performer of miracles. Who fed starving multitudes, and covered shivering nakedness, in the land of miracles in 1823? The power and goodness of God unquestionably; but it was the goodness and power of God naturally operating on the minds of the generous and beneficent in both islands, and in a more particular and transcendent degree on those of the *heretical* inhabitants of Great Britain. It is thus that the Christian revelation attests the divinity of its origin, maintains its character, and displays its influence. It is thus that the true professor is distinguished from the spurious, by higher views, deeper reflections, and more exalted sentiments, by his attachment to the substance, his disregard for the show. Girt with the invulnerable panoply of celestial truth, diffusing its radiance, though with unequal lustre, over all the earth, and receiving hourly accessions to its strength, Christianity scorns the puny aid of the bigot's narrow dogmas, or the wonder-worker's fragile crutch. It spurns at the appearance of pious imposture, whether the result of simple superstition, of stupid credulity, of grovelling ignorance, or of unworthy artifice. It rests for support on its moral fitness for the wants of man, its adaptation to every stage and condition of life, the simplicity of its principles, the purity of its doctrines, and the sublimity of its truth. If the DIVINE WORD has not been written in vain, we know already, or at least it is our own fault if we do *not* know, as much of its nature, obligations, and exalted excellence, as can possibly be imparted. All that remains to the pastor is to teach, and all that remains for the *disciple*, is to follow the instructions of the MASTER. This, and this only, constitutes the sum and substance of the Gospel Covenant; this is to act in accordance with the beneficent intention of the heavenly Author; this is, in the best, and only present sense of the words, to give EYES TO THE BLIND, and FEET TO THE LAME. The Church which departs from these principles, and substitutes her own prescriptions for those of the celestial Healer, written, as they are, in never-fading colours, and attested by inspired and incorruptible witnesses, may deck herself with what titles or garments she pleases, but *her* religion is *not* the religion of Jesus Christ.

G. S.

THE LADYE'S BRYDALLE.

"Come hither! come hither, my little foot-page,
And beare to my gaye Ladye
This ring of the good red gowde, and be sure
Rede well what she telleth to thee:

"And take tent, little page! if my Ladye's cheeke
Be with watching and weeping pale,
If her locks are unkempt, and her bonnie eyes red,
And come back and tell me thy tale.

"And marke, little page! when thou shewest the ringe,
If she snatcheth it hastilye—
If the red bloode mount up her slender throate,
To her forehead of ivorye;

"And take good heede, if for gladnesse or griefe,
So chaungeth my Ladye's cheere—
Thou shalt know bye her eyes—if their light laugh out
Throwe the miste of a startynge tear;

"(Like the summer sun throwe a morninge cloude)
There needeth no further token,
That my Ladye brighte, to her own true Knighte,
Hath keepit her faithe unbroken.

"Nowe ryde, little page! for the sun peeres out
Ower the rimme of the eastern heaven;
And back thou must bee, with thye tydinges to mee,
Ere the shadowe falles far at even."—

Awaye, and awaye! and he's far on his waye,
The little foot-page alreddye,
For he's back'd on his Lord's owne gallant graye,
That steede so fleete and steddye.

But the Knighte stands there lyke a charmed man,
Watchinge with ear and eye,
The clatteringe speed of his noble steede,
That swifte as the wynde doth flye.

But the wyndes and the lightninges are loiterers alle
To the glaunce of a luver's mynde;
And Sir Alwynne, I trowe, had call'd Bonnybelle slowe,
Had her fleetnesse outstrippit the wynde.

Beseemed to him, that the sun once more
Had stayedde his course that daye—
Never sicke man longed for morninge lighte,
As Sir Alwynne for eueninge graye.

But the longest daye must end at last,
And the brightest sun must sette.
Where stayedde Sir Alwynne at peepe of dawne,
There at euen he stayedde him yette:

And he spyethe at laste—" Not soe, not soe,
'Tis a smalle graye cloude, Sir Knighte,
That risethe up like a courser's head
On that border of gowden lighte."

" But harke! but harke! and I heare it now—
'Tis the cominge of Bonnybelle!"
" Not soe, Sir Knighte! from that rockye height
'Twas a clattering stone that felle."

" That slothfulle boy! but I'll thinke no more
Of him and his lagging jade to-daye:"—
" Righte, righte, Sir Knighte!"—" Nay, more, bye this lighte,
Here comethe mye page, and mye gallante graye."

" Howe nowe, little page! ere thou lighteste downe,
Speake but one word out hastilye;
Little page, hast thou seen mye Ladye luve?
Hath mye Ladye keepit her faithe with mee?"—

" I've seen thy Ladye luve, Sir Knighte,
And welle hath she keepit her faithe with thee."—
" Lighte downe, lighte downe, mye trustye page;
A berrye browne barbe shall thy guerdon bee.

" Tell on, tell on; was mye Ladye's cheeke
Pale as the lilye, or rosie red?
Did she putte the ringe on her finger smalle?
And what was the verye firste word she said?"—

" Pale was thy Ladye's cheeke, Sir Knighte,
Blent with no streake of the rosie red.
I put the ringe on her finger smalle;
But there is no voice amongste the dead."—

* * * * *
* * * * *

There are torches hurrying to and froe
In Raeburne Tower to-nighte;
And the chapelle doth glowe withe lampes alsoe,
As if for a brydalle ryte.

But where is the bryde? and the brydegroome where?
And where is the holye prieste?
And where are the guestes that shoulde bidden bee,
To partake of the marriage feaste?

The bryde from her chamber descendeth nowe,
And the brydegroome her hand hath ta'en;
And the guestes are met, and the holye prieste
Precedeth the marriage traine.

The bryde is the faire Maude Winstanlye,
And death her sterne brydegroome;
And her father follows his onlye childe
To her mother's yawning tombe.

An aged man, and a woefull man,
  And a heavye moane makes hee:
" Mye childe! mye childe! myne onlye childe!
  Would God I had dyed for thee!"

An aged man, those white hairs telle,
  And that bended back and knee;
Yet a stalwart knighte, at Tewkesburye fighte,
  Was Sir Archibald Winstanlye.

'Tis a moving thing to see the teares
  Wrung out from an aged eye;
Seldom and slowe, lyke the scantye droppes
  Of a fountaine that's near a-drye.

'Tis a sorrye sighte to see graye haires
  Bro't downe to the grave with sorrowe;
Youth looks throwe the cloude of the present daye
  For a gowden gleame to-morrowe.

But the olde white head, and the feeble knees
  Berefte of earthlye staye!—
God help thee nowe, olde Winstanlye!
  Good Christians for thee praye!

But manye a voice in that buriall traine
  Breathes gloomilye aparte,
" Thou had'st not been childlesse now, olde man!
  But for thine owne hard harte."

And manye a maide who streweth flowers
  Afore the Lady's biere,
Weepes out, " Thou had'st not dyed, sweete Maude!
  If Alwynne had been heere."

* * * * * *

What solemn chaunt ascendeth slowe?
  What voices peale the straine?—
The Monks of St Switholm's Abbeye neare,
  Have met the funerall traine.

They hold their landes, full manye a roode,
  From the Lordes of Raeburne Tower,
And ever when Deathe doth claim his preye
  From within that lordlye bowere,

Then come the holye fathers forth
  The shrowdedde corse to meete,
And see it laid in hallowede grave,
  With requiem sadde and sweete.

And nowe they turn, and leade the waye
  To that last home so nigh,
Where all the race of Winstanlye
  In dust and darknesse lye.

The holye altar blazethe brighte
  With waxen tapers high,
Elsewhere in dimme and doubtfull lighte
  Doth all the chapelle lye.

Huge, undefined shadows falle
  From pillar and from tombe,
And manye a grimme old monumente
  Lookes ghastlye throw the gloome.

And manye a rustye shirte of mail
  The eye may scantlye trace,
And crestedde helmet, black and barr'd,
  That grins with sterne grimace.

Banner and scutcheon from the walles
  Wave in the cold night aire,
Gleames out their gorgeous heraldrye
  In the ent'ring torches glare.

For now the mourninge companye,
  Beneathe that arched doore,
Bear in the lovelye, lifeless claye,
  Shall pass there-out no more.

And up the sounding aisle, ye stille
  Their solemn chaunte may heare,
Till, 'neath that blazon'd catafalque,
  They gentlye reste the biere.

Then ceaseth ev'rye sounde of life
  So deepe that awfull hushe,
Ye hear from yon freshe open'd vaulte
  The hollowe death-winde rushe.

Back from the biere the mourners alle
  Retire a little space,
All but that olde bereavedde manne,
  Who taketh there his place

Beside the head; but none may see
  The workings of his minde,
So lowe upon the sunken breaste
  Is that graye head declined.

* * * * *

The masse is said, they raise the dead,
  The palle is flunge aside;
And soon that flower untimelye cropped,
  The darksome pit shall hide.

It gapeth close at hand—deep downe
  Ye may the coffins see
(By the lampe's pale glare, just kindled there)
  Of many a Winstanlye.

And the gilded nails on one looke brighte,
  And the velvet of cramoisie;
She hath scarce lain there a full told yeare,
  The last Dame Winstanlye.

"There's roome for thee here, oh daughter deare!"
  Methinks I heare her saye—
"There's roome for thee, Maude Winstanlye!
  Come downe, make no delaye."

And from the vaulte, two grimlye armes
  Upraisede, demaunde the dead—
Hark! hark! 'tis the thunder of trampling steedes;
  'Tis the clank of an armed tread!

There are armed heads at the chapelle doore,
  And in armour all bedighte,
In sable steele, from head to heele,
  In steps a statelye knight.

And up the aisle, with echoeing tread
  Alone advanceth he,
To barre his waye, dothe none essaye
  Of the fun'ral companye.

And never a voice amongst them alle
  Dothe ask who he mote be;
Nor why his armed steppe disturbes
  That sad solemnitie.

Yet manye an eye with fixed stare
  Dothe sternlye on him frowne;
But none may trace the strangerre's face,
  He weares his vizorre downe.

He speakes no worde, but waves his hande,
  And straighte they alle obeye;
And everye soule that standethe there,
  Falles back to make him waye.

He passethe on—no hande dothe stirre—
  His steppe the onlye sounde;
He passethe on—and signs them sette
  The coffinne on the grounde.

A momente gazinge downe thereon,
  With foldedde armes dothe staye;
Then stoopinge, with one mightye wrenche,
  He teares the lidde awaye.

Then risethe a confused sounde,
  And some half forward starte,
And murmur sacriledge, and some
  Beare hastilye aparte,

The agedde knighte, at that strange sighte,
  Whose consciousnesse hath fledde;
But signe nor sounde disturbethe him,
  Who gazethe on the dead.

And seemethe, as that lovelye face
  Doth alle exposed lye,
As if its holye calme o'erspreadde
  The frowninge faces bye.

And nowe, beside the virginne corse,
  Kneels downe the stranger knighte,
And up his vizorr'd helme he throwes,
  But not in open sighte.

For to the pale, colde, clammye face,
  His owne he stoopethe lowe,
And kisseth first the bloodlesse cheeke,
  And then the marble browe.

Then, to the dead lippes glued, so long
  The livinge lippes do staye,
As if in that sad, silente kisse
  The soule hadde passed awaye.

But suddenne, from that mortalle trance,
  As withe a desp'rate straine;
Up, up, he springes! his armoure ringes!
  The vizorre's downe againe.

With manye a flowerre, her weeping maides,
  The Ladye's shrowde have dressed;
And one white rose is in the falde
  That veiles her whiterre breaste.

One goldenne ringlette, on her browe,
  (Escappede forthe) doth straye;
So, on a wreathe of driftedde snowe,
  The wintrye sunbeames playe.

The mailedde hande hathe ta'ene the rose
  From offe that breste so fayre;
The faulchion's edge, from that pale head,
  Hath shorne the goldenne hayre.

One heavy sighe! the firste and laste,
  One deepe and stiflede groane;
A few long strides—a clange of hoofes—
  And the armedde strangerre's gone!

PERCY MALLORY.*

Among the rest of those sciences, beneficial and ornamental, which have been making huge strides of progress during the last fifteen years, the advancement of the art of novel-writing (in this country) stands very eminently distinguished. "Mrs Roche" has ceased to rave; and, if she raved still, no man would mark her. "Mr Lathom" can no longer terrify the 'prentices, nor "Anne of Swansea" now delight the ladies' boarding-schools. "Mrs Bluemantle" (alas, poor "Bridget!") has washed her hands (of ink) for ever; and but a water-colour kind of reputation is left to Mrs Radcliffe and Mrs Helme. Harp of Leadenhall Street, thy strings are cracked past mending!—Messrs Lane and Newman's "occupation's gone!"

In fact, (poetry apart,) the *standard* of novel-writing has changed among us. That which was the "trash" (*eo nomine*) "of the circulating libraries," the circulating libraries now can circulate no more.

Nonsense will be printed in the year 1824, but not much that is *pure*, unadulterated nonsense. The dog-eared darlings of the dressmakers' workrooms have been at auction for the last time! "Miss Nimifie" and "Miss Moffat," and all the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of "fashion," have jumped up, to be "knocked down," at seven-pence-halfpenny a volume; and the cheesemonger smiles, for, at the next transfer, he knows them for his own.

For an array of new combatants have burst into the literary field, who canter, and caracole, and bear down all before them! There is the Waverley knight—he of the hundred weapons!—and his war-cry rings loudest on the plain. There is the author of Valerius, in his Roman armour; and the Ettrick Shepherd, with his knotted club; and there is Hope, on his barb of the desart; and Galt, in his pawkie costume; and Maturin, with his frightful mask; and Washington Irving, just in his silk doublet, throwing darts into the air, and catching them again, and riding as easily as if he were on parade; and then there are the Amazons, equipped after every fancy and fashion! Miss Porter, waving her Polish lance, and Miss Edgeworth, holding up her *ferula*, and the authoress of "Marriage," (in Miss Jacky's green joseph,) tucked up upon a pillion; and Lady Morgan, astradelle, (and in French breeches,) since she has taken to be mad about politics! and poor old Mrs Thickenwell, and her friends, are no more able to stand their ground against the tramping, and jostling, and capering, of this rabble rout, than a washing-tub (with a north-west wind,) could be fit to carry sail in the Bay of Biscay, or a poney chaise hope to pass unpulverized through Bond Street, in July.

A modern novel, indeed, if it hopes ever to be *cut open*, must shew talent of some kind or other. Accordingly, we find, one author trusts to passion, another, to invention; one, to an acute perception of what *is*; another, to a vigorous fancy for what *cannot be*. One brings to market wit—another, metaphysics—a third, descriptive force—a fourth, poetic feeling—a few, like the Waverley writer, bring the rare faculty of managing a long story; but very few venture to come at all, who cannot bring some faculty or other.

People commonly find out the value of any qualification best, in A, when, proceeding in their speculations, they fail to meet with it in B. The peculiar felicity of the Scottish novelist, in the business of telling a story, strikes us now perhaps from a certain want of the same power in the author before us. But it is curious to observe the manner in which that extraordinary writer contrives to maintain as perfect an arrangement through his *history* of four volumes, as the Italian *conteur* ever did in his *anecdote* of four pages. The Tuscan artist built pavilions—the Scottish sorcerer raises cities; Boccaccio can steer a gondola, amid the "crincum crankum" of a Venetian canal; but the author of Waverley is "The Flying Dutchman," who doubles Cape Horn in the eye of the wind. The Italian prances along, to a hair's breadth, in his *cabriolet*, the prettiest Pall Mall pacing in the world! but

* Percy Mallory, a novel, in three volumes, by the author of Pen Owen. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; Thomas Cadell, London.

the Waverley man draws THE MAIL "through"—"from London to Edinburgh"—"twice a-week!"—He looks to his "way-bill"—takes care of his passengers, loses no parcels, and never "drags" an inch of the road! He has got his four "big ones"—"well in hand"—before him. His "five-and-thirty hundred weight,"—"live and dead load," behind him. He gets his four "insides" up, and his three "out"—his "bags"—his "time-piece"—spare whip, and six great coats. The horn blows—he handles the "rib-bands"—lets go the traces: off they go, and he comes in, five hundred miles off, without cracking a splinter bar, sleeps his six hours, has his boots cleaned, and is ready to start again.

Piecemeal, perhaps, we might match the author of Waverley, but we cannot match him as a whole. He awakens an impatience in us as to the fate of his *dramatis personæ*, from the very moment that we are introduced to them. He keeps us straining, and "craning," and tiptoeing, after his catastrophe, and trotting along, with our noses in the air, like the hackney coach-horses of Dublin, who are coaxed forward by a pole with hay upon it, pushed from the window of the carriage before them. We are always villainously inclined, before we have got a hundred pages into his book, to kill the goose at once, and get the eggs out of the last volume; and we are just now (as we observed before) put in excellent condition to admire the dexterity and facile conduct of this author, the adroitness with which he keeps constantly dragging his readers on, neck and heels, (sometimes, too, by the way, when they might be inclined to grumble a little, if he allowed them time to stop,) by the want of that same facility being the chiefest defect of the writer whose work lies before us for dissection.

"Percy Mallory, a novel, by the author of Pen Owen."—It's a pretty practice this, upon "the living subject;" and we are inventing (only it must be a great secret) an improved system of "operative" surgery, by which we propose, shortly, to "cut up" authors in an entirely new way! In the meantime, however, we will open Monsieur Pen Owen, "from the systole, to the diastole."—So!—one cut across the abdomen, from right to left; another incision (transverse) about from eight to eleven inches. There! now we shall see what the gentleman is made of.

The author of "Percy Mallory" has great talents, and his books will be generally read; but, either he has not the knack of *managing* a narrative, or he will not be at the trouble of exercising it. His main excellence lies in the rapidity and boldness with which he sketches character. He is a quick observer of men's habits and oddities, and has a clever sort of idea of their passions and affections; he writes a smart, *petillant* dialogue, with great apparent facility, and gives the chit chat, in general, of a mixed company, with an adroitness hardly to be exceeded.

Against these "good gifts" in an author, there are some grievous ill tricks to be set off. We would wager, although we don't know who he is, that he could write farces as fast as he could move his pen. He has the "touch and go" faculty (so lauded in the "manager's room") as light as any gentleman we ever met with. No man is less likely to overlay a conversation, or understands better the advantage of "shifting a scene;" but, in return, a general heedlessness makes his transitions pantomimic; his "situations" fall out inartificially, and his means are seldom proportioned to his end; he sets a great deal of machinery to work, which he cannot manage when it is in action; he makes a great bustle where he comes to a difficulty, walks round it, and fancies that he has overcome it. The links that connect his tale are often clumsy, and sometimes inefficient; and probable incident, or accurate description, are points upon which he seldom pauses to attend to.

But he doesn't prose, and therefore we won't do it for him. *Senhor* Pen Owen shall speak for himself.

"Percy Mallory," otherwise "Percy Rycott," otherwise "Percy Clarendon—Lord Brandon," begins his acquaintance with the reader when he is no more than three months old. At that "tender age," he is stolen (or charged to be stolen) from the house of his (supposed) father, "Levison Rycott, Esq.," of Cumberland. After giving a great deal of trouble at the London police offices, and at the Old Bailey, he occasions the "deportation" of two ladies, "Alice Halpin," and "Judith Mallory," the last of whom,

(even while under sentence,) swears to him for her child; and, at eighteen, (having duly been reconducted to the north,) being stout—valiant—handsome—and a "cragsman," he meets with a rock adventure—rather too much like that of Lovel in The Antiquary—and rescues "Miss Loo Bellenden," from a jeopardy, into which Heaven alone knows how she ever could have fallen.

The lady being carried to a cottage, near "Wolston Worthy," (Mr Rycott's seat,) a servant is sent, post-haste, for medical assistance.

"Dr Drizzlethwaite, as he was called, at length made his appearance; and, although his horse was covered with dust and foam, the gentleman himself was cool and collected, as if he had just passed from one room to another.

"'For Heaven's sake, my dear Drizzle,' cried Percy, 'make haste—every moment is precious.'

"The other, taking out his watch, seemed to be calculating the time he had taken in reaching his present destination, as a sort of tacit answer to the young man's impetuosity. He returned the watch to his fob—and, repeating in a low tone of voice, 'Thirty-seven minutes and two seconds,' quietly drew a chair, and seated himself, whilst he deliberately took his hat from his head. He wiped off a few particles of dust from it with one of his gloves, which he had methodically drawn from his hand."

Mr Percy becomes fidgety.

"'Come, come,' he impatiently repeated more than once, of which Dr Drizzlethwaite seemed to take no note whatever—his attention being evidently pre-occupied in unbuttoning the overalls which had been the safeguard and protection of a pair of highly polished boots, now slowly disclosing themselves to view.

"'Why—Dr Drizzlethwaite!'

"'Sir,' responded the doctor, as he turned up his head sideways from discharging the last button at his heel.

"'The patient.'

"'True,' answered the imperturbable doctor, as he neatly folded up the leathern appurtenances, and turned them over the back of a chair.

"'Will you—will you go up stairs, sir?' demanded Percy, out of all patience with this son of Esculapius, although well acquainted with his habits, which might—as they had often done—afford food for a passing joke—but were insufferable in a moment of real agitation and anxiety.

"'I will, Mr Percy—but first,' pulling down his shirt sleeves, and adjusting the buckle of his stock, 'the case?'

"'How should I know? Come and judge for yourself.'

"'Male or female?'

"'A lovely girl—a——'

"'A labour?'

"'Psha!—an accident.'

"'A miscarriage?'

"A miscarriage!—a mis——come, come, Drizzle, for God's sake, see the poor sufferer. She has had a fall.—She was nearly destroyed.—She may be bruised—a limb broken.'

"'The case—why didst not say so before?' slowly demanded he, as he deliberately raised himself from the chair—when, turning somewhat more abruptly towards the window, as Percy had taken the lead towards the door, he quietly opened the casement, and calling to a boy who held his horse—'Walk the mare—walk the mare—gently, chum—there—don't let her stand still.'

"He followed slowly up the narrow staircase, and Percy retreated to the lower apartment."

Dr Drizzle finds it expedient "to bleed." Meanwhile, our hero frets up and down the cottage kitchen; and at last knocks the doctor's overalls into the fire.

At length the landlady descends, and is going towards the house-door.

"Percy caught her arm, and arrested her progress. 'Where are you going? What, in the name of Heaven, do you want?'

"'The doctor's horse, sweetheart.'

"'Psha! the doctor can't have his horse yet. How is the young lady? how has she borne——?'

"Here the doctor's long well-polished boots appeared on the upper part of the staircase, and gradually brought after them the rest of his long gaunt figure, bent nearly double, in order to bear him harmless from its shelving roof and contracted walls."

Percy assists him, and (of course) nearly breaks his neck.

"'How now, master Percy?' cried he, rather more rapidly than was his wont.

"'A thousand pardons, my good doctor; but how is the lady? how has she borne the operation? how is she affected? any fracture? any——'

"'Can't answer ten questions at a time.'

"'Nay, nay then, how is she? is she in danger?'

"'It is impossible to say.'

"'Have you then doubts?'

"'Never come to hasty conclusions—where's my horse, good woman?'

"'Why, you—you wouldn't leave me in this state?'

"'Why, what ails thee?' instinctively advancing his hand to feel his pulse.

"'Will you not tell me how the suffering angel is?'

"'No acquaintance with angels.'

"'Your patient above stairs, then?'

"'I have said———'

"'Will she die?'

"'Perhaps not.'

"'Only perhaps? Good God! doctor, do you really think there is a chance?'

"'There is always a chance.'

"'And only a chance!'

"'What wouldst have?'

"'A certainty—a hope at least—nay, do not trifle with me.'

"'I—I trifle, Mr Percy!' cried the doctor, with something like an air of surprise.

"'Psha! I mean—do you think—do you think she is in immediate danger?'

"'Not exactly.'

"'Then, why did you not say so before?' asked Percy, peevishly.

"'Because you didn't put the question.'

"'Did I not ask whether she was in danger? Did I not inquire her state? her———'

"'Repeat, I can't answer ten questions at once.'

"'Is she suffering?'

"'Suppose so—sickness is suffering. What has happened to my spatterdashes, woman?' vainly trying to button them.

"'Nothing, your honour, I'll be sworn.'

"'Nothing, fah! been in the fire.'

"'I'll take my Bible oath, your honour.'

"'Don't do that, Goody,' interrupted Percy, 'for, in the fire they certainly have been; and I wish they had been burned to ashes,' added he, grinding his teeth at the phlegmatic doctor.

"'Mr Percy Rycott!'

"'Yes, you are enough to drive one mad.'

"'Mad, in verity,' returned the doctor, with perfect *sang froid*, as he rose up from the vain attempt to reconcile and bring together the lower buttons and buttonholes of the shrivelled straps of his overalls, or spatterdashes, as he preferred to call them.

"'Good day, mistress; keep her cool; barley-water; panada.'

"'Yes, your honour; I'll take care of her as if she were my own.'

"'Thine!' muttered Percy, as he looked upon the woman with horror, at the bare supposition of her being even of the same species.

"'I will see her friends,' said the doctor, as he stalked out of the door, again stooping to make good his retreat.

"'Her friends!' exclaimed Percy, as he caught at Drizzlethwaite's arm, and had again nearly overset him, 'do you know them?'

"'What then?'

"'Will you not tell me?'

"'And why?'

"'Because I wish to be informed.'

"'Wish—wish to burn my spatterdashes!'

"'I'll give you a dozen new pair.'

"'Hold the stirrup, man, there.'

"'Will you, or will you not tell me?' fiercely demanded Percy, seizing the bridle, as the doctor seated himself in the saddle.

"'If not?' coolly, asked the doctor.

"'Then you are———'

"'Off!' interrupted the doctor, who, striking the spurs into his mare's sides, jerked the bridle out of Percy's hand, and threw him nearly to the ground, whilst, upright as a dart, and collected as if nothing had happened, he cantered away without once deigning to turn his head upon his enraged opponent."

After an interview with Miss Bellenden, with whom he becomes desperately in love, Mr Percy rides to "Glendara Lodge," and frightens a French governess into fits. He returns to the cottage, but Miss Bellenden is gone—her aunt, Miss Norcliffe, (advised by Dr Drizzlethwaite) having kidnapped her in the meantime. Then, having nowhere else to go, he goes back to the house of his father.

Mr Rycott, of Wolston Worthy, is a valetudinarian, and half a hypochondriac, despotic—kind-hearted—but impatient of contradiction. His character is a sketch, in lines, spirited enough.

A servant has been dispatched in pursuit of Percy, with orders to say, that "Mr Rycott is dying." Percy finds his father in apparent health; but professes to be "sorry," nevertheless, for his absence.

"'Sorry, sorry, what good will your sorrow do, you graceless dog? Hey! will it cure the gout? will it drive it from the vitals when your insolent, audacious?—'

"'Indeed, my dear sir, I was not aware———'

"'Not aware—not aware of my commands?'

"'Your commands———'

"'Have I not a thousand times forbidden you to repeat my words? Did I not forbid you to leave the room, and did I not bawl after you till I had nearly broken a blood vessel in my lungs? I believe I spat blood. Ask your mother there?' addressing his lady, who sat on the other side the fire-place."

Mrs Rycott is a quiet woman.

"'I think it was snuff, Mr Rycott,' replied she, with most provoking frigidity of tone and manner.

"'You think, you think! why shouldn't it have been blood? answer me that.'

"'Only because I don't think———'

"'Think, think again; what has a woman to do with thinking? The boy has inherited it, and presumes to think for himself and set his father at nought.'

"'I protest, sir,' interrupted the son, 'I had no intention of giving offence.'

"'Who's the best judge of that, sirrah? Did I not command you to stay? did you not bounce out of the window?'

"'It was to save a life more valuable———'

"'Than your father's, thou unnatural, hardened, young———'

"'Excuse me, sir.'

"'I will not excuse you, sir.'

"'I have done.'

"'You have not done, sir; you shall not have done; I will not have my authority disputed in my own house; your mother, there, never disputes.'

"'Never, my dear.'

"'I'm sure, sir,' said Percy, 'I never did.'

"'Because I couldn't suffer it, by Jove! nor will I suffer it now. Why don't you answer? are you dumb, or sulky, or—— ? Now, I dare swear, in your heart you are setting up your father as an oppressive, tyrannical, old———'

"'Who, I, sir?'

"'Yes, you, sir! deny it if you can?'

Percy has a conscience, and is silent.

"Deny it, deny it, sir, in so many words, if you can; I insist———'

"'Why, sir, indeed, I am sorry.'

"'No doubt, no doubt; for having such a cruel, overbearing, hard-hearted father; but, by Jove———'

"'No, sir; but I cannot help thinking it hard that I should incur your anger for nothing but———'

"'For nothing; and so, sir, to disobey your father's solemn injunctions, to leave the house merely because he enjoined you to stay in it; to exasperate a man, and that man your tender parent, whose life you know hangs by a thread, by a hair; with the gout flying about him and only waiting an opportunity to fix on some vital part, with lungs like a honeycomb! By Jove, sir———'

"'Indeed, sir, I knew no such thing.'

"'You did'nt; you haven't heard me declare it over and over again—the arthritica vaga—the———'

"'Yes, sir,—but I remember your saying so from my cradle.'

"'Oh! is it so, Mr Wise Acre?—You don't credit it?—Your father's an old fool—a hypochondriac, as that blockhead Drizzlethwaite had the effrontery—and he alone—to call me—a—'

Percy ventures something about "nervous apprehensions."

"'Nerves!—nerves!—out of my sight! By Jove!—to be told by my own child—my own lawfully begotten son—that all my deadly symptoms are mere nervous affections!'"

Percy would fain be heard out.

"'Hear you out!—what need of it? Have I not heard enough?—to be told by a boy—an imp—a suckling—a babe—Zounds! there's my fatal vertigo—ring, ring for Schwartz.'

[Schwartz is a German quack, retained in the house; he does not come at the first ring.]

"'Ring—ring again; do you wish me to go off in an apoplexy before your eyes—without aid—without——Ring—twice—twice.' He was obeyed, and a stranger perhaps would have been surprised at seeing Mrs Rycott quietly resume her place, and her knotting-needle, as if nothing had occurred. But she was used to this sort of scene, and knew that the best remedy was near at hand!

"'The devil's in you all, I believe,' exclaimed her husband, as he held both his hands to his head, in seeming apprehension of its bursting asunder. 'Why don't you run, sirrah, and bring the fellow here neck and crop? By Jove, you are all in a conspiracy against me.' Off ran Percy, happy in the opportunity of escaping. 'Will the scoundrel never come? Ring again, woman; ring till the spring break—I'll trounce the negligent puppy.—Ay, ay, its all over—I feel the effect of the bursting of that vessel.'

"'It was snuff, I assure you, Mr Rycott.'"

At last Schwartz comes; and his German English is very happy. The dialogue of the French Governess (in several conversations) is equally so.

"'Oh! Schwartz, my faithful fellow, I verily believe I am going off in earnest now.'

"'Bah!'

"'It's no bah, Schwartz, I feel it here.'

"'You feeln it everywhere—vat the deivel ish the fagary you get—the Kimmer meid com to me, and say her mashter ish ringing for life or de dead, and here you look plomp and fraish like your own Anglish rindfleish.'

"'Plethora, Plethora, be assured my good Schwartz.'

"'I'll no be assured of no soch ding—your polse beat von, two, dree, like de clock; and tish nodding bot von great passion.'

"'My head throbs, Schwartz, and there's no pulsation at the heart.'

"'Vat den, as the heart got into de head?'

"'I must lose blood.'

"'Lose the deivel. Doctor Dweezempate, swear you bleed yourself into wasser—dat is drobzey.'

"'What am I to do, Schwartz?'

"'Noding ad all.'

"'With this pulse?'

"'Tish no polse.'

"'No pulse! then its all over with me, indeed.'

"'Tish no ower wid you, bein quiet, and no scolden de weif and child.'

"'I have no patience with them.'

"'I zee—I know dat quite a well enough.'

"'They think nothing's the matter with me.'

"'Dere is noding de matter wid you, I say, and dats true.'

"'Ay, Schwartz, but you are tender of me, and know my constitution.'

"'Well, den, cannot you be zatisfied?'

"'I must be.'

"'Eef you pot yourzelf in soch grand passion just for noding at all.'

"'For nothing at all?'

"'I say, joost for noding at all—you vil borzt some blode vein.'

"'My God!'

"'I'd ish true, pon mein zole.'

"'I wont, I wont utter a word.'

"'Nonseince—you speak wer well; but no speak in von passion.'

"'I'll try.'

"'Mein Gode! you most do eet, or you shall die.'

"'Die!'

"'Like ein dog.'

"'You may go, Schwartz.'

"'I need note to have com, dat I zee.'

"And away stalked Mynheer Schwartz."

There is a scene after dinner, in which Mr Rycott determines not to be in a passion, quite as good, or better than the above.

Our friend Percy is forbidden ever to think of Miss Bellenden, to whose birth, as well as fortune, his father has some objection, and is commanded to march, without a moment's loss of time, on a visit to the mansion of "Sir Hugh Ferebee de Lacy."

The tenth and eleventh chapters lie at "Lacy Royal," and are incomparably the most characteristic in the book; but we do not yet arrive at them.

Being ordered to go straight to Lacy Royal, Percy can do no less than go straight to Glendara.

On his way, he meets a gipsy—the "Mrs Halpin," who purloined him in his infancy—who warns him from his morning call, and from Miss Bellenden altogether. He goes, however, to Glendara, (where there is a *brouillerie*, that we have not room to extract)—discovers Miss Bellenden in a strange kind of durance—quarrels with her aunt, and shakes a methodist parson. He finds an ally in the French lady, whom he had frightened into fits; and departs, in ill spirits, for the domicile of the De Lacy's.

Sir Hugh de Lacy claims to be a branch of the "Grandison" family.—A descendant from the same stock with Richardson's "Sir Charles," and an inheritor of that gentleman's style, opinions, and deportment; of course his house, his lady, all his personal arrangements, are in the *ultra* manner of the *veille cour*. He is a little bit of a coxcomb—quite without being aware of it; but full of high sentiment and chivalrous feeling.

The dinner scene at Lacy Royal is the very best *bit* in these three volumes. Our hero, Sir Hugh, Lady Rodolpha, and Miss Gertrude de Lacy, are present. The chaplain is away upon business, and "Grandison de Lacy," the eldest son, is absent, making the tour of Europe.

Mr Percy, being a lover, is necessarily too late for dinner.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Hugh—Lady Rodolpha—but——'

"'Lady Rodolpha's hand awaits you, Mr Percy Rycott; we will discuss your apologies at a more convenient moment. Dinner has waited near seven minutes.'

Oh this politeness! and the cursed stop-watch calculation too!

"Percy led forward the hostess in all the pomp of Mecklin lappets, point ruffles, and damask drapery, that moved without the rumple of a fold, like a Dutch toy on wheels. He would have made his peace during the journey across a hall that traversed the whole depth of the mansion, and through a suite of papered and bagged apartments, which led to the *salon à diner*, but a very short observation of her ladyship's checked his first attempt.

"'There were few points,' she remarked, 'in which good Sir Hugh was so particular as punctuality in all engagements.'

"Percy said no more. Her ladyship, on their arrival, took her seat at the head of the table; Sir Hugh seated himself at the bottom; Miss Gertrude, and Percy, *vis-a-vis*, made up the *partie carrée*."

It is in this *partie carrée* chit-chat, that our author always excels.

"'Good Dr Paterson is obliged to absent himself, on account of some urgent business at Kendal,' observed Lady Rodolpha, as a sort of implied apology to Percy, for Sir Hugh taking upon himself the duty of saying grace.

"'Indeed!' sighed Percy, viewing the formidable array of domestics planted round

him, as if presenting a new barrier against escape, which seemed to engage his speculations to the exclusion of everything else.

"After a long pause, 'Tell Mrs Knowles,' said Sir Hugh, looking benevolently towards the butler, whilst his eyes watered, and the colour in his cheeks was something heightened, 'that she has been rather too bountiful with her seasoning in the soup.'

"'Certainly, Sir Hugh; but I had informed Mrs Knowles, Sir Hugh, that her ladyship, on Tuesday last, thought the vermicelli rather insipid.'

"'Excellent Roland,' interrupted her ladyship, 'you recollect my most trifling wishes.'

"'They are our law, my lady;' and, at the signal, all the grey-headed liverymen bowed in token of their sympathy.

"'Extremes,' observed Sir Hugh, with a smile, 'are generally pernicious. And so, my good Lady Rodolpha, I have been a martyr in your cause; your ladyship cannot do less than assuage my torments by a glass of Madeira.'

"'God forbid,' returned the gracious lady, 'that I should ever be the occasion of torment to my ever-indulgent Sir Hugh. But I flatter myself, if your present sufferings can be so easily relieved, they have not been *very* excruciating. Am I not a saucy creature, Sir Hugh?'"

This speaking in parables is really beautiful!

"'You are all excellence, and are never more endeared to me than when your ladyship suffers your little playfulness of fancy to animate our happy domestic circle.—Good Roland, a glass of old Madeira to your excellent lady.'"

There's no resisting this—we must positively try the style ourselves. "Excellent What's-your-name, a small glass of warm brandy and water—*(we drink)*—Why, you first-born of Satan! did we bid you bring it us boiling hot?"—But, to continue,—

"'You have forgiven good Mrs Knowles, my best of friends,' said Lady Rodolpha, with one of her most winning smiles, 'for her bountiful extreme.'

"'Sweetly engaging Lady Rodolpha! had I really cause of offence, your ladyship's happy mode of intercession would make me forget it, in the admiration of a talent so peculiarly your own.'

"'Kind Sir Hugh!—you will make me vain.'

"'No one has more reason—no one is less likely to become so than Lady Rodolpha de Lacy.'

"'I declare, Sir Hugh, you make me blush——'

"'For a naughty world, excellent woman, but never for yourself. Worthy Roland,' turning to the butler, 'tell Mrs Knowles that her soup is like all she does—she is indeed a most excellent person.'

"'You are the most charitable—Sir Hugh,' said her ladyship, in a subdued tone of voice.

"'It is my humble effort to be so—it is the duty of us all to be so. Tell her, good Roland, that her soup is admirable; but add, as from yourself, that perhaps it would suit the taste of Lady Rodolpha and myself better, were it, in future, less highly seasoned.'

"'I shall, Sir Hugh—What a master!' was added, in a half whisper to Mrs Polson, who stood retired—and was seconded by a bend, as before, from every one of the grey-headed circle in worsted lace."

Sir Hugh continues to be tedious, and makes an observation touching "the moral virtues." Percy, at the same moment, asks Lady Rodolpha for "some trout—before it is cold." Miss Gertrude smiles, and Lady Rodolpha requests the cause.

"'Why, dear mamma—I really am ashamed of myself—I was only thinking of Percy's interruption.'

"'*Mister* Percy, *now*, if you please, my excellent Gertrude.

"The girl blushed again!

"'Say on, sweet innocence,' said Sir Hugh, in an encouraging tone—for a subject once introduced was never suffered to die a natural death.

"'Only, sir, I was struck by the odd circumstance of Mr Percy——'

"'What have I done, Gertrude?' asked Percy, looking up from his plate.

(The cause of action—the trout—having ceased, no doubt, to be *de existentibus*.)

"'*Miss* Gertrude, Mr Percy Rycott, is about to inform us,' observed Lady Rodolpha, drawing herself up in form.

"'Merely,' continued the hesitating girl, 'that he should think of the fish being cold, just as papa was talking of—talking of—moral virtues.'

"'I beg pardon,' said Percy; 'but I thought Sir Hugh had been scolding the cook for putting too much pepper in the soup.'

"'I—I scold! Mr Percy Rycott!'

"'Sir Hugh Ferebee de Lacy scold his domestics!' exclaimed her ladyship, with a look of utter dismay.

A sudden convulsive movement agitated the whole line of domestics.

"'It is clear that my good young friend,' observed Sir Hugh, 'did not pay very particular attention to the few observations which the occasion appeared to require.'

"'The transition from soup to fish was natural,' said Percy, laughing, in the ob-

vious desire to avoid any farther explanation.

"'I should rather have said *artificial*, my good Mr Percy, as it is habit only which——'

"'Habit is second nature you know, Sir Hugh; and therefore——'

"'I must not be interrupted, Mr Percy——'"

And the bare thought of such a heresy so startles the servant who is changing Sir Hugh's plate, that he lets it fall, and disposes the contents over his master's laced waistcoat.

"The poor man apologized and trembled. Mr Butler pushed the man with some rudeness from the post of honour, and frowned on him whilst he applied his napkin to the part affected.

"'It's no matter,' observed Sir Hugh, collecting all his benevolence of manner (which appeared to be necessary on the occasion); 'Good Richard did not intend it.'

"'No, indeed, your honour, Sir Hugh.'

"'I am perfectly assured of that—Go, my worthy Richard, you had better retire; you seem much agitated.'

"'Such a clumsy fellow!' muttered the steward.

"'Such a master!' repeated the butler.

"'God bless him!' whispered the liveried semi-chorus.

"'The Dresden set, too!' exclaimed Mr Polson, the steward, in a louder and more emphatic tone of voice."

This last fact almost ruffles the pile of her ladyship's velvet; but she observes that—

"'Good Richard must not have his mind disturbed by that reflection.'

"'Heavenly, considerate being!' cried Sir Hugh, who stood in the act of being rubbed down, like one of his own long-tailed coach horses, by his zealous grooms. 'Thou

"'*Mistress of thyself, though china fall!*'"

This quotation is out of its place. Sir Hugh is perfectly serious in all his commendations of Lady Rodolpha, and would be shocked at the very idea of a joke upon such a subject. Even the spilling of the soup, however, cannot break the thread of the worthy baronet's reflections; and he is getting back to the analysis of "the moral virtues," when the sound of a carriage, under the windows, makes a diversion in Percy's favour. This is Grandison de Lacy—returned from his travels. The servants are drawn up, in form, in the avenue; and the dinner party adjourns to receive him, at the entrance of the great hall.

There was ample time, as well as space, to afford the worthy host and hostess a full opportunity of making their observations upon the person and appearance of Mr Grandison de Lacy.

"'The excellent youth still preserves the dignified deportment of the family,' observed the Baronet complacently to his lady.

"'Ingenuous Grandison!—But what, my good Sir Hugh, has the beloved child of my heart tied round his neck?'

"'It's a Belcher,' interrupted Percy, thrusting his head forward.

"'Mr Percy Rycott!—we are not accustomed to——'

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed Lady Rodolpha, 'he walks lame—I trust no accident——'

"'Harbour no fears, my too sensitive Lady Rodolpha,' said Sir Hugh, soothingly.

"'His eyes seem affected, papa,' whispered Miss Gertrude. 'Grandison never used a glass before he left England.'

"'None of the Grandisons were near-sighted,' said her ladyship, who had also observed that he was eyeing everything and every person through his glass. But there was no more time for observation, the hero approached."

He appears, accompanied by a friend, and looking a good deal like a puppy.

"Towards the end of the line," (of servants) "a cherry-cheeked dairy-maid attracted his eye, whom he patted under the chin; and, turning to his companion, observed, "a fine Cumberland pippin, upon my soul, Birty!'

"Sir Hugh and Lady Rodolpha absolutely started, in defiance of the habitual rigidity of their muscles; but they felt that it was not intended for their ears; and suddenly regaining their self-possession, graciously advanced a few steps, hand in hand, towards their son.

"'My beloved Grandison!' cried her ladyship, with a tearful eye.

"'Welcome, most excellent son, to the hall of thy fathers!' said Sir Hugh.

"'Hah!' looking at them through his glass—'My father, and my lady mother here too!' shaking both with a listless cordiality by the hands, which had been extended for him to kiss upon his bended knees!—'Delighted to see you—am upon my honour—not a day older—who should think of seeing you in the hall among this *omnium gatherem*—taken by surprise, 'pon my soul.

"'Where should we be, Mr Grandison de Lacy, but in our proper station?' demanded Sir Hugh, with no slight accession to the austere formality of his manners.

"'Beg pardon — quite forgot—you

keep up the antiquated forms still—hey, my very best of fathers!'

"Sir Hugh was thrown out.—'You do not, Mr Grandison, seem to recollect your sister Gertrude!'

"'Gertrude!—is that fine girl my sister Gertrude?—may I die if I should have suspected—three years have done wonders.'

"'Indeed they have,' sighed Sir Hugh—and Lady Rodolpha sighed like a triple echo.

"'Come, my girl—give me a kiss—I like old customs sometimes.'

"'These are not the customs of Lacy Royal,' observed Sir Hugh, in a tone which proved that his equanimity was not quite proof against unexpected assaults; 'but,' recollecting himself, he added, 'we had better adjourn, with the permission of your best of mothers, to the Oak Parlour.'"

They do adjourn to "the Oak Parlour;" and there our author, to carry on his action, takes (right or wrong,) the first means that happen to present themselves. Grandison de Lacy—who is afterwards to "do amiable" in the book—outrages, without the slightest reason, the feelings of all his family; and insults his old play-mate Percy,—who leaves the house upon the instant!

The next chapter is full of (not very original) night adventure. Percy, halting at an inn half way between Lacy Royal and Wolston Worthy, wanders about in the dark, and falls into a house occupied by smugglers. He is wounded almost to the death—hears strange things from the gipsy, Alice Halpin—is saved by a "Ghost," who turns out to be his oldest acquaintance—and attains, grievously battered, into the fair hands of Miss Bellenden.

The second volume opens with a visit (again) from our friend Dr Drizzlethwaite. Before Mr Percy sent for him to Miss Bellenden—now, Miss Bellenden sends for him to Mr Percy.

The Doctor arrives (it being very early in the morning) without having made his toilet; and he shaves himself at the sick man's bedside—using the French governess's flounced petticoat by way of dressing gown.—Medical men near town use Packwood's patent razor,—which enables them to shave on horseback, as they come along.—The story then, for about two hundred pages, grows very intricate indeed. Mr Rycott, going to Miss Bellenden's to fetch his son home, meets with a Mrs Wigram (the *ci devant* Judy Mallory, who was transported for filching our hero from his nursery;) and Mrs Mallory (as she had done at the Old Bailey) again claims Percy for her child. This strange issue is eventually tried at law, and Mrs Wigram is successful. Mr Rycott is broken-hearted, and would compromise; but Percy (now Mallory) becomes heroic. Miss Bellenden owns her passion for him; but he renounces both love and fortune; and starting for London, to enter himself for the Bar,—takes leave of his long supposed father.

The parting interview between Percy and Mr Rycott is a fair example of our author's talents for serious writing; but it is long, and we must limit our extract from it almost to a single passage.

The question is as to our hero's marriage with Miss Bellenden. He alleges his poverty, and refuses to let Mr Rycott remove the obstacle. It is Mr Rycott here who replies—

"'By Jove! sir, I will be obeyed. Not now—not now—you have it all your own way, and I cannot, must not, deny that you are right; but my time may come, nay, shall come—yes, sirrah, when these old bones are whitening in their grave—when my caprices, and my whims, and my fancies, are consigned to the vault of all the Capulets.'

"'Heaven, in its mercy, long avert the day!'

"'I believe you love me, Percy;'—and again the old man was softened. 'I will not press you; you have much to contend with. It is a heavy, cruel reverse, and you bear it better, far better, than your poor deserted father;' and he grasped the hands of Percy, whilst he attempted to raise his eyes to his face. 'I have run riot so long, Percy, and commanded others until I have no command over myself. Go, whilst I am able to part with you. You, Percy, my beloved boy,'—and he paused tremulously, 'are no longer my son; but'——and he seemed at once animated by a new spirit equally remote from querulousness and impetuosity, as he solemnly rose from his chair, and pressed the youth in his arms, 'but you are my HEIR!—Speak not, object not—what I have, or may have, in this world, was destined to you from the hour I hoped—I thought—I possessed a son. Not an act, not a word, not a thought from your cradle to this hour, has cast a shade over your claims to my affection. Do not speak to me; I cannot bear it. On

this point I am absolute, and I have a right to be so. There is not, on the wide surface of the globe, a being who has a claim upon my property, much less upon my affection, except yourself. Not a word —for once there is virtue in despotism.' "

The chief fault of this separation is, that there seems very little reason why it should take place. Percy Mallory, however, goes to London, recommended to Mr Clement Dossiter, attorney at law, of Chancery Lane; and he becomes acquainted with Mr Dossiter's son, Mr Clarendon Dossiter, who lays a plan for plundering him at the gaming-table. The intrigue is at last frustrated by the interference of Grandison de Lacy, who now appears as a dashing, but an intelligent and respectable young man.

Modish parties have been hacked out, over and over again, as subjects among novel writers; but De Lacy's *cabriolet* is the first of those vehicles (we believe) that has been described in point.

"His (Percy's) surprises were not destined to end here; for, when fairly landed on the outside of the threshold, instead of a carriage, which he concluded would be either a chariot or a coach, he perceived drawn up to the side of the pavement, a non-descript vehicle, which appeared, at first sight, like a French bonnet in mourning.

"'In with you, Percy,' cried De Lacy, pointing to the machine. 'Birtwhistle, you must walk,' and the shadow lost its grade in departing from its substance."

Mr Birtwhistle is a sort of hanger on; not a true TOADY (though he is called one) to De Lacy, whom the author afterwards, most unexpectedly, marries to Miss Gertrude.

"'In with you, Percy,' said De Lacy.

"'In!—how?"

"'Thus,' replied he, ducking his own head under the leathern pent-house, whilst one servant stood at the horse's head, who was fidgetting and plunging amid the tumult about him; and another held down the front, or apron, as he dived into the vehicle. Dexterously seizing the reins, he held out his spare hand as a guide to Percy, to place him by his side. Seeing the disposition of the horse, the latter was perfectly aware, that to hesitate was to be lost; and, trusting to his pilot, he made the leap in the dark, and found himself, in two seconds, fast bound, and locked in a sort of band-box, or rather pillory, where the head and hands of the charioteer only were visible above board; and, if the mob of rival contenders by whom they were surrounded, had been at liberty to bestow as much manual as oral filth upon the 'Gemman sarvey,' and his 'Frenchy go cait,' their position would have been still more appropriate; for, be it known, that this was the first spring in which the French discoveries in comfort and carriage-building had been translated into English in the form of 'noddies,' or, more technically speaking, 'cabriolets,' as dandy conveyances to operas and parties."

In the third volume, our author, at great length, allows his plot to thicken; but, when it comes to the business of unravelling, he takes us up very short indeed.

Vapid found 'the last line' the devil, and so does the author of Percy Mallory. But Vapid refused to "put in *anything*," and so does not the author of Percy Mallory.

A certain "Lord Harweden" is introduced upon the stage, who happens to be Mr Rycott of Cumberland's brother; and, in the supposed son of Lord Harweden, (a weak lad, called "Lord Brandon,") Percy fancies he discovers Mr Rycott's real son, whom he himself for so many years represented. Here is one incident, sufficient, of itself, to fill half a dozen volumes with perplexity; but the author of Pen Owen goes on.

Lord Brandon is killed in a fray at a gambling-house. Lord Harweden confesses that the deceased was *not* his son; opens a story of his having a daughter, (who can be no other than Miss Bellenden,) confined (the Lord alone can tell why) in a mad-house; and sends off Percy (whom he has made his confidant) to liberate and protect her. Now, this is furious driving, without much respect to posts or corners; but "over shoes,—over boots," seems the perpetrator of Percy Mallory's motto.

Lord Harweden dies—"the people do nothing but die at Tadcaster!" and Mr Rycott succeeds to his title and estate. Lord Brandon is ascertained to have been the mysterious son of Judy Mallory, and Percy belongs again to his original reputed parents! Then there is mercy for the rogues of the piece, and marriage for the young people!—One or two caitiffs more are transported—just to match the end of the book with the beginning!—And the author concludes with an apology for the intricacy of his tale, observing,

that the *true* is *not always* the probable; which position, as regards the "true," may be perfectly sound; but the probability of *falsehood* should certainly be invariable.

We have used up our allowance of room for selection; and the diffuse style in which the author of Percy Mallory succeeds best, would make short extracts unavailing. There are many admirable things in the last volume, mixed with a great deal that is slovenly. The scene in which Percy, by Dossiter's contrivance, is taken for a madman, is one of the best hits in the book. Dr Beekerdyke, the lunatic professor, is very happily touched indeed. We feel sure, through all his solemnity, that he has a strait waistcoat in his pocket. And, indeed, the whole scene in which he questions and cross-examines his supposed patient, shews so much acquaintance with the etiquette of Bedlam, that we are not sure that our author is not a mad doctor himself.

But be he what he may—and if he were even a mad *man*, much less a mad-doctor, we should on that score raise no objection to him—he has talent, and a vast deal of talent, if he would but take the trouble to make the best use of it. His present work is better, upon the whole, than Pen Owen; but its faults (and they are not few) are pretty generally of the same character. In both novels, the great charm lies unquestionably in the display of a very extraordinary measure of practical shrewdness and knowledge of life. In addition to this, Pen Owen had a strong spice of *political*, and this book has a strong spice of *romantic* interest. The author appears to be gaining skill as to the management of fable; although we are far from wishing him to believe that he is not still much below what he might make himself as to this point. In that and other minor matters he may and must improve; we certainly can scarcely hope to see him better than he is already in regard to certain qualifications of a much higher order—qualifications in which he certainly is not surpassed by any living author, in any style whatever—the charming idiomatic character of his language—the native flow of his wit—his keen satire and thorough acquaintance with man, as man exists in the 19th century, and more especially as he exists in LONDON.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

No. III.

A Day at Hurst Castle.

Yet once more, azure ocean, and once more,
Ye lighted headlands, and thou stretching shore,
Down on the beauties of your scenes we cast
A tender look———

BOWLES.

A FINE day's lounge on the sea-shore is as high a treat as can be imagined for all young persons, to whom it is either a novelty or an indulgence, some space removed out of their every-day reach. During my early years, I was in the latter predicament; the beach, which stretches from a point opposite to the west end of the Isle of Wight on to Dorsetshire, being at the distance of a few miles from my abode; it was, indeed, easily within a ride; and, after I had entered my teens, come-at-able by me in a walk, provided that I put my best foot foremost, and stepped out stoutly; but then this was no proper prelude to the sort of enjoyment I have been speaking of. Such a day as I mean, must begin with an uninterrupted morning, spent in idling beneath the sun—"One long summer's day of indolence and mirth," is the *postulate* of the gratification;—to have nothing to do of more moment than to pelt the tenth wave, which is the largest, though some say the ninth, some the seventh,—well, it shall be allowable to bring that knotty point, and that only, under discussion;—to ramble, as humour urges, along this selvidge of nature's web;—now laboriously to plod your way in the loose shingle above, that rattles and rolls under your tread, as if you were on the roof of a house where the tiles are loose;—now to pace, and be almost

tempted to stamp, upon the white sand beneath, which feels unnaturally firm, and level, and silent, whenever you suddenly leave your noisy and unsteady footing on the gravelly rampart which borders it;—to revel hour after hour amidst the in-drawing breeze from the ocean, which has, for both the sensation and the imagination, something of elemental purity, and of renovating freshness in it, that is soberly luxurious:—this, then, is the sort of sea-side enjoyment which is the perfection of that kind of delight; and with all appliances and means to taste it, I had it, when, as a stripling, I sometimes staid at a little village in the immediate neighbouroood of Hordle Cliff. Let me now endeavour to live over again, one day at least, of that season of buoyant spirits, and well-tuned nerves, and of ravenous but easily-fed curiosity; and if I should, perchance, combine as the occurrences of one day what were belike those of divers, I will not intentionally stray from substantial and intrinsic truth, however I may tread a little awry, where that which is merely formal and non-essential, comes into the woof of my narrative. My wish is, to go again in a day-dream upon one of my old visits to Hurst Castle. The spot where it lies is a little world's end of its own, terminating a wearisome and narrow spot of heaped-up gravel of more than two miles in length; this only road-way to the Castle, has a limitless view of the main ocean on the right hand, while, on the left, the water touches it indeed when the tide is up; but, as it ebbs, a vast expanse of weedy ooze offers itself, spreading out towards the channel, which separates the Isle of Wight from Hampshire.

Well then, I am off for Hurst—a gloriously bright morning—my companions, two boys and a girl of my own age, with an elder sister of hers, of authority enough, from her farther advance towards womanhood, to keep us in check, without any suspicion on our part of her wishing to thwart us—

——"It seems a day,
I speak of one from many singled out,
One of those heavenly days that cannot die,
When forth I sallied."

A boat conveyed us from the hamlet of Keyhaven, down the winding outlet of a nameless stream, which was joined, before we got to Hurst, by as inconsiderable a one, which has the better fortune of having a name, being called the Start. We landed on the small barren peninsula, which furnishes a site for the fortress, and has an area bearing about as much proportion to the long contracted path, which fastens it on to the mainland, as the crook of a bishop's crosier does to the taper shaft; and, on the map of Hants, the ichnography of the whole bears no unapt resemblance to the shape of that emblem of prelatical authority. We have landed on no valuable territory; it is a mere waste of brown pebbles, girdled with a belt of pale grey sand. The castle is a fortification of Harry the Eighth's days, though it has been remodelled in our times, and since the date of my visits, by having the centre turned into a martello tower.

It is chiefly remarkable as having been at one time the place of captivity of Charles the First—unluckily the alterations made it necessary to demolish the room he was confined in; so that now the call for local emotion is not so urgently made upon our sympathies. When I was there, however, the dark chamber was in being, and though the shores of the beautiful isle were before the eyes of the royal prisoner, yet was he within such precincts of actual barrenness and desolation, that it must have weighed heavy on his spirits. The rest of the habitable world here may be summed up in saying, there is a public-house, two light-houses (one a recent erection,) and they answer to the high one on the down at the Needles, for the jaws of our channel are of no safe approach—and there is here an anomalous structure or two besides, the relics, I believe, of an abandoned speculation in fish-curing. What then is there for such highly applauded amusement? some one may say. Never fear—let us work our way over the heaps of loosely-piled shingle, down to the "tip of ocean," and we shall find matters enough to hold us in some sort of occupation. Now look seaward—is not this capacious bay worth gazing upon, with the Needle Rocks for our Pillars of Hercules at the home extremity, and having the far-off, but still dazzling cliffs of Portland, at the other horn of the crescent? Often on this coast have I seen those exquisite lines of Southey verified, often borne witness that they are not extravagant—the marine picture has been as bright

before my eyes as it was before those of Madoc—

"There was not on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory."

If it so happens that the atmosphere does not favour you with all this—or if your fancy is oppressed by the extent and indefiniteness of the whole survey, take some particular object—look, there is something on the horizon, doubtless, a vessel; watch her approach with the spy-glass, for that implement is to be found in every one's hand.

"A sail, a sail! a promised prize to hope—
Her nation? flag? what says the telescope?"

Much and boyishly did I use to marvel when my eye, by means of the optic tube, caught view of such a far-off object. Peep attentively, do you not now distinctly discern that it is a ship, shapeless as it is to the naked eye? Well now, if you be not a philosopher, or at least ingrained in nautical experience, you will wonder as I used to do—for do you not see, ay, plainly *see*, that she is half immersed in the waves that heave and toss around her? Her topmasts and sails are alone visible, and were she a mere raft, so little of her lower parts could scarcely be presented to us; and yet she comes on as gallantly as if all were right—and so it is. Long was it, ere I could quite reconcile myself to this practical exemplification of the earth's rotundity; and I used to think, with the self-congratulating shudder of conscious safety, such as comes over one at the warm fire-side, when sleety wind hisses and hurtles upon the window panes, that at all events I would rather sail in a vessel which might *appear* on the surface of the water, as well as really *be* upon it, for so I was gravely assured that very ship actually was, in spite of all that persuaded me to the contrary. But we will let our new discovered one arrive at leisure, and she will not apparently use much hurry to overtake us. Meanwhile, what are those great black spots that come and go among the waves? "Porpoises, little master," quoth an old gunner from the Castle, who, in the dreary lack of boon companions in this half isolated place, was glad to tramp about with our little squadron. "Ay," said he, "and I warrant me, they are after a fine shoal of mackarel."

This was information indeed; and many little, bright eyes kept sharp look-out—many too were the questions upon the point which we put to our self-elected Cicerone, in his formal cut dark blue coat, edged with yellow lace, and whose grey-haired pate was surmounted with a knowing cocked hat, for the glory of that species of head-gear had not then departed, as it now seems to have done, irrecoverably and for ever. We learnt from him, that the porpoises would drive in nearer with the state of the tide; and truly, by and by, they came so much into the bay, as that we could discern their shining black gibbous backs, which rose and sunk as they rolled forward—much about with a curve, as I conjecture, like that which the hump of a dromedary must describe, when the animal is deliberately advancing in a long swinging gallop. These sea-swine studded the waves by twos and threes for a few moments, and then grovelled deeper. I sigh to say it, but it has been supposed by naturalists, that these are the *dolphins* of the ancients, which are always represented in an arched posture—and bad enough it is, if all our fine dreams about them are to end in surveying the swart chines of a shoal of porpoises. And yet there are worse competitors, at least as far as name goes; for some men of science aver, that the bottle-nosed whale is the veritable classic dolphin. Powers of tasteful association, what a blow is aimed at you, when we are tied down to think of Arion touching his lyre, as he squatted on the dorsal fin of a bottle-nosed whale! While, however, we have been watching the unwieldy gambols of these ravenous fish, the vessel has come better within view; and, as the channel is so narrow between the island and us, she must give us more and more opportunity of examining her. She turns out to be a King's ship, a small frigate—and oh how

steadily does she cut through the crowding surges—every moment lets us see something more of her—at first, an hour or two ago, she was a speck on the verge of "the low wavering sky,"—then she assumed the appearance of a distant tower—the perspective glass annihilated much of the interspace, and we made out her sails—slowly the hull loomed into view—and now, minute after minute makes each part of her more clear and evident even to the naked eye—we see how stiffly her sails are bent—we can count her port-holes on the hither side, and guess at her rate—we see her pendants and the broad union—some dark moveable spots above and below betray that they are the tars who people her—and anon, as she passes under the walls, we may catch glimpses of the privileged denizens of the quarter-deck, yea, perhaps, make out the commander himself, the dignified viceroy of this moving island. Passive admiration, however, will not do for children, if a long stretch of it be required—we had pockets and baskets which were destined to carry home trophies and proofs of our visit to Hurst. Now, there were two lines of discovery which such searchers for trifles as we youngsters were might profitably pursue. One lies high and dry, and is upon the gravel, where all those things are accumulated which the winter storms fling up out of the reach of the ordinary tides, and which the blast can toss no farther; for here the pebbles begin to be heaped into a series of natural terraces, and the treasures we came hunting for lie at the foot of not quite the lowermost of these. They were not exactly of the value of those which Clarence tells us

"Lie scattered at the bottom of the sea—
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels."—

No, ours were of that incidental value which excites no envy, and there were enough for all who thought it worth while to glean them. First, then, we secured some of the boat-shaped *exuviæ* of the cuttle-fish, snowy white, and famous among school-boys for scraping into pounce;—next offered themselves, little purse-like things, of which, to this day, I know not whether they be of the animal or vegetable kingdom; their substance is like court sticking-plaister; they are square, and bulging, and hollow, with a string at each corner; and if you open one, you will find nothing good, bad, or indifferent within it; they were a puzzle to me then, and I am content that they should remain so now;—then we gathered up balls of marine growth, exactly like the flowers of the guelder rose; and no wonder we called them sea-foam, since Cowper, speaking of that shrub, says it throws up

"—— into the gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sober yew,
Its silver globes, light as the foaming surf
Which the wind severs from the broken wave."

Other valuables here found, were feathers of aquatic fowl, foreign seeds, such as cashew and cocoa-nuts, corks, and all matters buoyant enough to support themselves through a world-wide voyage. The pieces of wood that lay here, had, from immersion in sea-water, and subsequent exposure to wind and sun, acquired an almost sattiny lustre. Shells, of course, were obvious enough, though none of value or great beauty—though, let me except the delicate coat-armour of the sea-urchin, too fragile almost to be found unbroken; and, as the dandies of the days of chivalry had their cuirasses embossed with precious stones, so does it seem as if the *echini* had theirs studded with pearls. The rest of the rubbish (as some would call it,) consisted of bits of cornelian, and pretty stones, and lucky stones, for such we young things accounted those which had a hole through them. But it is time to go beneath. Now to be a collector on the lower *stratum*, was a service of a more adventurous cast, for at all times on the margin of the open sea, there is surf. This day, however, the billows came landward most deliberately, and arrived ashore generally in one long line; there they were poured down in a graceful curve every minute, and the body of water was instantly shot forward over the flat sand, where it spread like a fine piece of gauze-work, and then hurried back to be in time for the next race; and the absorption on the sand was so quick, that all was instantaneously dry. This "land debateable" was our field of action, and it was needful to retreat pretty briskly, while the long-extended wave was hanging on the turn, or your ankles ran the risk of a cooling bath—a cala-

mity which each was on the watch to entrap the others into suffering—now by daring them to stay at a mark not always reached by the water—now by distracting some witless one's attention, when he was confessedly on a spot liable to the incursion of the invading enemy—and many a merry laugh chimed in with the dash of the surge, either as it caught a loiterer, or swept off from his stretched-forth fingers the prey he was just going to secure. The chief spoils here to be expected, are sea-weeds in their more recent state. Of the minuter sorts, there is considerable variety, and pretty enough they are in themselves, but I used to put them to a purpose for which they were not well qualified. Many a sheet of letter-paper, and many a sticky bottle of gum-water, did I lavish upon them in days of yore—hours were spent in spreading out and disentangling with a pin their filaments of red, or green, or yellow, or brown—and so far was well enough. But I wanted to aid my graphic talents, and pressed them into the service as trees, which they represented rather vilely, though, to be sure, they were kept in countenance while acting in that character, by the houses, and men, and steeds, which I sketched around them. Of the larger sorts of sea-ware which lay within our ken, all flaccid and dripping, we found some of the consistence of Indian-rubber, having a round flexible stalk, with long evenly cut thongs diverging from it—(and, by a boy, in a passion, I saw it applied as a whip most furiously, but this was not in the present jaunt;) then, too, there was that better known kind, of the breadth of antiquated ribbon, once used for sashes, all puffed and wrinkled at the edges, which inland folks carry off to hang up as a natural hygrometer—and humid enough all last summer (if summer it might be called,) this monitor truly was! Fain would I think that England had usually a more delicious climate, when I was wont to bask on the shore near Hurst—but this remark savours of Smellfungus—and, besides, we have not run through our list of waifs and strays. Here, perhaps, a dead star-fish raised our surprise, more like a botanical than a zoological product—there drifted in a cocoa-nut shell, covered with some fifty barnacles, each something like the neck and bill of a bird; whereupon our old artillery play-mate made us gape and listen, while he shook his noddle knowingly, and reported half credulously, that "they *do* say, that somewhere or other they little creatures turn into birds, though I won't swear as how anybody here has seen such a thing happen." No hatching took place during our notice of them, so we strayed on to a part where there were some rocky fragments or accretions embedded in the sand, on which we saw the sea-anemone, not a flower, although so like one, but a beautiful living creature, which expanded as if it were blossoming, every time the pure wave washed over it;—here, too, were limpets, with their conical shells as tenaciously stuck to the stone, as if they were its own natural excrescences; closely as they adhered, they were not secured against the persevering intrusion of our school-boys' knives, which chiselled them off. Elsewhere the stranded jelly-fish caught the eyes, ay, and the fingers too, of the heedless, for not without reason is it also called the sea-nettle—but what says Poet Crabbe about them, as he is delightfully in his element when he has to write of the sea-shore?

> Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
> Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;
> Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
> In the small compass of a lady's ring;
> Figured by art divine—there's not a gem
> Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
> Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
> And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.

Our perambulation has brought us within sight of the public-house again—the Mermaid, I fancy, from a figure head of some defunct ship over the door; but it will bear a question. As the author of Reginald Dalton has incontrovertibly proved, that all great writers bring in somewhere or other the important topic of eating, I shall not shrink it. The air we had been breathing, had by no means been of a kind to wear away the keenness of youthful appetite; indeed, our twists were screwed up tighter than ever. Stop a moment, though; talking of eatables reminds me that you should look down at that solitary plant, for Flora keeps court soberly and sparingly in this Arabia Petræa. That dark-coloured thing among the flints is now accounted a culinary delicacy; it is no other,

indeed, than sea-kail in its native bed, and within the memory of man it was first introduced into our gardens by Curtis, who began the well-known botanical publication. At Hurst, however, long before that time, it was known and used; they bleach it in the rudest manner, merely by piling the shingle over the shoots when discovered. I cannot say that the wild sprouts are quite so tender as the cultivated—still let all due respect be shewn to the parent plant—though the coast of Sussex furnished Curtis with his first seeds. In this local dearth of Flora's bantlings, we ought not, perhaps, to overlook any—we have found an esculent vegetable; now for a flower, and there really is a handsome one indigenous on the shore; here you see is the Horned Poppy with its orange-tawny petals and long stamina, which entitled it to its distinguishing epithet. I hope the Nereids make much of it, and wreath their locks with its blossoms; for really this flower of ocean's marge, would be more becoming amid their hair than dank sea-weed, which painters and poets bestow on them for coronals, but which cannot but have a very slatternly and tattered appearance. Look, moreover, at this shrub, and then we will go in; this is a curiosity, if the tradition be true, which is annexed to its appearance here. It is a Tamarisk, and mine host's garden, you see, has a hedge of them, all growing very flourishingly; they seem to love the arid soil and briny atmosphere. Now it is said of them, that the first plant of the sort which England saw, was brought hither, to this very spot where Hurst Castle was afterwards built, and that the importers were warriors returning from the Crusades. The trees of themselves are pretty trees enough, but ten times more worth notice, if this romantic report of them be true—I have warrant for it, which, with many good simple readers is decisive and final—I have read it in a printed book! Only think of a Montacute, or an Umfreville, or a De Argentine, half in earnest, half in sport, sticking in a wand which he had gathered in the Holy Land, on the first spot where he landed in his dear England! The twig stands unmolested in this sandy haven—the next spring it begins to sprout—and ere long it displays to the amphibious race, who occasionally came hither, the foliage of eastern climes, nay of Palestine itself.

But our conjectural romance must not make us lose our noonday meal, nor a hearty draught, for the sun has been potent of late. Most part of the regale we brought with us, trusting to the publican for the more ordinary victual to make the table complete, so that a good cold collation, backed by a foaming jug of ale, stood before us. We invited the old gunner to join in this part, (and that not the worst part,) of the day's enjoyment. A girl of the public-house waited on us, and as she did not froth the veteran's glass of stingo with the dexterity of a true tapster, it drew forth from him a rueful reproach as soon as she was out of hearing, couched in these terms:—"Ah! now, that girl can't even give one a draught of ale as she should. How it makes one miss poor Mary!" Poor Mary I had known; she was the daughter of the master of the house, and had been dead, by a lamentable accident, about a year or more. As a book, originally belonging to one of my brothers, had, in some sort, contributed to the catastrophe, I drew nearer the old man's knee, and heard with more heed what his kind old heart had to say in praise of her. I think her name was Mary Chiddell. What made my young feelings more especially alive when her fate was deplored, was this:—A highly respectable officer, who was intimate with my father's family, was called into garrison at Hurst Castle, and as there were no comfortable apartments for him in the fortress, he lodged at the little inn. Naturally enough he borrowed some books from us to amuse himself with in this dreary state of half-exile. This "Mary the Maid of the Inn," of course, waited on him to keep his room in order—she was at that time engaged to a young carpenter living at Keyhaven, who, no wonder, spent all his spare time and holidays down at Hurst, and their marriage was soon looked forward to.

One Sunday afternoon, it was proposed that herself, her lover, and her brother, should take a sail in a boat up to Yarmouth; and (without leave) she took one of the officer's borrowed books, in order to while away the long afternoon of their voyage—a petty liberty, which she perhaps considered herself half entitled to use, being so great a favourite with their guest for her neatness, readiness, industry, and eternal good-humour; but it was des-

tined to be her destruction—she never came back. It was fine summer weather, with a very fresh breeze. The lover was to manage the sail; and as I am no proficient in nautical terms, I can only blunderingly relate the disaster according to my conceptions of it. The lover sat with one arm round Mary's waist, and read on the same page of the book with her; he held in the other hand the *sheet* or rope which regulated the sail, and did not fasten it to its proper place. In assisting to turn over a leaf, he let the rope fly loose—a squall came on at that very instant—the boat upset, and out of the three, the brother only (from whom these particulars were heard) was saved by regaining the overturned boat, as it floated bottom upwards; and the corpse of the hapless young woman was discovered some days after, a great way off, upon the mud. Can it be wondered at, that, as a boy, I crept closer to the old mourner, and heard, with a full heart, the dismal story, which I knew so well before? But, as I have said, it made more than an ordinary appeal to my sympathy; for I thought myself somewhat involved in it by the circumstance of the book. Indeed the volume, young as I was, was a thing not above my comprehension, for it was one of a miscellany, called the Pocket Magazine. I had read in the identical one so lost; and the gap in the set at home did then bring, and has often since brought, that fatal turning of the leaf full upon my imagination. Upon what a brittle thread does our existence hang! The warm pulses of youth, and love, and beauty, of high and undoubting hope, and of passionate but innocent transport, were all stopt without a warning! Here sat two young creatures, this moment in fond belief that their course of life was as fair before them as the sunny path upon the waves, over which their boat was dancing—the next moment, "the rush of water was on their souls!" Little bosoms heaved with sighs at the recital, and little eyes swam with tears in that inn-parlour—but the tears of childhood are proverbial for their rapid evaporation; and, with reference to the present circumstance, I might allegorize this pretty stanza which fixes the time of year, in a little poem of my acquaintance,—

> "It was the pleasant season yet,
> When stones at cottage doors
> Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
> After the silver showers."

Let the *shining stones* be the smooth cheeks of the child, and the *roads* the channelled features of the aged—and here were some of us youngsters in the *pleasant season yet*, in which the *silver showers* of sympathy *dry quickly*, while the transition refused to take place so easily beneath the wrinkled eyelids of our old guide, which still were *wet*, and for a time he was not so light-hearted as before. Children, however, are restless animals; no sooner was our campaigning dinner at an end, than we began to think what might be done next. The glare of noon was over the beach—it was too hot work to go again upon the sands—it would have been toil, instead of sport, again,

> ——— "with printless foot,
> To chase the ebbing Neptune, and to fly him
> When he comes back."

So we wandered over the drawbridge of the Castle, and lurked about under the shade of its walls, peeping from time to time through the embrasures, where the moving pictures we caught through them were heightened in effect by the setting of the dark frame. Carronades and pyramids of iron-balls, and serpentlike coils of cordage, and the rest of the *materiel* of a fort, had no very permanent attractions, even though our friendly old engineer was now upon his own ground, and loquaciously descanted on many topics of great interest to himself; such as the range of the guns, and what execution would be done, if the French dared to sail in between the Needles, and much of the same import. At last the tide began to give signs of serving our purpose again; our boat was seen afloat; and the old waterman who brought us down, called out to us, as he hoisted his waistband with one hand, while he scratched his poll with the other, that he could now take us back, if we had a mind for it. He only delayed while we collected our treasures, which, with ourselves, being safely stowed, our Charon pulled stoutly for my place of sojourn, where a bubbling kettle for tea, an ample milk jug, and a hot hearth cake large as our appetite, awaited our return. R.

SONNET.

'Twas in those hours of Youth's delicious spring,
When not a cloud 'mid ether's depths can stray,
But Hope's fond vision sees it melt away,
And every gale bears fragrance on its wing—
I first adventured my weak hand to fling
O'er the sweet lyre, and pour'd a simple lay
To Her who held me in her secret sway—
Ah! all unworthy I those charms to sing!
Since then seven lustres—half a life!—have flown,
And many a meteor-blaze has flamed and fled,
And many a bright illusion charm'd and died!
—Still, still She sits upon my memory's throne,
Unchanged! with such effulgence round her shed,
Ill yet mine eyes the glorious scene abide.

F. R. S.

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

No. VIII.

Dear Christopher,

It has struck me that Horace, the *Vates* of old Rome, may have had a prophetical reference, in his *Donarem pateras*, &c. (Od. iv. 8.) to these later times. You shall judge of the extent and closeness of the parallel from the following paraphrase, to which I have but little to premise.

You will observe, that I apply the *vota* in the last line of the original to the *devoted* Cockneys, and the *rates* to the *vessels* of the brewery immortalized by Peter Pindar—reading, by the by, *Pindaridæ* for *Tyndaridæ:* to the latter version our friend Buller says, the *quassas*, "quassia'd," gives irresistible sanction. Those, who recollect the part taken by the late Lord Londonderry in early life on the question of Reform, *et similia*, will readily admit him to be a fit representative of Alcides, (*quasi*, All-sides.) The *Liber* of the last line I have translated, "The Book," meaning, of course, *your* Book. I am aware, that it is usually construed, "Bacchus." Archdeacon Wrangham, I see, in his Version of the Lyrics, adopts the received interpretation; and I will fairly own, that I was myself *staggered* not a little by the preceding *pampinus*—it is the nature, you will add, of the plant—till it occurred to me, that it was most probably put συνεκδοχικως for *vitis*, the ordinary instrument of castigation in the Roman armies. This, instantly set all to rights. I claim your "*ben trovato.*"

Buller further assures me, that as a *double* of the *Iliæ Mavortisque puer*, I have hit upon a right personage in the "Marchesa's son." He throws in a sly conjecture, that her Ladyship may be rather *hard* upon her tenants in these times, the *dura messorum* Ilia. I rather take her to be obscurely obumbrated as the Ilia *nimiùm querens.*

Yours, very truly,
W. Seward.

Christ-Church, Oct. 29, 1823

P. S. You will give our common friend credit for some forbearance, when I tell you that he thinks it invidious to press the word *interest*, as applied to the modern Hercules, or to detail his very happy parallel of the Twelve Labours: only hinting, that in old Wood he had to encounter the Boar of the Forest of Erymanthus; that the Hydra is the radical "beast of many heads;" the Bull, any antagonist Irishman you choose. M. A. Taylor, one of the carnivorous Birds of the Stymphalides; and Hume the Dragon, guarding the golden apples of Hesperia, the island of the West. Other points of more painful resemblance he, in generous delicacy, wholly omits. His greatest difficulty was, to find the "golden-horned" equivalent in the Opposition, whether we apply it to the *Cornu Copiæ*, or to the *Cornu Conjugale.*

HOR. OD. IV. 8.

GOLD would I give my friends, or plate—
Tureens for soup, epergnes for state—
Or medals won at Cambridge, prizes
For Greek and Latin exercises;
Nature's sweet scenes from Turner's easel,
Or breathing stone from Chantrey's chisel;
Portraits and busts, by waggon-loads,
Of chieftains only less than Gods:—
Nor, Walter, should you bear the least
Of these rich bounties, were I blest
With plenty of such precious stuff—
But you've already *quantum suff.*
Since then you say you like the chime,
For once I'll treat you with a rhyme:
And rhyme has merit now and then,
When Scott or Wordsworth wields the pen.
Nay—that I may not seem to flatter—
If negatives will mend the matter,
Not thanks unanimously sent
By either House of Parliament;
Gazettes, whose page embalms the dead,
Or wreathes with bays the living head;
Thy billows, Spain, with carnage dyed;
Napoleon's menaces defied;
Boulogne's armada wrapp'd in flames,
Or bleeding Denmark's widow'd dames—
So everlastingly record
The memory of Trafalgar's Lord,
As can the Muse. If she her lyre
Unstring, the hero's deeds expire.
O, what were the Marchesa's son,
Had not the Post-bag of Tom Brown
Given him to fame? The Poet's breath,
Omnipotent, o'er-masters death.
Brook Watson, 'mid West-Indian waves
By shark half-gorged, the Rolliad saves:
Sung by Tom Brown, at Congress-feast
Sits Castlereagh, a jovial guest:
By Pindar snatch'd from Lethe's tide,
Old Whitbread's quassia'd vessels ride;
And fools by satire kept alive,
Vine-scourged, in Blackwood's book survive.

HENDECASYLLABI.*

Donum temne, Chlöe: fluit cruore!
Atrox hæ maculæ eloqui videntur
Clarâ voce nefas! Manus (nec istâ
Vidit ipse Acheron scelestiorem)
Hoc quæ dat tibi, stravit Enghienum!

TO

LADY HOLLAND,

On the Snuff-Box bequeathed to her by Buonaparte.

LADY, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore!
Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate:
It has been grasp'd by an infernal Power;
And by that hand, which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

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* The two following little pieces are from the classic pen of Archdeacon Wrangham. We venture to reprint them from one of the copies meant for private circulation.

Donum temne, Chlöe; latent in illâ
Clausæ pyxide Frausque, Erisque, et omne
Quod vastatque teritque. Tune terras
Monstris hisce iterùm dabis regendas?

Lady, reject the gift: beneath its lid
Discord, and Slaughter, and relentless war,
With every plague to wretched man lie hid—
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

In te quid sibi saxeus tyrannus,
Tam molli, reperire par putabat?
Quando inter se aquilæ et levi columbæ
Convenit; lupus aut tenebat agnum
Amplexans? Domus* Addisono amata
In mentem veniat tibi, dapumque
Sullî conscia; chorda ubi Rogersî
Mellito laqueata tecta cantu
Jam nunc personat, accinente Musâ,
Et saltat chorus usque Gratiarum.

Say what, congenial to his heart of stone,
In thy soft bosom could the Tyrant trace?
When does the dove the eagle's friendship own,
Or the wolf hold the lamb in pure embrace?

Think of that † pile, to Addison so dear,
Where Sully feasted, and where Rogers' song
Still adds sweet music to the perfumed air,
And gently leads each Grace and Muse along.

Tale illas sinis inquinare donum
Ædes? Ah! quid agis? Nefas dolosum
Frangas, ni Dryadas cupis fugare,
Pacemque, et quot amant nemus quietum
Virtutes; quibus inde dira pulsis
Succedet Lemurum cohors querentûm.
Istam tangere velle delibutam
Tabo pyxida perge—cæsa turba
Nili ad ostia Moscuæque in oris
Exsurget, tibi quæ polum occupabit
Atrâ nube, adimetque flendo somnos.

Pollute not, then, these scenes—the gift destroy;
'Twill scare the Dryads from that lovely shade;
With them will fly all rural peace and joy,
And screaming fiends their verdant haunts invade.

That mystic Box hath magic power to raise
Spectres of myriads slain, a ghastly band;
They'll vex thy slumbers, cloud thy sunny days,
Starting from Moscow's snows or Egypt's sand.

Vosque ô, compede quos malâ tyranni
Verdunæ tenuit dolus, peresos
Longâ tabe, animo hanc satam pusillo
Indignatio nonne libera omnis
Aversatur et odit ultionem?

And ye who, bound in Verdun's treacherous chains,
Slow pined to death beneath a base control,
Say, shall not all abhor, where Freedom reigns,
That petty vengeance of a little soul?

Tu ne spernito qualecunque nostrum
Carmen, ceu leve: sed sacrum profundo
Merses, oro, malum; vel hauriendum
Magno des Thamesi, quod iste flumen
Solum haud poliuit—haud datum est—cruore.

Nov. 7, 1821.

The warning Muse no idle trifler deem:
Plunge the cursed mischief in wide Ocean's flood;
Or give it to our own majestic stream—
The only stream he could not dye with blood.

HENDECASYLLABI.

Lites Officium diu et Voluptas
Gessêre. Ut fit, in ambulatione
Huic Ille‡ obvius; "Haud mihi molesta,"
Dixit, "tecum habita:" simul minando
Subridens; "nimis ah! amata, abito:
Nos parùm juvat esse tam severos."

Contra Hæc; "ne tetricus sies, laboremve
Insanum tolerare perge; tantis
Quid nos dissidiis teramus usque?
Esto, si libet, asper—haud repugno—

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Duty and Pleasure, long at strife,
Cross'd in the common walks of life.
"Pray don't disturb me, get you gone,"
Cries Duty, with a serious tone:
Then, with a smile; "keep off, my dear,
Nor force me thus to be severe."

"Dear Sir," cries Pleasure, "you're so grave;
You make yourself a perfect slave.
I can't think why we disagree;
You may turn Methodist for me:

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* Ædes Hollandianæ.
† Holland House.
‡ Sic, *mea Glycerium*, apud Ter.; *Servilia suæ libertatis immemores*, apud Liv. &c.

Et ludos rejice, ut soles, jocosque:
At me ludere, me sinas jocari.
— Posset attamen innocenter una
Spectandæ horula, tristis una, NEILÆ
Insumi: eia tantulum, nec ultrà;
Et vitæ breve pone id omne lucro.
Audin'? cantat avis: viden'? renident
Flores—quin celeres morare passus."

"Vixdum dimidium (gemit) rei, quam
In votis fuit exsequi, peractum est:
Falsi, quò trahis inscium, colores
Ludunt me undique, imaginesque falsæ.
Quæ jactas (stimulis sed, ah! relictis)
Venti gaudia differunt protervi!
Quò me, quò rapis?" Admonent strepentûm
Voces; "Quam petis, evolavit: urget,
Obrepens tacito gradu, Senectus:
Diem, dum licet, occupes fugacem.
En! post terga premit mala Ægritudo,
Impendet Dolor—abstineto fletus:
Uno, perstiteris, labore portæ
Cœlestes pateant; ibique amore
Conjuncti Officium et simul Voluptas
Æterno parilique ament, amentur."

But, if you'll neither laugh nor play,
At least don't stop me in my way.
Yet sure one moment you might steal,
To see the lovely Miss O'Neil:
One hour to relaxation give;
Oh! lend one hour from life—to live.
And here's a bird, and there's a flower—
Dear Duty, walk a little slower."

"My morning's task is not half done,"
Cries Duty with an inward groan;
"False colours on each object spread,
I know not whence, or where, I'm led!
Your bragg'd enjoyments mount the wind,
And leave their venom'd stings behind.
Where are you flown?"—Voices around
Cry, "Pleasure long hath left this ground;
Old Age advances; haste away!
Nor lose the light of parting day.
See Sickness follows, Sorrow threats—
Waste no more time in vain regrets:
O Duty! one more effort given
May reach perhaps the gates of Heaven;
Where only, each with each delighted,
Pleasure and Duty live united!"

Nov. 5, 1821.

BANDANA ON REPRESENTATION.

To Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,

THE ready insertion which you gave to my former letters, has emboldened me to address you, in the same free style, on a more general topic.

I think, sir, that it is of some use to myself, and may also be useful to others, to take, from time to time, a bird's-eye view of the state of public opinion, and to consider what has been resolved into principle, and what is still but notion and sentiment. Perhaps, for a long period of years, there has been no epoch at which this could be so advantageously done as the present. The last embers of the Revolutionary conflagration, which so long agitated and alarmed the world, have just been extinguished. Everywhere the ancient governments have been restored; throughout the whole of Christendom, such is the apparent resuscitation of the past, that it would puzzle one who was familiar with the previous state of Europe, but accidentally unacquainted with the events which have occurred in the interim, to say that any material alteration, beyond what might have been anticipated from the progress of time and the casualties of human life, has taken place in the frame of society since the autumn of 1788.

This is curious,—a renovation so singular, after a dissolution so general, might almost justify me to call the present state of the world a marvellous resurrection, if the phenomenon were in substance what it is in seeming—if it possessed that original life, nature, and conformation, which belonged to the system prior to the Revolutionary destruction. But when we approach to examine it, the apparition passes from our grasp; as we advance it retires, and we are appalled when, instead of the living and practical being to which we were reverentially disposed to do homage as to a restored and beloved object, we find it is but the phantom of a charnel-house, and that we are surrounded by the shreds of those honours, and the skeletons of those powers, which gave grace and energy to the olden condition of man!

In a word, to consider the present appearance of the political state and relations of the world as endowed with any substance or principle of vitality, would be to deny the influence of moral and of physical sensation; for statesmen to reason and to act now according to the maxims of their predecessors—that is, of those who were in power before the French Revolu-

tion, and who, by not discerning how much of a change in political dogmas was involved in the evolutions of that catastrophe, accelerated its devastations, would be to contemn the instruction of history, and to betray a total ignorance of the character and spirit of the age.

It was a wise, and it was a brave policy, during the deluge of French principles, to maintain that the ancient institutions of Europe were sacred things; that to them we owed whatever was estimable and delightful in society, and that if they were allowed to perish, it was impossible to foresee or to provide against the anarchy that might ensue. The wisdom of that policy derived an awful confirmation from the excesses of Parisian guilt, and the extravagance of Parisian theory; but now when the flood has subsided, when the guilt has been punished and the extravagance cut off, it may be safely re-adopted as a maxim of government and legislation, that the institutions so much venerated were not the causes, but the effects of the virtues ascribed to them, and that to enable them to preserve the affection so eloquently and so effectually claimed for them during the reign of Consternation, they must be modified and adapted to suit the wants, and to satisfy the judgment of the people. That modification, and that adaptation, is not, however, more now, than in the Revolutionary period, to be effected by general and entire changes. There is in fact never any such exigency in human affairs, nor in the very nature of things can there be such, as to require a sudden alteration in the institutions of any country, while it must be admitted, that in a progressive state of society, some sort of corresponding improvement ought to take place in them, and will necessarily take place in despite of all opposition.

All governments have their origin in the usurpations of some accidental union of moral and physical strength; hence there ever exists of necessity a natural controversy between what may be called the spirit of government, and the spirit of the people; the latter constantly endeavouring to procure concessions from the former in the shape of laws and institutions, that will enable individuals to manage their particular interests less and less subject to the interference of public functionaries, either with respect to conduct, industry, or pleasure. The natural tendency of a progressive state of political institutions, is not to induce, as Owen, and Godwin, and the other defective reasoners and visionaries allege—an agreement among mankind to constitute a community of goods, but the very reverse; or, in other words, to induce institutions which, while they bind society closer together, will leave individuals freer to pursue the bent of their respective characters. This, however, is a topic too important to be so slightly alluded to. On some other occasion I will address you on it exclusively.

The only free constitution which can exist practically applicable to human wants and properties, is that which is governed in its deliberations and measures by a temperate and regulated deference to public opinion. Of this kind I regard the British, according to the state of society in this country, and the genius of the people to be curiously admirable. There is so much of ancient partialities mixed up with modern expedients among us,—so much of ascertained fact with theoretical opinion and undetermined experiment, that we require, as we possess, a constitution that will work in such a manner as to give each and all of them occasionally their due predominance. In so far, therefore, as the practice of the legislature is concerned, the British constitution "works well," and we see that the executive government, though it is so swayed by public opinion, as to render it a very nice question to determine whether the circumstances of the kingdom have become so changed as to call for any alteration in the constitution, such as we hear commonly spoken of by the name of Parliamentary Reform—I say it is a very nice question, merely because the proposition has advocates and opponents among the shrewdest, the most enlightened, and the most patriotic gentlemen in the country. But in the discussions to which the question has given rise, both within and without the House, it has never been sufficiently considered, that during the last century, the constitution both in the Peers and Commons has been twice essentially and radically altered—I would say reformed.

Let us, sir, consider this dispassionately.

First then, in the reign of Queen Anne, the whole government of Great Britain, which had previously undergone a revision in theoretic dogmas, by the re-assertion of popular rights at the Revolution, was virtually changed by the union of Scotland and England. The TWO distinct ancient governments of both kingdoms were virtually abrogated, and ONE was substituted, in which, though the constitution of England preponderated, yet it was essentially modified, by an addition of peers and commoners into the legislature, chosen by electors, constituted on principles which had nothing previously similar, either in the constitution of Scotland or of England. Sixteen elected peers were added to the Lords, which peers, unlike their compeers in the house, were not the organs, strictly speaking, of their own sentiments, but the representatives of the sentiments of others. Thus, there was admitted into the permanent and unchangeable department of the legislature, a new constituary principle, that cannot but have had some considerable influence on its proceedings and deliberations. The introduction of the forty-five new members into the House of Commons was of itself a great accession of the means of conveying the influence of public opinion into the measures of government. But it has not been enough considered in what manner these members are chosen.

Admitting for a moment the utmost degree of corruption, of which the Scottish boroughs are accused, still it should be recollected, that as they return by districts, each borough of each district respectively operates as a check on the other. The English radicals, when they hear of a member for an obscure and mangy Fife town, think he has been returned much in the same sort of way as the worthy burgesses from Cornwall. They are not aware that he represents five different towns; that although each of those towns may be what is called a close borough, still it is governed by a numerous corporation, and that each corporation is, in the case of a contested election, liable to be divided in choosing, not the member, but the delegate, who is to vote for the member, by which, in point of fact, the members for the Scottish boroughs undergo a much severer ordeal in the process of election than is at all understood on the south side of the Tweed. Then, again, the Scottish county members are not generally chosen by the proprietors of the land, but by persons who may be said to possess transferable charters for exercising the elective franchise.

The constitution of Scotland, in so far, therefore, as respects the county members, is at once curious and enlightened. It comprehends a principle of deputation from the landholders who grant the elective charters, by which the landlord, without parting with his property in the soil, denudes himself of the political privilege attached to it, and transfers it to another person, who has wealth without land. Thus, as the country, since the Union, has prodigiously increased in capital, it cannot be questioned by any one, who looks over the lists of freeholders, and also sees how many landless persons possess county votes, that a very material popular influence is exercised in the choice of the Scottish county members, which, practically speaking, must have produced a material effect on the House of Commons; and which, when taken into consideration with the state of the Scottish borough representation, fully justifies me in saying that an important radical change and reformation was effected in the House of Commons by the Union with Scotland.

You will readily anticipate that the other change to which I have alluded is the Union with Ireland, and therefore I shall say but little respecting it.

Now, will it be denied that the people of the United Kingdom have not acquired an accession of power and influence in the House of Commons by the two Unions, which two Unions have added no less than one hundred and forty-five members to a popular branch of the constitution, besides materially improving the principle in many cases upon which the returns are made? It may, however, be said, that the addition to the English House of Commons, and the erection of an Imperial Parliament, is not equivalent to the loss which the people of Ireland and of Scotland have sustained by the dissolution of their Parliaments. To this, however, I would say, and leave the proof till the postulatum is denied, that a great general council for legislative purposes is infinitely preferable to a number of small ones. But not to dwell on what is so obvious, I would simply ask of those who deny the ad-

vantages of a reform in the House of Commons, and of those who demand it, if it is not the fact, that two great and important practical changes have been made during the last century? and then I would say to the former, have they not been attended with great and manifest advantages to the country and the empire at large? The fair, the true, and the undeniable answer to these questions, reduces the question of Parliamentary Reform into a very narrow compass—indeed, to so little as this: has there any such change taken place in the state of the country, since the Union with Ireland, as to require the introduction of any more members, or any new principle? I shall perhaps be answered, no—we admit that, so far as respects the number of members; but it is not to the number, it is to the manner in which the members are returned, that we require a reform. So that the whole question of Parliamentary Reform is reduced to the manner of election.

Let us suppose, then, that the mode of election were altered, is it probable, practically speaking, I would ask, that the returns would be very essentially different to what they are at present? Would the orators, whose speeches we read in all important debates, not probably be returned? and if the sense of the House is in any measure governed by their opinions, would we see much alteration produced in the phase of the house, if I may use the expression, from what it appears to be at present?

But to bring this clause of my subject to a conclusion, although it cannot be denied that there does exist a strong desire among the operative classes for some change in the legislative department of the State, it may well be asserted, that the change is not required by anything in the constitution of the Lords or Commons. It is, however, required, and it must, sooner or later, in some shape or form, be conceded to the extended concerns and interests of the empire at large.

It is clear and indisputable, that Parliament interferes and regulates many things which in the existing state of the empire, would be better managed by another council. There exists no reason whatever, why the deliberations of parliament should not be restricted to the concerns of the United Kingdom, while a thousand may be given, to shew that general questions, affecting the colonies and foreign dependencies, should be deliberated upon by an assembly, in which, in common with the United Kingdom, they should have representatives. How such an assembly should be constituted, whether by an addition to the House of Commons, or whether by the creation of a Supreme Parliament in which the elective principle, *already admitted* into the House of Peers, should be adopted for the general formation of an upper house, and a *district representation*, the principle of which was first introduced at the Union with Scotland—for the formation of a lower house, is a question too multiform to be discussed here. All I intend by alluding to it, is to shew, that in the spirit and circumstances of the times, something is gravitating towards such an issue. Already have we lost thirteen provinces, and in them constituted our most formidable rival, by the want of some such supreme legislature; already have the inhabitants of Jamaica loudly protested against the interference of the Parliament of the United Kingdom with their insular affairs, and already in other colonies, to which it is unnecessary to allude, have there not been threatenings of the same spirit? It appears, indeed, from the very nature of all political organizations, that, unless some common tie is formed between a parent country and her colonies, the colonies will, as soon as they can, maintain themselves; or, as soon as they find their interests sacrificed to those of the parent, separate themselves, or seek some other alliance.

Now, it so happens, from the extent and ramifications of our commercial and manufacturing interests, that out of our dealings with the colonies, and other foreign dependencies, the colonies and dependencies have always strong pecuniary motives to induce them to cancel their connection with this country. They send us but raw materials, and receive from us the enriched products of our looms and of our skill; and, in consequence, they are always indebted to us a considerable something between the value of the raw material which we receive from them, and that of the manufactured article which we send them back. There is ever, therefore, a burden of debt due to us from the colonies, and which, without at all disparaging their honesty, they must naturally wish to throw off. The only thing that can make them

hesitate between separation and connection, is the protection which they receive from us, and which, in addition to that debt, we pay for. Whenever they are in a condition to protect themselves, or to claim with effect the protection of another state, on better terms than they have ours, we must prepare ourselves to expect that they will throw us off. But as they cannot do this, nor even indicate any disposition towards it, without threatening many of our merchants and manufacturers with ruin, there is among us a strong party watching those proceedings of the legislature, by which colonial interests are likely to be affected; and this party, by the attraction of their own concerns, are ever inclined, when they see colonial interests considered but as secondary, to join with those who cry out for a change in the manner of returning members of Parliament.

Thus it is, that if, in the spirit of the times, which is everywhere active and eager for representation, there is a disposition resolved into a principle, which requires a change in the constitution of the British House of Commons, I would say, it will be found not to be produced so much by what is supposed to be amiss in legislating for the united kingdom, as in the effect of legislative enactments caused by, and which affect the colonies. It seems, for example, out of all reason to tax and drain the industry of the people of this country for the expense of protecting the colonies. But how is it possible to raise a fund from the colonies themselves, to assist in defraying that expense, when it is denied to the British Parliament to tax them? Nor is it less unreasonable that the British Parliament should legislate for interests, of which, constitutionally speaking, it can know nothing. In a word, therefore, though it is very well to say, that the House of Commons does not require any reform, it must be held to mean, only in so far as certain home interests are concerned; for, that it does require reform, the state of our colonies, their complaints, and the various expedients from time to time adopted to obviate these complaints, together with the enormous expense for their protection, which falls exclusively on the United Kingdom, all prove that some reform, or some new institution, is requisite. Far and wisely as we have carried the representative system into our constitution and government, there is yet in it a wide hiatus to be filled up; there is yet wanting some legislative union, not only among the colonies themselves, but between them and the mother country, that will hold and bind them together, and render them all co-operative in their resources to the maintenance of one and the same power.

It may, however, be said, that in this I admit much of what the whig and radical reformers assert, that if the House of Commons were returned on more popular principles, the vast sums squandered on the colonies, and for their protection, would not be drawn from the industry of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. It may be so and I am willing to admit all that; but then if it is advantageous to our commercial and manufacturing interests, and by them to our agricultural, to possess those colonial sources of raw materials and necessaries, and to enjoy the exclusive privilege of their markets for our products, would we possess that advantage, without granting that care and protection to which I have adverted? I hold it to be indisputable, that the possession of our colonies is a vast and incalculable advantage; and I fear that there is something in our *existing* state of things not calculated to retain it, or at least of such a nature as to blight many of the benefits which we might derive from a more enlarged colonial and legislative policy.

The demand in the spirit of the times for representation in government and legislation, is operating, in a manner singularly advantageous, calmly and silently towards that effect. Several of the colonies and dependencies have regular agents, some of whom are in the House of Commons, in what I may be allowed to call a surreptitious manner, for the purpose of guarding the special interests of their colonial constituents, insomuch, that it may be said there is a palpable converging of the elements of a more extensive legislative representation, gradually pressing on the attention of government, and claiming for the dependencies of the united kingdom, a general constitution, connected with the mother country, quite as strongly and as justly as the Prussians are crying out for the constitution which was promised to them by their king. With us, however, the claim will be satisfied diffe-

rently. What we want is withheld partly from prejudice, partly from doubt as to how it may operate, and chiefly from the official inconveniences to which it may give rise. With the Prussians it is denied by a tremendous array of soldiery. The same moral paralysis, however, which, at the beginning of the French revolution, rendered the German armies so ineffective, will seize the ranks of the Prussians, and a volcano will break out under the throne itself, and overwhelm it with ruin and with crimes; whereas our government will, from the influence of public opinion, either give the subject a full and comprehensive consideration, or endeavour to repair and adapt the old and existing system to meet something like what is required, and which, practically speaking, may "work well" enough.

The next object that presents itself, after contemplating what bears on the State, is the situation of the Church. It is not to be disputed, that the prodigious rush which infidelity made during the last ten years of the last century, has not only been checked, but that there has been a remarkable re-edification of all the strong-holds of Christianity—so much, that piety, it may be averred, has become so fashionable, as to be almost a folly; that is to say, the same sort of minds which, five-and-twenty years ago, would have been addicted to philosophy, are inflamed with a church-going zeal. Churches, and theological instruction of all kinds, are rising and flourishing everywhere. It has not, however, been much observed, that, although there is an astonishing increase of ecclesiastical edifices, there is no augmentation in the number of church dignitaries, a circumstance which would seem to imply that something of a presbyterian spirit is creeping into episcopacy; or, in other words, the Church of England, seeing that the people were attaching themselves to plain and simple modes of worship, is yielding half-way to that very spirit by which the dissenters have so prospered.

This policy in that church, if it can be called policy which is the expedient result of the force of circumstances, is the first example that has ever appeared in the world of so great, so wealthy, and so powerful a body, and a priesthood too, adapting itself voluntarily to the spirit of the times. It lays open to our view, and to our admiration, the liberality of the ecclesiastical establishment of England, in a light that language cannot sufficiently applaud; and when we consider the strict intermarriage in that country between the Church and the State, it must be allowed that the wisdom of this policy of the English church is a glorious demonstration of the enlightened views and temperate principles in the government of the state.

But the strain and tendency of our literature is the best comment on the progressive state of opinion, and, consequently, of national advancement. Except in a few remarkable instances, criticism is the prevalent taste of the times—a criticism not confined, as of old, to the execution, or to the manner in which subjects are conceived, but which comprehends, together with style and conception, not only the power employed, but the moral and philosophical tendency of the matter. It is impossible that so much general acumen can be long employed without inducing improvement in all things which are either the subjects or the objects of literary illustration, and these are in fact all things. No greater proof of the advance which has already taken place in the moral taste of the country, making every allowance for cant, need be assigned, than what is involved in the simple question—Would such novels as those of Fielding and Smollett be now *readily* published by any respectable bookseller? We have seen what an outcry was raised about Don Juan; but is that satirical work, in any degree, so faulty in what is its great *proclaimed* fault, as either Tom Jones, Roderick Random, or Peregrine Pickle?

I have, however, so long trespassed at this time, that I must for the present conclude. I shall, however, as early as possible resume the subject, and I expect to make it plain to you, that, although the world is overspread with wrecks and ashes, and there is but an apparent restoration of old customs and habitudes, there lies yet before our beloved country a path to greatness and glory, which nothing but some dreadful *natural* calamity ought, I would almost say—can prevent her from pursuing, to heights that will far exceed all Greek and Roman fame.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, 24th December, 1823.

HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN.*

When Anastasius first made its appearance, everybody thought Lord Byron was taking to write prose; for there was no living author but Lord Byron supposed capable of having written such a book. When Byron denied the work, (and, in fact, his lordship could not have written it,) people looked about again, and wondered who the author could be. But, when the production was claimed by Mr Thomas Hope, who had, heretofore, written only about chairs and tables, and not written very well about chairs and tables neither, then the puzzlement of ratiocinators became profounder than ever.

All that could be made out at all in common between Mr Hope and Anastasius, was, that Mr Hope had had opportunities of getting at the local information which that book contained. He had visited those parts of the world in which the scene was chiefly laid; and had resided in some of them (as at Constantinople) for considerable periods.

But Anastasius, though full of circumstance which necessarily had been collected by travel, was (that circumstance, all of it, apart) a work of immense genius, and natural power. The thing told was good; but the manner of telling it was still better. The book was absolutely crammed with bold incidents, and brilliant descriptions—with historical details, given in a style which Hume or Gibbon could scarcely have surpassed; and with analysis of human character and impulse, such as even Mandeville might have been proud to acknowledge. Material, as regards every description of work, is perhaps the *first* point towards success. It is not easy for any man to write ill, who has an overflow of fresh matter to write about.

But Anastasius was anything rather than a bare compilation of material. The author did not merely appear to have imbued himself completely, with a scarce and interesting species of information, and to have the power of pouring that information forth again, in any shape he pleased; but he also seemed to have the power, (and withal, almost equally the facility,) of originating new matter, of most curious and valuable quality. He paraded a superfluity of attainment at one moment, and shewed a faculty to act without any of it the next; displayed an extraordinary acquired talent for drawing MAN, as he is in one particular country; but a still more extraordinary intuitive talent for drawing man, as he is in every class, and in every country.

His capacity for producing effect was so extended, that he could afford to trifle with it. Anastasius was not merely *one* of the most vigorous, but absolutely *the* most vigorous, of the "dark-eyed and slender-waisted heroes," that had appeared. We liked him better than any of his cater cousins, because the family characteristics were more fully developed in him. The Giaours had their hundred vices, and their single virtue; but Anastasius came without any virtue at all. The Corsairs were vindictive, and rapacious, and sanguinary, as regarded their fellow-men; but Anastasius had no mercy even upon *woman*.

The history of Euphrosyne is not only the most powerful feature in Mr Hope's book; but, perhaps, one of the most powerful stories that ever was written in a novel.

There is a vraisemblance about the villainy of that transaction, which it sickens the soul to think of. Crabbe could not have dug deeper for horrible realities; nor could the author of the Fable of the Bees have put them into more simple, yet eloquent and energetic, language. For throughout the whole description of Euphrosyne's situation, after she becomes the mistress of Anastasius—his harsh treatment of her in the first instance, by degrees increasing to brutality—his deliberately torturing her, to compel her to leave him, even when he knows she has not a place of refuge upon earth—her patient submission, after a time, only aggravating his fury, and his telling her, in terms, "to go!" that "he desires to see her no more!" Throughout all this description, and the admirable scene that follows—his leaving her when she faints, believing her ill-

* The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan; a novel, in three volumes. London. John Murray, 1824.

ness to be affected—the nervous forebodings that come over him, afterwards, at the banquet, until, at length, he is compelled to quit the party—hurries home—and finds her gone! Throughout the whole of this narrative, there is not an epithet bordering upon inflation. The writer never stops to make a display of his feelings; but keeps up the passion as he goes on, merely by keeping up the action of the scene. The simplicity all through, and the natural elegance of the style, catches attention almost as much as the commanding interest of the subject. The tale is one of the most painful that ever was related; and it is told in the plainest, and most unaffected possible manner.

And it is the great art of Mr Hope, in this story of Euphrosyne, as in the conduct of a hundred other criminalities into which he precipitates his hero—throwing him actually into scrapes sometimes, as though for the pleasure of taking him out of them again—it is the author's great art, that, with all his vices, Anastasius never thoroughly loses the sympathy of the reader. There is a rag of good feeling—a wretched rag it is, and it commonly shews itself in the most useless shape too (in the shape of repentance)—but there is a remnant of feeling about the rogue, (though no jot of moral principle,) and a pride of heart, which, with romance readers, covers a multitude of sins; and upon this trifle of honesty, (the very limited amount of which is a curiosity,) joined to a vast fund of attractive and popular qualities—wit, animal spirits, gay figure, and personal courage—he contrives, through three volumes, to keep just within the public estimation.

And apart too from, and even beyond, the interest of the leading characters in Anastasius, there is so much pains laid out upon all the tributary personages of the tale: the work is got up with the labour of a large picture, in which the most distant figure is meant to be a portrait. Suleiman Bey—Aly Tchawoosh—the Lady Khadegé—Anagnosti—the Jew apothecary—Gasili, the knight of industry—even the bravo Panayoti—there is not a personage brought in anywhere, even to fill up a group, who has not a certain quantity of finish bestowed upon him.

Then the historical episodes. The character of the Capitan Pacha, and the circumstances which lead to his appointment in the Morea. Djezzar (the Butcher) and his atrocities—in the third volume. The court of Suleiman Bey in Egypt, and the march of Hassan Pacha into that country. The nervous terseness and brief style of these details, contrasted with the brilliant eloquence, the lively imagination, the strong graphic faculty, and the deep tone and feeling displayed in such passages as the bagnio—the first field of battle—the flight of Hassan Bey through the streets of Cairo—the death of the Hungarian Colonel—the *lives* of all the women—and, beyond all, the cemetery near Constantinople, and the reflections which arise on it in the third volume! If, besides all this, we recollect the occasional rich descriptions of local scenery; the wit and spirit of those lighter sketches which abound in the first and third volumes; and, especially, the polished, cultivated tone, and the gracefulness of style and manner, which runs through the whole work, it will not appear surprising that the production of Anastasius by an author of (comparatively) no previous estimation, should have been considered, in the literary world, as a remarkable event.

But, if it excited wonder that Mr Hope should, on the sudden, have become the author of Anastasius, it will be found quite as surprising, that the author of Anastasius should ever have written Hajji Baba. The curiosity about this book was great; the disappointment which it produces will not be little; not that it is absolutely destitute of merit, but that it falls so very far below what the public expected.

It is not easy to get at the solution of a failure like this. Mr Hope evidently means to do his best. He sets out with all the formality of a long introduction—Hajji Baba is only a prelude to much more that is to be effected. And yet the work is not merely, as regards matter, interest, taste, and choice of subjects, three hundred per cent at least, under the mark of Anastasius; but the style is never forcible or eloquent; and in many places, to say the truth, it is miserably bad. Some of this objection may be comparative; but objection must be so, and ought fairly to be so. If an author takes the benefit of a certain accredited faculty to get his book read, it is by the measure of that accredited faculty, that he

must expect the production to be tried. We can drink a wine, perhaps, of thirty *sous*, as a wine of thirty *sous*, but we will not submit to have it brought to us as claret. We might manage, upon an emergency, to read a dozen lines of Lady Morgan; but who would read half a line, if she were to get herself bound up as Lady Montague? There are chapters in Hajji Baba that may amuse;—there are a great many, most certainly, that will not amuse;—but, perhaps, the easiest way of making its deficiencies apparent, will be to give a short outline of the production itself.

Mr Hope sets out, in the character of "Mr Peregrine Persic," by writing to "Doctor Fundgruben," chaplain to the Swedish Embassy, at the Ottoman Porte—a letter which explains the intention of his book.

Mr Persic is dissatisfied (and, perhaps, fairly, may be) with all existing pictures of Asiatic habits and manners; and he suggests the advantage of inditing, from "actual anecdotes" collected in the East,—a novel upon the plan of Gil Blas, which should supply the (as he views it) deficiency. Dr Fundgruben approves the idea of Mr Persic, but doubts how far any European would be capable of realizing it; he thinks an oriental Gil Blas would be most conveniently constructed, by procuring some "actual" Turk, or Persian, to write his life. The discussion which follows between the friends, would not convey a great deal to the reader. What the Swedish Doctor opines—we will give his own words—"That *no* education, time, or talent, can ever enable a foreigner, in *any* given country, to pass for a native;"—this (for a Doctor, who should mind what he says) has a smack of exaggeration; and Mr Persic's charge of obscurity against the Arabian Nights, (so far as he himself illustrates it,) seems to amount to nothing. At a period, however, subsequent to this supposed conversation, Mr P. (who is employed himself upon an embassy to Persia) saves Hajji Baba, a Persian of some station, from the hands of an Italian quack Doctor; and, in gratitude for certain doses of calomel, by the English gentleman administered, the Ispahani presents his written memoirs, for the benefit of the English public.

Now here is a blot in the very outset of the book. Mr Hope starts, most transparently, with Gil Blas in his eye, and never considers that a character perfectly fitted for a hero in one country, may not be so well calculated to fill the same *role* in another. The attention to Gil Blas is obvious. The chapters are headed in Le Sage's manner.—"Of Hajji Baba's birth and education."—"Into what hands Hajji Baba falls, and the fortune which his razors prove to him."—"Hajji Baba, in his distress, becomes a Saka, or water-carrier."—"Of the man he meets, and of the consequences of the encounter," &c. &c. There are occasional imitations too, and not happy ones, of the style *coupée* of some of the French writers. An affectation of setting out about twenty unconnected facts, in just the same number of short unconnected sentences. A rolling up, as it were, of knowledge into little hard pills, and giving us dozens of them to swallow, (without diluent,) one after the other. This avoidance (from whatever cause it proceeds) of conjunction, and connecting observation, leads to an eternal recurrence of pronouns—rattling *staccato* upon the ear. It makes a book read like a judge's notes of a trial, or a report of a speech of a newspaper. And, indeed, throughout the work before us—(we can scarcely suppose the author to have written in a hurry)—but, throughout the work, there is a sort of slovenliness; an inattention to minute, but nevertheless material, circumstances; which could scarcely, one would think, have been overlooked, if it had been cautiously revised.

Hajji Baba, however, is the son of a barber at Ispahan, and is educated to follow his father's profession. He learns shaving upon the "heads" of camel-drivers and muleteers—a field of practice more extended than barbers have the advantage of in Europe—and having got a smattering of poetry, and a pretty good idea of shampooing—some notion of reading and writing, and a perfect dexterity at cleaning people's ears;—at sixteen, he is prepared to make his *entrée* in society.

Starting as a barber, is starting rather low; and it is one material fault in our friend Hajji Baba, that, from beginning to end, he is a low character. Obscure birth is no bar to a man's fortune in the East; nor shall it be any hinderance to him among us; but

we can't take cordially, East or West, to a common-place fellow. Anastasius is meanly born, but he has the soul that makes all ranks equal. Beggar him—strip him—starve him—make a slave of him—still nature maintains him a prince, and the superior (ten to one else) of the man that tramples upon him. Like the Mainote captain, in that exquisite chapter of "The Bagnio," he is one of those spirits which, of themselves, even in the most abject condition, will command attention and respect;—which, "like the cedars of Lebanon," to use the author's own simile, "though scathed by the lightning of Heaven, still overtop all the trees in the forest."

But it won't do to have a hero (certainly not in Turkey) an awkward fellow. We don't profess to go entirely along with Mowbray, in Clarissa, who, extenuating Lovelace's crimes, by reference to the enormities of somebody else, throws his friend's scale up to the beam, by recollecting that the counter rogue is "an ugly dog too!" But we think, if a hero is to be a rascal, that he ought to be a rascal like a gentleman. Mr Hope denies Hajji Baba even the advantage of personal courage. As he got on in his last work without virtue, so he proposes to get on in this without qualification. This is Gil Blas; but we wish Mr H. had let imitation alone. Gil Blas (*per se*) is no great model, anywhere, for a hero. It is the book that carries him through—not him that carries the book. Gil Blas (that is the man) has a great deal more whim, and ten times more national characteristic, than Hajji Baba; and yet we long to cane him, or put him in a horse-pond, at almost every page we read. And, besides, Gil Blas, let it be recollected, Gil Blas was the ORIGINAL. We have got imitations of him already enough, to be forgotten. The French Gil Blas—and the German Gil Blas—and now, the Persian Gil Blas! It is an unprofitable task; at least, Mr Hope, at all events, has made it one.

To proceed, however, with Mr Hajji Baba, whom we drag along, as it were, critically, by the ears; and whose first step in public life is into the service of Osman Aga, a merchant of Bagdad. His father gives him a blessing, accompanied by "a new case of razors;" his mother adds "a small tin case of a certain precious unguent," calculated to cure "all fractures and internal complaints;" and he is directed to leave the house with his face towards the door, "by way of propitiating a happy return."

Osman Aga has in view a journey to Meshed, where he will buy the lambskins of Bokhara, and afterwards resell them at Constantinople. He leaves Ispahan with the caravan, accompanied by his servant; and both are taken prisoners by certain Turcomans of the desert. Hajji's sojourn among these wandering people, with their attack and pillage of the caravan, is given with the same apparent knowledge of what he writes about, which Mr Hope displayed in Anastasius.

The prisoners, after being stripped, are disposed of according to their merits. Osman Aga, who is middle-aged, and inclining to be fat, is deputed to wait upon the camels of his new masters; Hajji is admitted a robber, upon liking, in which capacity he guides the band on an excursion to Ispahan, his native city.

The movement upon Ispahan is successful; the robbers plunder the caravanserai. Afterwards, in a lonely dell, five parasangs from the town, they examine the prisoners, who turn out not so good as was expected. A poet—a *ferash* (house servant) and a cadi;—"egregious ransom," seems hardly probable. The scene that follows has some pleasantry.

The poet (Asker) is doomed to death, as being an animal of no utility anywhere. Hajji, however, is moved with compassion, and interferes.

"'What folly are you about to commit? Kill the poet! Why it will be worse than killing the goose with the golden egg. Don't you know that poets are very rich sometimes, and can, if they choose, be rich at all times, for they carry their wealth in their heads? Did you never hear of the king who gave a famous poet a *miscal* of gold for every stanza that he composed? And—who knows?—perhaps your prisoner may be the king's poet-laureat himself.'"

This observation changes the face of the affair, and the Turcomans are delighted with poetry.

"'Is that the case?' said one of the gang; 'then let him make stanzas for us immediately; and if they don't fetch a *miscal** each, he shall die.'

* Twenty-four grains of gold.

"'Make on! make on!' exclaimed the whole of them to the poet, elated by so bright a prospect of gain; 'if you don't, we'll cut your tongue out.'"

At length it is decided that all the prisoners shall be spared; and the cadi is set to work to divide the booty among the thieves. When it comes, however, to Hajji's turn to share, he finds that he is to be allowed nothing, and thereupon resolves to escape from his new brethren; which he does on the first opportunity.

Arriving at Meshed, without any means of subsistence, he becomes first a "Saka," a water-bearer, and afterwards an itinerant tobacconist, or "vender of smoke." He afterwards gets acquainted with a party of dervishes—one, a man of sanctity—another, a story-teller—and the third, a talisman writer. He is bastinadoed by the *Mohtesib* for adulterating his wares, turns dervish himself, and quits the city.

A variety of adventures, readable, but not worth talking about, then conduct Hajji to Tehran, and place him in the service of the king's chief physician. He reaches this promotion just as we are terribly tired of reading on, almost without knowing, or caring, about what, and recollecting how, in Anastasius, we stopped at every third page, to read something or other half-a-dozen times over. At last our feelings get a fillip, by *Monsieur* Hajji's falling in love.

Hajji Baba is a vulgar man, and of course makes but an indifferent lover. The lady, however, "holds her state," of whom he becomes enamoured, and prattles away through twenty pages very thoughtlessly and delightfully.

The spring has passed over, and the first heats of summer are driving most of the inhabitants of Tehran to sleep upon their house-tops. Hajji disposes his bed in the corner of a terrace, which overlooks the court-yard of his master's *anderun*, or women's apartments; and, one night, looking over the wall, he sees a female in this court, whose figure, and her face, (as far as he can see it,) are exquisite. After gazing for some time, he makes a slight noise, which causes the lady to look up.

"And, before she could cover herself with her veil, I had had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure, she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she had managed her veil with so much art, that there was room for a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work,

[She is sorting tobacco leaves,]

"'Why do you look at me?—it is criminal.'

"'For the sake of the sainted Hosien,' I exclaimed, 'do not turn from me; it is no crime to love—your eyes have made roast meat of my heart. By the mother that bore you, let me look upon your face again!'

"In a more subdued voice she answered me,—'Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen, and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame to talk thus to a maid?'"

This is a touch of our author's true spirit; but, unfortunately, it is but transient. At this moment, she lets her veil fall (so shewing her face) as if by accident;—but a voice is heard within, impatiently repeating the name of "Zeenab!" and she disappears, leaving Hajji nailed to the spot from whence she departed.

This lady, who sorts tobacco leaves, is a slave belonging to the chief physician, and an object of jealousy and dislike to his wife. The lovers meet on the next evening; and Zeenab's scandal about the affairs of the *harem* is as light and chatty as Miss Biddy Fudge's letters about "Pa!" and "Monsieur Calicot," and the "rabbit-skin" shawls.

"We are five in the harem, besides our mistress," said she: "There is Shireen, the Georgian slave, then Nur Jehan, the Ethiopian slave girl; Fatneh, the cook, and old Seilah, the duenna. My situation is that of hand-maid to the *khanum*, so my mistress is called; I attend her pipe; I hand her her coffee, bring in the meals, go with her to the bath, dress and undress her; make her clothes, spread, sift, and pound tobacco, and stand before her. Shireen, the Georgian, is the *sandukdar*, or housekeeper; she has the care of the clothes of both my master and mistress, and indeed the clothes of all the house; she superintends the expenses, lays in the corn for the house, as well as the other provisions; she takes charge of all the porcelain, the silver, and other ware; and in short, has the care of whatever is either precious, or of consequence, in the fa-

mily. Nur Jehan, the black slave, acts as *ferash*, or carpet-spreader; she does all the dirty work; spreads the carpets, sweeps the rooms, sprinkles the water over the court-yard, helps the cook, carries parcels and messages, and, in short, is at the call of every one."

All this is delightfully *naif*, and natural! One sees so plainly that Zeenab has not had any one to talk to for these two hours."

"As for old Leilah, she is a sort of duenna over the young slaves; she is employed in the out-of-door service, carries on any little affair that the *Khanum* may have with other harems, and is also supposed to be a spy upon the actions of the doctor. Such as we are, our days are past in peevish disputes, whilst, at the same time, two of us are usually leagued in strict friendship, to the exclusion of the others. At this present moment, I am at open war with the Georgian, who, some time ago, found her good luck in life had forsaken her, and she in consequence contrived to procure a talisman from a Dervish. She had no sooner obtained it, than, on the very next day, the *Khanum* presented her with a new jacket; this so excited my jealousy, that I also made interest with the Dervish to supply me with a talisman that should secure me a good husband. On that very same evening I saw you on the terrace—conceive my happiness!"

We will be crucified if there be not six Zeenabs in every boarding-school for five miles round London.

"But this has established a rivalship between myself and Shireen, which has ended in hatred, and we are now mortal enemies; perhaps we may as suddenly be friends again."

Agreeable variety!

"I am now on the most intimate terms with Nur Jehan; and, at my persuasion, she reports to the *Khanum* every story unfavourable to my rival. Some rare sweetmeats, with *baklava* (sweet-cake) made in the royal seraglio, were sent, a few days ago, from one of the Shah's ladies as a present to our mistress; the rats eat a great part of them, and we gave out that the Georgian was the culprit, for which she received blows on the feet, which Nur Jehan administered. I broke my mistress's favourite drinking cup, Shireen incurred the blame, and was obliged to supply another. I know that she is plotting against me, for she is eternally closeted with Leilah, who is at present the confidante of our mistress. I take care not to eat or drink anything which has passed through her hands to me, for fear of poison, and she returns me the same compliment."

The ladies will kill Mr Hope for having written this part of the book, and we shall kill him for having written the other parts of it.

There is a subsequent scene, in which Hajji is admitted to the *anderun*, written with the same sprightliness and gossiping pleasantry as the foregoing. Zeenab has been engaged to cry at a funeral, to which the *Khanum* goes with all the family; and for which service she is to receive a black handkerchief, and "to eat sweetmeats." Instead of going, she beckons Hajji into the *anderun* to breakfast.

"'By what miracle,' exclaimed I, 'have you done this? Where is the *Khanum!* where are the women! And how, if they are not here, shall I escape the doctor?'

"'Do not fear,' she repeated again, 'I have barred all the doors. You must know that our destinies are on the rise, and that it was a lucky hour when we first saw each other. My rival, the Georgian, put it into the *Khanum's* head that Leilah, who is a professed weeper at burials, having learned the art in all its branches since a child, was a personage absolutely necessary on the present occasion, and that she ought to go in preference to me, who am a Curd, and can know but little of Persian customs; all this, of course, to deprive me of my black handkerchief, and other advantages. Accordingly, I have been left at home; and the whole party went off, an hour ago, to the house of the deceased.'"

That fine perception about the "black handkerchief," is worth a million! Zeenab afterwards relates her life, which is amusing, but not remarkable—exhibiting the customs of the Yezeedies, a wild Curdish tribe, to which she belonged. Eventually, the chief physician makes a present of her to the Shah; and Hajji (who, in the meantime, has become a *nasakchi*, or sub-provost-marshal) is compelled to witness her execution, for a fault of which he himself is the author. But this scene, which the same pen that wrote the story of Euphrosyne, might have rendered (we should have supposed) almost too fearful for endurance, has, abstractedly, very little merit; and, coming from the author of Anastasius, is a decided failure.

Indeed, the latter half of the book

consists mainly of matter, very little worthy of a considerable writer. Hajji's adventures as a nasakchi have not a great deal of novelty about them; and the personages are weak into whose association he is thrown. The chief executioner, for instance, is a dull fellow; and the attack (vol. II. p. 272) by *two* Russian soldiers upon *five hundred* Turkish horse, should be authenticated. The subsequent business, in which Hajji becomes a *mollah*, (priest,) with the attack upon the Armenians, tends to almost nothing. The episodes, too, are in no instance fortunate. The story of Yusuf and Mariam is tedious. The adventures of the Dervises few persons will get through; and the legend of "The Baked Head" is a weak imitation of the little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights.

The hero subsequently runs, during the whole of the last volume, through a round of incoherent, and often carelessly related adventures. He becomes a merchant, and that is not entertaining; marries, and is divorced again; writes accounts of the Europeans and their customs, which are puerile; and, at last, just as he is appointed secretary-in-chief to the Persian English embassy in Persia, (our supposed translator,) stops short, and addresses the reader. Profiting by the example of the Persian story-tellers, he pauses in his tale at the most interesting point, and says to the public, "Give me encouragement, and I will tell you more. You shall be informed how Hajji Baba accompanied a great ambassador to England; of their adventures by sea and land; of all he saw and all he remarked; aud of what happened to him on his return to Persia. But, in case," he adds, like the third Dervise, (a personage in the tale,) "he should find that he has not yet acquired the art of leading on the attention of the curious, he will never venture to appear again before the world, until he has gained the necessary experience to ensure success."

Now, the author of Anastasius may command encouragement in abundance to do anything else; but he shall have no encouragement from us to continue the history of Hajji Baba. An Oriental gentleman, who can neither fight nor make love, will never do to buckle three more volumes upon the back of.

Besides, we have already got some specimen of Hajji's talent for describing European peculiarities; and, from what we see, we should say most decidedly, Let us on that head have no more. All the business about the vaccination—and the doctor's desire to dissect dead bodies—"Boonapoort," the East India "Coompani," and the European constitutions, is, to speak the truth plainly, very wretched stuff indeed. And we say this with the less hesitation to Mr Hope, because we have expressed our unfeigned admiration of his former work. It should seem that he can do well; and if so, there is no excuse for him when he does miserably ill.

Let us guard ourselves against being mistaken. Hajji Baba may be read; and there are, as our extracts will prove, *some* good things in it. But, as a whole, it is tiresome, incoherent, and full of "damnable iteration." Combats—caravans — reviews — palaces—processions—repeating themselves over and over again—and many of them repetitions, and weak repetitions, of what we have had, in strength, from Mr Hope before.

Seriously, Hajji Baba should be cashiered forthwith. As far as the public is concerned, the journey of the "pilgrim" should be at an end. And, indeed, England to be described by any foreigner, is a subject just now not the most promising. For the difference between Mr Hope's last work and his present one, it would be very difficult to account; but certainly, if he writes again, let him at least trust freely to his own conceptions. The present book has none of the eloquence or poetic feeling, very little of the wit, and still less of the fine taste, which distinguished the former in so eminent a degree. Of Anastasius, one would say, that it seemed to have been written by some mighty hand, from a store, full, almost to overflowing, with rich and curious material; of Hajji Baba, that some imitator, of very little comparative force indeed, had picked up the remnant of the rifled note-book, and brought it to market in the best shape that he was able.

LETTER FROM SAMPSON STANDFAST, ESQ.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,

THE Session of Parliament seems likely to be ushered in by circumstances, alike happy and extraordinary. At home, agricultural distress has vanished; reform, even as a term, has become obsolete; faction has been disarmed by the scorn of "the people," and all is unclouded prosperity and peace. Abroad, the demon of revolution has been again smote to the earth, and its followers only exist to be derided for their madness and imbecility. Fate, which has been prodigal of its favours so long to party spirit, seems now resolved to place public affairs above its reach, and to decree, that the Ministry and Opposition shall pass, at least one session, without even a pretext for quarrel and combat.

Transcendently beneficial as this state of things is to the nation at large, there are those to whom it is transcendently disastrous. There is a class in the State which it plunges into the extreme of loss, and distress, and hopelessness. I cannot conceive any situation more truly pitiable than that in which the brilliant aspect of public affairs places the heads of Opposition, from *Grey*, down to *Wilson*. *Out of doors*, their general principles are covered with contempt and ridicule, and the few followers they retain will not suffer them to open their lips; and *in* Parliament, they seem to be deprived of every topic that might enable them to keep themselves in sight as public men. Without the assistance of the charitable and humane, their utter ruin seems to be inevitable.

It is impossible to withhold our compassion even from the distress of an enemy. We forget the dangers which he has drawn around us, and the injuries which we have received at his hands; and we only remember that he rent the veil which concealed our talents, and lit the blaze of our glory. If there had been no Buonaparte, there had been no Wellington. We have passed together through a portion of life front to front, if not side by side; we have become familiar from sight and contact, if not from sympathy and affection; and we therefore regard the fall of a foe with more pity, than that of a stranger who never wronged us. I have long been the bitter enemy of the individuals to whom I have adverted, because I believed their schemes to threaten the State with ruin; but when I now glance at them, I should, if I were addicted to weeping, shed tears over their wretchedness. If they could be relieved by legislative enactments, I would actually sign a petition to Parliament in their behalf; and if a subscription could serve them, I protest I would put down five pounds with the utmost alacrity. In truth, the sole object of my present communication is, to furnish the means for preserving them from total annihilation.

These truly unfortunate and unhappy persons are well aware that they must have matter for Parliamentary motions, or lose their political being; and that all their old subjects—reform, public distress, foreign policy, finance, alteration of the criminal laws, &c. &c. —are now utterly unserviceable. I here tender to them an entirely new set of Parliamentary motions. If they are wise men, they will eagerly accept my offering; and if they are grateful men, they will, in due season, honour me with a statue as their saviour.

In the first place, let *Earl Grey* in the *Lords*, and *Mr Tierney* in the *Commons*, move that a committee be appointed to ascertain precisely the creed and nature of modern Whiggism. The Committee must be instructed to point out with the greatest care the difference between the Whiggism of the present day, and that of 1688; and to state with the utmost exactness, the distinctions in faith and practice between the Whigs, and the huge Continental faction, which is known by the thousand and one names of, the Carbonari, Liberals, Revolutionists, Constitutionalists, Anarchists, &c. &c. The committee should likewise shew, where modern Whiggism agrees with, and where it is hostile to, the British Constitution; and, as the terms, liberty, despotism, constitutional, patriotic, &c. &c., would probably be often employed in the discussion, it ought to give correct definitions of these terms, by way of preface to its report.

In due time afterwards, let the same most eminent individuals move for a committee to inquire into the causes of the decline and fall of Whiggism. This

committee must not fail to notice in its report the conduct of the Whigs during the Peninsular war—at the peace—on the repeal of the income-tax—during the Manchester and other riots—on the trial of Queen Caroline—towards Carlile and other blasphemers at home, and the Continental deists and traitors, &c. &c.; and it must be careful to give a just description of the present Whigs, touching their abilities and acquirements—their character as honest men and statesmen.

That the long and arduous labours of these committees may be in some degree shortened and simplified, let the following motions be made by the individuals to whom I assign them.

Let *Earl Grey*, on the behalf of the Whigs as a body, propose a string of resolutions for the adoption of the *Lords*, purporting that the British constitution, though apparently a monarchy, is in intent and essence a republic—that all the powers, duties, and privileges which it assigns to the King and the Aristocracy, are mere names, and that it is highly unconstitutional to regard them as anything else; and that, as the Constitution in spirit and working means the Democracy to constitute the nation, and a faction, domineering alike over King and people, to constitute the Government, it is in the highest degree unconstitutional to believe that factions ought not to possess despotic power, or that they can commit wrong—and that all who dissent from this are enemies of the Constitution.

Let the same noble person, on his own personal account, move the *Peers* to resolve, that no man is qualified to be the Prime-Minister of this great nation, whose political reasonings and predictions have not been through life falsified by events—who has not constantly studied to render inflammatory and turbulent times still more inflammatory and turbulent—who has not been the Parliamentary champion of the infidels and democrats of the Continent,—and who has not invariably made the weal of his country subservient to that of his party, and the propagation of the tenets of modern Whiggism.

Let the *Bishop of Norwich* move, that the alliance between Church and State be dissolved—that the Catholic ascendency be substituted for the Protestant one—that all passages be expunged from the Scriptures which militate against schism—and that it be made high treason for any one to say, that the Catholic claims have other opponents than the Clergy of the Establishment.

Let *Mr Tierney*, in a most pathetic speech, move that it is in the highest degree cruel, unconstitutional, and tyrannical, to suffer the clamourers for office to sink into their graves, without permitting them to have more than a trifling taste of it.

It will be alike beneficial to *Sir James Mackintosh* and his party, if he can carry a resolution to this effect:—A writer will be an impartial historian, in proportion as he is a bigotted political partizan. The despot *Buonaparte*, the murderer *Buonaparte*, the treaty-violator *Buonaparte*, the enslaver of the Continent *Buonaparte*, was a paragon, as a man and a Sovereign, and his memory ought to be revered by every friend of humanity and freedom. It is highly expedient that this country do forthwith erect a monument to the memory of that benefactor to mankind, *Napoleon Buonaparte*. Crime will be restrained by mildness of punishment, and *vice versa*. Imprison a murderer for a month, and you purge the nation of murderers; hang him, and you make them abound.

Be it *Lord John Russell's* care to move, that a day-labourer from every town and village in the nation be summoned to the bar of the *House of Commons*, to be examined with regard to his proficiency in political and other learning. If such labourers answer, as in all probability they will, that they believe the Constitution to be some strange animal brought over-sea—the *House of Commons* to be a public alms-house—the *House of Peers*, to be the place at which Pears are retailed to the Cockneys, &c. &c., let *Lord John* move the House to resolve, that such persons are, of all others, the best qualified for choosing Lawgivers and Statesmen. He must follow this with a set of resolutions to this effect:—Because a stray copy of Don Carlos has been seen in a remote northern village, it is the opinion of this House that the labouring population of the three kingdoms has become exceedingly learned and refined. Falsehood, sedition, and blasphemy, are knowledge and wisdom; therefore, this

House conscientiously believes that the lower classes have been rendered extremely knowing and wise, especially with regard to State matters, by the mighty increase of Sunday Newspapers. A large stake in the weal of the State, and a good education, positively disable a man from giving an honest and wise vote; therefore, this House is abundantly certain that none will ever vote honestly and wisely at elections, except those who are ignorant and destitute, whose votes are constantly on sale at the rate of a guinea, a yard of ribbon, and a couple of gallons of beer, and who *know* that Burdett, Hunt, Dr Watson, and Waddington, are the only men in the nation capable of forming a government. This House feels itself bound to declare, that all are evil-disposed persons who dare to assert that a House of Commons, chosen exclusively by such voters, would yield anything but blessings to the country. This House is fully convinced, that it was originally formed, not for purposes of national good, but that every poor man might have a vote to sell at elections, and it declares it to be highly slavish and unconstitutional to think otherwise.

It will be advisable in *Mr H. G. Bennett* to move, that, whenever a statement of the misery of criminals is made to the House, every member be compelled to shed tears over it; and that every member be ordered to go into slight mourning on the transportation of every convict, and into deep mourning at every public execution. He may follow it with a resolution, stating it to be highly necessary for public good, that honourable members should lose their temper, and make inflammatory speeches—that the Tory press should be destroyed by privilege of Parliament—and that he, himself, should be regarded, as Hume's friend and equal.

Mr, late *Sir Robert Wilson,* may move for a committee to ascertain how his character stands at present with the nation. The committee must be instructed to report on the following particulars:—Is not Mr Wilson a greater statesman than Prince Metternich, and a more able general than the Duke of Wellington? and was he not warranted in addressing Spain and Portugal, as he did, in language which clearly indicated that he believed himself to have a right to dispose as he pleased of both kingdoms? Is there any *loss of honour* in publicly charging Buonaparte with the most heinous crimes, and then, through the mouth of a friend, retracting the charge on the hustings for electioneering purposes—in violating the laws of a foreign country to save from punishment a criminal convicted of perjury and treason—in being expelled the British army—in being publicly stripped of various foreign orders—and in being indebted for bread to a factious subscription? On the bringing up of the report, Mr Wilson may move, that all writers be in future compelled to maintain, that when an *alien* endeavours to force a nation to accept, at the sword's point, a form of government, and a set of rulers which the vast majority of it abhors, he is proving himself to be a champion of national liberty, and an enemy of *foreign* interference.

Mr Alderman Wood may move, that the House do cause it to be notified to the public, that he is still alive, and in good health—that it is a high crime and misdemeanour in the mob not to cheer him as usual—and that, if his popularity be not restored forthwith, he will commence an action against the state for the recovery of his legal and constitutional property.

Sir Francis Burdett may move for a committee of discovery to search the records of the House, and report upon the following points.—What beneficial law calls him parent? Did he ever attempt to carry any such law through Parliament? Did he ever introduce or support any measure of general utility which had no connection with party politics? Has honest conviction, or party madness, produced his violent and disgusting changes of opinion on Reform? Was he, or was he not, the parent of radicalism? What will be his character with historians twenty years after his decease? On the bringing up of the report, Sir Francis may move the House to declare, that patriotism consists in the making of senseless and inflammatory speeches to the multitude,—in the diffusing of hatred towards constituted authorities,—and, in the constantly opposing of all measures calculated to yield public good.

Mr Hume must prevail on the House to resolve, that the rules of arithmetic, which have been hitherto used

by the public, are grossly erroneous—that no man in the nation can make correct arithmetical calculations except himself—and that the calumnious and groundless attacks which he is in the practice of making on absent individuals, are exceedingly just and praiseworthy. He may then move for permission to place on the table a series of calculations, shewing, 1. That the national debt is more by one hundred and eighty-two millions than it really is. 2. That to expend ten thousand pounds on a building on shore, is to expend twenty thousand on a number of seamen at sea. 3. That two and two are five. 4. That armies and fleets should be lessened in proportion as territory is extended, and that the number of public servants should be diminished with the increase of public business. 5. That his own popularity is just eighty-nine times greater at present than it was before he became the object of public derision. And, 6. That the supporters of the Whigs are one hundred times more numerous than they were two years ago. He may then make the following motions:—1. That he be appointed sole financier and accountant to the state, and to every individual in it. 2. That that horrid old nuisance the Church of England be destroyed, and that Richard Carlile be made director-general of the nation's conscience. 3. That utter ignorance of a subject be regarded as a member's best qualification for making a long speech on it. And, 4. That every detection of his errors in calculation and opinion be regarded by the House and the nation as a proof that he cannot err. His zealous friend, Mr H. G. Bennet, being, of course, his constant seconder.

Let *Mr Hobhouse* move, that Don Juan and Tom Paine be used in our churches instead of the Prayer Book and the Bible.—*Lord Nugent,* that a dukedom and pension be decreed him for his glorious exploits in the Spanish war.—And *Mr Peter Moore,* that the nation be indicted for perjury, because it will not buy "A Voice from England, in reply to A Voice from St Helena."

Lord Holland may move, that the Bishop of Peterborough be expelled the church for intermeddling with church matters—that the nation may be placed under the care of some eye-doctor, to enable it to see his own wisdom, and the imbecility of ministers, which have been so long clearly seen by himself,—and that five millions be annually set apart for the maintenance of his distinguished friends, the Spanish refugees. In his speech on the latter topic, he may introduce some droll and pointed story like this:—A distinguished foreigner, whom I have the honour to call my particular friend, asked me the other day—why are the members of your party called Whigs? My answer was—Because our office is to cover with plasters the broken heads of foreign runaways!

I would place a mighty burden on *Mr Brougham's* shoulders. Whatever the authors of a revolution may be in personal character and principles, such revolution cannot fail of being in the highest degree beneficial to the state in which it takes place. Every man, or at least every foreigner, who plots the overthrow of his government, and his own exaltation to a share of the sovereign power, is a disinterested patriot, and friend of liberty. It is essentially necessary that the sovereign power in every country be exclusively possessed by factions, for factions cannot oppress and tyrannize. Liberty can only exist under the rule of a faction. That kingdom must of necessity be free, prosperous, and happy, in which the king is stripped of all power, and the sway of a faction is absolute. The same institutions will produce the same effects in all countries, and the English constitution is as well calculated for any other country as for England; for the working of public institutions depends in no degree whatever on the conduct and circumstances of the people. Public institutions ought to be invariably founded on the axiom,—*Man is a perfect creature.* In proportion as this axiom is adhered to, they will render him perfect, and *vice versa.* The Spanish Revolutionists, as a body, were embued with the principles of the French Revolutionists,—therefore, it was impossible for the revolution which they accomplished to be anything but a blessing to Spain. Because the constitution was forced upon Spain by the army, it was unanimously called for by the people. Spain can only be free, by having a form of government and a set of rulers which she detests. The friends of revolution throughout Europe are notoriously infidels, as well as enemies

of substantial monarchy, and their hostility is avowedly directed as much against religion as against existing governments. They are, in general, not less immoral and profligate as members of society, than mercenary and unprincipled as public men: Therefore they are admirably qualified for revolutionizing Europe, and remodelling society; and they are the sole friends of knowledge, liberty, patriotism, and philanthropy—the sole friends of mankind that the world contains, save and except the Whigs and Radicals of Great Britain. Mr Brougham must embody all this in a set of resolutions, and prevail on the House to adopt them by a speech of inordinate length, and replete, even to redundancy, with misrepresentations, miscalculations, hideous metaphors, low scurrility, nauseous Billingsgate, and horrible imprecations. He may afterwards move,—1. That it be made high treason to call a man who maintains this, "a Brummagem statesman."—2. That the House do issue an order for beheading the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.—3. That a committee be appointed to ascertain why his public prayer for the destruction of the Bourbons was not granted.—4. That Mr Canning be compelled to hear in silence anything that Mr Brougham may be pleased to say of him.—5. That the community be compelled, on pain of extermination, to forget all the political predictions which he has hitherto delivered in Parliament, the Edinburgh Review, and elsewhere.—6. That the Lord Chancellor be impeached for refusing silk gowns to himself and Mr Williams.—7. That the exclusive power of prosecuting for libel be vested in the Whigs.—8. That if a man call himself a Whig, he be permitted to promulgate any principles whatever, without being deemed an enemy of the constitution.—9. That no man be suffered to call himself a Whig, who is not the libeller of the church, the clergy, and religion—the slanderer of constituted authorities—a clamourer for vital changes in the constitution—an advocate for giving to faction despotic power—and the friend and champion of Europe's infidels and rebels.—10. That our allies be henceforth only known by the names, tyrants, despots, enemies, and destroyers of the human race, &c. &c.; and that he, Henry Brougham, be forthwith made the oracle and emperor of the whole universe.

I will supply no more motions at present. These will furnish the Whigs with ample matter of declamation for more than one session, and they will enable those eminent and distressed persons to bring themselves and their creed more fully than ever before the eyes of the country. If they do not profit by it, let not my charity be vituperated for the failure. I do not seek to trepan them into inconsistency—I propose no new faith for their adoption. So far as general principles are comprehended in my motions, I only translate into plain English what they have again and again, though in a less honest tongue, declared to be their own.

I will honestly own, that I have the good of the State in view, as well as that of the Whigs; but I must now cease to be jocular. A party like this, which makes *The Morning Chronicle, The Times,* and their copyists, its organs—which spreads its protecting wings over every blasphemer and traitor, from Lord Byron to Carlile—which never has the weapon out of its hands, when royalty, the church, and all the best institutions and feelings of society, can be attacked—which openly *fraternizes* with the revolutionary factions of Europe—and which boldly maintains, what are called "*liberal opinions,*" to be the only true ones—A party like this is tolerated among us, as an equally honest and harmless one, and with even increasing feelings of indulgence and good will!

We see here the mighty magic of a name. There are neither Whigs nor Tories in the land, according to the original meaning of the terms; and assuredly, if any men amongst us can with propriety be called Whigs, these are the Tories. Nevertheless, because the persons of whom I have spoken *call* themselves Whigs, they are tolerated as well-affected and somewhat clever persons, although their creed manifestly contemplates the destruction of all the principles which the experience of men and nations has proved to be the only true ones. Let them change their name to Liberals, Carbonari, or Constitutionalists, without altering in one jot their conduct and principles, and they will be at once trodden under foot by an indignant nation.

To have a party like this, constantly forcing poison into the bowels of the state, is bad enough; but if it had been the worst, I should have remained silent. The cry of *Conciliation* is now daily rung in our ears; and by whom? The Tories. And to whom is it addressed? To each other. If this meant only the banishment of party rage, my voice should be among the loudest in propagating it; but, alas! like almost all other political terms now in fashion, it is meant to convey almost any meaning, except its Johnsonian one. The cry is not to the Whigs—Abate your evil practices, but to the Tories—Abate your hostility to these practices. To *conciliate*,—the principles of the government and its supporters must be modified until they approximate to those of the Whigs, and their tone must be lowered until the Whigs cannot goad them into a word of contradiction; while the principles and rancour of those persons are to remain unaltered. It was notorious that the Spanish revolutionists held principles diametrically opposed to those of the Tories—in a word, "liberal" principles, *i. e.* in substance, the old Jacobin ones—and that some of them even openly proposed a repetition of the enormities which were perpetrated in France. The Times newspaper actually confessed that the Spanish revolution seemed to be closely following the steps of the French one. Yet for purposes of *Conciliation*, no doubt; while the Whigs trumpeted forth those persons as models of what men should be, the Houses of Parliament and Ministers of England were to affect to sympathize with them—to regard them as honest, well-principled, patriotic men—and to treat them as the *bona fide* representatives of the Spanish people. The Protestants of Ireland were to be stigmatized by the Whigs, throughout the last Session, as a faction, a detestable faction, the tyrants of Ireland, the authors of Ireland's wretchedness, &c. &c. and this, unquestionably for purposes of *Conciliation*, was to be listened to, by Ministers and the House, in silent acquiescence, bating the disbelieved denial of some *suspected* Orangeman.

Against this system, I, for one, solemnly protest. If, to be *liberal* and to *conciliate*, we must abandon our creed, let us still be termed bigots, and dwell amidst the thunders of party madness. If, after all our risks, and sufferings, and perseverance, and triumphs, we are at last to sacrifice our principles, let us, at least, do it like Englishmen, and not adopt the frenchified, Whiggish mode, of fancying that whatever change we may make in our faith, we shall remain the same, so long as we call ourselves Tories. The "Pitt system" was a system of principles, if it had any peculiarity whatever; the Pitt war was a war against principles, and he who would now admit these principles into the grand sphere of European action, is no disciple of Mr Pitt. The last ban was cast upon them, when the High Allied Powers, *including England*, proclaimed Buonaparte to be a man with whom no faith could be kept—an outlaw. The proclamation was against, not the man, but his principles. It stated in effect, that rulers who held religion to be a fable, and scorned the laws of morality—who practised the doctrines for the guidance of human life, which foreign "Constitutionalists" *now* maintain—were a curse to the world, and could not be tolerated in it. Be it remembered that it was dictated by *experience*, and not opinion.

In judging of the Spanish Revolutionists, we must look at the contrivers and heads, and not at those who, after their success, accepted employment under them, and swelled their train. We must look less at what they did, than at what they evidently intended to do, and at what the practice of their creed was sure of accomplishing. Of all Englishmen, dead and alive, Jerry Bentham was the man to whom they decreed public honours. This fact is of itself decisive. If we believe that England could be governed on the principles of Radicalism—that even the practice of the *modern Whig tenets* would not plunge the state into ruin, we must then, in consistency, *fraternize* with the revolutionists in question, or, at least, acknowledge them as one of the innocuous and legitimate parties of Europe. But we must then rail no more against Whiggism and Radicalism—against Bentham and Byron, and Hunt and Cobbet:—we must then cease to be Tories and Pittites, and anything but apostates. The question will admit of no compromise. If we believe "*Liberal opinions*" to be fraught with curses to

mankind, we must oppose them in Parliament, as well as out of it—in foreigners, as well as in our countrymen—abroad, as well as at home—in governments, as well as in individuals—and in the practice, as well as in the promulgation.

How did the system of *Conciliation* bear upon the Irish protestants? Those of them who are Orangemen, assuredly formed an association, but there was not a man living who doubted their loyalty—who did not know that their object of union was to defend the Constitution in church and state—and who was not quite sure that their mysteries were of no public moment whatever. What then? Had we no other political associations? Had we not more than one Catholic association—Pitt Clubs—Fox Clubs—a Canning Club—and, above all, a grand Whig Club? In regard to political exertions and baleful principles, how would the Whig Club stand in comparison with the Orange Association? Yet the latter body was spoken of, as though it was the only political combination in the empire, and as though such combinations were pregnant with public ruin. It is amusing enough to hear any members of the contending parties in Parliament, rail against party spirit and party fury, but it is actually sickening to hear such men as Brougham and Burdett raise the outcry. Yet these men, who have been so long the most outrageous party men in the country—who have so long laboured beyond their strength, to inoculate every mechanic and labourer in it, with party madness, ay, and with such madness as would only flame against our best institutions—these men could affect to shake with horror, over the party feelings of the Orangemen, as though they had never before known that party feelings existed in the world. Still no man could be found to whisper,—"Look at home—compare your party principles and party rage with theirs, and blush yourselves into reformation." With respect to the charges that were heaped upon the Orangemen, Ireland has a Catholic Board, which is most anxious to collect every scrap that could be worked up into a complaint to Parliament—she has a disaffected population most anxious to supply this Board with what it seeks—she has a considerable number of members on the opposition side of the House of Commons, in addition to many English ones, whose pride it would be to lay her complaints before Parliament, yet no proof could be brought forward in support of these charges. Nevertheless the Tories did not venture to say a syllable in defence of the *absent* objects of the calumnies. It seemed to be understood that the Whigs and Tories of England ought to confederate and squabble at pleasure, but that it was highly unjustifiable for the Orangemen to follow their example,—that it was mighty constitutional for the Catholics to associate for the attainment of their political objects, but quite the contrary for Protestants to associate to oppose them.

In what do we, who are opposed to the Catholic claims, differ from the Orangemen in principle, and in what do the Tories differ from those who are favourable to these claims except on this single point? Did not this conduct then amount to a cowardly desertion of our brethren, and compromise of our principles, for the sake of *Conciliation?*

These observations can scarcely fail of being of some use at the commencement of the session. They may serve to put the unwary on their guard. Let party rage, if it be practicable, be extinguished—totally extinguished; but let us perish rather than surrender one iota of those glorious principles, that have rendered us the happiest and the greatest of nations. We live in times, which, if philosophy were not exploded, would furnish abundant labour for the philosopher. We look with scorn upon all former generations, as having been composed of dolts and barbarians; and we regard ourselves to have reached the highest point of perfection attainable by man. Where is the justification of our arrogance and boasting? One portion of us, the *ultra* learned, good, and wise, have discovered that civil and religious liberty cannot exist with civil and religious obedience; and their cry is, in meaning, whatever it may be in phrase, Down with kings and priests—away with the bible and prayer-book—subjects, scorn your rulers.—Ye wives and daughters—ye apprentices, shopmen, and servants of all descriptions, think no longer that lewdness, debauchery, profligacy, and theft, are forbidden by God, or that

they are disgraceful in the eyes of man! Those who teach this are the *pre-eminently wise and knowing* men who look down from their pinnacle of exaltation with mingled contempt and compassion on all who differ from them, and who *know* that the adoption of their doctrines will fill the earth with the purity and happiness of heaven. The other portion of us who have not kept pace with them in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, are still, it seems, more knowing and wise than our forefathers. We must not gag and handcuff those who would fill the world with rebels, thieves, and prostitutes. We must not even dash to pieces their assertions with facts, and their theories with past experiments, and hold them up to the derision of those whom they would seduce to ruin. Oh, no! This would be barbarism and bigotry. We must *conciliate*; we must hear them in the House of Commons openly attack the Christian religion, attempt to legalize the circulation of blasphemous and treasonable writings; brand the only well-affected and well-principled portion of the Irish people as public enemies; promulgate the most mad and atrocious principles of civil government; and exhaust the mighty powers of language in investing the infidels and democrats of the continent with the attributes of perfection. We must hear them do this in polite and complacent silence, lest we forfeit our character for *liberality*. We should perhaps gain the epithets—monks, parsons, tyrants, serviles, parasites, &c., &c., were we to avow principles hostile to theirs; and therefore we must by all means remain dumb when we can; and, when we are compelled to speak out, we must accompany the confession of our principles with an elaborate, canting, cringing apology, for entertaining them. Oh, man, man! is this all that the exercise of thy wonderful and stupendous faculties can make thee? Is this all the instruction that thou canst extract from the experience of six thousand years, and the miracles which Heaven has spread around thee? Boast no more of thy reason, and of thy superiority over the beasts of the field. Call the worm not only thy brother, but thy superior; for its instinct can teach what thy reason cannot, the means of avoiding injury, suffering, and destruction.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

SAMPSON STANDFAST.

LONDON: *8th January*, 1824.

LOMBARD'S MEMOIRS.*

THERE are two or three points of doubt and darkness in the French Revolution, which will be a great stumbling-block to its historian, and which stand in great need of being cleared. And there are myriads of memoirs pouring forth from the Parisian press, written by actors and subactors in that great tragedy, which somehow or another treat of every subject but the one we are anxious to be informed about. Our minds were quite made up about Queen Marie Antoinette's comparative innocence, and Mad. Campan's silly attempts at exculpation, have, if anything, thrown us back into suspicion. The present King's book has told us nothing, but that his majesty resembles ourself—fond of scribbling, and good living. Napoleon, with his volumes on Cæsar and Turenne, merely puts his finger in our eyes, and we'll buy no more of them. In short, we are disappointed, and begin to think that the best secrets are out, and nothing but dregs and lies left in the foul cask of revolutionary biography. The truth ought certainly to be apparent by this; never were events narrated by so many writers, all actors or witnesses of them,—the most striking scenes described by men just fresh from their horrors. Never were so many different characters, and various talents, all absorbed by the one great object, the unprecedented events of their day; these we have, in their different works, viewed from all sides,

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* Memoires Anecdotiques pour servir à l'Histoire de la Revolution Francaise, par Lombard de Langres, Ancien Ambassadeur en Hollande. Paris, 1823.

in every shade of party, and even in every minor shade, which the peculiar character of the writer sheds on the objects of his contemplation. Every kind of intellect seems to have had its representative at this saturnalia of philosophy, from the poetic eloquence of De Staël to the dull and impious theism of Robespierre—orators and philosophers even in crowds; respectable poets, suitable to the period, were not wanting, and Louvet was a novelist worthy of the times. With Carnot and Talleyrand for its statesmen, and Napoleon for its hero, what could the age have wanted in a literary point of view?—a Joe Miller, a collector of jests, a gleaner of bon mots, uttered in prisons, on scaffolds, and under the axe of the guillotine. Such a personage has it found in the author of these *Memoires*, Mons. Lombard de Langres, *ancien Ambassadeur en Hollande.*

Mr Lombard, the son of somebody or nobody at Langres, and hence impudently self-styled *De Langres*, after having received his early education in the College of Chaumont, found himself, in the year 1792, a student in Paris, and an inhabitant of that learned quarter of it, called the Pays Latin. He narrowly escaped being included in the massacre of the Carmes and the Abbaye, and to avoid a similar danger, he closely adhered to the revolutionary council of his section. This worthy collection of legislators was led by a furious demagogue of an ironmonger, who, with an eye to business, as well as to the republic, proposed one evening, in full section, that the whole body should proceed to demolish the iron grill and railing of the Val de Grace, and therewith to arm the faithful populace. An itch to distinguish himself urged Lombard to unmask the popular ironmonger, in which he succeeded; for which success he was obliged to decamp, and beat a speedy and secret retreat from the metropolis to the little town of Villeneuve, on the great south-east road from Paris. Here the Memoirs become interesting, depicting in lively colours, but with very ill-placed waggery, the state of a little town during the reign of terror. The leading characters of the village are all sketched (somewhat better than Irving's ill-shaven radical,) ending with "Mr Vautrin, cuisinier retiré: il savait lire, et la politique etait son fort."

On the insurrection of the Lyonnese, the good people of Villeneuve wished well to their cause, and sent their congratulations, at the same time that they dispatched an epistle to the jacobins at Paris, disowning any fraternity with them. But Lyons succumbed, and Villeneuve, at the instigation of Lombard, who had become the politician of the village, sought to retrace its steps. The club was re-opened, the streets fenced, and the red nightcap in all its glory. Mr Truchot was the first commissioner of blood that came among them, and they escaped him. Mr Truchot has since returned to his old profession, a leader of dancing dogs on the boulevard. But what was the peril of the whole town, when a column of republican troops, in passing Villeneuve one summer noon, discovered that the cross still existed on the spire of the church! Lombard, the then president of their club, was near paying the omission with his head. In the midst of all this, Mr Lombard amused himself with writing tragedies *à la mode*—Hear him!

"In the flourishing times of *the terror*, I shone forth in all the splendour, with which Melpomene can surround a favourite. At this time they represented at Paris, in short, in all theatres of the republic, a tragedy of my build, in three acts, and blank verse, entitled, *Le Français dans l'Inde.* It consisted of the grand inquisitor of Goa violating a woman, roasting a man, and himself getting roasted in his turn. Since the invention of theatrical rhapsodies, never were there better conditioned ones."

Strange historic pets some people take a fancy to. Warton says of Henry the Eighth, "That had he never murthered his wives, his politeness to the fair sex would remain unimpeached." Dr Clarke takes the part of Richard the Third. Napoleon, in his Memoirs, thinks Robespierre a man of humanity, and no shedder of human blood. Danton is the favourite of Lombard, as he is indeed of Lacretelle. He was the fine, black, bold-faced villain of Venice Preserved, who, though inconceivably blind, and incapable of exerting himself to avoid his impending fate, still never lost his gaiety and presence of mind, even on the scaffold: "As they struck a great

number of victims at once, the leather sack which was to contain the heads was ample. While the axe was descending upon some, the others awaited their turn at the foot of the scaffold. Hérault de Schélles and Danton were of these last; they were conversing together when the executioner told Hérault to mount. Hérault and Danton approaching each other to embrace, the executioner prevented them. *Va, cruel,* said Danton, *nos têtes se rechercheront dans le sac.*"

There is a meeting and scene of some interest related in the Memoirs, which took place between Robespierre and Danton a little before the fall of the latter. At length Thermidor brought the turn of Robespierre himself, and his fall put an end to the reign of terror. What were the sentiments and conduct of French society, emerging from those times of blood and crime?—Hear again Lombard.

"To the rage for carnage succeeded, in Paris, the rage for pleasure. The pavement was still red with blood, when games, feasts, spectacles, and balls, became a frenzy. Balls!—you would not believe it, if an hundred thousand individuals were not there to vouch the fact:—There were balls, to which one could not be admitted, unless he had lost some one of his family upon the scaffold, and where one could not dance without having the hair cut like those going to be decapitated; if one had not, in short, according to the expression of the day, *les cheveux à la victime.*"

An anecdote of a very different kind is the next we meet with in the collection; it is of the late Pope, Pius the Seventh. "He was traversing the great gallery of the Louvre. The crowd fell prostrate as he passed, to receive his benediction. Two puppies, thinking to do something admirable, affected to hold themselves upright and unmoved, and began to smile and titter as the Pontiff approached them.—'Messieurs,' said Pius to them, 'the benediction of an old man is not to be despised.'" The answer of Pius to the threatening emissary of Buonaparte, who found him at his frugal dinner, is equally dignified. "Monsieur," said he, "a sovereign that needs but a crown a-day to live upon, is not a man to be easily intimidated."

Under the Directory, Lombard found himself judge in the Court of Cassation, from whence he was taken by Talleyrand (for want of a better) to act ambassador, or, in other words, pro-consul, in Holland. The old memoirist dwells with great self-complacency on those times of his grandeur, and remarks, how easy it would have been for him to have covered himself with orders and decorations. "Ajoutez á cela la decoration du lis, qu'on donnait pour rien; celle de l'éperon d'or, qu'on a pour trois sous; et du lion d'Holstein, qu'on rend six blancs: voila le fils d'un directeur de la poste aux lettres changé en constellation."

Among the acquaintances of Lombard at this time was Kosciusko, who had come to Paris with a proposal of raising Polish regiments for the Directory. His proposal was accepted, and the regiments were raised. But in the meantime arrived the 18th Brumaire, and the fall of the Directory; the leading power was Napoleon, and the Polish hero waited on him. "Buonaparte was yet lodged at the Luxembourg, when Kosciusko, still in pursuit of his project, waited on him, accompanied by his two aids-de-camp, Kidnadvitz and Dombrouski. Jealous of everything great, the first Consul affected to address the two aids-de-camp, and turned his back on Kosciusko."

The only historical points on which any light is thrown by these volumes, are the death of Pichegru, who, they assert, was strangled, by Buonaparte's order, in prison;—the assassination was put off for a day, and the appointed criers, uninformed of the change, began to proclaim a whole, full, and particular account of Pichegru's suicide, till they were set right by some agents of the police, that Pichegru's suicide was put off till the morrow. The other one discussed is the 18th Brumaire, accompanied with remarks on Las Cases, which, however, we shall not trespass on—We have been inundated with reviews and articles on the subject.

THE WEST INDIAN CONTROVERSY.

No. III.

Though Honesty be no Puritan, it will do no hurt.
SHAKESPEARE.

THERE has just appeared in the 58th Number of the Quarterly Review, a paper of very high merit, "On the condition of the negroes in our colonies." This essay is evidently the work of an able hand, the result of laborious, and, above all, dispassionate investigation. It is composed in a style of calmness and clearness which undoubtedly presents a very remarkable contrast to that in which the authors of the African Institution pamphlets have (with scarcely an exception) indulged themselves. The writer gives a distinct view of the questions at issue, and also of the main facts hitherto adduced on both sides concerning them: he points out the spirit of tumultuous exaggeration that has *uniformly* been exhibited on the one hand;—and commends, almost while he laments, the feelings that have, comparatively speaking, left those who act, and have all along acted, under the influence of this unsuitable temper, in the full and entire command of the *arena* of popular discussion—the press. The philosophical principles on which these questions must eventually be decided, are laid down and illustrated with much logical precision, and a liberality of feeling worthy of the age; and altogether, the impression which this paper leaves, is perhaps as nearly as may be, that under which the Members of the British Senate ought to come to such specific discussions, as the Buxtonian agitators are most likely to force upon their notice at the commencement of the ensuing session.

We confess, then, that, so far as the senatorial intellect is concerned, enough seems already to have been done *as to those parts of this great subject* on which the Quarterly Review has thought fit to touch. In a few instances, indeed, we dissent from the writer; but, on the whole, we are disposed to say, that his Essay is a masterly and unanswerable one, and that it has exhausted the subject, in so far as it has gone, with a view to men in Parliament.

In two respects, however, we consider this Essay as altogether defective. In discussing the matters at issue, regarding the actual condition of the negroes, the author has written too exclusively for the highest and most intelligent class of readers; and, secondly, what is of yet higher importance, he has abstained entirely from the most difficult and perilous part of the whole subject before him. Far from us be the vanity of supposing that we are capable of supplying these deficiencies; at present, indeed, it is from particular circumstances impossible for us even to make an attempt towards this: But without entertaining any views of this sort—with the most perfect feeling that at this moment any such views are altogether out of the question as to ourselves—we may nevertheless presume to say, that we have the materials in our possession, and to think, that by indicating the nature of these materials, *something* may be done, we shall not say *by*, but *through* our means.

We are of opinion, then, that the Quarterly Review has written a paper which, from the manner in which things are condensed, and from the total absence of quotation, will scarcely produce its right effect, unless among those who have the external as well as the internal requisites, for filling up the blanks for their own use as they proceed in its perusal. He presupposes a measure of knowledge which the whole history of this controversy, up to this hour, shews not to exist at all; he *refers* to books which are in few hands; considers that debate as understood to the bottom, which was but cursorily read at the time, and has since been forgotten by many, and misrepresented by many; in a word, loses sight of this great fact—that the parliamentary proceedings in regard to these matters have uniformly been the result of *ignorant* noise and clamour out of doors—that the agitators, *even when they are Members of Parliament*, uniformly write and publish the pamphlets *before* they come into the House to make their speeches—and that, of

course, the business of those who would reduce these agitators to their proper level, is *not* (generally speaking) to convince the Members of the British Parliament, who, with a few intelligible exceptions, are and have been tolerably well informed as to this subject in its most important bearings at least—but to shew the signers of petitions, the subscribers to associations, the mass of the public—that they really have been played upon by a set of uncandid agitators, who have uniformly entertained them with arguments and facts, bearing, or supposed to bear, in favour *of one side only*;—that these men have dealt with them in a manner degrading to the British public, and implying the grossest insult to the general intellect of the nation. The two papers which have already appeared in this Journal, were designed *chiefly* for these—for the common citizen and the common reader—and we purpose to devote ourselves on this occasion also to their service, by collecting in our columns some statements and some arguments, too, which we apprehend are not, in their present shape, very likely to be extensively considered through the country at large. Our ambition is, in so far, therefore, a very humble one; on some future occasion we may perhaps do something in another way; at present we do what our time and means permit towards an object which we certainly consider as of the highest and most immediate importance.

The great artifice of the agitators, has been to say or insinuate, that the whole of this affair is quite easy and simple of comprehension—that it is a matter in which any man who possesses common sense and human feelings, is qualified to judge *de plano*—that minute details are of no importance in reality—that the great outlines are clear, and that they are sufficient to all intents and purposes.

This is always a cunning method of procedure, when the object is to work upon the multitude. It flatters ordinary people to be told that they know all that there is any need for knowing. Above all, such flattery is delightful, when it comes from men of acknowledged intellectual eminence. Mr Brougham is indeed the only man of those who have recently taken any lead in this scheme, that can be justly held entitled to such a character as this; but somehow or other many ineffably inferior persons have acquired a temporary and factitious sort of credit that serves the turn of the moment; and the flattery even of a Buxton or a Macaulay, has not always been treated as it should have been.

Mr Brougham, then, adopts boldly, in the Edinburgh Review, the very simple and satisfactory argument on which Mr Clarkson rests the whole substance of his late pamphlet. It amounts to this:—Every man has an in-born indefeasible right to the free use of his own bodily strength and exertion: it follows that no man can be kept for one moment in a state of bondage, without the guilt of ROBBERY: therefore, the West Indian negroes ought to be set free. This is an argument of very easy comprehension, and the Edinburgh Reviewer exclaims, with an air of very well enacted triumph, "Such plain ways of considering the question are, after all, the best!"

Ingenious Quaker, and most ingenuous Reviewer! If this be so, why write pamphlets and reviews full of arguments and details, or pretended details of *fact*? If every West Indian planter is a thief and a robber, why bother our heads about the propriety, the *propriety* forsooth, of compelling him to make restitution? If the British nation is guilty as an accessary both *before* the fact, and *in* the fact, of THEFT and ROBBERY, why tell the British nation that they are the most virtuous and religious nation in the world, and that they ought to restore what they have stolen and robbed, *because* they are so virtuous and so religious? The affair is so base, that it will scarcely bear looking at for one second. What! long prosing discussions about whether we ought to cease to be thieves and robbers, now, or ten years, or a hundred years hence! Was ever such a monstrous perversion of human powers? Sir, that estate is not yours—it is your neighbour's estate, and you have no more right to cultivate it, or any part of it, for your own behoof, than the man in the moon. You must restore this estate to its rightful owner—Immediately? No, not immediately. Your neighbour ought to have the acres, and he knows that he ought to have them. They are his right, he has been long deprived of the estate

—his father was deprived of it before him. The family have all been brought up in a way quite different from what would have been, had they been in possession of their rights. They have formed habits altogether unlike what those of the proprietors of such an estate ought to be. They have been accustomed to poverty, and they are an ignorant, uneducated family. *You* must not give up *their* land immediately. No—the poor people would certainly go and get drunk, if *you* gave them *their* land. They would play the devil in all the ale-houses. In short, they would be injured in their health and morals, by the immediate possession of *their* estate. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the present man ought ever to get *his* land at all. His son is young; he may be sent to school, and taught reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.; and then, when he comes of age, you may give him the estate which you have robbed him of—you may then cut robbery, and give him his property; or, if he turns out a wild young man, perhaps it might be as well to let another generation still pass before you give up the estate. You, therefore, must, from a regard for the best interests of this family, continue, in the meantime, thief and robber of their goods. Let the young men be hedgers and ditchers on your estate, as they have been; let the young women continue at service. But you *must* improve the parish school; lower the schoolmaster's wages by degrees, so as to let all these young people have an opportunity of picking up some education. Be kind to them—promote the best hedgers and ditchers to be coachmen, and even bailiffs, if you find them trust-worthy: By all means, make the well-behaved girls of them lady's maids and house-keepers. By this means, the family will gradually get up their heads a little; and, at some future period, it may be found quite safe and proper to give them all their rights. The present people, to be sure, will be dead and rotten ere then—but how can you help that? You are not the original thief, you know,—you can't answer for all the consequences of a crime, into which you may be said to have been led by your own parents, and by the whole course of your own education. No, no—it would never do to give up the stolen goods at once. As I said before, it would certainly turn the heads of all these poor people—the parish would be kept in a state of hot water by them. Perhaps they would take it into their heads to bother you, even you, with law-suits and prosecutions for damages and by-gone rents, &c. &c. Time must be allowed for taming them; they were always a hot-headed family. IN DUE TIME YOU OUGHT TO DESIST FROM YOUR PRESENT CRIMES.

Such substantially is—such cannot be denied to be—the "plain and simple" argument of Mr Clarkson, and his disciple Mr Brougham; and so is it applied by themselves to the subject which, plain and simple as it is, they have taken such huge pains to elucidate. Of Mr Clarkson's heart we have the best opinion possible; and we have an excellent opinion of Mr Brougham's head; but really, looking at the matter as they have been pleased to set it forth, it appears, we must own, somewhat difficult to suppose, that either a sound head, or a feeling heart, could have been in any way consulted in the promulgation of this exquisite farrago. The absurdities in which these apostles have involved themselves are so glaring, that a child must smile at them; and yet it is upon such arguments that the public of 1823 are called to force the British Parliament into a measure, or rather into a series of measures, by far the most delicate, as regards principle, and by far the most perilous, as regards effect, of any that ever engaged the attention of an enlightened political assembly in any age of the world. It is upon such arguments that a complete revolution of the whole domestic, as well as political relations, in the whole of these great colonial establishments, is demanded; a revolution involving, if we are to listen for a moment to the proprietors of these islands, the absolute ruin of all *their* possessions; a revolution, the perilous nature of which is confessed by these men themselves in the language—the indescribable, ineffable language—which says to all the world, "This revolution must be: JUSTICE demands it—RELIGION demands it: but we confess, that in spite of Justice and Religion, it must not be NOW."

If such imbecilities had been introduced where none but Britons were to be entertained with them, it might have been of little consequence. The fallacy of the outset might have been

sufficiently manifested by the gross absurdity of the conclusion, and a laugh been all the issue. But only to think of men, rational men, being capable of gravely and deliberately publishing such views, after they knew from all experience—ay, from the experience of blood itself—that the promulgation was virtually to be for the minds of the negroes in the West Indies, as well as of the *amis des noirs* at home. Theft and robbery declared to be the undeniable sins of the masters on whose fields they labour, around whose couches they watch! The cool insolence too, mixed up as if for the express purpose of fastening a spur to the galled side of Fury! Absolute emancipation proclaimed to be no other than the unalienable right of man; and yet a calm, contemptuous argument, about the emancipating *when!* We believe the pages of history may be ransacked in vain for anything worthy of being set by the side of this glorious amalgation of all that is feeble in folly, and all that is reckless in profligacy; and, to pass over the Quaker, we venture to hope, that when Mr Brougham quoted, with approbation, in December 1823, a toast about "success to the next negro insurrection in the West Indies," he laid upon his own shoulders a burthen which no other man in England (we mean no other held responsible among rational men) would have run the risk of for all the wealth of Potosi. We earnestly hope that there is no other *Brougham!*

The dismal nonsense which lies at the bottom of all this has been so completely answered in the philosophical and masterly pages devoted by the Quarterly Reviewer to the *true history of labour, and the changes which, from the nature of things, do in every society take place, in regard to the mode of rewarding labour*, that it would be worse than idle to go into any part of that argument *now* and *here*. In addition, however, to the philosophical and historical answer which that able writer has given to the great preliminary assumption of the *absolute criminality* of compelling any man to labour, we shall take the freedom to quote three several passages from as many writers of the very highest authority; passages, one of which has been quoted before by Mr Canning, and another by Mr Marryatt, but the third of which is from a work that was only published in London about a week ago.

We shall quote the words of PALEY, as they were introduced in the Buxton debate by the words of CANNING: [The "honourable member" whom the secretary alludes to is the worthy brewer himself.]

"The honourable gentleman begins his resolution with a recital which I confess greatly embarrasses me; he says, that 'the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British constitution, and of the Christian religion.' God forbid that he who ventures to object to this statement, should therefore be held to assert a contradiction to it! I do not say that the state of slavery is consonant to the principles of the British constitution; still less do I say that the state of slavery is consonant to the principles of the Christian religion. But though I do not advance these propositions myself, nevertheless I must say, that in my opinion the propositions of the honourable gentlemen are not practically true. If the honourable gentleman means that the British constitution does not admit of slavery in that part of the British dominions where the constitution is in full play, undoubtedly his statement is true; but it makes nothing for his object. If, however, the honourable member is to be understood to maintain that the British constitution has not tolerated for years, nay more, for centuries, in the colonies, the existence of slavery, a state of society unknown in the mother country, —that is a position which is altogether without foundation, and positively and practically untrue. In my opinion, when a proposition is submitted to this House, for the purpose of inducing the House to act upon it, care should be taken not to confound, as I think is done in this resolution, what is morally true with what is historically false. Undoubtedly the spirit of the British constitution is, in its principle, hostile to any modification of slavery. But as undoubtedly the British Parliament has for ages tolerated, sanctioned, protected, and even encouraged a system of colonial establishment, of which it well knew slavery to be the foundation.

"In the same way, God forbid that I should contend that the Christian religion is favourable to slavery. But I confess I feel a strong objection to the introduction of the name of Christianity, as it were bodily, into any parliamentary question. Religion ought to control the acts and to regulate the consciences of governments, as well as of individuals; but when it is put forward to serve a political purpose, however laudable, it is done, I think, after the example of ill times, and I cannot but remember the ill objects to

which in those times such a practice was applied. Assuredly no Christian will deny that the spirit of the Christian religion is hostile to slavery, as it is to every abuse and misuse of power; it is hostile to all deviations from rectitude, morality, and justice; but if it be meant that in the Christian religion there is a special denunciation against slavery, that slavery and Christianity cannot exist together,—I think the honourable gentleman himself must admit that the proposition is historically false; and again I must say, that I cannot consent to the confounding, for a political purpose, what is morally true with what is historically false. One peculiar characteristic of the Christian dispensation, if I must venture in this place upon such a theme, is, that it has accommodated itself to all states of society, rather than that it has selected any particular state of society for the peculiar exercise of its influence. If it has added lustre to the sceptre of the sovereign, it has equally been the consolation of the slave. It applies to all ranks of life, to all conditions of men; and the sufferings of this world, even to those upon whom they press most heavily, are rendered comparatively indifferent by the prospect of compensation in the world of which Christianity affords the assurance. True it certainly is, that Christianity generally tends to elevate, not to degrade, the character of man; but it is not true, in the specific sense conveyed in the honourable gentleman's resolution, it is not true that there is that in the Christian religion which makes it impossible that it should co-exist with slavery in the world. Slavery has been known in all times, and under all systems of religion, whether true or false. *Non meus hic sermo:* I speak but what others have written on this point; and I beg leave to read to the House a passage from Dr Paley, which is directly applicable to the subject that we are discussing.

"'Slavery was a part of the civil constitution of most countries when Christianity appeared; yet no passage is to be found in the Christian Scriptures by which it is condemned and prohibited. This is true; for Christianity, soliciting admission into all nations of the world, abstained, as behoved it, from intermeddling with the civil institutions of any. But does it follow, from the silence of Scripture concerning them, that all the civil institutions which then prevailed, were right; or that the bad should not be exchanged for better? Besides this, the discharging of all slaves from all obligation to obey their masters, which is the consequence of pronouncing slavery to be unlawful, would have no better effect than to let loose one-half of mankind upon the other. Slaves would have been tempted to embrace a religion which asserted their right to freedom; masters would hardly have been persuaded to consent to claims founded upon such authority; the most calamitous of all consequences, a *bellum servile*, might probably have ensued, to the reproach, if not the extinction, of the Christian name. The truth is, the emancipation of slaves should be gradual, and be carried on by the provisions of law, and under the protection of civil government. Christianity can only operate as an alterative. By the mild diffusion of its light and influence, the minds of men are insensibly prepared to perceive and correct the enormities which folly, or wickedness, or accident, have introduced into their public establishments. In this way the Greek and Roman slavery, and since these the feudal tyranny, had declined before it. And we trust that, as the knowledge and authority of the same religion advance in the world, they will abolish what remains of this odious institution.'

"The honourable gentleman cannot wish more than I do, that under this gradual operation, under this widening diffusion of light and liberality, the spirit of the Christian religion may effect all the objects he has at heart. But it seems to me that it is not, for the practical attainment of his objects, desirable that that which may be the influencing spirit should be put forward as the active agent. When Christianity was introduced into the world, it took its root amidst the galling slavery of the Roman empire; more galling in many respects (though not precisely of the same character) than that of which the honourable gentleman, in common I may say with every friend of humanity, complains. Slavery at that period gave to the master the power of life and death over his bondsman; this is undeniable, known to everybody; *Ita servus homo est!* are the words put by Juvenal into the mouth of the fine lady who calls upon her husband to crucify his slave. If the evils of this dreadful system nevertheless gradually vanished before the gentle but certain influence of Christianity, and if the great Author of the system trusted rather to this gradual operation of the principle than to any immediate or direct precept, I think Parliament would do more wisely rather to rely upon the like operation of the same principle than to put forward the authority of Christianity, in at least a questionable shape. The

name of Christianity ought not to be thus used unless we are prepared to act in a much more summary manner than the honourable gentleman himself proposes. If the existence of slavery be repugnant to the principles of the British constitution and of the Christian religion, how can the honourable gentleman himself consent to pause even for an instant, or to allow any considerations of prudence to intervene between him and his object? How can he propose to divide slaves into two classes; one of which is to be made free directly, while he leaves the other to the gradual extinction of their state of suffering? But if, as I contend, the British constitution does not, in its necessary operation, go to extinguish slavery in every colony, it is evident that the honourable gentleman's proposition is not to be understood in the precise sense which the honourable gentleman gives to it; and if the Christian religion does not require the instant and unqualified abolition of slavery, it is evident, I apprehend, that the honourable member has mistated in his resolution the principle upon which he himself is satisfied to act."

Our second quotation is from the "Essays on Christianity," just published by Mr Mitford, the admirable historian of ancient Greece—*clarum et venerabile nomen.* The passage occurs in a work which will ere long be sufficiently familiar to every one. At present, however, it is a new, a very new book, and therefore we quote from it.

"It is unquestionably a Christian duty to improve the condition of man as extensively as possible. The Jewish dispensation did not require this, but, on the contrary, by its limitation of intercourse, was considerably adverse to it. Rules for the Jews, therefore, concerning slavery, as concerning numerous other matters, will not be rules for Christians, and yet may deserve the consideration of Christians. The very first article in the Jewish code relates to slaves; and it sanctions the slavery, not only of Gentiles to Jews, but of Jews to Jews; giving different rules for their treatment. If indeed dispassionate consideration be given to the subject, it will be obvious, that, in the state of mankind in the early ages, slavery was an institution, not only of convenience, and almost of necessity, toward the wanted cultivation of the soil for the production of food for increasing mankind, but really of mercy. Among barbarians, from earliest history to this day, it has been little common to spare the lives of those overcome in battle. Even among the Greeks, to Homer's age, it was little common; and this not without reasonable plea of necessity. The conquerors had not means to maintain prisoners in idleness, and could not safely set them free. In that state of the world, therefore, wars being continual, it was obviously a humane policy to provide that, prisoners being made valuable property, it should be the conqueror's interest to preserve them. Such, however, was the kind of civil government which had its growth under influence of that early policy, that, even in the most flourishing times of Grecian philosophy, the ablest cultivators of political science were unable to say how society could be maintained, how states could be ruled and defended, without slaves to produce food and clothing for the rulers and defenders. In this remarkable instance thus we find heathen philosophy, as formerly we observed heathen religion, holding consonance with what is approved in holy writ.

"But the necessity for slavery is an evil peculiar to the infancy of nations. Wherever the state of population and of civil society is such that slavery is no longer necessary, or of important expediency, it must be the interest, not less than the moral and religious duty, of the governing among mankind to abolish it.

"*Policy, however, though to be controlled by religion and morality, should not be confounded with them. That slavery, authorized by the Old Testament, is forbidden by the New, cannot be shewn; and, if trial is the purpose for which man has his existence in this world, the allowance of slavery, far from being adverse, is an additional mode for both slave and master.* Yet a serious consideration remains. To measure moral trial for man is the office of almighty wisdom and all-perfect goodness only. It is man's duty to do as he would be done by; or as, were he in the other's circumstances, using unbiassed reason, he must think right to be done. Compulsion from man to man, of any kind, though necessary in every state of society, yet being allowable only for common good, it follows that, in one state of society, slavery may be warrantable, and even requisite; not for the good of every individual, but for the general good, even of those in slavery; whereas in another it is adverse equally to good policy as, not indeed to the direct word of scripture, but to the principles of the Christian religion. Difficulty for legislators, thus, in former ages, has been, and again may or even must be. The ready observation on this is that, so, both the legislator, and the slave on whose condition he decides, is subjected to the main

purpose of the existence of both in this world, trial. Indeed the world being so constituted that, without evil, good deeds cannot be, opportunity for evil is found everywhere; *and thus a national question about slavery may furnish scope for self-interest, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, equally as for the generous passions and corresponding deeds.*"

Our third authority is one quite of a different class, and meant principally for a different sort of persons. None, however, will hear without some respect the words of Lord Stowell; the words of him who has done more, perhaps, than any one man that ever lived, to remove the old reproach of lawyers; whose life has been the triumph of an intellect of the first order, exerted under the influence of the finest taste, upon subjects where elegance of any kind was before thought to be unattainable; where acuteness had been degraded into subtlety, and where law had lost, if not the real dignity, the apparent liberality at least, and appropriate beauty of a science.

It was in the decision of a celebrated case, which came before the Court of Admiralty in 1813, that Sir William Scott expressed himself as follows, in reference to the validity of a contract affecting a purchase of slaves.

"Let me not be misunderstood, or misrepresented, as a professed apologist for this practice, when I state facts which no man can deny—that personal slavery arising out of forcible captivity is coeval with the earliest periods of the history of mankind—that it is found existing (*and as far as appears without animadversion*) in the earliest and most authentic records of the human race—that it is recognized by the codes of the most polished nations of antiquity—that under the light of Christianity itself, the possession of persons so acquired, has been, in every civilized country, invested with the character of property, and *secured as such by all the protections of law;* solemn treaties have been framed, and national monopolies eagerly sought, to facilitate and extend the commerce in this asserted property; AND ALL THIS, WITH ALL THE SANCTIONS OF LAW, PUBLIC AND MUNICIPAL."

Leaving these passages to produce the effects which we are sure they cannot fail to produce on every dispassionate mind—we now proceed to that great question which the Quarterly Review has for the present passed *sub silentio.*

The question is indeed a weighty one; it is this: "Has the British Parliament the right to interfere with the internal and municipal regulations of the affairs of the British Colonies in the West Indies, which are, and have been, in the possession of constitutions of their own, framed upon the model of the British Constitution?" This was the question which British statesmen once answered in the affirmative, when the negative was maintained by the British colonies of North America. This was the question which was over and over again answered in the affirmative in regard to Ireland. What the result was as to these cases, WE need not say. Let Mr Marryat (there is none more entitled to speak)* say what is his view of the matter as it concerns the American islands, still in our possession:—†

"For a long time past, the colonies, either under royal instruction or royal charter, have enjoyed the privilege of making laws for themselves, in all matters of internal regulation, subject to the confirmation of the Crown. His Majesty's Proclamation of October 15th, 1763, which may be considered as the charter of the numerous colonies, ceded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of that year, runs thus:

"'We have also given power to the said Governors, with the advice of our said Councils, and the Representatives of the people to be summoned as aforesaid, to make, constitute, and ordain laws, statutes, and ordinances, for the public peace, welfare, and government of our said colonies, and of the people and inhabitants thereof, as far as may be agreeable to the laws of England, and under such regulations and restrictions as are used in the other colonies.'

"These words clearly give them a jurisdiction, but limit it to matters of internal regulation. The consent of the Governors is necessary, to give the acts of the Councils and Assemblies the force of law; and as a farther check upon their proceedings, copies of all their acts are

* This excellent man has died since these words were written.—*January* 15.

† When Mr Marryat is quoted in this paper, the references are to one or other of his pamphlets—"Thoughts, &c." "More thoughts, &c." "More thoughts still, &c." Published in 1816 and 1817.

sent home, for the consideration of the King in Council, and if not allowed within a certain period, become null and void. So that the acts of the Colonial Legislatures receive the double sanction of his Majesty's Government; first in the consent of the King's representative, acting under their instructions abroad; and then in the approbation of the Ministers for the time being, at home; a circumstance which might have exempted them from some of the obloquy with which they are mentioned by the Committee of the African Institution.

"Most of the instances stated in the Reports, of laws passed at home, interfering with the rights of the Colonial Legislatures, appear, when examined, to be either acts made to regulate the external trade and navigation of the colonies, (which the Report admits, 'have certainly been the purposes which have most commonly invited the exercise of the jurisdiction in question;'*) or laws passed, either at the request, or for the benefit, of those interested in the colonies; to confirm and extend the operation of their acts, to give validity to their securities, and to legalize their loans, at a higher rate of interest than is allowed in Great Britain.

"The right of regulating external trade and navigation, was originally reserved by the parent Legislature, and has uniformly been exercised, by naval and custom-house officers appointed for that purpose; (an exception to the general rule, which may be said to prove the rule itself;) but the only right of internal legislation, that ever became a question between Great Britain and her colonies, the great right to which all others are subordinate, the right of taxation, was solemnly conceded to them by the 18th of George III., with the exception of only such duties, as it might be expedient to impose for the regulation of commerce; the produce of which, was to be applied to the use of the colony in which they should be levied.

"Admitting, however, as the fact is, that the mother country has occasionally interfered in the internal regulations of the colonies; does it follow, that because they made no remonstrances in cases of trifling importance, they are precluded from making a stand, when their property and even their existence are at hazard? or that, having once acquiesced in the exercise of this right, whether from negligence, or a spirit of conciliation and forbearance, they are for ever barred, under any circumstances, from inquiring upon what principle, consistent with the British Constitution, they can be called upon to surrender the privilege they have so long enjoyed, of legislating for themselves; and submit, in future, to laws enacted by a Parliament in which they have no representatives?

"The British empire consists of different component parts, under one common head. Under such a Constitution, nothing but the cold dead uniformity of servitude, could prevent the subordinate parts from possessing local privileges; and it may occasionally be very difficult to draw the precise line, between those privileges and the supreme common authority. Such is the case, with the right of the mother country to pass laws, affecting the internal regulation of her colonies; it is one of extreme theoretical delicacy and great practical danger; it has been the subject of contest twice, within the memory of the present generation, and the result has not been such as should dispose us lightly to hazard a third experiment. In the instance of America, it terminated in the independence of that great mass of British colonies; and in the instance of Ireland, in a series of concession after concession on the part of Great Britain, till the question was at length happily set at rest by the Act of Union, which incorporated the Legislature of Ireland into the Imperial Legislature of the United Kingdom.

"Great Britain, whatever general claims she may have asserted, has never yet attempted to *enforce* the exercise of this right upon her West India colonies. The Abolition of the Slave Trade, was only an act of external limitation and exclusion; and with whatever pertinacity some individuals may be disposed to maintain the right of internal control, none would probably recommend the expediency of its exercise, except as a dernier resort, in case of some urgent necessity, some flagrant abuse, obstinately persisted in by the Colonial Legislature, in despite of every admonition on the part of the mother country. If any there be, who would wantonly and uselessly involve Great Britain and her colonies in the agitation of this question, they must be actuated by the most intolerant spirit of tyranny and oppression; and can only hazard such a step, on the presumption that the West India colonies are too

* Reasons for Registry, p. 98.

weak to conquer their independence like America, or to present that formidable array of national preparation, which established the claims of Ireland.

"Such is the spirit manifested by those constitutional guardians of the rights of the people, the Edinburgh Reviewers, who, in this case, forgetting all their wonted principles, and substituting might for right, affect to despise the impotence of what they term 'West India clamour and swagger;'* who ridicule the idea of the West Indies following the example of America, by saying, that 'what was boldness in the one case would be impudence in the other;' and that 'England must be reduced very low indeed, before she can feel greatly alarmed at a Caribbee Island, like Lord Grizzle in Tom Thumb, exclaiming, ''Sdeath, I'll be a rebel.'† *This is just the language that was held by some equally sapient politicians, and redoubted generals, on the first breaking out of the disturbances between Great Britain and her colonies in North America; when a general officer declared in the House of Commons, that he would march through America, from one end to the other, with a thousand men.* Every considerate mind must deprecate this contemptuous manner of treating the colonists; for if any thing can drive men to desperation, and decide them to hazard every extremity, it is thus adding insult to injury. This is indeed at once throwing the sword into the scale, and putting an end to that dispassionate discussion, which alone reconcile the rights of the colonies, with the dignity of the mother country, and the interests of humanity."

The feelings of the Colonial Assemblies themselves, as to these matters, were embodied in Resolutions, Protests, Reports of all sorts, during the period of ferment excited by the question of the Registry Bills—that is in 1816 and 1817. That the negro revolt of 1816 had been excited by the agitation of this question, the flags, and inscriptions, and devices of the insurgents, manifested from the beginning; and if any doubt could have existed, that was annihilated by the subsequent confession of those who were tried and convicted, after the Government had succeeded in putting the revolt down. That it was put down without a far more terrible cost of life, was entirely owing to the local circumstances under which it had occurred—Barbadoes being a very small and flat island, every part of it cultivated ground, the population concentrated, and no possibility of escape after defeat. Had the thing been attempted *then* in Jamaica, how different must have been the result! But the revolt, such as it was, and, above all, the Wilberforcian war-cries and emblems, of which the negroes were proved to have made use, effectually damped for the time the ardour, or at least the resolution, of the agitators in England, and all the world knows how the Registry Question was at length settled by a sort of compromise, wherein the Parliament at home, and the Colonial Parliaments, met each other half way.

The recent agitations, however, have shewn abundantly, that the Colonial Assemblies are still of the same mind they expressed in 1816. In Jamaica, in Barbadoes, in Grenada, and indeed everywhere, Resolutions have again been resorted to, and the republication of some of these documents has already begun to attract not a little notice on this side of the water. We have before us a mass of these Colonial papers. They all breathe the same spirit: but, as might be expected, they do not all express this, either with the same temper, or with the same talent. In several particulars, we give the decided preference to the manifesto of the Bahamas, which has just been reprinted in London, (we know not whether for general publication or not,) under the title of "An Official Letter to George Chalmers, Esq. (Colonial Agent for the Bahamas,) concerning the proposed abolition of slavery in the West Indies." This letter is written with a degree of calmness which, under all the circumstances, we really regard as astonishing. The writers go over the different accusations on which the Wilberforces have so long harped, and most effectually vindicate their own character in the teeth of all those venomous common-places. But their defence has already been anticipated by ourselves, as to the most important of these particulars: we shall therefore quote only the following passages, in which the second and more general class of topics is handled.

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* Edinburgh Review, No. 50, p. 341.
† Edinburgh Review, No. 50, p. 344.

"Even, should Parliament conceive that it possessed a legitimate authority, to interfere with the domestic and other internal concerns of these colonies; let us ask, has Mr Wilberforce made out a case, sufficient to justify so unprecedented an exercise of that authority? At a time when few, if any, of the colonies had passed laws for the protection of the slaves, or the amelioration of their condition; before scarcely an attempt was made to introduce Christianity among them, and crimes against them might have been openly committed with impunity; even then, the right of property in Slaves was reverenced as sacred, and intangible even by Parliament itself. But now, after the most important changes have taken place in almost every particular; when the Slaves are everywhere under the protection of wholesome laws, which, let the Abolitionists assert what they please, *are* enforced with more or less rigour in every colony; *when Christianity is rapidly gaining ground among them; when, by the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the Slaves in the West Indies are effectually cut off from all further contagion of barbarism and paganism from Africa, and already begin to evince considerable advances, in point of habits and principles, to a better condition; when emancipations are daily becoming more common, and the rights of both free Negroes and Slaves, are placed under a degree even of unnecessary protection by the late Registry laws, so strenuously recommended by the Abolitionists themselves; still that restless party appear to be even more dissatisfied than ever; and, in the fretfulness of their impatience for our final ruin,* have at length discovered, that Parliament not only has *a constitutional right* to divest us of our property, or otherwise deal with it *at discretion;* but also that, *unless Parliament does interfere,* nothing can or will ever be done for the redress of those enormous but imaginary wrongs, with which, unfounded in fact, as they are unsupported by proof, every colony in the West Indies is indiscriminately charged.

"What may be within the *power* of the British Parliament, it would perhaps be as difficult to define, as it might be perilous to question. But power does not always constitute right. Our colonists, being no longer represented in the Parliament of the mother country, were placed by the Crown (and the right of the Crown in this instance has never been questioned) under the government of Parliaments of their own; the mother country reserving to herself, or her Parliament, only a sort of homage from the colonies, in matters relating to their maritime concerns. A political right, once unconditionally conferred, never can be recalled; or the liberties even of England would be at this day enjoyed only by sufferance of the reigning Monarch. What was *Magna Charta* itself, but a royal boon?—extorted indeed by intimidation, but perhaps, on that very account, only the less binding on the bestower. The same might perhaps be said, with very little abatement of circumstance, as to the Bill of Rights, as well as many other of those high securities for British freedom, which we have been so long in the habit of regarding with veneration. And yet, has it ever been pretended, that Parliament could constitutionally revoke those concessions?

"Whatever principal therefore of supposed dependence, may be attached to those colonial bodies that have been incorporated only by charters, which, perhaps, as such, may be liable to forfeiture; or to those colonies, as the Canadas, the Constitutions of which were originally created, and afterwards altered by the British Parliament; we conceive that the present Constitution of the Bahamas, as well as that of Jamaica, and several other West India colonies, stands in this respect upon the highest possible ground. We purposely avoid details, because they are already well known to all who interest themselves in West India affairs; and to those who do not, they would be of little use.—Among the rash measures of the British Ministry, in the early part of the revolt of the North American colonies, Parliament was induced to declare by law, that it had the right to legislate for the colonies *in all cases;* a declaration, by the by, which, from its being deemed necessary at such a season, admits the existence of some serious doubts upon the subject. This high-toned pretension accordingly was very shortly afterwards modified by the important exception of *the right of taxation;* and at last virtually abandoned, *in toto,* by the recognition of the revolted Provinces, as Independent States. As, therefore, the General Assembly of these islands was lawfully constituted by the Crown, without any manner of Parliamentary sanction, except so far as the Assembly, with the King at its head, is in itself a Parliament for all local purposes, *we sincerely hope that the question may never be seriously raised* as a matter of contention with the mother country, whether the British Parliament can constitutionally interfere with our internal concerns; *for on that point, there can be but one opinion among*

the independent part of all the free colonies."

Take in connection with these expressions of the principal authorities in one colony, what Mr Brougham, yes, Mr Brougham himself, said, long ago, about the general question of Parliamentary interference.

"After the Government of the mother country has abolished the African trade, the Colonial Legislatures are fully competent to take all the steps that may be necessary for improving the system. They are precisely in the situation which insures the adoption of wise measures; they are composed of men immediately interested in the pursuit of that very conduct which the good of the system requires. All the individuals who form the Assemblies, are concerned in the preservation and increase of the negro stock; in the improvement of the whole colonial society; in the gradual reformation of the general system. They are separated from their brother colonists only by that election which confers upon them the power of watching over the common good, and imposes on them the duty of investigating the means whereby it may best be attained. For the same reason that it would be in vain to expect from such men the great measure of Abolition, it would be foolish to despair of obtaining from them every assistance in promoting those subordinate schemes which may conduce to the amelioration of the colonial policy. Of their superior ability to devise and execute such measures, we cannot entertain the smallest doubt. They are men intimately acquainted with every minute branch of colonial affairs, and accustomed from their earliest years to meditate upon no other subjects. They reside in the heart of the system for which their plans are to be laid, and on which the success of every experiment is to be tried.

"The general question of Abolition may easily be examined at a distance. All the information that is necessary for the discussion of it has already been procured by the mother countries of the different European colonies. Its connection with various interests, not colonial, renders the provincial governments incompetent to examine it, even if their interests and prejudices left them at liberty to enter upon a fair investigation.

"But the details of the Slave Laws require more minute and accurate acquaintance with an infinite variety of particulars, which can only be known to those who reside upon the spot. To revise the domestic codes of the colonies, would be a task which no European government could undertake for want of information, and for want of time. Any Parliament, Council, or Senate, which should begin such a work, would find it necessary to give up legislating for the mother country, in order partly to mar, and partly to neglect, the legislation of the colonies. Let this branch of the imperial administration, then, be left to the care of those who are themselves most immediately interested in the good order and government of the distant provinces, and whose knowledge of local circumstances, of those things that cannot be written down in reports, nor told by witnesses, is more full and practical. The question of Abolition is one and simple; it is answered by a yea or a nay; its solution requires no exercise of invention; the questions of regulation are many and complex; they are stated by a '*quomodo*;' they lead to the discovery of means, and the comparison of measures proposed. Without pretending to dispute the supremacy of the mother country, we may be allowed to doubt her omniscience; and the colonial history of modern Europe may well change our doubts into disbelief. Without standing out for the privileges of the colonies, we may suggest their more intimate acquaintance with the details of the question, and maintain that the interest both of the mother country and the colonies requires a subdivision of the labour of legislation; a delegation of certain duties and inquiries to those who are most nearly connected with the result, and situated within the reach of the materials. When the Abolition shall have rendered all the planters more careful of their stock, and more disposed to encourage breeding, the only task for the colonial governments will be to regulate the relative rights of the two classes, to prepare the civilization of the subordinate race, and to check those cruelties which may still appear in a few instances of individual inhumanity and policy."*

And last of all, hear what Mr Marryat said in 1816, *just before* the *Barbadoes revolt* broke out.

"An eminent political writer, speaking of the British colonists, says,—

"'Masters of slaves are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them, not only an enjoy-

* Brougham's Colonial Policy, vol. II. p. 502.

ment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks among them like something that is more noble and liberal. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such, in our days, were the Poles; and such will ever be, all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves. In them, haughtiness combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.'*

"It would be degrading to the memory of that great man, who wrote and spoke on colonial subjects with a prophetic spirit, to compare his observations, founded on a deep knowledge of human nature, with the superficial and flippant remarks of the Edinburgh Reviewers. Whether the haughty spirit of the White inhabitants in the West Indies, may or may not submit to superior force, one thing is certain, that Great Britain cannot make the experiment, without forfeiting the confidence, and alienating the affections of that class of her subjects. The British West India colonies labour under greater disadvantages than those of any other European power; for although exempted from direct taxation, the double monopoly to which they are subjected, of receiving all their supplies from, and shipping all their produce to the mother country, comprehends within itself every possible species of taxation, and renders the whole of their industry contributory, in an unexampled degree, to the increase of her commercial greatness and naval power. Their only compensation for this disadvantage, is, that they enjoy the blessings of a free Government; that they are admitted into a participation of the privileges and benefits of the British Constitution. Deprive them of these, and the tie that attaches them to the mother country will at once be broken; the charm that has secured their loyalty, under the most trying hardships, will at once be dissolved. They will brood, in sullen silence, over their lost rights; and meditate the means by which they may hereafter be regained.

"The Abbé Raynal has predicted, that the West India Islands will one day belong to America, on account of their natural dependence upon her for the great necessaries of life; and the accomplishment of this prediction is likely to be hastened, by the intemperate counsels of the African Institution. When the constitutional rights of the colonies were invaded, the Stamp Act was burnt as publicly in the British West India Islands, as in the American colonies, though the contest between the mother country and the latter, afterwards turned upon points in which the former had no concern; and nothing can be so likely to bring about an union between the remaining, and the revolted colonies of Great Britain, as a new dispute concerning legislative rights. The hostile spirit of America towards this country, and her ambition to become a great naval power, would induce her to watch the first favourable opportunity of supporting the West India colonies, in asserting that independence which she herself established; and to fan the embers of rising discontent among them into a flame, in order to sever those valuable possessions from Great Britain, and unite them to her own Government."

We confess that the general aspect of the New World at this particular time, has no tendency to make us view some of these matters more easily than this highly intelligent person was able to do seven years ago. On the contrary, who can be blind to the fact, that the whole of that immense region is, at this moment, in a state of most alarming confusion? who has not had *some* fears that England may be called upon to arm herself in consequence of events not yet developed, nay, of influences not yet capable of being analysed?—And if she should be so called upon, who but a fanatic can be fool enough to doubt—who but a Whig can be base enough to pretend to doubt—that there are powers, ay, more than one, which, in seeking to derive advantage from the agitated state of feeling, that already *has* been excited in our colonies, and that may, unless a very different tone be taken in certain quarters, be pushed very easily to a degree of excitement as yet happily unknown, would do nothing but what abundant precedents have heretofore shewn them quite capable of doing, and that under circumstances by no means so favourable for their views, as are, or may soon enough be, exhibited? Who has not *dreamt*, at least, of the possibility of a North

* Burke's Works, 8vo, vol. iii. p. 354.

American alliance against Britain, purchased by the bribe of all others the most likely to captivate the imagination of those sagacious, not less than ambitious republicans? And who, supposing such a bargain to be really *in posse*, would voluntarily court the risk of contemplating it *in esse* and *in opere?*

Some of the publications which the recent march of events has called forth from among the British colonists themselves, deserve, however, to be referred to for many things, besides the information they afford concerning the present state of feeling among our own fellow-subjects in that quarter of the world. In one point of view, therefore—we must admit, to be sure it is a very subordinate one—the agitators at home have done some good by their new outcries. They have compelled, so to speak, the production of the only thing that was wanting for their own destruction—a mass of really genuine and authentic facts, illustrative both of the actual condition of our own negroes *now*, and of the effects of which rash revolutionary experiments have actually been productive among the negro population, and upon the commercial prosperity of the great Island of St Domingo. It was only the culpable state of ignorance (for we must call it so) in which we had been suffered to remain by those who ought to have laboured in furnishing us with knowledge,—it was this alone that put in the power of the Clarksons, Wilberforces, and other well-meaning dupes of Brougham and the East Indian free-traders, to excite that measure of public feeling, of which we all witnessed the unhappy effects during the last session of Parliament. Happily, there is no need for lamenting what is past and irrevocable—happily, no such excuse remains now. The English planters have vindicated themselves with a modesty that adorns their firmness—and they have shewn us, in their genuine views of Hayti, something very different indeed from the paradisaical creations of Mr Clarkson's *Muse*.

Into this wide field we cannot at present enter. We shall merely make two short extracts from two distinct works that have just appeared, in reference to the vaunted Utopia of revolutionized St Domingo,—And first, what says "the Official Letter from the Bahamas?"

"It is absolute trifling with the people of Great Britain, and worse than trifling with the colonies, to persist thus in holding out the absurd idea, that negroes, when emancipated, (the writer means *if* emancipated in their present, or in anything like their present state,) would continue to employ themselves in the cultivation of West India produce upon wages. Does the experience of any one island in the West Indies justify it? Not one; let Mr Wilberforce say what he pleases about his disbanded soldiers and American deserters; or, to come still closer to the point, do the present situation of St Domingo, *and the dreadful aspect of affairs in that abyss of anarchy, kept down only by arms*, justify it? On the contrary, to raise a twentieth part of what once was the produce of that unfortunate island, the peasantry had to be reduced to a state of worse than military vassalage, infinitely more degrading, unjust, odious, sanguinary, and cruel, than Mr Wilberforce himself, even under the malignant influence of one of his worst West India nightmares, could possibly dream of finding in any portion of the western world. The cultivators of the soil in Hayti, we understand, are not, like our slaves or our soldiers and sailors, exposed to the horrors of the cat-o'-nine-tails. No, they are *free*—and therefore they are only *sabred* or *shot* when they fail to bring the expected quantity of produce into the *quondam* royal, but now presidential, exchequer. Mr Wilberforce's allusion, indeed, to the present state of St Domingo, is most unfortunate for his cause; particularly with respect to the religious improvement likely to be the result of suddenly manumitting any large body of slaves. In that ill-fated island, our missionaries, reasoning possibly with Mr Wilberforce, calculated no doubt on a rich harvest of grace among negroes, now no longer restrained by the chains of bondage, from the means of religious instruction. Let the mission speak for itself. While, in nearly every other part of the West Indies, the missionaries boast of increasing success and brightening prospects, the modern St Domingo stands alone impregnable to the real truths of Christianity. On the 15th of January, 1821, the Rev. Mr Evariste, the missionary sent thither, writes thus:—'Every door is shut against us, and we are deprived in every possible way of liberty to act either according to the Gospel or our own conscience, or the light of truth.' Again, 'This city is a burden to me, on account of the fearful and horrible things which I see; particularly the habitual

and sinful violation of the Sabbath.' Again, 'We are like *sheep* exposed to the fury of *the wolves*.' Again, 'For me, I am considered by them as one deprived of reason, a fool, and enthusiast.' And again, towards the conclusion of the letter, 'The only thing that keeps me here is our dear society, which languishes like *a tree planted by the side of a* FLAMING FURNACE!'—(See the Methodist Missionary Report of 1821, p. XCIV.) The melancholy fact is, that St Domingo, once the garden, the Queen of the West Indies, is now inhabited, not exactly by savages, but by a race of beings, infinitely worse, degraded, in fact, beneath what they ever were before. The unsophisticated denizen of the African wilds is ennobled in comparison with the wretched degradation of his Haytian brethren; not merely relapsing into barbarism, but sinking fast under an odious combination of the darkness, ferocity, vices, and superstitions of all colours and all nations; unredeemed by the virtues of any. To this state of terrific desolation it is, that Mr Wilberforce and his friends are now finally labouring to reduce the whole of the British West Indies."

Our other extract on this head shall be from a letter addressed to Lord Liverpool by "a West Indian," (Mr S. P. Hurd.) It consists of a *precis* made from the Custom-house books of St Domingo,

"The island of Domingo, previously to the French revolution and the emancipation of the negro population, exported to France, in 353 ships, of from 800 to 1000 tons each, the under-mentioned produce:—

	Quintals.		
Sugar,	1,250,673,	which sold for	L.1,900,000
Coffee,	459,350,	—	1,009,000
Indigo,	18,080,	—	650,000
Cocoa,	5,790,	—	17,000
Arnotto,	518,	—	1,500
Cotton,	26,900,	—	300,000
Hides,	14,500,	—	7,000
Rope-yarn,	44,000,	—	2,000
Dye-woods,	193,000,	—	40,000
Miscellaneous drugs, &c.		—	160,033
			L.4,086,533

"This exportation arose from 385 sugar plantations for raw sugar, and 263 for clayed, or dried sugars; from 2587 plantations for indigo; 14,618,336 cotton plants; 92,893 coffee trees, and 757,000 cocoa trees.

"At that period, the cattle of the colony amounted to 76,058 horses and mules, and 77,904 head of horned cattle. The labour occupied 33,000 white persons of all ages and both sexes; 6500 persons of free condition; and between 3 and 400,000 slaves.

"In the year 1813, this once beautiful, rich, and happy colony was reduced to a miserable population, not exceeding 150,000. Its flourishing plantations, populous towns, and elegant residences, were fallen into one general mass of ruin. The soil produced barely sufficient to support its wretched inhabitants, under idleness and accumulating poverty. Instead of occupying in its trade 353 large vessels, the American merchants of the United States could barely obtain a return freight, for from 15 to 20 schooners and square-rigged vessels of about 180 tons each; and England sent about one-third of that number; and, in the room of growing 1,230,673 quintals of sugar, the inhabitants were then supplied with that article from Jamaica."

We earnestly entreat such of our readers as really wish for complete and satisfactory information as to all these matters, to peruse without delay this "Official Letter" to Mr Chalmers: the "Report of the Debate in the Council of Barbadoes on the receipt of Lord Bathurst's Letter:" and last, not least important, "Remarks on the Condition of the Slaves in Jamaica, by William Sells, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and many years practitioner in the parish of Clarendon, Jamaica."* The number and obviously total want of connection and concert among the writers of these, and the other recent pamphlets, take away everything like suspicion from the strong, uniform, overwhelming, and unanswerable evidence which they give, in regard to the rapid and decisive improvement that has been going on in all our colonies, under the eye and through the exertions of the much calumniated planters, and their equally calumniated legislatures. The brief abstract in the Quarterly Review, as well as that given in our own last paper on this subject, will be found, on comparing them with these authentic documents of evidence, (for we can consider them in no other light,) to have stated the case throughout rather *less* favourably for the planter's management than the facts would have warranted.

Throughout this discussion we have

* Published by Richardson, Cornhill, and Ridgeway, Piccadilly.

abstained from everything that could bear the least semblance of personal attack upon the individuals whose schemes we have been compelled to expose and denounce. Some other journals, and in particular, the Sunday paper JOHN BULL, have adopted a somewhat different course: and Mr Bull, we observe, has seen a prosecution commenced against him by Mr Zachary Macaulay, the great Solon, or perhaps he would rather have us style him, the great Moses of Sierra Leone. Of the facts of the case between John Bull and Mr Zachary Macaulay we know nothing. One thing, however, we do happen to know, and that is, that statements not very dissimilar, so far as we could observe, and certainly quite as *strong*, were made against Mr M. seven or eight years ago in certain pamphlets, to which a gentleman well known in the House of Commons put his name at the time when they were published. Now, we humbly think that if Mr Macaulay was resolved to prosecute, he ought to have attacked the first, the open, and the equal enemy—not the Sunday paper—but gentlemen will no doubt follow their own feelings in matters where they suppose, rightly or not, their personal honour to be concerned.

The Rulers of the African Institution, however, have sometimes had the fortune to stand in situations at least as undignified as Mr Bull can on the present occasion be exposed to: and we venture to refresh their memory, in case that faculty should be more inert than their imagination appears to be, with a short abstract of what occurred in regard to a certain Mr Hatchard, who, we observe, still continues to act as bookseller for the African Institution and its pamphleteers.

Among many other goodly matters, then, we find, in a Report made at a meeting of the African Institution in 1817, some allusions to what is designated as "the unfortunate and singular circumstance, of an innocent man, Mr Hatchard, the publisher of their 10th Report, having been convicted of a libel against the Aides-de-Camp of Sir James Leith, and the Courts of Criminal Justice at Antigua." It is stated, "that the Directors, on being made acquainted with the proceedings instituted against Mr Hatchard, had come to certain Resolutions, and had addressed letters to their correspondents, in *order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the allegations contained in their 10th Report; but had obtained no satisfactory answer. The Directors then thought it expedient to acquaint Mr Hatchard of this, and recommended him to contradict the statement he had published, through every channel, and by every means in his power, and to advise with Counsel on the subject.*"

Mr Hatchard put in an affidavit in mitigation of punishment, in which he swore that "he had used all possible diligence to discover the author, but was unable so to do."—In what light this transaction was regarded by the Judge who tried the case, the following sentences of his speech will sufficiently shew:—

"It is *insinuated*, that this originated in a letter from the West Indies. There is no *affidavit* that *any such letter existed.* That *somebody* is very highly criminal in this case, no one who has read the publication can at all doubt. *That it has originated in wilful and wicked fabrications, no man alive can doubt.* That it is defeating the purpose of justice, to prevent the information by which the wicked calumny might be traced up to the original author, is obvious." *

This is what Mr Stephen in his speech at the Anniversary meeting of 1817, called "*a singular and unfortunate case.*" The African Institution libelled the administration of criminal justice in Antigua in their tenth report, and their bookseller was punished severely for the publication of their production: and this they call *unfortunate.* If Mr Hatchard was *unfortunate*, it is easy to see who ought to have stood between him and his misery; and if the punishment was a singular instance in Mr Hatchard's life, perhaps the offence was not quite so in the career of the "great and good men," (to use their own phrase,) who have so long employed him.

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* Trial of the King *v.* Hatchard, p. 122 & 133.

NOTE ON THE QUARTERLY REVIEWERS.

We cannot allow the preceding article to pass through the press, without embracing the opportunity which it affords us of saying a single word in regard to the last number of the Quarterly Review. Our much esteemed correspondent has had occasion to bestow his energetic eulogy upon one particular paper in that number; but we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of speaking our mind as to the whole of it. We have no hesitation, then, in saying distinctly, that we consider this as the *very best* Number of the Quarterly Review that ever yet appeared; and the pleasure we have had in observing this, has certainly not been the less, in consequence of various circumstances of what we may call an external kind; more especially, of the rumours that have been of late so widely circulated, concerning the failing state of Mr Gifford's health, and the malevolent joy with which the writers of the Whig, Radical, and Infidel Journals, have been expatiating upon the supposed likelihood that the best days of the Quarterly would be at an end whenever that gentleman ceased to be its principal conductor. Earnestly do we hope that Mr Gifford's health and strength may endure much longer than these cowardly ruffians flatter themselves; but the fact is evident enough, that Mr Gifford has done, comparatively speaking, *nothing* about this number of the Quarterly—which, nevertheless, is, and will be universally admitted to be, more than equal, taken as a whole, to any of those which Mr Gifford ever wrote or superintended. It is the assurance which this gives us of a wide and increasing store of intellectual vigour, far above the chance of being impeded in its exertions by anything that can happen to any one person, however eminently gifted and distinguished—it is this assurance that has filled us with a proud pleasure—a pleasure not a bit the less, because we very well know we shall not obtain credit for really feeling it *in certain quarters.*

There is not, from the beginning to the end of this Number, one single article of a mediocre kind. Talent the most various, erudition the most various, are here displayed; but there is always just that talent and that erudition which the particular subject in hand ought to have engaged. The Review seems to have paid off a host of heavy worthies, whose lumbering virtue acted as a dead-weight upon the spring of intellect, both within the work and among its readers. Above all, there is displayed *throughout* (what our correspondent has observed in regard to the article on his own subject) a certain LIBERALITY of thought and feeling, which, as a *general* feature of this work, is certainly somewhat of a novelty. There is almost nothing of the old monastic leaven perceptible. The writers shew themselves to be learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, at least as much as heretofore; but they seem to have laid aside their caps and gowns, and written their respective contributions, not within the cold vaulted chambers of Cambridge and Oxford, but amidst the hum of St James's and the Park. In short, we feel that we are in the society of people of the world, and enjoy the talk of gentlemen, scholars, and Christians, with considerably the greater zest, because our eyes have not been awed by a long row of "fire-shovels" on the hall table, as we entered the house.

The first article, on "Pulpit Eloquence," for example, we pronounce to be, in spite of the theme, *not* the work of a clergyman. It is a very admirable paper, exhibiting a thorough acquaintance with the whole stream of our literature, a severe and scholarly taste, and the generosity, at the same time, and open candour of a man of genius, above being kept in intellectual leading-strings by any authorities, however grave and ve-

nerable. We doubt if any churchman, if any man that ever either read or spoke a single sermon, could have discussed these matters in a tone so likely to meet the feelings of the general reader. Considering the high standards according to which everything is tried by this far-seeing Rhadamanthus, we assuredly think that our hair-brained countryman, Mr Irving, has good reason to be proud of the admission which has been made as to his talents; and we would fain hope that he is not yet so far gone in self-conceit, as to shut his eyes upon all the good and kind hints that his betters have thought fit to bestow upon him. Of the second article, it is sufficient to say, that we recognize in it the exquisite literature, and the flowing pen, of the translator of Aristophanes, and that it will probably operate as a complete *quietus* upon the very inferior scribe whom the Edinburgh Review has been suffering to insult the manes of Demosthenes. The article on French Comedy is, we cannot doubt, the work of Mr Chevenix, since, if there be any other man in England so thoroughly as he is, *doctus utriusque linguæ*, the chances certainly appear infinitesimally small, that that person should also possess the wit and the eloquence, and the strong original conceptions, of this remarkable man. We cannot speak positively as to the author of the paper on Mr Faux's Memorable Days. It is done, like all the Quarterly's papers on such books, with infinite labour and skill; but surely, surely it is rather too much of a joke to treat such a work as this with so much gravity. To affect to consider a stupid, bilious, ignorant, indelicate, gross-minded, and foul-mouthed old fusty of a Zummerzetshire clodhopper, as a person upon whose *ipse dixit* the whole society and statesmanship of that great country,—ay, that English country, are to be judged and condemned!! This is the solitary effervescence of the old bigot gall of the Quarterly. The papers on Central India and on Bornou, are distinguished by the same merits, and by the total absence of these defects. They are both of them most valuable contributions to the stock of public knowledge, and every way worthy of Mr Barrow.

The Essay on the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England is another production of great labour; and the conclusions to which it leads are such, that we have been infinitely rejoiced in seeing them established beyond all future cavil. We speak of the conclusions to which this paper leads in respect to the Church of England; for, as to the very different, and certainly the more difficult question about the Protestant Church of Ireland, the writer has passed it over altogether for the present; a defect which we would fain see filled up by the same pen on some early occasion. We assure him, in case he has not seen it, that Dr Doyle's letter to Lord Wellesley is the most insidious attack which has ever yet been made against the Protestant establishment of Ireland, and an answer it *must* have. The reviewer, by the way, does not know so much as he thinks he does of Scotland. It is very true, that the Scotch clergymen are individually paid very little below the average rate among the clergymen of the Church of England; but the Quarterly author entirely loses sight of the fact, that the Church of Scotland is proportionably the much cheaper establishment of the two, for this reason, and for this alone, that she has proportionably a much smaller number of livings. The proportion between the 10,000 parishes in England, and the 948 parishes in Scotland, is not what we would expect from the comparative amount of population in the two countries. We mention this merely to set the Reviewer right as to a matter of detail. As to the principle of the thing, our opinion is, that the parishes in Scotland are too large and too few; that they ought to be subdivided both in the towns and in the country; and consequently, that the expense of the Church establish-

ment of Scotland ought to be increased, not diminished. It is entirely, or almost entirely, owing to the extent of the parishes, that any dissenters have thriven in Scotland; for the people quit their own church only when it is too far off for their pedestrian powers, or when they do not like the pulpit eloquence of the parish priest; which last would be very seldom a reason for abandoning The Kirk herself, if the fastidious Presbyterian had two or three other parish priests not very far off, whose sermons he might choose among without one farthing of cost. It always appears to us, that it must be highly disgusting to pay so much per annum to a dissenting minister, if one could possibly avoid it. The luxury is dearly bought; and WE, for ONE, should always stretch a point to keep ourselves free from its indulgence.

We think we have now particularized all the articles except the very peppery ones on Lord Johnny Russell's tragedy, and M. le Duc de Rovigo. These two Liberals are well dished. His lordship will not, we guess, be in a hurry with any more attempts to trip up the heels of Schiller and Alfieri. Mr Gifford himself has, we think, been the executioner here. The exit of Savary appears to have been accomplished under the auspices of his able ally, Mr Croker. But what, in the name of wonder, does Croker, or whoever the writer is, see in old Talleyrand, to make him gulp the whole of his ante-revolutionary bile the moment that arch-apostate appears upon the stage? It seems very true, that the ex-bishop stands clear as to the Duke of Enghien's death; but what avails this? Thurtell himself does not seem to have murdered *many* people; and we are quite sure he did not murder either Johnny Keats or Begbie. As for M. Savary, we conclude the rip is sewed up for ever and a day.

We beg pardon; we observe that we have overlooked the article on *superstition*. It is probably Southey's, but the doctor has shone brighter of yore. Somebody has been *bamming* him a little about Norna: she has been dead more than ten years.

As to the paper on the negroes, we need not interfere with our correspondent, who has so warmly lauded it. Our own opinion is, that the papers we ourselves have published upon this subject, have effectually set things to rest, so far as rational beings are concerned. The pieces of evidence from the private letters of clergymen in the colonies, were, however, well timed; and, altogether, we have no doubt, such a paper as this was wanted for the benefit of certain classes of readers. If, in spite of all that has been done, the clamours of the Macaulay faction are again raised within the walls of Parliament, we have very humbly to submit, that the first and most obvious duty of the House of Commons will be, to insist upon being furnished with *data* before they go into any decision; nay, before they listen to one word more of discussion. As to *facts*, the two parties are completely at issue. Why fight about minute points of law, before the facts of the case to which they must be applied have been ascertained in so far as we have the means of ascertaining them? Why not comply with the petitions which these ill-starred colonists have, it appears, been eternally reiterating during the last two years? Why not send out, since that is all they ask, some of *their enemies themselves to be their judges?* If Mr Brougham goes out, we trust he will shew himself the same good fellow which we all found him here in Scotland last summer; and if our jolly friend does make the tour of the region of rum and turtle in that temper, we have no doubt the results will be highly beneficial to the country, and highly injurious to the Whigs. But "*paucas palabras,*" quoth Nym. C. N.

ULTRA-CREPIDARIUS, &c.*

THIS is a very pretty little precocious performance, and proves young Master Hunt to be a promising plant of the Cockney nursery-ground. "Heigh Johnny Nonny," as his papa called him in short metre some four or five years ago, cannot, we think, have done much more than finished his digits. Now, such a copy of verses as this is most creditable to a boy of ten years, and this small smart smattering satirist of an air-haparent, as he is pronounced in Cockaigne, really seems to smack of his sire, almost as racily as that michievous urchin the Duke of Reichstadt does of Napoleon the Great.

Joking apart, this is one of the cleverest puerile productions that have been published of late years by fond and doting fathers. The author writes like a scholar and a schoolboy, and at whatever academy he may be receiving his education, we suspect it would puzzle the Pedant who for years has whipped his posteriors, to pen such a capital and crack copy of long jinglers. Master Hunt, no doubt, apes his daddy, and the Cockney-chick crows so like the old cock, that, but for a certain ludicrous tenuity in the stutter of his unformed scraigh,† we could at times have believed that we absolutely heard the old bantam. His comb and wattles, too, are distinctly visible; the germ of a spur is noticeable upon either feathered leggikin; he drops a wing, too, with a swaling and graceful amorousness—quite "with such an air" when any smooth pullet picks up a worm near his turned-out toes; and if you only so much as hold out your foraging-cap at him, why the fierce little fumbling fellow attacks it tooth and nail, as jealous as an Othello, and then goes vapouring off in sidelong triumph, cackling as at an ovation.

Now, although the talent of Master Hunt be considerable, we think few parents will approve of the direction which his father has given it, and that little sympathy will be felt for that man who employs his son—a mere lad—a boy—child—infant indeed, almost it may be said—to wreak that vengeance on his enemies, which his own acknowledged imbecility and impotence is incapable of inflicting. The sight is not a pleasant one—we had nearly said it is disgusting, for although filial piety is always interesting, not so such paternal solicitude. Had Leigh Hunt, the Papa, boldly advanced on any great emergency, at the peril of his life and crown, to snatch the legitimate issue of his own loins from the shrivelled hands of some blear-eyed beldam, into whose small cabbage-garden Maximilian had headed a forlorn hope, good and well, and beautiful; but not so, when a stalwart and cankered carle like Mr Gifford, with his quarter-staff, belabours the shoulders of his Majesty, and sire shoves son between himself and the Pounder, retreating into the inmost recesses of his own palace. This, we say, is not only to the widest extent unfatherly, but, which is much worse, unkingly,—such pusillanimity involves forfeiture of the Crown, and from this hour we declare Leigh dethroned, and the boy-bard of Ultra-Crepidarius King of Cockaigne.

Master Hunt being in Tooke's Pantheon, has called in the Heathen Mythology to the aid of his father and king, and the following passage is equal, we think, to anything in "Rimini."

"'I wonder,' said Mercury,—putting his head
One rosy-faced morning from Venus's bed,—
'I wonder, my dear Cytherea,—don't you?—
What *can* have become of that rogue of a shoe.
I've search'd every corner to make myself certain,
And lifted, I'm sure, every possible curtain,
And how I'm to manage, by Jove, I don't know,
For manage I must, and to earth I must go,
'Tis now a whole week since I lost it; and here,
Like a dove whom your urchin has crippled, my dear,
Have I loiter'd, and flutter'd, and look'd in those eyes,
While Juno keeps venting her crabbed surprise;

* Ultra-Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford. By Leigh Hunt. London. John Hunt. 1823.

† See Dr Jamieson.

And Apollo, with all that fine faith in his air,
Asks me daily accounts of Rousseau and Voltaire,
And Jove (whom it's awkward to risk such a thing with)
Has not enough thunder to frighten a king with.
So—there then—now don't look so kind, I beseech you,
Or else I shall stay a week longer, you witch you—
I can't ask the gods; but I'll search once again
For this fugitive shoe, and if still it's in vain,
I must try to make something a while of sheer leather,
And match with a mortal my fair widow'd feather.'

" So saying, *the God put a leg out of bed,*
And summon'd his winged cap on to his head;
And the widow in question flew smack round his foot,
And up he was getting to end his pursuit,
When Venus said softly (so softly that he *Turned about on his elbow*)—" What! go without *me?*"

We had just scored the above for quotation, when who should come clanking and clattering into our study but ODoherty. Clutching the pamphlet into his sinewy and hairy fist, he exclaimed, " By the powers, is not he a jewel of an ould one?" We stared, as the adjutant informed us, that " Ultra-Crepidarius" was not written by Leigh Hunt's son, but by his grandfather! an extremely old man, indeed—a most unconscionable annuitant, who had carried longevity to the most scurvy excess—a paralytic of ninety-six—the Methuselah on the list of decayed authors, who had been absolutely twice married, before Mr Fitzgerald, of all those literary societies, was born. What a change came over the spirit of our dream! The very passage which we had admired as the production of a brisk boy, became odious as the drivelling of a toothless dotard. We certainly disapproved of so much knowingness in the love verses of " Johnny Nonny;" but look at them, fair and gentle reader, and tell us by return of post, what you think of the gloating and glowering of the superannuated Zachariah Hunt. What a gross, vulgar, leering old dog it is! Was ever the couch of the celestials so profaned before! One thinks of some aged cur, with mangy back, glazed eye-balls dropping rheum, and with most disconsolate mazzard muzzling among the fleas of his abominable loins, by some accident lying upon the bed where Love and Beauty are embracing, and embraced.

The Adjutant is a good trotter, and we, good easy man, the very soul of credulity. Why, what do you think, when we tell you, after all, that this confounded " Ultra-Crepidarius" is written neither by King Leigh's son, as we conjectured, nor yet by his grandfather, (the theory of the Ensign,) but, by all that is vernacular and idiomatic,—by HIMSELF.

Now this is a quite different guess sort of a matter, so let us follow the royal bard. Venus, he tells us, had been reading the new Eloisa, (in bed with Mercury,) to the manifest danger of setting fire to the dimity curtains; and " having prodigiously felt and admired it," sent down one of Mercury's shoes to the village of Ashburton, to order such another pair to be made for herself by a famous cobbler there, with which she proposed forthwith to pay a visit to Rousseau. What a natural, graceful, and beautiful fancy! Pope and Belinda, hide your dishonoured heads! Hark to the song of the nightingale!

" She had sent down to earth this same shoe with an errand,
To get a new pair at Ashburton for her, and
Not think of returning without what it went for,
Unless by its master especially sent for.
The shoe made a scrape, and *concluding that this*
Had been settled 'twixt her and her master, took wing,
And never ceased beating through sunshine and rain,
Now clasp'd in a cloud, and now loosen'd again,
Till it came to Ashburton, where something so odd
Seem'd to strike it, it could not help saying, My God!"

There's poetry for you, you infidel. Will you dare after such a strain to laugh at Leigh Hunt? What a finished gentleman he is! Why, he breathes the very air of courts and camps! O dangerous deceiver! what woman could be chaste in thy presence! Is there a Wurgin from Cockaigne to

Cochin-China, who would not hasten,
to use your own subduing words,
" To take due steps for expressing
Her sense of such very well-worded caressing?"

Is there a widow in all the land of Lud who would not fling her loathsome weeds away at sight of your proportions,

" And having prodigiously felt and admired it,
Could not but say so to him who inspired it?"

But let us go on with the thread of this fairy satire. Mercury and Venus are still in bed, for our fair readers will please look back to our introduction, and they will see that " the god put a leg out of bed," but had not been seen to put on his inexpressibles. What godlike and goddess-like love—whispering!

" I know not precisely how much of this matter
Was mention'd, when *Mercury sparkled round at her;*
But Venus proposed, that as one shoe was fled,
Her good easy virtue should help him in stead.
'You know, love,' said she, ''tis as light as a feather:
And so I'll be guide, and we'll go down together.' "

We have all read of Iris arching her vivid flight, in one glorious sweep, from heaven to earth,—we have all seen her do this, with the black rain-cloud at her back, and fronting her beauty at the enamoured Sun. But what is she, a solitary phenomenon, in comparison with the Venus of Leigh Hunt, and her Joe, the two-winged, one-shoed Mercury?

" I leave you to fancy how little he check'd her:
They chalk'd out their journey, got up, took their nectar;
And then, with his arm round her waist, and his eyes
Looking thanks upon hers, came away from the skies.
I cannot, I own, say he came much the faster,
How earnest soever he look'd and embraced her;
But never before, though a God of much grace,
Had he come with such fine overlooking of face:
And as she travell'd seldom herself in this style,
With a lover beside her, and clasp'd all the while."

The last time we ever saw a picture of such a couple, a cull and a trull, was about a fortnight ago. We were sitting in a snug little sylvan palace, up to the door of which winded a serpentine gravel walk, shaded with laurels, and other ever-greens. This little sylvan palace was but an adjunct to a very commodious dwelling-house, in which resided a large family. Thither, ever and anon, would one or other of the inmates repair for meditation; and on the humble wall opposite to where we sat, was the picture, battered on with batter, which so strongly resembled the passage now before us. It represented Roger and Dolly coming down a ladder from the top of a hay-stack; and their air and attitude, as they descended together from heaven to earth, are so shadowed forth in the above description, that, but for his absence in a foreign land, we could have sworn that Mr Hunt had sat on that seat during the hour of inspiration, and that the poet had painted from that very print.—But the thing is impossible.

Well, well,—be it so; but Venus and Mercury arrive at Ashburton, and there a shoe, yes, a shoe, nearly trips the goddess—but not Mercury's sandal, which is nowhere to be found. Not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, this shoe is—Mr Gifford, Editor of the Quarterly Review—Mercury proves to be no less a personage than Mr Leigh Hunt, Editor of the Examiner Newspaper; and Venus, that identical char-woman, who washed, for so many years, the foul linen of the Knights of the Round Table, and who only ceased to do so " when Rowland brave, and Oliver, and every Paladin and Peer," proposed striking off a penny on every pair of dirty drawers, twopence on every dozen of sweaty socks, and would allow not a single stiver for stains on the celebrated yellow breeches.

There is nothing that Mr Hunt is so fond of as being a heathen god. More than once he has sported Jupiter Tonans, but his thunder was wretched, and his lightning very poor. His Appollar was not much better, but it was summat. He was shooting (with bow and arrow) at an old sign-board, once the property of Mother Red-cap; and once, during the course of a forenoon, he sent his missile through the left sparkler of the old landlady; on which achievement he

looked as majestically and triumphantly indignant, as Professor Milman's or Professor Wilson's Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize Apollo, when he has settled the hash of the Python. But these are harmless sports, compared with his Mercurial tricks in Ultra-Crepidarius. Fye, fye, Mr Hunt—kiss and tell?

"'I wonder,' *said Mercury*, putting his head
One rosy-faced morning from Venus's bed——"

But now let us rush into the heart of the satire; for this is a satire, however unlike one it appears. There is no trusting to appearances in this wicked world; so our readers may depend upon it, that this is a satire, and that Mercury is no other heathen than that most powerful satyr, Leigh Hunt.

"But now the God, anger'd, shot into that leather
A terrible sense of who stood there together,
And while it slunk, shaking, half into itself,
Denounced it in words, *that shall die on no shelf*:"—

Look at these four lines. THE GOD! why we only called him a king. The deification of the Colonel of the Hampstead Heavy Dragoons! Leigh Hunt DIVUS! "A terrible sense of who stood there together!"—a Cockney and a Quean—a Radical and a Red-rag—a Scribbler and a Scold—two people, who, instead of looking as if they had descended from heaven, were evidently trampers, who had got a lift on the top of a strongly garrisoned Cheap-and-Nasty, and who, on being forced to dismount for smutty jokes, too unequivocal for such refined society, vented their abuse, their obscenity, and their blackguardism, on the first well-dressed and respectable person whom they chanced to meet sauntering from his native village.

Leigh Hunt, the god, encouraged by the drab whom he "keeps company with," the Venus whom, in words wholly unintelligible to us, he calls "the kind goddess, one of whose charmingest qualities, Is at *a small thing* to wonder how small it is!" This affords us a specimen of "celestial colloquy divine."

"'As soon as I finish my words, thou shalt be,
Not a man, for thou canst not, but human to see:
Thy appearance at least shall be taken for human,
However perplexing to painter or woman.'"

And again,

"All things, in short, petty and fit, say, and do,
Becoming a man with the soul of a shoe."

And again,

"Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;
And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,
For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughterly,
Be it's hue leathern, and title the *Quarterly*."

And again,

"Like a rogue from a regiment bedrummer'd and fifer'd,
It slunk out of doors, and men call'd the thing GIFFORD."
"Here Venus entreated, and fain would have gone,
But the god only clasp'd her the more, and went on."

Now, Master Mercury and Mistress Venus, are you not a pretty pair of vagabonds, and have you no fear of the tread-mill? Will the parish officers suffer such doings, that will be bringing a burden upon the poor's-rates? To be sure, you have no settlement, but there is expense in passing paupers. So, mark down, "relieved at the Vagrant Office," 4½, and on your peril shew your mugs again at Ashburton.

We have written so much for this Number (that Article on Ireland cost us two days' hard driving, and is itself a work) that our fingers are weary; so we conclude with one single observation, which we hope will be taken in good part—You, Leigh Hunt, are, without exception, the weakest and wishy-washiest satirist whose pen ever dribbled. You are like a jack-ass that comes braying out of a pound in which he has been enclosed from Monday till Saturday, precisely the same in sorrow as in anger—sulkily disposed to kick—but oh! weak, weak in the hams is the poor Vicar of Bray! Why, you poor devil, you talk of kicking! you

cannot kick, neither can you strike. You quote from the Liberal two verses, alluding to your intended exposure of yourself, which say,

> "Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,
> Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick?"

and you add in prose, (for you call that verse,)" the following *jeu-d'esprit* is the stick which is mentioned in the third Number of the Liberal, as having been cut for Mr Gifford's special use." Instead of a stick, why, it is only a strip of peeled willow-bark, held in a palsied hand. A tailor might as well threaten to murder a man with a yard of remnant.

If, instead of good-humoured jocularity, we were to treat our satirist "with a fine serious air," we should present him with a parallel between himself and Mr Gifford, after the manner of Plutarch. We should draw the character of Mr Gifford as an honest man, an accomplished scholar, a sound writer; often the eloquent, always the judicious, defender of religion, morality, and social order; a man with an English heart . . . . . We should draw Leigh Hunt as a . . . . . but we tremble to think of it: perhaps he will

> "Denounce us in words that shall die on no shelf."

So let us part good friends after all; and that you may hop off with flying colours from this "flyting," here, you god you, with the organ of self-esteem as large as a haddock, swallow your own description of yourself, and then, pulling up your yellow breeches, grin in Mr Gifford's face, and cry out, in choicest Cockney, "Well! soul of a shoe—vy vont you speak,"

> "But despair of those nobler ascents, which thou'lt see
> Stretching far overhead with the Delphian tree,—
> Holy ground, to climb up to whose least laurell'd shelf
> Thou wouldst have to change natures, and put off thyself.
> Stop, and strain at the base; yet, to ease thy despair,
> Do thy best to obstruct all the feet that come there,
> *Especially younger ones, winged like mine,*
> *Till bright, up above thee, they soar and they shine.**"

There he goes soaring, and swaling, and straddling up the sky, like Daniel O'Rourke on goose-back! Hold fast, Leigh, by the gabbler's gullet, or you will fall into the Bay of Genoa, or the New River. Toes in if you please. The goose is galloping—why don't you stand in the stirrups? There—that's riding. Why, you are another Buckle. Don't poke your nose so over your horse's ears—I beg pardon, the goose. Mercy on us! he rides that furious animal in a snaffle. Alas! Pegasus smells his native marshes; instead of making for Olympus, he is off in a wallop to the fens of Lincolnshire. Bellerophon has lost his seat—now he clings desperately by the tail—a single feather holds him from eternity. Although strong as the quills one sees in public offices, it gives way from the socket; too late he finds that it is all a mistake about his having winged feet; and poor Leigh is picked up, sitting on his rump, in a green field, dead as the Liberal, and consequently speechless as a Scotch member in the Lower House of Parliament.

* See the articles in the *Quarterly* on Mr Keats, Mr Shelley, and others.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER TO EMINENT CHARACTERS.

To C. North, Esq. &c.

No. XIII.

Mr Theodore Hook.

Dear N. This Quarterly is a very decent Number: full of good sense, good learning, good feeling, good politics, good geography, and good balaam. Johnny Russell's Don Carlos is disposed of in a quiet and gentlemanlike way, quite edifying to read. Somehow or other, when *we* demolish a man, we tear the fellow's heart out, leaving him a sort of automatic machine for the rest of his apparent vitality. This review of poor Johnny, on the contrary, merely scrapes the skin off him, exposing him to the cold weather quite raw, but still suffering him to exist, and, if he pleases, to go into company

in that situation. Croker has also slain Savary in the fashion of a true man: La Balafré himself never hewed down a vagabond more completely.

Give me, therefore, rest for one month. I will not write an article on the Metropolitan Review; I wish it every success, and hail its great and continually increasing circulation, as a proof that the country is in a healthy state. I am told it sells about 12,500, while Jeffrey's stuff certainly cannot pollute the nation to a greater extent than 5000, if so much. We remember, Kit, when affairs were differently arranged in the monde literaire, and I flatter myself, that you, and others, whose names need not to be mentioned, are to be not a little thanked for the amelioration. But though I do not wish to make my usual appearance in Maga this month, I have yet a subject to write to you about, which I am ashamed that you or some other person on our side of the question, more competent or more influential than I am, has not taken up already. I mean the case of Mr Theodore Hook, who, I perceive by the papers, has been arrested for his deficiency at the Mauritius. His case never has fairly been exhibited to the public, for reasons which I shall probably explain as I go on.

Let me make a few prefatory remarks on the conduct of the press. You know—everybody knows—the intensity of my contempt for the people connected with the London newspapers: I make this assertion, of course, with due exceptions. But really I was not prepared for the bloodhound exultation which some of them expressed on this occasion. The same papers which, with blockhead sympathy, lamented over the firm mind, the vigorous determination, the &c. &c. of Jack Thurtell the murderer, a fellow who was no more to be respected on account of any mental accomplishment than the ordinary run of gentlemen of the press, chuckled with joy at the arrest of Mr Hook, who, by the way, never had done anything to avoid that result. Paragraph after paragraph poured from the filthy prints, lie after lie was studiously repeated, and I am informed, that it was even placarded, with every circumstance of insult that could enter the numscull jobbernouls of their conductors. And why was this done? Had Mr Hook's offence such damning marks of guilt about it as to call for any particular demonstration of pleasure at its punishment? Not it. For even supposing him to be guilty of what these ruffians charge him with, it would be at most a mere sin of office, and certainly, taken at its worst, not pointed out by anything peculiar from the common herd of such affairs. Many a good Whig fortune is ultimately derivable from peculation, but that is never flung into the face of my Lord Holland, or any other of the worthies. But nobody who knows the man or the transaction suspects him of guilt. There must then be something personal in the rancour against Hook: and that is neither more nor less than that he is supposed to be a chief writer in John Bull. This is the real reason why he is persecuted by people in office, and abused by scoundrels out of it.

Whether Hook is John Bull or not, I cannot say. He denies it; but in this unbelieving age denials of such things go for nothing. John Wilson Croker was suspected; he too denied it; so did Luttrel; so did Horace Twiss; and perhaps we shall by and by have a flat negative from Joseph Grimaldi, or Joseph Hume. But, admitting the fact, what is the particular sin in conducting the Bull? It abuses its political opponents right and left, but I submit that is no more than what is done by every clever newspaper on every side of the question: I never heard of a Tory who would feel any satisfaction on learning that any unpolitical calamity had befallen James Perry, or William Cobbett. The darling fellows who bawl against it, talk with faces of brass of the peculiar cruelty of its observations defamatory to female reputation. Gentle and chivalrous souls! Is it not enough to make a man's gorge rise to hear such undefecated humbug? Female reputation indeed! John Bull had the courage to oppose the rabid faction which advocated the unfortunate Queen, and to display her, and those who were linked with her, in true colours, to the indignation of the chaste and virtuous. You might as well reprobate the Roman historians for painting Messalina, as the John Bull for exposing Caroline. And who are they who make the charge? The Whigs—the men whose poetical organ is Tom Moore, the author of the

Twopenny Postbag, (whose public defalcation, by the way, they never allude to)—and whose most favourite laureate was Wolcot, the author of the Lousiad. From these clever lampooners, for clever they are, in spite of their filth and venom, we could extract hundreds of passages hurtful to female character, slanderous to female reputation, and irritating to female feelings. I pass by the scores of inferior libellers in Whig pay. They indeed to talk of slander! No, no; the real reason of the hatred against Bull is not such nonsense as this. Its true crime is its wit, its keen satire, by which it has prostrated the blackguards of the Whig press, demolished the projected Queen's Court, covered the party everywhere with ridicule, and put an end to those bloody farces, "public meetings for constitutional purposes." For this, Hook is hated by the gang, and out of the blessed principle of *Conciliation*, which is doing such sad mischief in matters of infinitely higher moment, sacrificed by those whose most vital interests the publication supposed to be his has served in the highest.

Such has been the extent of misrepresentation on the subject, that I venture to say, not one in a thousand who speak about it, knows exactly how the thing is. The common impression fostered by the pot-house paper is, that Hook robbed the treasury committed to his care of £12,000; that, in fact, he thrust his hand into the chest, abstracted that sum, and put it coolly into his pocket. Nothing can be more directly contrary to the fact. In a few words I shall give you Hook's real case, and then trouble you with some remarks on the business. Here are the facts.

Mr Hook's chief confidential clerk, whose duty it was to make up the Treasury accounts of the Mauritius, made up those of November 1816 with an error of £9000 in them; notwithstanding which, they were audited, and *had been passed correct for two years.* In the meantime he delivered over the Treasury to a new governor, and received a certificate, which is published in the parliamentary papers on the subject, from five principal officers of government, attesting its correctness, and giving him, under their hands, *a discharge for the entire balance.* Three months after this, the chief clerk who, two years before, had made the error, reported it himself to government—the error having given, of course, opportunity in the interim, to anybody who was aware of it, to have abstracted the amount in money, at the time of the transfer. An investigation of the affair was ordered; on the second day of which, that confidential clerk *destroyed himself,* without giving any clue as to the fate of the money. He could not, in fact, stand the investigation. For this, Mr Hook is now in prison.

Nay more, so far is his case from being fairly understood, that almost everybody who thinks of it, supposes that the sum for which he has been arrested, is the amount of the deficiency in his chest—and yet it is no such thing.—The sum for which he is a defendant at the suit of the crown, is made up, besides the amount of the deficiency, of charges under different acts of Parliament, on the ground that he did not make the best bargains for Government in sales of bills, and that he was not sufficiently careful in the issue of specie, which he made against paper, or local arrangements,—and other details which would not be interesting to you, or your readers, and with which I suppose we shall be regaled in due time from his own pen. I allude to them, merely to shew that he has been most studiously misrepresented, and most determinately misunderstood.

Why, it may be asked, do I, living here, in this auld-warld neuk, give myself the trouble of defending a man whom I never saw, and whom, in all probability, I never shall see? or what is there in his arrest, which ought to call forth our attention? I shall just tell you. I do not care a fig's end for Hook—but I do care for the intense plucklessness of our party. It makes me perfectly indignant, at times, when I think of the courage with which the Whigs have at all times patronized their men, and the cowardice generally displayed by our Tory chieftains. I shall not go back to Sir R. Walpole, for the management of his Whiggish sovereignty would be too gross and palpable for our times. But look at what they did, when they had last a glimpse of authority. They gave a place to Moore, their lampoon-man—to Hallam, their great Balaamite—they posted Sidney Smith, their jack-pud-

ding parson—in fact, everybody who could write a libel for them, or who had ever wielded a pen in their cause, no mattter how obtuse and nebless the tool might have been, was rewarded. On the contrary, it appears to be almost a fixed principle with us, that whenever a man does anything for the cause of Toryism, he is to be immediately given up—he is looked upon as a sort of thing of course, and left to battle with his adversaries, not only without the countenance of the great Tory leaders, but under a studious withdrawing of their support. I must say, that they order these things better among the Whigs.*

Let me not be so misunderstood for a moment as to be thought to be praying for patronage. I despise such a thought from the bottom of my soul. We know, North, how little of that kind of thing we, for instance, either looked for or received. Thank Heaven, the general strength of Toryism just now is so great, that we are independent of the smiles or the frowns of any knot of ministerial people, whom we puff or abuse as we please. But I must say, that it is not fair, that *because* a man has been active, or has been suspected of being active in their behalf, he should be *conciliated* away —that he should suffer harder treatment than anybody else, out of mere candour and official deference to opponents. Now here is a case, in which a gentleman, whom nobody at all accuses of dishonourable proceedings,—whose affairs admit of equitable arrangement,—who is labouring under difficulties brought on by the negligence of people under him and *over* him, is treated with a degree of rigour never exerted against one but the most marked criminal. Extents have been issued against his property, which has been twice seized and sold, and against his person, which has been thirteen or fourteen months in confinement in one prison or other. All the little malice of an underling board has been exerted against him, instigated by political enemies, who hate him for his suspected support of ministers; while people in authority calmly look on, and content themselves with saying, "A very hard case this of Hook's. We wish him out of it; but, you know, it would not look well for *us* to interfere."—Why?—The answer is at hand. "Because we should be afraid that, if we did, it would be said, we did so on account of his supposed connection with John Bull;"—and there is the pucklessness of which I complain, and which is the reason of my writing you this letter.

This sneaking cowardice our ministerial men carry into a thousand departments. As I have often said, it is a sin not visible among the Whigs. Had they a John Bull among them, they would boldly stand by him for his writings in their behalf,—not affect to cut him in his difficulties. I wish we could borrow this leaf out of their book; not that I wish for any undue support for our literary people, but that the mere fact of their being for us should not deprive them of common justice. I hope Hook's business will make its appearance before Parliament this approaching session, and, when there, that it will be fairly met by ministers. Among them, there is at least one man who ought to take the courage of speaking up,—I mean George Canning. The editor of the Antijacobin ought not to look on it as a crime unpardonable to be accused (for it comes to that) of writing the John Bull.

Loves, compliments, &c. in all quarters where they are due. Yours,

T. Tickler.

P. S.—I hope you are above the silliness of declining to print my letter. There will be, of course, the usual trashery of a fellow-feeling for John Bull,—or, it may be said, that I have written this to oblige Hook,—or, in fact, what the jack-asses about you are always braying about. But never mind that. *You* know why I have written it; and you know that is what I have been in the habit of saying for a very long time.

T. T.

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* There was a fine story lately in the Morning Chronicle, given on occasion of Lord Erskine's death.—It represented him as leaving the woolsack when Chancellor of England!!! and walking to the bar of the House of Lords!!! on purpose to tell Jemmy Pirie that he (the Chancellor) had that morning given a living in the Church of England!!! to one of his (Jemmy's) worn-out hacks of reporters!!! This anecdote should never be forgotten.

ONCE MORE IN LONDON.

Londinium——cognomento quidem coloniæ *non* insigne!!—sed copia negotiatorum et commeatuum maxime celebre.
TACIT. *Annal.* XIV. 33.

THE taking up of old and interrupted *local* associations, is generally attended, in consequence of the mere *lapse* of time, and the ordinary effects of that circumstance, with more pain than pleasure; the revival of acquaintance, even with his own country, is to an Englishman rather striking than agreeable, as far as all *external* circumstances are concerned. The advantages of England do not present themselves in relief, even to ourselves; they all lie below the surface; we are compelled to look for them, to insinuate ourselves anew into them, and to accede, in a variety of ways, at first disagreeable, to the conditions annexed to them. Our society (though we only find it out by comparison) is all stiff, formal, frigid; "*se gèner*," a term so abhorrent to other nations, is *inseparable* from it: but it is rational and intelligent, although defective in gaiety, and after its own fashion, even polite. One of the very worst forms in which London presents itself, even to a Londoner, is that of the inn, hotel, xenodocheion, khan, or caravansera, to which, (if he have no household gods of his own,) he must repair on his arrival. What then must a Frenchman, or a native of Southern Europe, think of a similar reception?—The soi-disant coffee-room, stalled off like a stable, with its two or three miserable candles, its sanded floor, its phalanx of empty decanters, and wine glasses full of tooth-picks and wafers, its solitude and its silence! To such a place was I obliged to betake myself, after a first and a long absence, which had cancelled abundance of national prejudices, and impaired the power of accommodating to the habits I was about to resume. The newspapers, those polyglott versions of the infinitely diversified events, accidents, crimes, punishments, and contingencies of an enormous metropolis, for a single day, were the only resource. But their interest was lost to me, and after listening a-while to the ticking of the dial, and making many a fretful glance at the coffee-house system of Naples, Venice, and Paris, I abruptly summoned the chambermaid, and followed her to the *cell* to which she had destined me for the night. One advantage, indeed, there was in this ambitious apartment, that if a fire should take place in the better frequented floors of this immense barrack, "ourselves" and the pigeons would probably be the longest survivors.

"*Ultimus ardebit* quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluviâ, molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ."

The balance between sleep and watching is often very nicely poised. In the present instance, it was quickly turned in favour of the latter, by the novelty of my position, and a swarm of accumulating recollections. At last came the dawn, and with it the consciousness (more luxurious than sleep itself) of *going to sleep*—the night servants were all snoring, the coach office itself was hush'd, not a hoof was yet heard on the silex below, nor other sound than that of a restless fidgetty horse taking a snatch or two of hay at unseasonable hours, when long before a sparrow thought it worth his while to chirp at the window, a little demon emerged from a neighbouring chimney, and uttered the dolorous cry of his miserable trade! I never curse a chimney sweeper, though a good curser in my own way, however unseasonably he visits me, chiefly, I believe, because he is a child, and of all children the most luckless: "Ah, who can tell how hard it is *to climb!*"—I betook myself, therefore, to the more innocent employment of musing on *other* visitings of aerial voices that I had chanced to hear. There was the hymn by the little choristers from the top of Magdalen tower, on the first of May, at four o'clock in the morning—"O mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos!"—One could easily dispense with a night's rest in those days!—(You, my *very dear* Oxford reader, should not neglect to assist for once at this ancient and touching piece of monastic devotion; you may afterwards walk up Heddington hill, and be back in plenty time for *chapel*, or, what you care more about, for breakfast.) To this succeeded another propitious recollection: namely, my first expergefaction at Farsa (Pharsalia;) there was a tall minaret just above my window: a thin silvery voice awoke me on the

the most delightful of autumnal mornings. It was directed toward Mecca, and it spoke of Universal Allah, and of prayer! Unfortunately this last reflection (when a man begins to reflect, there is no knowing where it will end) suggested another—I had begun to think of *writing* about my travels, and this made all farther expostulations with sleep useless; for, except a bad conscience, nothing is so fatal to that best gift of the gods, as projected or progressive authorship. What would not one sometimes give, during these unwelcome vigils, for a candle and a pencil? In the morning, either the thought is gone, or the *curiosa felicitas* of expression, in which you had finally *embalmed* it, cannot be recovered! That the author, whether of books or *mischief*, can contrive to sleep at all, is indeed a marvel! "L'auteur de tant de *maux* connoit donc le sommeil?" Gentle reader, read *Mots—meo periculo*, as Bentley says.

The first morning of one's return φιλην ες πατριδα γαιαν, has plenty of occupation—Lodgings to be procured, a matter of very grave consideration, and not always, where so many *pugnantia secum* points are to be reconciled, of very facile accomplishment—per varios casus, tendemus in Latium—quarters at once genteel, quiet, airy, cheerful, sunny, economical; not too near one's tailor, (you have perhaps just stumbled on his last year's bill, with all its array of blue coats no longer in existence:) *hic labor, hoc opus est!* The night coaches and mails were now *trundling* in, and the morning ones *rattling* out; (I like to avail myself of improvements in language.) Those vast cinerary urns, the dust-carts, equipped with bell, basket, and ladder, and huge as the soros of an Egyptian king, were collecting their morning offerings of dust, and ashes, and other penitential *exuviæ*; all sufficient intimations, that, for a man who had his lodgings to seek, it was not quite time to rise.

I hate bells: I hate all bells whatever, except sheep-bells; even muffin-bells find no favour in my sight; and I therefore hold in particular abhorrence that consecrated barbarian, Urbanus VIII., who, not content with the spoliation of the Pantheon of all the bronze of Agrippa, as a sort of *ultra*-barbarism, caused it to be made into what he calls "sacra tympana." How glad I am, therefore, that in the order and economy of human affairs, my visit to Rome was *postponed* till those horrid fellows, the Corybantes, (who used to run about clashing cymbals, and making other hideous noises,) were as dead as Constantine. Indeed, I hate noise of all kinds, where the elements of it can be distinguished; where these are blended into one grand and imposing composition—one magnificent diapason—as in the great streets of London or Naples, one's ear drinks in the harmony of the great wave of sound with a pleasure analogous to that which the eye derives from examining complicated machinery, or even from the sight of multitudes going we know not whither, and coming we care not whence. But, in the small *quiet* streets and squares, where the vocal and instrumental parts are directed by the very demon of discord; where *tracheas* of both sexes, and of all calibres, sustain themselves contentiously among bells, bagpipes, ballad-singers, barrel-organs, clarionets, cod-fish, cabbages, and cat's meat—to say nothing of the rumbling of carts, the rattling of coaches, the jingling of hoops, and the barking of curs, which are merely accompaniments—why the man that is not moved by this concord of sweet sounds, is well deserving of the anathema of Shakespeare. How thankfully does one hear the emphatic double knock of the postman at 12 o'clock, which usually disperses these "*diversa monstra ferarum*" for the day. Where is the book, in these degenerate times, so amusing, or the occupation so interesting, as to suspend the acute sense of them? The Greeks and Persians, you recollect, were so hard at it, as to lose the *agrement* of the earthquake that happened during the battle of—I forget which—the story is known. See Herodotus. It is, Scottish reader, or Irish, allow me to inform you, that it is of no use to quit your lodgings, for these Eumenides stick to your flanks as they did to Orestes; *omnibus umbra locis adero; dabis, improbe, pœnas;*—of no use to pay or persuade creatures alike inexorable and incorruptible. The only *palliative* that I know is, to read a canto of the *Gierusalemme* aloud, or a long passage of the Æneid, in your softest and mellowest tone; (this expedient used to compose Burke when he was ruffled.) Above all things, beware of fiddling or fluting in

opposition or despite of them, unless you mean to convert a simple headache into a legitimate delirium.

I had returned in the pleasing hope that the course of nature had probably removed many of my persecutors to the stars, and that in all likelihood the vocal organs of several of the more distinguished, had been *pour encourager les autres*,† long since cleverly suspended in spirits, by the lovers of comparative anatomy, gentlemen who are indefatigable in getting possession, *per fas atque nefas*, of any favourite morsel of your mortal spoils. Alas! I am now convinced that they never die! The same cadence, the acute dagger-like scream from the top of the wind-pipe, (for the wretches *literally* "*speak daggers*") all as audible as ever. The parental *howl, growl, screech, bawl, yell,* or *whine,* (if the sire really *be* mortal, which *I doubt*), must be taught with uncommon diligence to the young Arcadians, for I did not escape a single agony, or find a single cord of catgut, "*vocal no more.*" To whatever precautions of the parties themselves, or to whatever beneficent provisions of nature it may be owing,

> "Uno avulso non deficit *alter*
> *Aureus, similique*, frondescit virga *metallo.*"

A blind man in particular lives for ever; of that there can be no doubt. A blind man, did I say? *every* blind man that I recollect when I was a boy at school, or his ειδωλον, continues to cross me now, an interval quite sufficient to constitute what the Italians call *un pezzo;* or, Madam, if your curiosity is still more importunate, I am exactly as old as Horace was when he wrote his 13th Satire—

> "Me *quater undenos* scias implevisse
> "*Decembres.*"

There is, for instance, the man who sells *boot laces*, and enjoys as flourishing a commerce of leathern thongs as if he had lived among the ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι, or the modern Albanians, (as I sincerely wish he had)—you still hear the *tap* of his protruded stick on the pavement for half a league before he arrives! Then there is the Corydon, whose clarionet has been persecuting "Nanny" to "gang wi' him," to my knowledge for these ten years; but she remains, it seems, as attached to London, as inexorable as ever, as indifferent to his sufferings—and *mine.* I used to wonder that another of my blind friends, who delighted to make an eclat of his unjustifiable passion for "*Roy's Wife,*" was not put down by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, (Oh! that there was one for the suppression of noise!) as an inimical person; he *has* happily disappeared, so that perhaps my conjecture is verified, or a reconciliation has been effected between the parties, and Roy has obtained a proper compensation for his injuries in the civil and ecclesiastical courts. In the nonage of my experience, and the immaturity of my taste, I used to be scandalized, also, at several of these peripatetics, who called upon you in strains, as I foolishly thought, quite destructive of the emotion, to "*pity the poor blind,*" or talked of their "*precious sight,*" with appropriate gestures, and an adequate exhibition of white eyeballs. I am now convinced that the ostentation of misery is altogether of *classical* and *heroic* origin. Philoctetes utters more "*O mes!*" about his sore foot, than a patient at St George's:—and Œdipus exposes his bodily ails and misfortunes in a strain of very edifying pathos.† I trust nothing, therefore, will ever be attempted in preventing these good people from going at large, on account not less of these *pleasing souvenirs*, than of the positive advantage derived from their undisputed possession of the pavement. All gives way before them. I have seen one of them penetrate the phalanx of Jews and Gentiles, coachmen and *cads*, at the White Horse Cellar, with as much ease as the Telamonian Ajax would have cleft a column of Trojans, with

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* When Candid arrived at Portsmouth, he saw an officer of distinction (poor Byng) with his eyes bandaged—"qu'on alloit fusiller avec beaucoup de ceremonie *pour encourager les autres.*"

† αἴ αἴ αἴ αἴ
Φευ, φευ, δυστανος εγω. ποι γας
Φερομαι τλαμων; &c. &c.
SOPHOCL. *Œdip. Tyrann.*

Hector at their head, and have occasionally taken sly advantage of the circumstance, and followed in the rear; so that I am bound to say,

"*Stet fortuna domus et avi numerentur avorum.*"

And yet how often, when I lodged at the shoemaker's, on the sunny or *plebeian* side of Berkeley-square, have I been obliged to endure the "*crescente,*" or "*diminuente*" of "many a winding bout of linked sweetness," always executed on the *long* side of that pleasant parallelogram! Although, as I was inducted into a great deal of local knowledge while I dwelt in that situation, I should be rather grateful than otherwise. It was *there* that I began to attend to the harmony and expressiveness of the various *knockings* or *pulsations* of which a street-door is susceptible. I shall say a word or two on this subject, as there are no knockers across the Channel.—"Quanquam animus meminisse *horret* —incipiam."—These instruments, like mortars, are made of bronze or cast iron; and as they are of various calibres, they can, of course, *project sound* to various distances. A discharge of this kind in Grosvenor-square, when the wind is favourable, will frequently *startle the deer* in the Park, ruffle the water of the Serpentine, and vibrate in the alcoves of Kensington.†

I also conceive that there is already room, even in the present imperfect "state of the science," for distinguishing the different kinds of performance on this instrument, by an adequate nomenclature.

I would divide *knocks*, for the present, into, 1. Hesitating or submissive. These are usually performed by thin pale-looking persons with folded papers in their hands.—"Could I speak for a moment *to the lady?*" 2. Importunate or expostulating, performed by tradesmen.—"Did you tell Mr A. I called twice last week? When *will* he be at home?" 3. Confident or friendly.—"Well, John, is your master at home?" 4. Alarming or fashionable. These are *preceded* by the short sharp stop of a carriage, generally of the barouche kind, and are *followed* by the sound of many feet in kid slippers on the staircase. Of single knocks I say nothing—ex uno disce omnes—there is no eloquence in *them.* The postman and the tax-gatherer's knock of office, expresses the impatience of authority very intelligibly; and the knock domestic, *your own knock,* makes everybody *I hope* glad, and stirs up the spaniel from the hearth-rug. I have not leisure to notice the interesting association of bells and knockers into one *compound instrument* of considerably increased power, but at some future time I may probably favour the world with a small volume, entitled, "*Tuptologia*" (*Keraunologia* would be better still), with plates of the various kinds of knockers, and directions for their use. In fashionable streets, (sit obiter dictum,) the knockers ought to be of silver, the only objection to which is, that (*notwithstanding* the marvellous effects of education) they would *occasionally* be stolen.

I subjoin the following Table, in which I have availed myself of the *language of science,* to shew merely of what nicety the subject is susceptible.

Synopsis των Κρουσιων.

1. Hypocrousis.—A modest timid inaudible knock.

2. Monocrousis.—The plain single knock of a tradesman *coming for orders.*

3. Dicrousis.—The postman and taxgather.

4. Tricrousis.—The attempt of the same tradesman to express his impatience, and compel payment of his bill; he will not submit to the *single* knock any longer, and dares not venture on *the following.*

5. Tetracrousis.—Your own knock; my own knock; a gentleman's knock.

6. Pollacrousis, or *Keraunos.*—A succession of repeated impulses of different degrees of force, ending in three

† The classical reader ought not to be *incredulous;* he recollects the blast of *Alecto* was heard at Narni.

Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini.

"Thy springs, Velinus, caught the sound afar,
And Trivia's distant lake, and livid Nar."

Why should not the Serpentine have as good ears as the Nar?

or four of *alarming emphasis*—vulgo a footman's knock, a thundering knock, &c. &c. &c.

In order to complete the little sketch that I proposed to give of the impressions which a return to London makes upon the *senses*, I now add a few miscellaneous remarks.

The climate and atmosphere of London is not only extremely salutary and contributive to the longevity of *blind men*, and other mendicants, but it is astonishingly favourable to that of *fish*, which, however deprived of their natural element, remain *alive* for a very considerable time. Cod, soles, and flounders, in London, are always "*alive!*" and living sprats are vended in myriads! The tenacity of life of some of these animals is so obstinate, that there is reason to believe they continue to live for several days together. It might be interesting to mark the tail of a particular individual, in order to learn how long he continues in this state of disagreeable existence. Salmon and herring, I observe, are only announced as being fresh, that is, *recently dead*. I looked out of my window one day on a basket of lobsters, which the proprietor declared to be *alive;* a peculiar species, I presume, for they were of that fine *coral* colour which this animal usually assumes when *boiled*.

In the early spring, among many little elegant local customs, this is one: That as you take a morning walk in the green park, you meet several young women, who extend a bunch of *matches* to the immediate vicinity of your nose, with as much confidence as if they were primroses. These flowers of *Brimstone* are the first vernal productions of the Flora Londinensis; they are not presented *quite* in so winning a way as the violets, that are thrown at you in the palais royal; but I have no doubt, that the bouquet, on the whole, is a wholsome one, and very probably useful as a prophylactic. To persons of classical mind, this offering of matches, "*Sulfura cum tædis,*" will suggest the *Lustrations* of the ancients; though to others, of an irritable fibre, or uneasy conscience, I should be apprehensive that it might excite disagreeable reflections. Vide Giovanni, scene *last*. The usual impediments to accelerate motion continue, I find, to occur in various parts of the town. At the corner of Durham Street, on a rainy day, I think I may promise you a pause of about ten minutes, (which, if you don't employ in some profitable manner—as the pickpockets *do*—it is your own fault,) under a *Testudo* of wet silk and gingham, after the fashion of that plexus of shields, under which, to say nothing of the ancient warfare, Il pio Goddofredo got possession of Jerusalem.*

Often, too, when you are most in a hurry, you will attend the passage of the same procession (a train of coal waggons, six in number, with six horses each!) in long diagonal from the end of the Haymarket, to Marybone Street, cutting off parties of light and heavy armed, impetuously facing each other. *These* at Weeks's museum, and *Those* at Eggs' the gun-makers—I have seen a great many manœuvres practised on those occasions, but the coal waggons have always the best of it.

Such are the *Trivial* hinderances to the pedestrian in London. On such an ample theme it is difficult to desist; but *troppo e troppo;* I shall just run over the heads of my notes, and have done.—Walk into the city more pleasant than formerly—pavements wider, especially about Colnaghi's—houses down—more coming—(multa *cecidere cadentque*) whole of city more healthy than formerly—ruddy nursery-maids (id genus omne *interesting*) and fine children—young cockneys grow taller—College of Physicians, removal of—how connected with foregoing remarks—*cause* or *consequence?*—interesting question, but *delicate*—*Bakers* great admirers of the fine arts, stand at print shops—position of their *Basket* on those occasions—thrown on the back like the *clypeus* of a hero in re-

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* Giunsersi *tutti* seco a questo detto
Tutti gli scudi alzar sovra la testa
E gli uniron cosi, che ferreo tetto
Facean contra l'orribile tempesta;
E la soda Testuggine sostiene
Cio che di ruinoso *in giu ne viene.*

GIERUSAL. c. 18.

pose—advantage to passers by from that attitude—especially with black coats—Lamp-lighters—alarm occasioned by their thuribulum—benevolent provision for cats and dogs—barrows containing ditto on the pavement—provocative of appetite—Jews ready to strip you to the skin, or clothe you at any price—or cram your pockets with open pen-knives and oranges (bad neighbours) on your own terms. White horse cellar, *enlevement* of young women (struggling in vain, to go to Fulham,) to Hammersmith or Brentford.

I hope I have now said enough, to put you in decent humour with the narrow, unparallel, *misleading*, greasy streets of Paris, with all the accessories of cabriolets, puddles, and pontoons, by day, and the parade of sentinels and gend'armes by night, the "mille pericula *sævæ* urbis," against which no *carte de sureté* will protect you. (By the way, old Gonsalvi set up that sort of thing at Rome last winter, together with a squad of saucy *douaniers*. Poor man! he might have been too happy to wear his red stockings in safety, without these pitiful imitations.)

In one respect, and with this I conclude, London has as yet unrivalled advantages. To persons who are curious to study the fates of heroes to the last, remembering that

Vox facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longæ jussit *spatia ultima* vitæ.

To such a philosophically-constituted mind,

Εκεινην την τελευταιαν ιδειν
Ημεραν επισκοπουντα,

a lodging in *the Old Bailey* offers decided advantages. He may there see the elements of tragedy, working δι ελεος και φοβου about every six weeks. There are several good houses just opposite to that well-known rendezvous of the luckless orator; that *Anabathron* from which none descends; that *Pnyx* (*truly such*) where he makes probably his first speech, and very certainly his last—here literally—

Mors ultima *linea* rerum.

C. B.

Modern English Ballads,

Indited by

Morgan O'Doherty, LL.D.

No. I.

[* * * * The Ensign was evidently much affected on the defeat of his countryman. It was remarked, that for some days after the event, he went to bed bare-footed, and rose fasting. But on the occasion of Spring's triumphant entry, he was peculiarly dejected, and refused to look at it, which called forth the following ballad. It will be often imitated by modern poets, both in Spain and Germany.

Pon te a tancard de brounstout, dexa la suipa de strongsuig
Melancholico Odorti, veras al galopin Tomspring, &c.

It bears a great resemblance to the bridal of Andalla, p. 129, in Lockart's Spanish Ballads; and the succeeding one on poor Thurtell may, more remotely, remind the sentimental reader of his "Lament for Celin," originally published in this Magazine.]

SPRING'S RETURN.

Rise up, rise up, my Morgan, lay the foaming tankard down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.
From gay shin-bone and cleaver hard the marrowy notes are flowing,
And the Jew's-harp's twang sings out slap-bang, 'twixt the cow-horn's lordly blowing;

And greasy caps from butchers' heads are tossing everywhere,
And the bunch of fives of England's knight wags proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, my Morgan, lay the foaming tankard down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

Arise, arise, my Morgan, I see Tom Winter's mug,
He bends him to the Fancy coves with a nod so smart and smug;
Through all the land of great Cockaigne, or Thames's lordly river,
Shook champion's fist more stout than his, more knock-me-downish never.
Yon Belcher twisted round his neck of azure, mix'd with white,
I guess was tied upon the stakes the morning of the fight.
Rise up, rise up, my Morgan, lay the foaming tankard down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

What aileth thee, my Morgan? what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay you from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard thee swear in hexameter, and sure you swore the truth,
That Thomas Spring was quite the king of the fist-beshaking youth.
Now with a Peer he rideth here, and Lord Deerhurst's horses go
Beneath old England's champion, to the tune of Yo, heave ho!
Then rise, oh rise, my Morgan, lay the foaming tankard down,
You may here through the window-sash come gaze with all the town.

The Irish Ensign rose not up, nor laid his tankard down,
Nor came he to the window to gaze with all the town;
But though his lip dwelt on the pot, in vain his gullet tried,
He could not, at a single draught, empty the tankard wide.
About a pint and a half he drank before the noise grew nigh,
When the last half-pint received a tear slow dropping from his eye.
No, no, he sighs, bid me not rise, nor lay my tankard down,
To gaze on Thomas Winter with all the gazing town.

Why rise ye not, my Morgan, nor lay your tankard down?
Why gaze ye not, my Morgan, with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the cheering, how it swells, and how the people cry,
He stops at Cribb's, the ex-champion's shop;—why sit you still, oh! why?
"At Cribb's good shop let Tom Spring stop, in him shall I discover
The black-eyed youth that beat the lad who cross'd the water over?
I will not rise with weary eyes, nor lay my tankard down,
To gaze on Langan's conqueror, with all the gazing town."*

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* Mr Lockhart's Spanish ballad, "The Bridal of Andalla," of which Mr ODoherty has indited an imitation, runs thus. The Lament of Celin we have not room for. A prose article on Thurtell next month.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere.
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

"Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace,
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mix'd with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

THE LAMENT FOR THURTELL.

A loud Lament is heard in town—a voice of sad complaining—
The sorrow Whig is high and big, and there is no restraining.
The great Lord Mayor, in civic chair, weeps thick as skeins of cotton,
And wipes his eyes with huckaback, sold by his own begotten.
Alas, says he, thy thread of life is snapt by sheers of Clothor!
And a winding sheet, a yard-yard-wide, enwraps thee, O, my brother!
Howl, buff and blue! of that dear crew, whose brows the patriot myrtle
Shades, for Harmodius Thistlewood! Howl, howl for Whig Jack Thurtell!

The doves and rooks who meet at Brooks', sob loudly, fast, and faster,
And shake in skin as rattlingly as they ere shook the castor.
O, by the box of Charley Fox, and by his unpaid wagers,
Shame 'tis, they swear, for hangman cocks to hang our truest stagers;
What if he cut the fellow's throat in fashion debonnaire, sir,
Tis only like our own Whig case, a bit the worse for *wear*, sir;
What if, after swallowing brains and blood, he ate pork chops like turtle,
Sure, don't *we* swallow anything? Alas! for Whig Jack Thurtell!

Lord Byron, gentleman is he, who writes for good Don Juan,
Huzzaed when my Lord Castlereagh achieved his life's undoing.
No Tory bard, that we have heard, so savage was or silly,
As to crow o'er cut-throat Whitbread Sam, or cut-throat Sam Romilly.
We laugh at them—they sigh with us—we hate them sow and farrow—
Yet now their groans will fly from them as thick as flights of arrow,
Which Mr Gray, in ode would say, through the dark air do hurtle,—
Moaning in concert with ourselves—Alas! for Whig Jack Thurtell!

He was a Whig—a true, true Whig—all property he hated
In funds or land, in purse or hand,—tithed, salaried, or estated.
When he saw a fob, he itch'd to rob, the genuine whiggish feeling;
No matter what kind was the job, fraud, larceny, cheating, stealing.
Were he a peer our proud career he'd rule in mansion upper,
In the Lower House, behind him Brougham would amble on the crupper,
Like Bennet Grey, or Scarlet J. he'd wield the poleaxe curtal
(My rhymes are out) 'gainst Ministers! Alas! for Whig Jack Thurtell!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow;
Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here, through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town."—

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;—
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle press'd the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
"No—no," she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town."—

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry.—
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why?"
——"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."—

REGINALD DALTON.

This book was originally announced to the public, if we mistake not, under the title of "The Youth of Reginald Dalton;" and we wish that title had been preserved, for it properly expresses the real aim and object of the work. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of a singularly powerful and original mind, widely versed in literature and book-knowledge, and keenly observant of human nature, as displayed on the stage of the world. There is a force and vigour in his style of thinking and writing, not excelled by any man of this age; and often, too, an elegance, a gracefulness, and a beauty, that come charmingly in among his more forceful delineations, and shew that he could, if he would, be equally effective in the touching and pathetic. He pours out all his thoughts, feelings, observations, remarks, fancies, whims, caprices, follies, sarcasms, and jocularities, with the same easy, we had almost said careless, spirit of lavish profusion. He seldom remains long on one key, but he strikes it strongly, till the corresponding chord in the heart vibrates to its centre. He rarely seems anxious to work up any effect, but seizes the main interest of the feeling or incident which he is dealing with; and having brought it out boldly, he proceeds forthwith on his career, and hurries forwards with a free, and sometimes impatient consciousness of strength, among new scenes, new emotions, and new characters. Accordingly, he is never wearisome nor languid; never exhausts a passion either in himself, the agents in his history, or his readers, but, by a constant succession of various feelings springing out of each other, keeps the scene busy, and the imagination on the alert, infusing life, spirit, bustle, and vivacity throughout the work during its whole progress, and almost always becoming, when he ceases to be impressive and impassioned, excessively amusing and entertaining,—and when he leaves the deeper feelings of our nature, almost always glancing over the surface of life with a truly engaging spirit of youthful elasticity, and a beaming freshness of youthful enjoyment that inspires cheerful sympathy, and makes one in love with the everyday world. It is evident that the volumes are written by one who, in the strength and prime of manhood, has not yet lost the animation and lightheartedness of youth. There is nothing young in the opinions, the reflections, the views of human life, when the writer addresses himself seriously and solemnly to the stronger and permanent principles of action in our nature, but there is much that is delightfully juvenile—puerile, if you will—in the by-play, the under-plot, the inferior incidents, and the depicting of the various auxiliary characters,—and the gravest and most formal personage that ever wore gown or wig, at bar, in pulpit, or in bench, must surely relax the sternness of his physiognomy at many of the ludicrous details of occurrences in stage-coaches, college-rows, gaudeamuses, and snug parties of well-educated wine-bibbers, and erudite devourers of the fat of the land, that permeate the book almost from beginning to end, and alternate most effectively with matters of very serious import, namely, with the sorrows of fatherly affection, the desolation of blasted hope, the agonies of repentant dissipation and prodigality, the cleaving curse of folly, the agonies and transports of baffled or requited love, and all the host of undistinguishable passions that often storm the soul of youth, and crowd into a few years as much delight and as much despair as is afterwards enjoyed or suffered between twenty and the tomb.

Now, it is pretty obvious, that in a book written on such principles, and by such an author, various faults of considerable magnitude, and of no unfrequent recurrence, will be found. For, in the first place, it is not always possible to escape in good time from the extreme levity, and the joyful absurdities of reckless boyhood or youth; and in indulging, *con amore*, in such strains of description, a writer, with a keen sense of the frolicsome, the ludicrous, and the piquant, must be in perpetual danger of offending, either by the untimely introduction of such mirthful topics, or by their undue prolongation, or by "a certain spice" of them remaining behind, even after a serious, solemn, or affecting appeal has been made to the better and higher

* Reginald Dalton. By the Author of Valerius and Adam Blair. 3 vols. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London. 1824.

feelings. This, we think, frequently happens throughout these volumes. The current of deeper emotion is too often checked or diverted; and although the book may not, on that account, be a less true picture of human life, nevertheless we expect human life, in all its varieties, to be something different, in a work of imagination, from what it is in reality. This author occasionally destroys his most complete and powerful illusions, as if he did so, either on purpose to startle and perplex, or because he himself really felt less at the time, than the readers, over whom his genius prevailed, and were more indifferent than they ever could be to the beings of his own creation.

But farther—the humour—the wit—the fun and frolic—the grotesque and the ludicrous—are sometimes not only out of place, but not very good in themselves, or if very good, yet not of a kind precisely which one is in the habit of meeting with in handsomely printed works in three thick volumes. Ever and anon our author waxeth facetious on other authors alive and merry like himself, deals out little biting and pinching quips modest, right and left, apparently without malice or meditation, but in mere *gaieté du cœur*. When he is in such moods, whatever comes uppermost, out it goes, so that more than once we thought we were reading this Magazine, and that Reginald Dalton was no other than Christopher North, in the gown of an under-graduate. Perhaps the names of about twenty living persons of eminence occur in a work which is one of mere fiction, and it is impossible to tell how strange is the effect of these flesh-and-blood gentlemen dining or drinking, or sitting on coach-boxes, or being introduced to Reginald Dalton and his fellow-phantoms. Instead of throwing an air of reality, and truth, and good faith over the narrative, it breaks the spell most teazingly, and more than once we have laid down our volume with a "says a frown to a smile," rather angry at being bammed and trotted by this capricious, wayward, and incurable quizzer.

To be done, for the present, with our enumeration of faults, we must take the liberty of hinting to this author, that, in the midst of his powerful, eloquent, and idiomatic English, he, too often, lets slip words, phrases, epithets, and modes of expression, that border upon the coarse and vulgar—grate upon the ear at least, if not upon the mind, and occasionally impair, in some measure, the beauty of his most overwhelming or exquisite descriptions. Perhaps something of this is unavoidable in a style so natural, bold, and flowing; but the tendency to it may at least be controlled; and if we are offended by such maculæ in his next work, we shall present him with a list of those in the present, some of which he will be surprised at and correct, while probably he will suffer others to remain, that they may furnish matter for philological criticism to the "influential" writers in the New Monthly, and other periodical lights of our southern hemisphere.

The purpose of this original and powerful writer, is to paint a bold portrait of the youth of a well-born, well-educated Englishman. He is not to place him in any very conspicuous or commanding situation, to bring over, and around him, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, to envelope him in the light of genius, or to endow him with the power and privilege of exalted rank, but to shew him, as a youth of good birth, fair prospects, excellent talents, strong feelings,—and then to let him take his choice for good or for evil among the causes for ever at work to shape out our destiny. Perhaps there rarely ever existed one individual, of any strong powers of thinking and feeling, the history of whose youth would not, in many respects, be extremely interesting. Independent of the workings of heart and spirit, and the formation and fluctuation of character, it would probably exhibit not a few impressive and interesting, perhaps striking and remarkable incidents, either in itself, or intimately connected with it, or with the fates and fortunes of other families. Accordingly, Reginald Dalton is represented as the son of a country rector, and we are first made acquainted with him, while yet living under the loving tuition of his father, a widower, whose heart was wholly bound up in Reginald, his only son. During half of the first volume, we become so far acquainted with this retired ecclesiastic, and his concerns, as to feel no ordinary interest both in him and Reginald. We learn that an ample and

old hereditary estate, Grypherwast-Hall, will probably, (if there is no foul play, of the likelihood of which, however, there are some hints thrown out,) become the rightful possession of our young hero. And we must say, that although of late years, property in lands or gold has become somewhat too frequently the foundation of the interest and incidents of fictitious compositions, yet, in this instance, many extremely interesting feelings are collected round it, and we are made very early in the story to hope, desire, and pray, that our friends, the Daltons, may one day get possession of Grypherwast, and its spacious and well-cultivated farms of rich wheat land. Reginald is undoubtedly a fine youth, from the little we see of him; and Mr Dalton's appearance, manner, conversation, pursuits, and character, are revealed to us by the touches of a master's hand. There is something earnestly, calmly, and yet deeply affecting in the elegant and still seclusion of the life of the melancholy scholar and gentleman, over whom hangs the shadow of solicitude and fear for an only son just about to leave him for the first time, and over whose future prospects a darkness seems to hang, which yet may possibly be dispelled. An air of pensive elegance breathes over the beautiful vicarage of Llanwell, and, without effort of any kind, the author has succeeded in making most pathetic and affecting the yearning affection of the pious and widowed father, and the reverential love of his yet unstained and innocent son.

We cannot but give one extract from this part of the history. Reginald had, by clandestinely reading a forbidden book, come to the knowledge of his being in the line of heirdom to Grypherwast,—and his pleasure in knowing this is dashed by the conviction that he had disobliged his father's commands.

"Reginald had read this last paragraph, I take it, a dozen times over—then ruminated on its contents—and then returned to it again with yet undiminished interest; and the book was, in short, still lying open before him, when he heard the sound of his father's approach. The Vicar seemed to be trotting at a pretty brisk pace; and, without taking time to reflect, the boy obeyed his first impulse, which was to tie up the parcel again, so as to conceal that he had looked into the book.

"It was not that Reginald felt any consciousness of having done wrong in opening this packet—that he laboured under any guilty shame—that he was anxious to escape from the detection of meanness. Had twenty letters, addressed to his father, been lying before him with their seals broken, he was entirely incapable of looking into one of them. He had had, at the moment when he opened the packet, no more notion, intention, or suspicion of violating confidence, or intruding upon secrecy, than he should have had in taking down any given volume from the shelves of his father's library. His feeling simply was, that he hastily indeed, and almost involuntarily, but still by his own act, put himself in possession of a certain piece of knowledge, which, for whatever reason, his parent had deemed it proper to withhold from him. To erase the impression that had been made on his mind, on his memory, was impossible; but to save his father the pain of knowing that any such impression had been made there, appeared to be quite possible; and so, without taking time to balance remoter consequences or contingencies, Reginald followed, as I have said, the first motion of a mind, the powers of which had hitherto acknowledged the almost undivided sway of paternal influence, and from no motive but one of filial tenderness for his father's feelings, he endeavoured, as well as he could, to restore to the packet its original appearance.

"Having done so, he awaited his entrance quietly, with a book in his hand. Dinner was served up shortly afterwards, and they quitted the library together, without Mr Dalton's having taken any notice of the packet.

"Soon after the repast was concluded, he rose from the table, and Reginald heard him re-enter the library by himself. Perhaps half an hour might have elapsed, when he rung his bell, and the boy heard him say to the servant who obeyed the summons, 'Go to Master Reginald, and tell him I want to speak with him.'—There was something in the manner of his saying these words that struck Reginald at the moment as unusual; but the man delivered his message with a smiling face, and he persuaded himself, ere he rose to attend his father, that this must have been merely the work of his own imagination.

"When he entered the library, however, he perceived, at one glance, that there was heaviness on his father's brow.

'Reginald,' he said, in a low tone of voice, 'I fear you have been guilty of deceit—you have been trying to deceive your father, my boy—Is it not so?'

"Reginald could not bear the seriousness of his looks, and threw his eyes upon the table before him; he saw the packet lying open there, and then again meeting Mr Dalton's eye, felt himself to be blushing intensely.

"'You need not speak, Reginald,' he proceeded, 'I see how it is. Look, sir, there was a letter in this packet when you opened it, and you dropt it on the floor as you were fastening it again. It is not your opening the packet that I complain of, but when you tied these cords again, you were telling *a lie* to your father—Yes, Reginald, you have told a lie this day. I would fain hope it is the first you ever told—I pray God it may be the last! What was your motive?'

"Poor Reginald stood trembling before him—alas! for the misery of deceit! Conscious though he was that he had meant no wrong—conscious though he was that had he loved his father less tenderly, had he revered him less awfully, he should have escaped this rebuke at least—his tongue was tied, and he could not muster courage enough even to attempt vindicating himself by the truth.

"Involuntarily he fell upon his knee, but Mr Dalton instantly bade him rise again.

"'Nay, nay, Reginald, kneel not to me. You humble yourself *here*, not for the sin, but the detection. Retire to your chamber, my boy, and kneel there to HIM who witnessed your offence at the moment it was committed.' He waved his hand as he said so, and Reginald Dalton for the first time quitted his father's presence with a bleeding heart.

"By this time the evening was somewhat advanced; but there was still enough of day-light remaining to make him feel his bed-chamber an unnatural place for being in. He sat down and wept like a child by the open window, gazing inertly now and then through his tears upon the beautiful scenery, which had heretofore ever appeared in unison with a serene and happy spirit. With how different eyes did he now contemplate every well-known feature of the smiling landscape! How dull, dead, oppressive, was the calm of sunset—how melancholy the slow and inaudible waving of the big green boughs—how intolerable the wide steady splendour of the lake and western sky!

"I hope there is no one, who, from the strength and sturdiness of his manhood, can cast back an unmoved eye upon the softness, the delicacy, the open sensitiveness of a young and virgin heart—who can think without regret of those happy days, when the moral heaven was so uniformly clear, that the least passing vapour was sufficient to invest it with the terrors of gloom—of the pure open bosom that could be shaken to the centre by one grave glance from the eye of affection—of the blessed tears that sprung unbidden, that flowed unscalding, more sweet than bitter—the kindly pang that thrilled and left no scar—the humble gentle sorrow, that was not Penitence—only because it needed not Sin to go before it.

"Reginald did not creep into his bed until the long weary twilight had given place to a beautiful star-light night. By that time his spirits had been effectually exhausted, so that slumber soon took possession of him.

"But he had not slept long ere he was awakened, suddenly, but gently, by a soft trembling kiss on his forehead; he opened his eyes, and saw Mr Dalton standing near his bed-side in his dressing-gown. The star-light, that shewed the outline of the figure, came from behind, so that the boy could not see his father's face, and he lay quite quiet on his pillow.

"In a little while Mr Dalton turned away—but ere he did so, the boy heard distinctly, amidst the midnight silence, a whiper of *God bless my child!*—Reginald felt that his father had not been able to sleep without blessing him—he felt the reconciling influence fall upon his spirit like a dew from heaven, and he sunk again lightly and softly into his repose."

There are a few other such touching passages as this in the first two hundred pages of the first volume, but sprightliness is their prevailing character. We are introduced to several of the personages, male and female, who are afterwards to figure in the history. But we never could write an abstract of anything, nor, if we could, would it now benefit our readers, for the merit of this book is not in the story, but in the sentiments, the situations, the descriptions, and the characters.

At page 187, Reginald Dalton leaves Lancashire for Oxford, in the Admiral Nelson coach, which is for a few stages driven by his friend Frederick Chisney, a dashing Christchurch-man, who afterwards plays a conspicuous part in this short eventful history. The journey to Oxford, including a good upset, is given somewhat at too great length, but with infinite spirit; and we are made acquainted with another

of the chief dramatis personæ in Mr Macdonald, W.S. Edinburgh, a pawky carle,—we ought rather to say, a knowing knave,—who in good time developes out into a character most forbidding and formidable. The insides talk away in a very amusing manner, and we were just going to quote a bit of bam and balderdash from their various argumentations, and wranglings, and sparring, when we came suddenly on the following description of an English landscape. We quote it as a striking example of the sudden splendour of imagination with which this writer often lights up what he beholds, whether it be a mental or material vision, and the capricious wilfulness with which he as suddenly flings himself away from it, and turns off to other images of a lower, and even ludicrous kind, but which, notwithstanding, are made, by the power of genius, to blend, without offence, in the richness or magnificence of the picture.

"Never had Reginald opened his eyes on that richest—and perhaps grandest, too—of all earthly prospects, a mighty English plain, until he saw it in all its perfection from the Hill of Haynam, that spot where Charles Edward, according to the local tradition, stood rooted below a sycamore, and gazing with a fervour of admiration, which even rising despair could not check, uttered the pathetic exclamation,—'Alas! this is England.' The boundless spread of beauty and of grandeur—for even hedges and hedge-rows are woven by distance into the semblance of one vast wood—the apparent ease—the wealth—the splendour—the limitless magnificence—the minute elaborate comfort—the picturesque villages—the busy towns—the embosomed spires—the stately halls—the ancestral groves—everything, the assemblage of which stamps 'England herself alone'—they all lay before him, and there needed no 'Alas!' to preface his confession.—But as to the particulars, are they not written in John Britton, F.A.S.?—And who is it that has not seen all that Reginald saw, just as well as he? Who is not acquainted with the snug unpretending little inns, with their neatly papered parlours, and prints of Hambletonian and Lord Granby, and handy waiters, and neat-fingered waiting-maids, and smiling landladies, and bowing landlords, and good dinners smoking in sight of the stopping coach? and the large noisy bustling inns, with travellers' rooms full of saddle-bags and dread-noughts, and tobacco-smoke and Welsh-rabbits, enormous hams and jugs of porter, and stained newspapers, and dog-eared Directories, and chattering, joking, waiter-awing bagmen, and civil contemplative Quakers,

> 'Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
> All silent, and all——'?

and the charming airy country towns 'near a shady grove and a murmuring brook,' with cleanly young girls seen over the Venetian blinds, in the act of rubbing comfortable old fellows' bald pates—and other comfortable old fellows just mounting their easy pad-nags to ride out a mile—and other cleanly young girls laying the tablecloth for 'roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal?'—and the filthy large towns, with manufactories and steam-engines, and crowded sloppy streets, and doctors' bottles, 'green and blue,' in the windows? and the stately little cities, with the stately little parsons walking about them, two or three abreast, in well-polished shoes, and blameless silk aprons some of them, and grand old churches, and spacious well-built *closes*, and trim gardens, and literary spinsters?—We have all of us seen these things—and they are all of them good in their several ways. We have all been at such places as Preston, and Manchester, and Birmingham, and Litchfield. We have all seen *statesman* Brougham's paddock, and listened to

> 'Long-Preston Peggy to Proud-Preston went,
> For to see the bould rebels it was her intent.'

We have all heard of Whitaker's History, and the late Dr Ferrier, and the Literary and Philosophical Society of the 'Mancunian Mart.' We have all admired Soho, and pin-making, and Chantry's bust of James Watt. We have all heard of Anna Seward, and sighed over her lines on the death of Major André; and sympathized with the indignation of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. at the 'damned good-natured friend,' who asked across the table for Mrs Edgeworth and the babies, just when he and Anna were opening the trenches of their flirtation. And we have all seen the house where Samuel Johnson's father sold books; and many of us have (like Reginald) walked half-a-mile farther, on purpose to see the willow which 'Surly Sam' himself planted in Tetsy's daughter's garden. And we have all been at Stratford-upon-Avon, and written our names in black lead upon the wall, and heard that old body that says she is Shakespeare's great-great-great-great-great-great-grand-niece-in-law, spout the opening scene of her 'WATERLOO, A TRAGEDY.'

'Dear Captain Brown, the postman has been here,
And you look sad———
Now, marry, say not so;
But the regiment has at last received its orders,
And I must take my seat for the Isle o' Wight.
Farewell, farewell, dear Kate,' &c. &c.

"If you have ever happened to travel that road about the end of October, you have probably seen a great deal even of the more transitory and occasional sort of things that fell under the inspection of Reginald and his companions. You have probably observed abundance of rosy-cheeked old Staffordshire parsons, in grey-worsted stockings, seeing their sons into the Oxford-bound coach, just below the rectory ha-ha. You have been annoyed with the troops of empty, talking, consequential, beardless 'men,' chattering to each other about 'First Class' and 'Second Class'—Sir Roger Newdigate's prize-poem—the Dean of Christchurch—Coplestone's pamphlets—and the Brazen-nose Eight-oar. You have been amused with the smug tutors, in tight stocking pantaloons and gaiters, endeavouring to shew how completely they can be easy, well-bred, well-informed men of the world, when they have not their masters' gowns upon their backs—hazarding a jocular remark, perhaps, even to an undergraduate the one moment, and biting their lips, and drawing themselves up, the moment after. You have been distrest with their involuntary quotations from Joe Miller and the Quarterly Review; and if you have taken a second 'cheerer' with them after supper, you may have been regaled with some classical song out of the Sausage—'the swapping, swapping Mallard'—or,

'Your voices, brave boys, one and all I bespeak 'em,
In due celebration of William of Wickham;
Let our chorus maintain, whether sober or mellow,
That old Billy Wickham was a very fine fellow,' &c.

"You have not, indeed, it is most probable, enjoyed the advantage of hearing and seeing all these fine things in company with a sturdy Presbyterian Whig, grinning one grim and ghastly smile all the time, reviling all things, despising all things, and puffing himself up with all things; but, nevertheless, you would in all likelihood think a fuller description no better than a bore."

At last the Admiral Nelson stops before the Angel Inn, and Reginald Dalton is in Oxford. Madam de Stael, and the reverend Mr Eustace, and Forsyth the school-master, and many dozen and scores of other blue-legged people, have informed the world in print, how they felt when first they beheld—Rome. We remember thinking all their descriptions very fine at the time, and we ourselves have in our portfolio our description of our own feelings on the same memorable occasion; not a little superior, unless we greatly err, to them all; but not superior—not equal to the following short and unambitious burst about beautiful, august, and venerable—Oxford.

"Tax not the prince or peer with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the architect—who plann'd
(Albeit labouring far a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only) some immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence.

"So says (*O! si sic omnia!*) a great living poet; and, in truth, a very prosaic animal must he be, who for the first time traverses that noble and ancient City of the Muses, without acknowledging the influences of the GENIUS LOCI; and never was man or youth less ambitious of resisting such influences than Reginald Dalton. Born and reared in a wild sequestered province, he had never seen any great town of any sort, until he began the journey now just about to be concluded. Almost at the same hour of the preceding evening, he had entered Birmingham; and what a contrast was here! No dark narrow brick lanes, crowded with waggons—no flaring shop-windows, passed and repassed by jostling multitudes—no discordant cries, no sights of tumult, no ring of anvils—everything wearing the impress of a grave, peaceful stateliness—hoary towers, antique battlements, airy porticos, majestic colonnades, following each other in endless succession on either side—lofty poplars and elms ever and anon lifting their heads against the sky, as if from the heart of those magnificent seclusions—wide, spacious, solemn streets—everywhere a monastic stillness and a Gothic grandeur.—Excepting now and then some solitary gowned man pacing slowly in the moonlight, there was not a soul in the High-street; nor, excepting here and there a lamp twinkling in 'some high lonely tower,' where some one might, or might not, be 'unsphering the spirit of Plato,' was there anything to shew that the venerable buildings which lined it were actually inhabited."

At the Angel Inn, Mr Macdonald introduces Reginald to Mr Keith, a Scotchman and a Roman Catholic priest settled in Oxford, who afterwards proves one of the most original and most delightful old men in the world. These cronies use towards each other the privilege of ancient friendship, or at least of old acquaintanceship, and several rallies occur in

which the antagonists are alternately driven, in the most spirited manner, but to the manifest advantage of the priest, to the ropes. Reginald listens with intense interest to the old priest's narrative of his own and niece's escape from drowning; and well he might, for a more powerful and terrible picture of danger, and fear, and death, never was painted.

"'Well, sir, we did get on,' he proceeded; 'and we got on bravely and gaily too, for a time, till all at once, sirs, the Bauer-knecht, that rode before us, halted. The mist, you will observe, had been clearing away pretty quickly on the right hand, but it was dark enough towards the front, and getting darker and darker; but we thought nought on't till the boy pulled up. 'Meinherr, Meinherr!' cried the fellow, 'I am afraid I hear the water.' He stopt for a moment, and then said, 'Stay you for a moment where you are, and I'll soon see whether we are right.' With that, off he went, as if the devil was at his tail; and we, what could we do—we stood like two stocks—and poor little Ellen, she looked into my face so woefully, that I wished to God we were both safe in the blackest hole of Bieche. In short, I suppose he had not galloped half a bow-shot, ere we quite lost sight of the fellow, but for several minutes more we could hear his horse's hoofs on the wet sand. We lost that too—and then, sirs, there came another sound, but what it was we could not at first bring ourselves to understand. Ellen stared me in the face again, with a blank look, you may swear; and, 'Good God!' said she at last, 'I am certain it's the sea, uncle?'—'No, no!' said I, 'listen, listen! I'm sure you are deceived.' She looked and listened, and so did I, sirs, keenly enough; and, in a moment, there came a strong breath of wind, and away went the mist driving, and we heard the regular heaving and rushing of the waters. 'Ride, ride, my dear uncle,' cried Ellen, 'or we are lost;' and off we both went, galloping as hard as we could away from the waves. My horse was rather the stronger one of the pair, but at length he began to pant below me, and just then the mist dropt down again thicker and thicker right and left, and I pulled up in a new terror, lest we should be separated; but Ellen was alongside in a moment, and, faith, however it was, she had more calmness with her than I could muster. She put out her hand, poor girl, and grasped mine, and there we remained for, I dare say, two or three minutes, our horses, both of them, quite blown, and we knowing no more than the man in the moon where we were, either by the village or our headland.'

"The old gentleman paused for a moment, and then went on in a much lower tone—'I feel it all as if it were *now*, sirs; I was like a man bewildered in a dream. I have some dim sort of remembrance of my beast pawing and plashing with his fore feet, and looking down and seeing some great slimy eels—never were such loathsome wretches—twisting and twirling on the sand, which, by the way, was more water than sand ere that time. I also recollect a screaming in the air, and then a flapping of wings close to my ear almost, and then a great cloud of the sea-mews driving over us away into the heart of the mist. Neither of us said anything, but we just began to ride on again, though, God knows, we knew nothing of whither we were going; but we still kept hand in hand. We rode a good space, till that way also we found ourselves getting upon the sea; and so round and round, till we were at last convinced the water had completely hemmed us all about. There were the waves trampling, trampling towards us, whichever way we turned our horses' heads, and the mist was all this while thickening more and more; and if a great cloud of it was dashed away now and then with the wind, why, sirs, the prospect was but the more rueful, for the sea was round us every way. Wide and far we could see nothing but the black water, and the waves leaping up here and there upon the sand-banks.

"'Well, sir, the poor dumb horses, they backed of themselves as the waters came gushing towards us. Looking round, snorting, snuffing, and pricking their ears, the poor things seemed to be as sensible as ourselves to the sort of condition we were all in; and while Ellen's hand wrung mine more and more closely, they also, one would have thought, were always shrinking nearer and nearer to each other, just as they had had the same kind of feelings. Ellen, I cannot tell you what her behaviour was. I don't believe there's a bold man in Europe would have behaved so well, sirs. Her cheek was white enough, and her lips were as white as if they had never had a drop of blood in them; but her eye, God bless me! after the first two or three minutes were over, it was as clear as the bonniest blue sky ye ever looked upon. I, for my part, I cannot help saying it, was, after a little while, more grieved, far more, about her than myself. I am an old man, sirs, and what did it signify? but to see her at blithe seventeen—But, however, why

should I make many words about all that? I screamed, and screamed, and better screamed, but she only squeezed my hand, and shook her head, as if it was all of no avail. I had shouted till I was as hoarse as a raven, and was just going to give up all farther thoughts of making any exertion; for, in truth, I began to feel benumbed and listless all over, my friends—when we heard a gun fired. We heard it quite distinctly, though the mist was so thick that we could see nothing. I cried then; you may suppose how I cried; and Ellen too, though she had never opened her lips before, cried as lustily as she could. Again the gun was fired, and again we answered at the top of our voices; and then, God bless me!—was there ever such a moment? We heard the dashing of the oars, and a strong breeze lifted the mist like a curtain from before us, and there was a boat—a jolly ten-oar boat, sheering right through the waters towards us, perhaps about a couple of hundred yards off. A sailor on the bow hailed and cheered us; but you may imagine how far gone we were, when I tell you that I scarcely took notice it was in English the man cried to us.

"'In five minutes we were safe on board. They were kind, as kind as could be—good jolly English boys, every soul of them. Our boor lad was sitting in the midst of them with a brandy bottle at his head; and, poor soul, he had need enough of comfort, to be sure, for to Heligoland he must go—and three horses lost, of course—besides the anxiety of his friends.

"'It was a good while ere I got my thoughts anyways collected about me. Ellen, poor thing, sat close nestled beside me, shaking all over like a leaf. But yet it was she that first spoke to me, and upon my soul, I think her face was more woeful than it had ever been when we were in our utmost peril; it was a sore sight truly, that had made it so, and the poor lassie's heart was visibly at the bursting. There were our two horses—the poor dumb beasts—what think ye of it?—there they were, both of them, swimming just by the stern of the boat. And our honest Bauer, God bless me! the tears were running over his face while he looked at them; and by and by one of the poor creatures made an exertion and came off the side of the boat where the lad sat, quite close to ourselves, with an imploring look and a whining cry that cut me to the very heart. Ellen sat and sobbed by me, but every now and then she bolted up, and it was all I could do to hold her in her place. At last the poor beast made two or three most violent plunges, and reared himself half-way out of the water, coming so near the boat, that one of the men's oars struck him on the head; and with that he groaned most pitifully, snorted, neighed, and plunged again for a moment, and then there was one loud, shrill cry, I never heard such a terrible sound since I was born, and away he drifted astern of us.—We saw him after a very little while had passed, going quite passively the way the current was running, the other had done so just before; but I've been telling you a very long story, and perhaps you'll think about very little matters too. As for ourselves, we soon reached one of the transports that Sir George Stuart had sent to fetch off the brave Brunswickers; and though the rascally Danes kept firing at us in a most cowardly manner, whenever we were obliged to come near their side on the tack, they were such miserable hands at their guns, that not one shot ever came within fifty yards of one vessel that was there. It would have been an easy matter to have burnt Bremerlee about their ears, but the Duke was anxious to have his poor fellows in their quarters—God knows, they had had a sore campaign one way and another—and so we only gave them a few shots, just to see them skipping about upon the sand, and so passed them all, and got safe out of the Weser. We reached Heligoland next day, and then, you know, we were at home among plenty of English, and Ellen nursed my rheumatics: and as soon as I was able to move, we came over in one of the King's packets, and here we are, alive and kicking—I will say it once more—in *merry England.*'"

Shortly after, an infernal row takes place in the High Street, and Reginald accompanies the good old priest to his house, to guard him from any menacing danger. Lo! the vision rises before him at the door of that humble dwelling, which never afterwards is to fade from his brain—and certainly a lovelier vision never thrilled the heart-strings, nor stirred the blood in the veins of youth.

"A soft female voice said from within, 'Who's there?'

"'It's me, my darling,' answered the old man, and the door was opened. A young girl, with a candle in her hand, appeared in the entrance, and uttered something anxiously and quickly in a language which Reginald did not understand. 'Mein susses kind,' he answered—'my bonny lassie, it's a mere scart, just a flea-bite—I'm all safe and sound, thanks to this young gentleman.—Mr Dalton, allow me to have the honour of presenting

you to my niece, Miss Hesketh. Miss Hesketh, Mr Dalton. But we shall all be better acquainted hereafter, I trust.'

"The old man shook Reginald most affectionately by the hand, and repeating his request that he should go instantly home, he entered the house—the door was closed—and Reginald stood alone upon the way. The thing had past in a single instant, yet when the vision withdrew, the boy felt as if that angel-face could never quit his imagination. So fair, so pensive—yet so sweet and light a smile—such an air of hovering, timid grace—such a clear, soft eye—such raven silken tresses beneath that flowing veil—never had his eye beheld such a creature—it was as if he had had one momentary glimpse into some purer, happier, lovelier world than this.

"He stood for some moments rivetted to the spot where this beautiful vision had gleamed upon him. He looked up and saw, as he thought, something white at one of the windows—but that too was gone; and, after a little while, he began to walk back slowly into the city. He could not, however, but pause again for a moment when he reached the bridge; the tall fair tower of Magdalene appeared so exquisitely beautiful above its circling groves,—and there was something so soothing to his imagination, (pensive as it was at the moment,) in the dark flow of the Charwell gurgling below him within its fringe of willows. He stood leaning over the parapet, enjoying the solemn loveliness of the scene, when of a sudden, the universal stillness was disturbed once more by a clamour of rushing feet and impetuous voices."

Reginald is sinking down through dream and vision, and love has in a moment possessed him with its imaginative joy. The bashful inexperienced boy from his father's study, where he had lived till eighteen years among books and tranquil musings, is struck below the shadows of the magnificent towers of Oxford by the sudden and passionate perception of overpowering beauty. Was this fair creature, seen but for a moment, and then shut up from him in the silence and solitude of that old man's cell, the fearless one who had so behaved in that dreadful night of the sea-storm? These and other thoughts were rendering Reginald unaware of the beauty of Magdalen Tower and the moonlight and starry heavens, when his love-dream was broken in upon—by the revival of a row.

"He was hailed by the old cry, 'Town or Gown?' when he came near them; but before he could make any answer, Frederick Chisney reeled from the midst of the group, and exclaimed, seizing him by the collar, 'Oh you dog, where have you been hiding yourself? I called at both the Star and the King's Arms for you—Here, my hearties, here's my gay young freshman — here's my Westmoreland Johnny Raw'—he went on, hickuping between every word—'here's my friend, Reginald Dalton, boys, we'll initiate him in style.'

"Reginald was instantly surrounded by a set of young fellows, all evidently very much flustered with wine, who saluted him with such violent shaking of hands, as is only to be expected from the 'Baccho pleni,' or acquaintances of ten years' standing."

Gentle reader! pardon us while we lay down the pen, and indulge in some tender recollections. We have done so—we wipe away the tears from our eyes—and present you with the affecting passage which has so overwhelmed us with a crowd of delightful remembrances.

"In short, by this time the High-street of Oxford exhibited a scene as different from its customary solemnity and silence, as it is possible to imagine. Conceive several hundreds of young men in caps, or gowns, or both, but all of them, without exception, wearing some part of their academical insignia, retreating before a band rather more numerous, made up of apprentices, journeymen, labourers, bargemen—a motley mixture of every thing that, in the phrase of that classical region, passes under the generic name of *Raff*. Several casual disturbances had occurred in different quarters of the town, a thing quite familiar to the last and all preceding ages, and by no means uncommon even in those recent days, whatever may be the case *now*. Of the host of youthful academics, just arrived for the beginning of the term, a considerable number had, as usual, been quartered for this night in the different inns of the city. Some of these, all full of wine and mischief, had first rushed out and swelled a mere passing scuffle into something like a substantial *row*. Herds of the town-boys, on the other hand, had been rapidly assembled by the magic influence of their accustomed war-cry. The row once formed into regular shape in The Corn-market, the clamour had penetrated walls, and overleapt battlements; from College to College the madness had spread and flown. Porters had been knocked down

in one quarter, iron-bound gates forced in another, and the rope-ladder, and the sheet-ladder, and the headlong leap, had all been put into requisition, with as much eager, frantic, desperate zeal, as if every old monastic tower had been the scene of an unquenchable fire, every dim cloistered quadrangle of a yawning earthquake. In former days, as I have asserted, such things were of familiar occurrence. There is an old rhyme which says,

'Chronica si penses, cum pugnent Oxonienses,
Post aliquot menses, volat ira per Angliginenses.'

Had such disturbances been interpreted as *pugnæ*, England could never have enjoyed five years of peace since she was the kingdom of kingdoms. But it was not so; they were regarded as but the casual effervescences of juvenile spirit, and no serious consequences ever attached or attributed to their occurrence.†

"But to our story. Chisney and his companions, the wine of the Black Bear of Woodstock still fuming in their brains, were soon in the midst of the retreating togati; and our friend Reginald, drest in the splendid attire of a Doctor of Physic, could scarcely, under all the circumstances, be blamed for following their guidance. Jem Brank stuck close to the party, wielding in his fist the fine gold-headed cane of Mr Alderman Plumridge. At the same instant, a dozen or two of stout young fellows rushed out from Queen's and University, and the front began to stand firm once more; while the animating shouts of these new allies were heard with fear and dismay by their assailants, who never doubted that the whole of New College had turned out, and who had on many former occasions been taught abundantly, that the elèves of William of Wickham can handle the single-stick with as much grace as ever their great founder did the wreathed crosier.

"It was now that a terrible conflict ensued—a conflict, the fury of which might have inspired lightness, vigour, and elasticity, even into the paragraphs of a Bentham, or the hexameters of a Southey—had either or both of these eminent persons been there to witness—better still had they been there to partake in, the genial phrenzy. It was now that 'The Science' (to use the language of Thalaba) 'made itself to be *felt*.' It was now that (in the words of Wordsworth) 'the power of cudgels was a visible thing.' It was now that many a gown covered, as erst that of the Lady Christabelle,

'Half a bosom and a side
A sight to dream of, not to see.'

It was now that there was no need for that pathetic apostrophe of another living Sonnetteer—

'Away all specious, pliancy of mind
In men of low degree!'

For it was now that the strong Bargeman of Isis, and the strong Batchelor of Brazen-nose, rushed together 'like two clouds with thunder laden,' and that the old reproach of 'Baculo potius,' &c., was for ever done away with. It was now that the Proctor, even the portly Proctor, shewed that he had sat at the feet of other Jacksons besides Cyril;—

'For he that came to preach, remained to play.'

"In a word, there was an elegant tussle, which lasted for five minutes, opposite to the side-porch of All-Souls. There the townsmen gave way; but being pursued with horrible oaths and blows as far as Carfax, they rallied again under the shadow of that sacred edifice; and received there a welcome reinforcement from the purlieus of the Staffordshire Canal, and the ingenuous youth of Penny-farthing Street. Once more the tide of war was turned; the gowned phalanx gave back—surly and slow, indeed, but still they did give back. On rolled the adverse and swelling tide with their 'few plain instincts and their few plain rules.' At every College gate sounded, as the retreating band passed its venerable precincts, the loud, the shrilly summons of —'Gown! Gown!'—while down each murky plebeian alley, the snoring mechanic doffed his night-cap to the alarum of —'Town! Town!' Long and loud the tumult continued in its fearful rage, and much excellent work was accomplished. Long and lasting shall be the tokens of its wrath—long shall be the faces of Pegge, Wall, Kidd, (and light shall be their hearts,) as they walk their rounds to-morrow morning—long shall be the stately stride of Ireland, and long the clysterpipe of West—long and deep shall be the probing of thy skilful lancet, O Tuckwell; and long shall all your bills be, and long, very long, shall it be ere some of them are paid. Yet, such the gracious accident, homicide was not.

"A third furious battle took place on that fair and spacious area which intervenes between Magdalene's reverend front and the Botanic Garden. But the constables of the city, and the bull-dogs of the University, here at last uniting their forces, plunged their sturdy wedge into the

† "Though Hartford College has been erased from the list, I should hope the window, from which Charles Fox made that illustrious leap upon one of these occasions, has been spared by the piety of the present Chancellor."

thickest mass of the confusion. Many, on both sides, were right glad of a decent excuse, and dispersion followed. But up towards Holywell, and down towards Love Lane, and away over the waters of Charwell toward St Clement's parish, the war still lingered in fragments, and was renewed at intervals.

"Reginald, although a nimble and active young fellow, broad in the chest, narrow in the pelvis, thick in the neck, and lightsome in the region of the bread-basket, a good leaper, and a runner among ten thousand, was not, as has been formerly mentioned, a fencer; neither was he a wrestler, nor a boxer, nor an expert hand at the baton. These were accomplishments, of which, his education having, according to Mr Macdonald's taunt, been 'negleckit,' he had yet received scarcely the slightest tincture. The consequence was, that upon the whole, though his exertions were neither few nor far between, he was, if mauling were sin, fully more sinned against than sinning. The last thing he could charge his memory withal, when he afterwards endeavoured to arrange its 'disjecta fragmenta,' was the vision of a brawny arm uplifted over against him, and the moon shedding her light very distinctly upon the red spoke of a coach-wheel, with which that arm appeared to be intimately connected."

Reginald is not killed—but, fortunately, knocked down insensible—and next morning awakes in the house of —Mr Keith. What young man, with blood in his veins, or fibres in his heart, would not have thanked the stars that shone over the row that eventually seated him at the breakfast-table with such a creature as Helen Hesketh? Last night he had but a transient glimpse of her moonlight beauty; but now she smiles upon him steady and serene as the morning.

"She spoke to him easily, kindly, gaily—praised him for his interference in Mr Keith's favour—half-roguishly questioned him about the after events of the evening—gave him playful little hints about the propriety of keeping out of such scrapes for the future; and all this she did in pure English, but with an accent about which there was something not less distinctly foreign than there was in the whole of her own appearance dress, and demeanour. A beautiful girl indeed she was—a smile of gentle fearless innocence sat enthroned in her soft dark eyes; and if now and then a shade of pensiveness hovered over their drooping lids, it was chased in a moment by the returning radiance of that young and virgin glee. Her rich raven tresses were gathered beneath a silken net upon the back part of her head, leaving the fair open front entirely unshaded; and this, together with the style of her dress, which was plainer, fuller, and infinitely more *modest* than was at that time fashionable among English ladies, and the little golden cross, hung from a rosary of black beads about her neck, gave to the *toute ensemble* a certain grave and nun-like character—not perhaps the less piquant on account of the contrast which that presented to the cheerful and airy grace of her manners. There was such a total artlessness about everything Miss Hesketh said and did, that Reginald, although but little accustomed to the society of young unmarried ladies, and full enough of those indescribable feelings which generally render unsophisticated young people shy and reserved in their first intercourse with others of a different sex, could not withstand the charming fascination, but spoke and smiled in his turn as if they had been old acquaintance.

"How much of this ease on both sides might be the effect of the gay and kind old gentleman's presence, I cannot pretend to say. In all such cases, the influence of a *tertium quid* is, without question, powerful; and the fact is certain, that when, on a knock of rather alarming loudness coming to the door of the house, Mr Keith went out of the apartment in which they were sitting, the young couple, left to themselves, became suddenly as reserved as they had the minute before been the reverse. They were both sitting in silence—trifling, the one with his tea-spoon, and the other with her rosary, when, after the interval of a minute or two, Mr Keith re-entered the parlour in company with Frederick Chisney."

This alternation between scenes of all the headlong and senseless violence of youth, rioting in the uncontrollable revelry of excited animal spirits, and others of beautiful repose, and of the first awakenings of the purest and most delightful of passions that can penetrate the inmost soul, will no doubt startle, has no doubt startled, many grave, old, and young persons of both sexes; but we hope and believe, that with real "boys and virgins" it will stir and arouse the imagination and the heart. Throughout all these extraordinary movements, too, one cannot help thinking of the wonder and astonishment of Reginald

Dalton himself, and fancying what he felt and thought of her who was about to become his ALMA MATER. What a contrast to the stillness and seclusion of his good father's rectory! What are they doing in Lancashire—old Mrs Elizabeth—that elderly and amiable Grimalkin Barbara—the gouty, brandy-nosed Squire—my butler—and the parishioners at large? A couple of days have wrought strange and deep alteration on his spirit—his knowledge is already extended—his eye sees what before had no visible existence—his ear has had notices of heavenly sounds—and Reginald, last week a mere boy, who wept to leave his father's house, and the shadow of the elms under which he had played and walked, and read Virgil and Tacitus, and Homer and Demosthenes—for he was the son of a scholar—is now a man—for he has fought and bled in the wars of the Togati and Non-Togati, and seen her whom he is to remember night and day and for ever.

Reginald is in love, and his pure admiration of Helen Hesketh is increased by the common-place and dull ribaldry of his acquaintance Chisney, who sports his gibes on the old priest and this his pretty *niece*. Chisney is one of those knowing and profound persons, who see evil, or cause of suspicion of evil, in every show of life, and all its most endearing and innocent relations, when the condition of that life is in some degree below their own. With such persons the vilest and most self-evident falsehoods are carelessly or insolently taken for undeniable truths; and in the simple, unsuspecting, and naturally gay and refined manners and demeanour of this delightful girl, he can see nothing irreconcilable with the belief of her living in degradation and guilt. Reginald's mind naturally averts itself from one who could thus think and speak; and in the anger he feels and half-expresses at such unmanly insinuations, the generous boy shews how dear Helen Hesketh has already become to him, since, stranger as she is to him, and the vision but of a day, he feels a word against her reputation like a wound to his own heart.

Reginald enters himself at * * * * College, and we cannot refrain from quoting the picture of his college tutor. Those ignorant persons, who prate about Oxford in the Edinburgh Review and elsewhere, will be utterly incapable of comprehending the character of such a man, or of forming to themselves, even from such a living picture, the image of the pale and recluse scholar in his pensive citadel.

"Mr Daniel Barton, of - - - College, was a man, the like of whom it would be in vain to seek for in England beyond the walls of Oxford or Cambridge. Though a keen and indefatigable student in his very early years, he had, during the latter part of his residence at the University as an Under-graduate, partaken more in the pleasures than in the labours of the place. His behaviour in this respect had considerably irritated his father, who had formed extravagant expectations from the precocious diligence of his boyhood. He left England for a season, and by forming an imprudent matrimonial connection in a foreign country, aggravated so deeply his father's displeasure, that on the death of the old gentleman, which occurred very soon afterwards, he found himself cut off from the succession to a respectable family estate, and left in the world with no better provision than a very trifling annuity. His pretty little Swiss did not live long enough to be much of a burden to his slender resources. She died abroad, and he, immediately on his return to England, came back to Oxford a melancholy and disappointed man.

"He was fortunate enough to obtain a fellowship in - - - College very soon after this, and took possession of the chambers in which Reginald Dalton was now about to be introduced to him. Here his irritated temper did not prevent him from seeking and finding occupation and consolation in his books. The few old friends he then possessed in the University, being, ere long, taken away from his neighbourhood, and scattered over the world in various professions, his habits of reading became more and more his resource;—and at length they constituted his only one. The head of his own College was a man he did not like, and gradually the society of the common room, formed of course of this man's favourites, came to be quite irksome to him. In short, he had now for many years lived the life of a hermit—temperate to abstenance, studious to slavery, in utter solitude, without a friend or a companion. Years and years had glided over a head scarcely conscious of their lapse. Day after day the same little walk had been taken exactly at the same hour; the same silent servant had carried in his commons; the arrival of a

new box of *old* books had been his only novelty; his only visits had been paid to the Bodleian and the Clarendon.

"His income, however, was so very limited, that necessity—particularly at the outset—would have made him willing enough to take a share in superintending the education of the young gentlemen at his college; but the Provost and he had never, as we have seen, been friends, and amidst abundance of more active competitors, it was nothing wonderful that he had remained, for far the greater part of his time, destitute of pupils. Now and then some accident threw a young man in his way—some old family or county connection, or the like. When he had such a duty imposed on him, he had ever discharged it honestly and zealously; but very young men like to be *together* even in their hours of labour, and, great as, in process of time, Mr Barton's literary reputation had grown to be, seldom was any one so ambitious of profiting by his solitary instructions. His last pupil had left college more than a year ago, and the arrival of another was not only a thing altogether unexpected, but—occupied as he was in preparing an extensive and very laborious work for the press, and every day more and more wedded to his toil—it was a thing of which, if he thought of it at all, he certainly had never brought himself to be desirous.

"Although the prime of his manhood was scarcely gone by, the habits of this learned Recluse had already stamped his person with something near a-kin to the semblance of age. His cheek was pale—his eye gleamed, for it was still bright, beneath grey and contracted brows; his front was seamed with wrinkles, and a meagre extenuated hand turned the huge folio page, or guided the indefatigable pen. Such was the appearance of one who had long forgotten the living, and conversed only with the dead, whose lamp had been to him more than the sun, whose world had been his chamber.

"The studies to which he had chiefly devoted his time were mathematical; yet he had, long ere now, made himself a classical scholar of very high rank. Of modern literature he was almost entirely ignorant. It would have been difficult to find one English volume among every fifty in his possession, and certainly there was not one there that had been published for the last twenty years. Of all the lighter and more transitory productions which were at the moment interesting common readers, he knew no more than if they had been written in an antediluvian tongue. If anybody had asked him what was the last book of celebrity that had issued from the English press, he would probably have named Burke's reflections, or Johnson's Lives of the Poets; and it is not improbable that he would have named them with a sneer, and pointed in triumph to his Demosthenes or his Athenæus. Such a character may be taken for a mere piece of fancy-work; yet how many are there among the inmates of those venerable cloisters, that, without having either deserted their Common Rooms, or earned premature greyness among the folios of ancient times, are contented to know just as little about all such matters as satisfied Mr Barton!

"Of recent events, he knew almost as little as of recent books, Excepting from the fasts and thanksgivings of the church—or, perhaps from some old newspaper brought to him accidentally along with his supply of snuff or stationery—he heard rarely either of our triumphs or of our defeats. The old college servant who attended him daily in his chambers, had, long ere now, acquired the habit of performing his easy functions without disturbing him by many words; and even the talkative vein of Jem Brank, who dressed Mr Barton's hair every Sunday morning, had learned, by degrees, the uncongenial lesson of restraint. In truth, the extraordinary seclusion in which he lived, the general opinion as to the greatness of his acquirements, the vague belief that some unfortunate event had saddened his mind and changed his pursuits, and the knowledge that there was some misunderstanding, or at least a very considerable coldness, between him and the more active members of the society to which he belonged—these circumstances, taken altogether, had invested the ordinary idea of Mr Barton's character with a certain gloom of mystery—and the merriest menials of the place, even where the buttery hatch was double-barred, and the ale double stout, lowered their voices into whispers, if his name was mentioned."

We have thus quoted largely from the first volume of this remarkable production, because we wished to give those who have not yet read it, an opportunity of judging for themselves of its peculiar power. From the other two volumes our extracts must be very confined.

And now Reginald Dalton being a member of the University, and having undergone the various ordeals to which Freshmen are doomed, perhaps many

sober readers expect him, (especially since he is provided with so excellent a tutor,) to turn to his studies, to lay by a small sum each term for the gradual formation of a library; to attend chapel morning and evening, without once shamming Abraham, even in snowy weather; to sport oak against all idlers, to feast on folios, and to prove, by continued practice, his admiration of the mystical doctrine contained in the first line of the first ode of Pindar. Undoubtedly he ought to have done all this and much more; he ought to have laboured in the cause of lecture—to have written analyses of Aristotle's Ethics, Rhetoric, Poetics, &c., and to have shone at Terminals—to have written for the Latin verses and Sir Roger—to have been seen taking a regular, constitutional walk to Joe Pullen, arm in arm with a graduate—to have stood for honours, or been a first-class man—to have gained both bachelor's prizes, and have beat Professor Sandford, in competition for a Fellowship at Oriel; then to have become college tutor—embued the rising generation for six years with classical literature and philosophy—married a wife verging on her tabbyhood, and retired, without any reasonable prospect of a family, to read Jeremy Taylor in a snug living of £1000 a-year. All this would have been equally natural and enlivening; but our author starts off quite on other ground; and before Reginald has kept his first term, we see that he is such an incorrigible idler, that the odds rise to 5 to 2 that he will be plucked, if not previously expelled.

But all this evil must be laid at the door of Helen Hesketh. That beautiful Roman saint haunts him from night to morn—from morn to dewy eve. A passion new, agitating, burning, and inextinguishable, consumes him like a fever: his whole life falls under its influence. It is this passion, unreflecting in the midst of a thousand thoughts, hopeful in the midst of a thousand vague misgivings—despairing in the midst of a thousand celestial dreams—feeding alike on joy and grief, exultation and despondency, smiles and tears—impelling one day to solitude and study, and noble plans for the future, and driving on the very next, to folly, dissipation, and reckless abandonment of his reasonable soul. It is this passion that is all in all to Reginald Dalton. Life itself, with all its blessed calms and baleful turmoils—visions bright as the sky, or dark as the grave—a life of which his young spirit is sick, even unto loathing, or in which it rejoices like an eaglet first winging his flight towards the sun, and from which to part, when that one face is upon him, seems to be the same thing as to sink into utter annihilation.

Now, all this is described—painted by a master's hand. Scared from his propriety on his first entrance into * * * * College, Reginald gets gradually entangled among a set of dashing Ch. Ch. men; drinks—games—hunts—tandemizes on roads not yet Macadamized—makes Dry suffer—disturbs the night-rest of canons and doctors—narrowly escapes sporting homicide on the body of a Proctor's bull-dog—is under perpetual imposition of the Iliad or Mr Synge's Gentleman's Religion; and to his stair are referred, by disturbed reading men in distant quads, the preternatural and supernatural yellings, that startle the dull ear of night, or unearthly music, as if "overhead were sweeping Gabriel's hounds," and the pack were on full cry beneath a flock of turkeys, gobbling in the moonlight air. No freak—no frolic—no fight—no row—no escalade—without Reginald Dalton. The finger of admiration is turned towards him, from Magdalen Tower to the gate of Worcester.

But from all this stupid stir and strife, and worse than stupid the distracted youth feels it be, Reginald ever and anon escapes, and sits with that good old priest in his parlour library. There too is Helen Hesketh, once a nun, still a nun in her meekness, her innocence, and her seclusion from the noisy world by which she is surrounded. Then the baser part of his nature is thrown aside—his midnight orgies are all forgotten—one voice alone seems to exist on all the earth worthy of being listened to, and Reginald even hushes the upbraidings of conscience, as he feels within himself that profound and religious worship of such stainless and unsullied innocence as that serenely smiling before him, and would fain persuade him, that there can be little evil in pursuits that have left his capacity unimpaired of genuine admiration, of deep, disinterested, impassioned, and admiring love.

Few situations could be imagined

better fitted to call out various and conflicting passions, than this one in which we find poor Reginald. Of these, bitter, and cutting, and gnawing remorse, is one of the chief; and the unhappy boy casts back many an agitated thought to his beloved father's study. The calm expression of that bland countenance smites him worse than that of a Gorgon; and he curses his very existence, when he thinks how weakly and how basely he has been betraying the sacred trust reposed in him of a parent's peace. Independently of the utter forgetfulness of all proper academical pursuits, and his participation, now felt to be more shameful than it really could be, in follies for ever bordering on vice, he is day after day getting deeper, and deeper, and deeper into debt, and the strength and virtue of his soul seem dying within him, as he gradually knows himself to be more and more dependent on those tradesmen, whom, at the same time, he must confess to himself he has injured. This feeling, so agonizing and unendurable in its paltry pain to the honourable mind,—and his is an honourable mind,—makes him more and more helpless, hopeless, reckless, disturbed, distracted, and diseased in spirit. He is enveloped in a net, that has been slowly creeping up from feet to forehead, and whose meshes he cannot break. A condition like this in ordinary hands would have become revolting in description; but this author has saved his hero from degradation, and preserved our sympathies, by the clear light which he has thrown on the circumstances that have insensibly thus reduced him, so that he appears as if under a fate, while his fervid and generous spirit still exhibits itself in various fine traits that redeem its greatest errors. His principles are still all sound at the core; and we feel that Reginald may be ruined, but will not be dishonoured, and that, happen what may, he will ultimately, by some exertion of his own, liberate himself from such jeopardy, and leave no poor man his creditor, to the value of the tuft on his cap.

Thus agitated, tempted, and tried, Reginald Dalton loves, with a more desperate passion, the beautiful Helen Hesketh. In her presence, all mean or mighty miseries are laid at rest—comfort and hope breathe from the face of that dutiful and happy girl—and to possess her, however distant the day, is a thought that brings the brightness of a blessed felicity over the black realities of his most dismal hours. Who she is he knows not. Over her birth there is a mystery which his delicate mind seeks not to penetrate; and that mystery, which seems always to involve something sad, sorrowful, and disastrous, bestows on the resigned and cheerful creature a more touching beauty, and renders her image the emblem of everything most pure, most submissive, most innocent, and it may perhaps soon be also most deserted and lonely on the earth. That such a passion, of which a youth, in such a situation, should be unrequited, is not in the order of novels or of nature; and, fair reader, learn from what follows how true is their mutual love. The scene of those impassioned vows is Godstowe Abbey.

"He found one of the gates unlocked, and stood within the wide circuit of those grey and mouldering walls, that still marks the limits of the old nunnery. The low moss-covered fruit-trees of the monastic orchard, flung soft and deep shadows upon the unshorn turf below: the ivy hung in dark slumbering masses from every ruinous fragment; the little rivulet, which winds through the guarded precincts, shrunk far within its usual bound, trickled audibly from pebble to pebble. Reginald followed its course to the arch-way, beneath which it gushes into the Isis—but there his steps were arrested.—He heard it distinctly—it was but a single verse, and it was sung very lowly—but no voice, save that of Ellen Hesketh, could have poured out those soft and trembling tones.

"He listened for a few moments, but the voice was silent. He then advanced again between the thick umbrageous trees, until he had come within sight of the chapel itself, from which, it seemed to him, the sounds had proceeded. Again they were heard—again the same sweet and melancholy strain echoed from within the damp arches, and shook the stillness of the desolate garden. Here, then, she was, and it was to find her he had come thither; yet now a certain strange mysterious fearfulness crept over all his mind, and he durst not, could not, proceed.

"He lay down prostrate among the long grass, which, so deep was the shade above, yet retained the moisture of the last night's dew, and thence, gazing wistfully upon the low door of the dis-

mantled chapel, he drank the sorrowful melody timidly, breathlessly, in pain, and yet in luxury.

"Again it was silent—a thousand perplexing agonizing thoughts hovered around and above him—he could not toss them away from them—he could not forget them. They were *there*, and they were stronger than he, and he felt himself to be their slave and their prisoner. But their fetters, though within view, had not yet chained up all his spirit; the gloom overhung, but had not overwhelmed him; the pressure had not squeezed him with all its iron strength. No—the sense of misery, the keenest of all, had communicated its feverish and morbid quickness to that which it could not expel—Love, timorous, hopeless love, had caught a sort of infectious energy, and the long suppressed flame glowed with a stern and desperate stedfastness, amidst the darkness which had deepened around its altars. Next moment, however, that energy was half extinguished in dejection;—the flame still burnt intensely—but lowly as of old.

"'Alas!' he said to himself, 'I shall never hear her again—I am ruined, undone, utterly undone—blasted in the very opening—withered on the threshold! Humiliation, pain, misery, lie before me, as surely as folly, madness, phrenzy, wickedness, are behind—as surely as shame, burning, intolerable shame, is with me *now*. Yet one feeling at least is pure—*here* I have worshipped innocence in innocence. Alas! it is *here*—here, above all—that I am to suffer! Miserable creature that I am! She is feeble, yet I have no arm to protect her; she is friendless, yet the heart that is hers, and hers only, dare not even pour itself at her feet. She is alone in her purity; I alone in sinful, self-created helplessness! Love, phrenzy of phrenzies, dream of dreams! what have I to do with Love? Why do I haunt her footsteps? why do I pollute the air she breathes?—how dare I to mingle the groans of guilty despair with those tender sighs?—Beautiful, spotless angel!—what have I to do in bringing my remorseful gloom into the home of your virtuous tears, your gentle sorrows!—How shall I dare to watch with you—with *you*—beside the pillow of a good man's sickness?—Shame! shame!—let me flee from him, from you—from all but myself and my misery.'

"He had started from his wet lair—he stood with a cheek of scarlet, an eye darkly flashing, and a lip of stedfast whiteness, gazing on the ivied ruin, like one who gazes his last. At that moment Ellen's sweet voice once more thrilled upon his ear. It seemed as if the melody was coming nearer—another moment, and she had stepped beyond the threshold. She advanced towards a part of the wall which was much decayed, and stood quite near the speechless and motionless youth, looking down upon the calm waters of Isis gliding just below her, and singing all the while the same air he had first heard from her lips.—Alas! if it sounded sorrowfully *then*, how deep was now the sorrow breathed from that subdued and broken warbling of

'The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!'

She leaned herself over the low green wall, and Reginald heard a sob struggle against the melody. 'She grieves,' he said to himself—'she grieves, she weeps!' and with that, losing all mastery of himself, he rushed through the thicket.

"Ellen, hearing the rustling of leaves, and the tramp of a hasty foot, turned towards the boy, who stopped short upon reaching the open turf. Her first alarm was gone, when she recognized him; and she said, a faint smile hovering on her lips, 'Mr Dalton, I confess I was half frightened—How and whence have you come?' Ere she had finished the sentence, however, her soft eye had instinctively retreated from the wild and distracted gaze of Reginald—she shrunk a step backward, and re-echoed her own question in a totally different tone—'Mr Dalton, how are you here?—whence have you come?—You alarm me, Mr Dalton—your looks alarm me. Speak, why do you look so?'

"'Miss Hesketh,' he answered, striving to compose himself, 'there is nothing to alarm you—I have just come from Witham—Mr Keith told me you were here.'

"'You are ill, Mr Dalton—you look exceedingly ill, indeed, sir. You should not have left Oxford to-day.'

"'I *am* to leave Oxford to-morrow—I could not go without saying farewell.'

"'To-morrow!—But why do you look so solemn, Mr Dalton?—You are quitting college for your vacation?'

"'Perhaps for ever, Miss Hesketh—and——'

"'O Mr Dalton, you have seen my uncle—you think he is very badly, I see you do—you think you shall never see him again, I know you think so!'

"'No, 'tis not so; he has invited me to come back with you *now*; and besides, Mr Keith will get better—I hope, I trust, I am sure he will.'

"'You would fain deceive me,' said Ellen, 'and 'tis kindly meant.'

"'Nay, indeed, ma'am, I hope Mr Keith has seen the worst of his illness. You did well to bring him to this fine air, this beautiful place.'

"'A beautiful place it is, Mr Dalton.'

"'It is Paradise, but I shall never see it again. I look for the last time upon it—and almost—almost for the last time—upon *you*.'

"The young man shook from head to foot as these words were trembling upon his lips. She, too, threw her eyes on the ground, and a deep glow rushed over her face; but that was chased instantly by a fixed and solemn paleness, and her gaze once more met his.

"He advanced close to her, (for hitherto he had not changed his position,) and leaned for a moment over the broken wall. His hasty hand had discomposed some loose stones, and a fragment of considerable size plunged into the dark stream below. Ellen, thinking the whole was giving way, pulled him quickly backwards from the brink. He lost his balance, and involuntarily, and less by his own act than hers, he was on his knees before her.

"'Rise up, Mr Dalton—I pray you rise.'

"'I asked for nothing, Miss Hesketh, I hope for nothing, I expect nothing. But since I do kneel, I will not rise till I have said it—I love you, Ellen—I have loved you long—I have loved you from the first hour I saw you. I never loved before, and I shall never love another.'

"'Mr Dalton, you are ill—you are sick—you are mad. This is no language for me to hear, nor for you to speak. Rise, rise, I beseech you.'

"'Ellen, you are pale, deadly pale—you tremble—I have hurt you, wretch that I am—I have wounded, pained, offended you.'

"'Pained indeed,' said Ellen, 'but not offended, You have filled me with sorrow, Mr Dalton—I give you *that* and my gratitude. More you do wrong in asking for; and if it had been otherwise, more I could not have given you.'

"The calmness of her voice and words restored Reginald, in some measure, to his self-possession. He obeyed the last motion of her hand, and sprung at once to his feet. 'You called me mad, Miss Hesketh—'twas but for a moment.'

"Ere he had time to say more, Miss Hesketh moved from the spot;—and Reginald, after pausing for a single instant, followed, and walked across the monastic garden, close by her side—both of them preserving total silence. A deep flush mantled the young man's countenance all over—but ere they had reached the gate, that had concentrated itself into one small burning spot of scarlet upon either cheek. She, with downcast eyes, and pale as monumental marble, walked steadily and rapidly; while he, with long and regular strides, seemed to trample, rather than to tread the dry and echoing turf. He halted within the threshold of the ruined archway, and said, in a whisper of convulsive energy, 'Halt, madam, one word more ere we part. I cannot go with you to Witham—you must say what you will to Mr Keith. I have acted this day like a scoundrel—a villain—you called it madness, but I cannot plead that excuse. No, madam, there was the suddenness, the abruptness of phrenzy in the avowal—but the feeling had been nurtured and cherished in calmness, deliberately fostered, presumptuously and sinfully indulged. I had no right to love you; you behold a miserably weak and unworthy creature, who should not have dared to look on you.—But 'tis done, the wound is *here*, and it never can be healed. I had made myself unhappy, but you have driven me to the desperation of agony.—Farewell, madam, I had nothing to offer you but my love, and you did well to reject the unworthy gift—*my* love! You may well regard it as an insult. Forget the moment that I never can forget—Blot, blot from memory the hour when your pure ear drank those poisonous sighs! Do not pity me—I have no right to *love*—and *pity!*—no, no—forget me, I pray you—forget me and my misery.—And now, farewell once more—I am alone in the world.—May God bless you—you deserve to be happy.'

"He uttered these words in the same deep whisper by which he had arrested her steps. She gazed on him while he spake, with an anxious eye and a glowing cheek—when he stopped, the crimson fleeted away all in an instant. Pale as death, she opened her white and trembling lips, but not a word could come. The blood rushed again over cheek, brow, and bosom, and tears, an agony of tears, streamed from her fixed and motionless eyes.

"Reginald, clasping his forehead, sobbed out, 'Thrice miserable! wretch! miserable wretch! I have tortured an angel!'—He seized her hand, and she sunk upon the grass—he knelt over her, and her tears rained upon his hands. 'O God!' he cried, 'why have I lived for this hour? Speak, Ellen—speak, and speak forgiveness.'

" 'Forgiveness!' she said—'O mock me not, Mr Dalton! what have I to forgive?'

" 'Forgive the words that were wrung from me in bitterness of soul—Forgive me—forgive the passionate, involuntary cries of my mad anguish.'

" 'Oh, sir, you grieve, you wound me! —you know not how you wound me. I am a poor helpless orphan, and I shall soon have no friend to lean to.—How can I listen to such words as you have spoken?—I am grateful; believe my tears, I am grateful indeed.'

" 'Grateful! for the love of mercy, do not speak so—be calm, let me see you calm.'

" 'How can I be calm? what can I say? Oh, Mr Dalton, it is your wild looks that have tortured me, for I thought I had been calm!—Oh, sir, I pray you, be yourself—do not go from me thus—I am young and friendless, and I know not what I should do or speak.—You, too, are young, and life is before you—and I hope happiness—indeed I hope so.'

" 'Nay,' said Reginald, solemnly, 'not happiness—but I trust calmness to endure my misery. You may, but I cannot forget;' and with this his tears also flowed, for hitherto not one drop had eased his burning eye-lids.

" Neither for a few moments said anything—at last, Ellen rubbed aside her tears with a hot and rapid hand—and 'Hear me,' she said, 'hear me, Mr Dalton. We are both too young—we are both inexperienced—and we have both our sorrows, and we should both think of other things. Go, sir, and do your duty in the world; and if it *will* lighten your heart to know, that you carry with you my warmest wishes for your welfare, do take them with you. Hereafter there may come better days for us both, and then perhaps—but no, no, sir, I know 'tis folly——'

" She bowed her head upon her knees —he drew her hand to his lips, and kissed it, and wept upon it, and whispered as none ever whispered twice, and was answered with a silence more eloquent even than all the whispers in the universe.

" They sat together, their eyes never meeting, blushing, weeping, one in sorrow and one in joy. Thoughts too beautiful for words, thoughts of gentlest sadness, more precious than bliss, filled them both, and gushed over and mingled in their slow calm tears.

" An hour passed away, and there they were still speechless—the tears indeed had ceased to flow, and their cheeks had become as pale as their love was pure—but the fulness of their young hearts was too rich for utterance—and all seemed so like a dream, that neither had dared, even by a whisper, to hazard the dissolving of the dear melancholy charm."

Reginald is now secured in that possession, which, to him, included all worth having in this life. He returns to his father's house, and there makes a confession, not of his love, but of his misdemeanours, and all his expensive follies. Nothing can be more beautiful and pathetic than the description of his father's entire forgiveness, and of the yearnings of his undiminished, his increased affection towards his beloved Reginald. The feelings of Reginald, too, are all painted as well as may be; and the vicarage is a happier dwelling than it ever was before, in the light of forgiveness, contrition, and reassured confidence and hope. The father and son read together their favourite classics once more; in which Reginald now sees meanings and gleamings of passion that formerly were hidden; for even during these few restless months his intellect had expanded and ripened, and from distress and delight, from perturbation and blessedness, he had learnt to know something of himself, and of that nature to which he belonged. Meanwhile the Vicar had contrived, limited as were his means, to raise a sum sufficient for the payment of his son's debts; and Reginald returns in due time to Oxford, with the certainty of freedom from his former degrading and intolerable bondage.

But, alas! it is not so easy to carry into execution the best formed and severest resolutions of virtue, in spite of all the nameless and inconceivable obstacles and difficulties that former follies had created, and which remain still as stumbling-blocks, or pit-falls, or barriers, to the sorely beset individual who would fain turn from the errors of the way that has too long been trodden. So we have the history of new trials, new failures, and new falls; and Reginald Dalton—after many noble efforts to save himself from ruin, and among others a voluntary surrender of his status in the university, and descent from the rank of a commoner to that of a servitor, in order that he might retrieve his ruined fortunes—he unluckily engages in a duel with his old acquaintance Chisney, whom he

discovers attempting a brutal assault on Helen Hesketh, wounds his antagonist, is imprisoned, and finally expelled the university. All these incidents, with all their accompanying causes and effects, are narrated with liveliness and vigour, and bring us to the end of the second volume.

Now, whoever wishes to know what the third volume contains, will have the goodness to read it. All we shall say is this, that all Reginald's prospects in life are utterly ruined, and his love for Helen now seems hopeless.—He determines to go to India; and they first swear eternal fidelity in each other's arms. But, after many chapters of accidents, the tragic scene shifts, and hope rises on the horizon. Hidden things are brought to light—histories of old times revived—secrets revealed—and affairs in general undergo many remarkable and important revolutions. There is throughout the greater part of the last volume an uncommon bustle, and running to and fro of all parties concerned. The wily are detected; the crafty confuted; the guilty punished; the good rise up from poverty, or obscurity, or danger; and, when the curtain falls, the head of Helen Hesketh is on the bosom of Reginald Dalton;—and they are spending their honey-moon at GRYPHERWAST-HALL, of which Helen Hesketh turned out to be heiress; and may Mrs Dalton long flourish, and give birth to at least three daughters, as fair and as good as their delightful mother.

A long analysis of a popular novel in a Magazine or Review, is indeed a dull absurdity; and we have therefore done no more now, than merely state a few things that it was necessary to state, to bring out before our readers something of the character of this very original production. The extracts will speak for themselves; and it will be seen, from the glimpses of the story which we have given, that it is full of bustle, variety, interest, and passion. We beg therefore to conclude with a few sentences, summing up its general merits and demerits.

In the first place, although neither this novel, nor any other novel we ever read, stands by itself, that is to say, belongs to *no class*, which we presume is what blockheads desire when they demand something wholly new, Reginald Dalton will be universally acknowledged to be a *work of genius*. The conception of it is both poetical and philosophical. It is, on the whole, a fine and a bold illustration of a segment of life's circle. It is a living moving picture—a sort of peristrephic panorama.

In the second place, the main object of the work, namely, a delineation of the youth of a given individual, is attained, and well attained, and Reginald, with all his faults and transgressions, is a lad of such metal, that the more England contains of them the better—for the bar, the church, the army, and the navy.

In the third place, a great deal of talent is shewn in the sketches of character throughout the three volumes, and for the most part they are true to nature. Of the priest Mr Keith, we may well say with Wordsworth. "That poor old man is richer than he seems;" and we have not been half so much in love with anybody since the short peace of 1801, as with Helen Hesketh.

And, lastly, there is throughout, such a power of writing, beautifully, gracefully, vigorously, sarcastically, and wittily, at will, as will puzzle most of our acquaintances to equal, from the great Unknown down to Dominie Small-Text in Tom Campbell. Should any of them not think so, let them try.

Now for the demerits.

In the first place, the deep and vital interest of the history ceases with the conclusion of the second volume. The third, although we are involved in the curious and exciting progress of an uncommon and ingenious denouement, is to us frequently teazing and bothering. Let us, if possible, have no more wills and title-deeds, and cursed parchments of all sorts fluttering and creaking in novels. They are becoming a perfect nuisance.

In the second place, there is not a due proportion preserved between the sad, serious, solemn, pathetic, and impassioned, and the light, airy, frolicsome, and absurd. There is rather too much of the latter. They sometimes seem to be the principal and prevailing character of the work. This is a pity, and obviously happened because the author wrote away without any very regular plan; and when sheets are printed off, pray, Mr Wiseacre, what is to be done?

In the third place, not a few of the incidents are in themselves baddish.

The duel between Reginald and Chisney, is no great shakes, and duels are dull affairs in modern novels. No duel should be fought, except with lance and sword, on horseback. The scenes in the prison—the Castle of Oxford—are very so so. Nobody could suppose for a moment, that Reginald was to be hanged;—the passion is out of place and exaggerated, and the whole thing a failure. There can be no doubt of that—it is what our ingenious Hogg would call an "Ipse dixit."

In the fourth place, the author feels apparently the highest pleasure, and often puts out his highest powers, in describing characters, which to us are by no means agreeable to look upon or converse with—their absence would be good company. Such is that interminable and everlasting bore, pest, and plague, Ralpho Macdonald, W. S. Confound that old scoundrel! Sir Charles Catline, too, is a painful personage—and even Chisney is too often brought on the stage—for he is a disagreeable chap, and although gentlemanly enough in some things, on the whole a heartless and wicked scamp, and a little of such people goes a long way either in real or imaginary life.

Finally, although this author generally writes with most extraordinary power, and also with extreme elegance, he not seldom falls into ugly and vulgar expressions, in a way to us unaccountable. We have been told the book is full of Scotticisms, but we know nothing about Scotticisms, and have no doubt that they are most excellent things. We allude to lowish—or slang-whanging phrases—or hard-favoured or mean-gaited words intruding themselves; or, what is worse, seemingly being introduced on purpose into the company of all that is graceful and accomplished.

But there is no end of this—we have just filled our tumbler, and could begin to praise and abuse this book, just as if we had not written a single syllable about it. So, instead of doing either the one or the other, we lay down our pen, and shall now read it over again,—at least till old Christopher arrives. Come—here is the Godstow-scene between Reginald and Helen Hesketh!—what need the author of that care for criticism? That is indeed a strain that might "create a soul be neath the ribs of death."

NOTE.

Let us finish off this article with a spirited note. The book which has been now so ably reviewed is one of those which the editor of the Edinburgh, in the plenitude of his perspicacity, slumps together in a heap about three feet high from the ground, as imitations of the novels of the author of Waverley. Really that worthy old gentleman has been indulging himself somewhat too freely of late years in the privileges of dotage. There cannot be a stronger proof of the dulling and deadening influence of time upon his discriminating faculties, than the unsuspecting assurance with which he looks upon objects as similar, which are essentially distinguished to all other eyes by the most prominent characteristics. The author of Waverley, &c. has written a number of the most admirable of all possible works on the character of Scotchmen, and the scenery of Scotland; therefore, all other men who write about Scotchmen and Scotland, are imitators of the author of Waverley. This is his logic. Now, it so happens, that the various writers whose various works he thus drivelled about with so vacant a countenance, are all distinguished, both in matter and in manner, from one another, and all most unlike, in almost every respect, from their alleged prototype. We believe that it would not be possible, in the whole range of British literature, to point out any fictitious narratives so separate from the Waverley novels, as the very ones which "this moping Owl does to the moon complain" of on the score of their similitude. If he would only take the trouble to scratch his head for a few moments, and think, the Small Known himself would

see this and acknowledge his stupidity. There have been several very clever imitations of the incomparable works alluded to; and because they were clever imitations, few persons cared about them a fortnight after their publication. But Valerius, Adam Blair, and Reginald Dalton, are creations, purely and entirely, of the mind of their author,—whoever he may be,—original in their conception, as powerful in their execution. Indeed, our little bat-eyed critic knocks himself against the truth, before he has flitted down half a page. For Valerius he altogether excepts from this imputed imitation, and voucheth, that, "such as it is, it is undoubtedly original." Reginald Dalton he nods to in his usual pert and familiar manner; but, beginning to suspect that he does not comprehend the Oxonian, he very prudently avoids any conversation with him, and hops into Mr Constable's shop. Adam Blair then, after all, is the only shadow of some worthy or other in the Waverley Novels; and do now, good Mr Jeffrey, just inform the public who it is you mean. Is it Dandie Dinmont, or Dominie Sampson, or Quentin Durward, or Balfour of Burley, or King Jamie, or George Heriot, or Meg Merrilies, or Mary Stuart Queen of Scots, or John Knox, or Flibbertigibbet, or Meg Dods? Why, my good fellow, you have just been letting little driblets of ink detach themselves from the point of your pen, without at all considering what you were about, and we only wonder that you have not long ere now set your house on fire; for what can be more dangerous than to fall asleep in this manner by candle-light?

Valerius, "*such as it is,*" you are pleased to say, is undoubtedly original; and in proof of this, you immediately add, that the author has borrowed from the Travels of Anacharsis, the ancient romance of Heliodorus and Chariclea, and the later effusions of M. Chateaubriand. This is really distressing. You write, "*it would be more plausible to say so,*" that is, you hint that if yourself, or any other critic, were anxious to utter a detracting falsehood of Valerius, some such insinuation as this would be "plausible." How manly! But do you absolutely opine, that the Travels of Anacharsis are like the effusions of Chateaubriand? or either the one or the other like the Greek romance? Some wizard has thrown the glamour owre you—your optics are disordered—and if you go on at this rate, you will be incapable of distinguishing colours, and go to a funeral in a pea-green surtout.

Valerius, "*such as it is!*" ay—ay—Mr Francis Jeffrey, Valerius, such as it is, is a work as far above your powers, as your article Beauty, in the Supplement, is above Macvey's article Bacon in the Transactions, and that is about a mile of perpendicular altitude. Valerius is the work of a consummate scholar, as familiar with the language of ancient Rome, as you are with the jargon of the Outer-House; as much master of the Roman spirit as ever you were master of any synod case before the General Assembly. Were you to be shut up in a tower, commanding a good view of the Frith and the coast of Fife, for six calendar months, and fed on the most exhilarating diet, on condition of producing, at the close of your confinement, a written composition on any subject equal to the worst chapter in the "Roman Story," or of being turned off over the battlements, *à la Thurtell,* then would the vertebræ of your neck be to be pitied, for dislocation would be inevitable. Now do you, can you in your heart, think this pert prating of yours to be clever? Are such sneaking insults to men so immeasurably your superiors, sincere or affected? Do you think that you add two or three inches to your stature, by thus raising yourself up on your toes, in order that you may be able to look pertly into the faces of gentlemen of more commanding stature?

As to "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and the "Trials of

Margaret Lyndsay," Jeffrey speaks of them like a boarding-school Miss, rather than like an experienced person approaching threescore. The first of these volumes has become universally popular, on account of the beautiful union which it everywhere exhibits of a rich and fine poetical spirit, with a spirit of the homeliest and most human truth. The whole structure of the language, the whole character of the thought and feeling, the whole composition of incident and story, the whole conception of character and situation, are all essentially different from everything written by the Great Unknown, whatever the Small Known may mutter; nor is there an expression, or an image, or a description, that could lead any reader to suppose that the author of "Lights and Shadows," had even so much as seen a page of any one of the works of that Immortal. As to the Trials of Margaret Lyndsay—that is a humble tale of humble faith, and fortitude, and piety, written in a more subdued, and, as it appears to us, better style than the Lights and Shadows, but remote indeed from any resemblance to the said Novels; and we will add, a tale unsurpassed in our moral literature, possessing manifold and exquisite beauties, and, without a moment's pause of ennui or lassitude, carrying the whole spirit along with the fortunes of one single innocent girl, in a way decisive of a genius possessing prodigious mastery over the human heart. Indeed, almost all this is admitted by Mr Jeffrey, of a tale which, nevertheless, he characterizes in the same breath as an imitation of other writings, of a higher order certainly, but of an order wholly separate and distinct.

But Mr Jeffrey has a theory of his own on this subject. He seriously believes, and declares his belief, after he has reached his grand climacteric, that a certain number of gentlemen—in this case it would appear three—meet together within the four corners of a room, and "in the arduous task of imitating the great Novelist, they have apparently found it necessary to resort to the great principle of division of labour." What a Stot-like idea! It is fixed among them that one takes that arable field—another takes that meadow-ground; and a third that hill-side; and each is to raise his crop, and bring it to the best market he can. This is very fanciful, indeed, in our critical friend—quite ingenious; and he talks as if he had been present with these gentlemen, and had seen them falling to composition, each on his allotted sheet and subject. We cannot help getting somewhat melancholy when we think on such drivelling nonsense as this; and not having seen this political economist lately, we fear that all is not as it should be. If so, we beg leave to unsay all we have now written, as nothing could be farther from our intention now, or at any time, than to hurt the feelings of any creeping thing; and as we have always thought and said that he is a worthy little fellow, occasionally not without the appearance of considerable talent, and now and then, which, after such exhibitions of himself as these, puzzles us till we are provoked, by no means small beer in satire, and no contemptible expounder of the meanings of wiser men.

Of the Annals of the Parish, Ayrshire Legatees, and all the other works of the same distinguished and excellent writer, we need say little. For our opinion of them, see the review of the Entail, and our answer to Philomag. That he is no imitator of the Great Unknown, one fact will prove—that the Annals of the Parish was written before Waverley. That he may have tried to break a lance with the visored knight, is very probably true; and that there may be, latterly, also unconscious and unintentional fallings-in of the train of his thoughts with those of the Great Unknown, is most probable. Why not? But be that as it may, no critic of any true discernment or liberality, could ever have thought to de-

prive this gentleman of his undoubted claims to perfect originality in his own walk, or have overlooked or under-valued that originality, as displayed in those works most characteristic of his peculiar genius, that he might insidiously describe him generally as an imitator. Indeed, here too, as before, the critic seems to be accompanied with an under belief of the utter silliness of all he is saying, and really characterizes some of the productions of this gentleman very fairly indeed, very liberally indeed; but, unluckily, every word he jots down refutes his own sage theory; and it is at once melancholy and ludicrous, to see him cutting his own throat with the neb of his pen, and jagging his tongue for uttering opinions opposite to his paper. Finally, what more absurd abstract idea can the most facetious mind figure to itself, than that of a forty-page article in a Quarterly Review upon a number of works, on whose merits all the world has made up its mind for days, weeks, months, or years? Sometimes, in private life, one hears a dull dog, at the close of a clever evening, begin prosing out piece-meal all the good things that have been said since the turkey. But here an attempt is made to throw light on subjects that are already glaring; and, after fourteen millions of people have given their opinions on these books, what can be more bairnly, than to pop up your nose as if from the bottom of a coal-pit, where you had been settled since the revival of letters, to chatter away for an hour and three-quarters, with much vehemence and pertinacity, on questions long since set at rest, and to give certificates of character to men of genius, who had all long enjoyed the benefit of good air and reputation, while you, insensible to the sounds of the upper world, were snoring at the bottom of the shaft. C. N.

A Happy New-Year

To the True Men of the Land

From Christopher North.

1.

Hark! hark! the sharp voice of Old Christopher North
Rings out from Edina, the gem of the Forth:
The year twenty-three like a vapour has past,
And he's nearer by one twelvemonth more to his last.
He dreads not that day—for he trusts he has stood,
Though too freakish at times, yet in all by the good;
So he watches the march of Old Time without fear,
And wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

2.

He greets you, because the dear bond of our love
Is flourishing proudly all others above;
Her sons still as manly, her daughters as true—
[He speaks of the many, and mourns for the few—]
That she still is the realm of the wise and the free,
Of the Victors of Europe, the Lords of the Sea—
And gratitude dims his old eyes with a tear,
While he wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

3.

His heart sings with joy, while all round him he sees
Her citizens prosper, her cities increase,—
Her taxes diminish,—her revenues rise,—
Her credit spring up, as her oaks, to the skies,—
Her coasts full of commerce,—her purses of gold,—
Her granary with corn, and with cattle her fold.
He prays that for ay such may be her career,
And wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

4.

He is proud to see Monarchs bend low, cap in hand,
To ask aid from her merchants, plain men of our land,
To see them their millions so readily fling,
And book down as debtor an Emperor or King;
That a nod from her head, or a word from her mouth,
Shakes the World, Old and New, from the North to the South;
That her purse rules in peace, as in war did her spear,
And he wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

5.

Laugh, fiddle, and song, ring out gay in the town,
And the glad tally-ho cheers the dale and the down;
The rich man his claret can jollily quaff,
And the happier poor man o'er brown stout may laugh;
And the demagogue ruffian no longer can gull
With Jacobin slang, for John's belly is full;
And 'tis only when hungry that slang he will hear—
So, Kit wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

6.

He rejoices to see every engine at work,
From the steamer immense, to the sweet knife and fork;
The weaver at loom, and the smith at his forge;
And all loyal and steady, and true to King George.
Whigs, therefore, avaunt! there's no chance now for ye—
We forget they exist in the general glee;
He begs you won't let them diminish your cheer,
So he wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

7.

There's the King, bless his heart, long is likely to live,
And the Duke at the head of the army to thrive;
There's Wellington extant, who badger'd the Gaul,
And Eldon still sitting in Westminster-Hall.
There's Scott writing prose—and there's—who writing verse?
Why, no one; but, hang it, think never the worse.
Sure, there's Christopher North writes your Magazine here,
And wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

8.

In the midst of this wealth, of this national pride—
Of our honour, our glories, spread far, far, and wide,
While proudly we traverse the sea and the sod,
Let us never forget for a moment our God!
It was he raised us up, and, remember, his frown,
If we swerve from his cause, would as soon cast us down;
But that so we shall swerve shall Old Kit never fear,
And he wishes you, darlings, a Happy New-Year.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*Jan.* 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 39s. 0d.	1st,...26s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 5d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d, ...30s. 6d.	2d, ...25s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d, ...19s. 0d.

Average £1, 10*s.* 7*d.* 9-12ths.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3d.	to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d.	to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 4d.	to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 8d.
Veal	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d.	to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d.	to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	17s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 2d.	to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 0d.	to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 10d.	to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*Jan.* 9.

OLD.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...35s. 0d.	1st, ... —s. 0d.	1st, ...24s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.
2d, ...34s. 0d.	2d, ... —s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.
3d, ...34s. 0d.	3d, ... —s. 0d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 0d.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st, ... 26s. 0d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.
2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.	2d, ... 16s. 0d.
3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 19s. 0d	3d, ... 14s. 0d.	3d. ... 14s. 0d.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 3.

Wheat, 55s. 2d.—Barley, 29s. 4d.—Oats, 20s. 10d.—Rye, 39s. 5d.—Beans, 35s. 4d.—Pease, 35s. 8d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 5.

	s.		s.		s.		s.
Wheat, red, old	52	to	65	Maple, new	—	to	—
Fine ditto . .	50	to	54	White pease .	37	to	40
Superfine ditto	56	to	60	Ditto, boilers .	42	to	44
Ditto, new . .	42	to	48	Small Beans, new	38	to	41
White, old .	58	to	74	Ditto, old . .	39	to	43
Fine ditto . .	52	to	60	Tick ditto, new	35	to	39
Superfine ditto	62	to	66	Ditto, old . .	34	to	39
Ditto, new .	46	to	50	Feed oats . .	20	to	23
Rye	40	to	45	Fine ditto . .	23	to	24
Barley, new .	27	to	29	Poland ditto .	21	to	25
Fine ditto . .	30	to	34	Fine ditto . .	26	to	27
Superfine ditto	35	to	38	Potato ditto .	22	to	25
Malt	50	to	54	Fine ditto . .	26	to	27
Fine	55	to	60	Scotch . . .	29	to	30
Hog Pease .	31	to	33	Flour, per sack	54	to	60
Maple . . .	34	to	36	Ditto, seconds	48	to	53

Seeds, &c.

	s.		s.	d.		s.		s.	d.
Must. White, .	10	to	10	6	Hempseed .	—	to	—	0
— Brown, new	9	to	14	0	Linseed, crush.	—	to	—	0
Tares, per bsh.	5	6	to	9	6 — Fine . .	—	to	—	0
Sanfoin, per qr.	30	to	36	0	Rye Grass, .	16	to	24	0
Turnips, bsh.	10	to	15	0	Ribgrass, . .	28	to	34	0
— Red & green	10	to	14	0	Clover, red cwt.	54	to	84	0
— Yellow,	9	to	11	0	— White . . .	66	to	80	0
Caraway, cwt.	46	to	54	0	Coriander . .	10	to	15	0
Canary, per qr.	45	to	50	0	Trefoil	20	to	30	0

Rape Seed, per last, £26 to £10.

Liverpool, Jan. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					
Eng. new	8	6	to	9	9
Foreign . .	4	6	to	5	3
Waterford	7	6	to	7	10
Drogheda	7	6	to	8	0
Dublin	7	2	to	7	9
Scotch old	9	6	to	10	9
Irish Old .	7	6	to	9	3
Bonded .	4	6	to	4	9
Barley, per 60 lbs.					
Eng. . . .	4	9	to	5	4
Scotch . .	—	0	to	—	0
Irish . .	4	6	to	5	0
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. new	3	7	to	3	9
Irish do. .	3	8	to	3	9
Scotch pota.	3	8	to	3	10
Rye, per qr.	36	0	to	40	0
Malt per b.	86	0	to	90	0
—Middling	78	0	to	79	0
Beans, per q.					
English .	40	0	to	45	0
Irish . .	38	0	to	42	0
Rapeseed, p.l.	£23	0	to	25	
Pease, grey	36	0	to	40	6
—White .	44	0	to	50	0
Flour, English,					
p. 240 lb. fine	45	0	to	52	0
Irish, 2ds	40	0	to	52	0

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Sweet, U.S.	28	0	to	32	0
Do. in bond	—	0	to	—	0
Sour free .	34	0	to	36	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
English	28	0	to	32	0
Scotch . .	24	0	to	28	0
Irish . . .	24	0	to	28	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	3	to	1	4

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Belfast, new	91	0	to	92	0
Newry . .	86	0	to	87	0
Waterford .	82	0	to	84	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	78	0	to	—	0
5d dry	74	0	to	75	0
Beef, p. tierce.					
— Mess	76	0	to	82	0
— p. barrel	48	0	to	56	0
Pork, p. bl.					
— Mess .	70	0	to	74	0
— Middl. .	68	0	to	70	0
Bacon, p. cwt.					
Short mids.	—	0	to	—	0
Sides . .	—	0	to	—	0
Hams, dry,	—	0	to	—	0
Green . .	—	0	to	—	0
Lard, rd. p.c.	52	0	to	—	0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1*st to* 22*d December* 1823.

	1st.		8th.		15th.		22d.	
Bank stock,	224¾		225½		227¼		228⅛	
3 per cent. reduced,	83¾	⅞	84½	¼	84¾	5	85¼	⅜
3 per cent. consols,	84⅜	⅛	—		—		—	
3½ per cent. consols,	97⅛		98		99¼		99	
4 per cent. consols,	100¼		100½		100⅝		100¾	
New 4 per cent. consols,	104½		—		—		—	
Imper. 3 per cent.	82⅜		82⅜		84½		—	
India stock,	269		—		—		—	
—— bonds,	78 p.		80 p.		82 p.		80 p.	
Long Annuities,	21¼		21⅜		21¾		21¾	
Exchequer bills,	48	50 p.	49	50 p.	58	54 p.	58	52 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	48	50 p.	49	50 p.	57	53 p.	53	51 p.
Consols for acc.	84⅜		85½	⅛ ⅜	85⅜	⅜ 6¼	86⅛	
French 5 per cents.	—		—		—		—	

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Dec. 1	M.37½	28.930	M.46	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A. 44	29.102	A. 44		fair day.
2	M.35	28.910	M.43	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.902	A. 40		
3	M.30	.892	M.39	W.	Do. & heavy
	A. 36	.892	A. 38		rain night.
4	M.29	.643	M.37	NW.	Heavy rain
	A. 35	.645	A. 37		and sleet.
5	M.29	29.350	M.37	Cble.	Frosty, with
	A. 37	.495	A. 37		sunshine.
6	M.28	.498	M.34	W.	Keen frost,
	A. 33	.925	A. 35		foren. sun.
7	M.28	.950	M.39	NW.	Morn. sleet,
	A. 41	.950	A. 37		day frosty.
8	M.39	.711	M.47	W.	Morn. frost,
	A. 46	.768	A. 42		day fresh.
9	M.30½	.835	M.39	NW.	Frosty, sun.
	A. 36	.950	A. 39		very cold.
10	M.31	.895	M.40	W.	Fair, but
	A. 40	.622	A. 42		dull.
11	M.37½	.432	M.46	Cble.	Sun. foren.
	A. 47	.315	A. 41		rain aftern.
12	M.28	28.999	M.37	W.	Frost, with
	A. 33	29.153	A. 36		shrs. snow.
13	M.66	.696	M.36	W.	Frost, with
	A. 35	.813	A. 35		sunshine.
14	M.25½	.750	M.36	W.	Frost foren.
	A. 56	.463	A. 39		rain aftern.
15	M.31	.780	M.37	W.	Fair, with
	A. 36	.675	A. 39		sunshine.
16	M.36	.395	M.44	SW.	Foren. fair,
	A. 46	28.999	A. 43		night rain.
Dec. 17	M.32	28.912	M.39	SW.	Sh. of snow,
	A. 38	.740	A. 32		and sleet aft.
18	M.25½	.810	M.33	W.	Keen frost.
	A. 31	.998	A. 34		
19	M.22	29.357	M.35	W.	Ditto.
	A. 29	.314	A. 31		
20	M.20½	28.792	M.33	SE.	Hail, sleet,
	A. 32	.691	A. 34		and snow.
21	M.28	.805	M.35	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 35	.998	A. 37		rain.
22	M.33	29.396	M.38	SE.	Foggy, but
	A. 38	.397	A. 37		fair.
23	M.38	.336	M.36	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.479	A. 31		foggy day.
24	M.30½	.525	M.37	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 38	.505	A. 31		day dull.
25	M.38½	.555	M.45	SW.	Morn rain.
	A. 47	.176	A. 45		fn. sun. cold.
26	M.34½	.225	M.41	Cble.	H. rain morn
	A. 38	28.955	A. 40		fair day.
27	M.35½	.750	M.42	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 41	.796	A. 40		fair day.
28	M.33	.816	M.40	SW.	Day f. even.
	A. 40	.430	A. 44		rain & sleet.
29	M.31	.405	M.41	SW.	Heavy rain,
	A. 39	.443	A. 45		and sleet aft.
30	M.32	.212	M.41	W.	Foren. fair,
	A. 40	.576	A. 41		rain aftern.
31	M.34½	.999	M.42	W.	Day fair, cold
	A. 38	.999	A. 40		rain night.

Average of Rain, 3.682 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Lutyens, 20 F. Maj. in the Army 5 July, 1821.

7 Dr. Gds. Maj. Hancox, from 15 Dr. Lt. Col. by p. vice Col. Dunne, ret. 18 Dec. 1823.

Bt. Maj. Daly, from 9 Dr. Maj. by p. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Bunbury, ret. do.

Capt. Robinson, from 17 Dr. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Power, ret. 19 do.

—— Pratt, from 4 Dr. Capt. vice Smyth, ret. 20 do.

4 Dr. Lt. Sale, from 17 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Pratt, 7 Dr. Gds. do.

9 Lt. Mallory, Capt. by p. vice Daly, 7 Dr. Gds. 18 do.

Cor. Markham, from 2 Dr. Lt. by p. do.

15 Capt. Booth, Maj. by p. vice Hancox, 7 Dr. Gds. do.

Lt. Buckley, Capt. by p. do.

Cot. Ramsden, Lt. by p. do.

J. H. Dundas, Cor. by purch. do.

17 Lt. Coney, from 4 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Robinson, 7 Dr. Gds. 20 do.

Cor. Nicholson, Lt. by purch. vice Sale, 4 Dr. do.

R. J. Elton, Cor. by purch. do.

Gren. Gds. Lt. Col. Woodford, Maj. with rank of Col. by purch. vice West, ret. 20 Nov.

Capt. Lindsay, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. do.

Lt. Loftus, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do.

Fred. Clinton, Ens. and Lt. by p. vice Lyster, prom. 19 do.

R. W. Astell, do. by p. vice Loftus, 20 do.

John Humphries, Solicitor, vice Wilkinson, dead 11 Dec.

Coldst. Gds. Ens *Hon.* H. S. Fane, from 93 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Hall, 35 F. 27 Nov.

3 F. Gds. Batt. Surg. Salmon, Surg. Maj. vice Hay, ret. 4 Dec.

As. Surg. Ward, Batt. Surg. do.

T. Richardson, As. Surg. do.

1 F. Lt. Eyre, Capt. by purch. vice Mosse, ret. 13 Nov.

Ens. Stayte, Lt. by purch. do.

E. Macpherson, Ens. by purch. do.

Capt. Tenison, from h. p. 72 F. Capt. vice Mitchell, 95 F. 1 Dec.

Ens. Cowell, Lt. vice Mainwaring, dead 11 Feb.

14 E. C. Lynch, Ens. by purch. vice Donald, ret. 11 Dec.

16 Ens. Colquhoun, Lt. by purch. vice Skinner, prom. 4 do.

23 2d Lt. and Adj. Bourchier, rank of 1st Lt. 20 Nov.

28 F. Phelps, Ens. vice Slacke, 32 F. 13 do.

30 Ens. Rumley, Lt. vice Kennedy, dead 25 Nov. 1822.

Gent. Cadet, R. Willson, from Mil. Col. Ens. 11 Dec. 1823.

32 Ens. Mackay, Lt. vice Stuart, dead 13 Nov.

Ens. Slacke, from 28 F. Ens. do.

Surg. Thomas, from h. p. 37 F. Surg. vice Fitz Gerald, canc. 20 do.

Lt. Grote, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. M'Gregor, ret. 4 Dec.

Ens. Paterson, Lt. by purch. do.

J. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.

34 Bt. Maj. Broderick, Maj. by purch. vice Barlow, 61 F. do.

Lt. Hovenden, Capt. by purch. do.

Ens. Airey, Lt. by purch. do.

A. Houston, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Lax, from h. p. 34 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Straith, 95 F. 18 do.
35 Lt. Hall, from Coldst. Gds, Capt. by purch. vice Rutherford, ret. 15 Nov.
Capt. Byrne, from h. p. 22 F. do. vice Hay, 91 F. 1 Dec.
38 Lt. Blennerhasset, from h. p. 73 F. Lt. vice Trant, 95 F. do.
47 Lt. Pasley, Capt. by purch. vice Keays, canc. 3 July.
52 Ens. Leeke, Lt. by purch. vice Scoones, prom. 20 Nov.
H. A. Morshead, Ens. by purch. do.
54 Lt. Coote, from 2 Gn. Bn. Lt. vice Gascoyne, 94 F. 1 Dec.
57 Ens. Shadforth, Lt. by purch. vice Mangles, ret. 4 do.
A. Robertson, Ens. by purch. do.
60 D. Freer, Ens. vice Michell, 64 F. 20 Nov.
61 Maj. Barlow, from 34 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Royal, ret. 4 Dec.
63 Qua. Mas. Dukes, from h. p. late Bahama Gn. Comp. Qua. Mas. vice Fox, h. p. 20 Nov.
64 Ens. Browne, Lt. vice Bowra, dead do.
—— Michel, from 60 F. Ens. do.
—— Draper, Ens. vice Speake, dead 18 Dec.
67 Ens. Byrne, Lt. vice Muirson, dead 5 March.
J. B. Heming, Ens. do.
82 Lt. Drummond, Capt. by purch. vice Hutchison, ret. 4 Dec.
Ens. Harford, Lt. by purch. do.
83 Lt. Auber, from Ceylon R. Lt. vice Richardson, dead 11 do.
H. Caulfield, Ens. vice Young, dead do.
84 Lt. Vaughan, Capt. by purch. vice Cruise, prom. 15 Nov.
Ens. Sealy, Lt. by purch. do.
R. J. Bulmer, Ens. by purch. do.
87 Lt. O'Flaherty, from h. p. 32 F. Lt. vice Clements, 2 W. I. R. 20 Nov. 1823.
88 Capt. Bullock, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice Le Mesurier, h. p. Newf. Fen. 18 Dec.
91 Capt. Hay. from 55 F. Capt. vice Gibbons, 95 F. do.
93 J. Gordon, Ens. vice Fane, Coldst. Gds. 27 Nov.
94 Maj. Gen. *Sir* T. Bradford, *K.C.B.* Col. 1 Dec.
Lt. Col. White, from h. p. 48 F. Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Allan, from h. p. 56 F. Maj. do.
Major Thorne, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. do.
Bt. Maj. Bogle, from h. p. late 94 F. Capt. do.
——— Gray, from 3 Vet. Bn. do. do.
Capt. Crozier, from h. p. 44 F. do. do.
—— Kirkman, from 2 Vet. B. N. do. do.
—— Munro, from h. p. 94 F. do. do.
—— Craig, from 1 Vet. B. N. do. do.
—— Lindsay, from h. p. 22 F. do. do.
—— Bacon, from h. p. 18 Dr. do. do.
Lt. Orr, from h. p. 89 F. Lt. do.
—— Stewart, from 2 Vet. B. N. do. do.
—— Sadleir, from 3 do. do. do.
—— Workman, from h. p. 65 F. do. do.
—— Innes, from h. p. 42 F. do. do.
—— Annit, from h. p. 40 F. do. do.
—— Hartley, from 2 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Nicholls, from 1 do. do. do.
—— Timbrell, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do. do.
—— Gascoyne, from 54 F. do. do.
Ens. Belford, from h. p. 34 F. Ens. do.
—— Bickerton, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Coward, from do. do. do.
—— Alexander, from do. do. do.
—— Kingdom, from h. p. 94 F. do. do.
—— Wetherall, from h. p. 85 F. do. do.
Lt. White, from h. p. 48 F. Adj. and Lt. do.
95 Maj. Gen. *Sir* C. Halkett, *K.C.B.* & *G.C.H.* Col. do.
Lt. Col. Brown, from h. p. Port. Serv. Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* D. St. L. Hill, from h. p. Port. Serv. Maj. do.
Maj. Fitz Gerald, from h. p. 60 F. do.
Bt. Maj. Mitchell, from 1 F. Capt. do.
Capt. Gore, from h. p. 30 F. do. do.
—— Gibbons, from 91 F. do. do.
—— Carter, from h. p. 58 F. do. do.
—— De Barrallier, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Robison, from 1 W. I. R. do. do.
—— Yorke, from h. p. 17 F. do. do.
—— Brownson, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. do. repaying diff. he rec. on exch. to h. p. do.
Lt. Dickens, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.
—— Cusine, from h. p. 95 F. do. do.
—— Mayes, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Saunders, from 3 do. do. do.
—— Gordon, from h. p. 48 F. do. do.
—— Newhouse, from h. p. 65 F. do. do.
—— Sperling, from h. p. 9 F. do. do.
—— Carruthers, from h. p. 17 F. do. do.
—— Dickson, from 2 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Trant, from 38 F. do. do.
Ens. Mayne, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.
—— Bunbury, from do. do. do.
—— Harrison, from 3 do. do. do.
—— Young, from h. p. 52 F. do. do
2d Lt. Parker, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do. do.
Ens. Alcock, from h. p. 36 F. do. do.
Lt. and Adj. Straith, from 34 F. Adj. and Lt. do.
F. Feneran, Qua. Mast. do.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Abbott, from h. p. 68 F. Capt. vice Robison, 95 F. do.
2. Lt. Clements, from 87 F. Lt. vice Stopford, h. p. 32 F. 20 Nov.
Capt. Winter, from h. p. Newf. Fenc. Capt. vice Bullock, 88 F. 18 Dec.
Lt. Stopford, from h. p. 52 F. Paym. vice Fox, dead do.
Cape Corps (*Cav.*) A. Macdonald, Cor. by purch. vice Jervis, ret. 15 Nov.
1 Vet. Bn. Lt. Johnston, from h. p. 23 Dr. Lt. 25 Oct.
Cor. Maxwell, from h. p. Staff Corps Cav. Ens. vice Makay, ret. list. 20 Nov.
Lt. Dowling, from h. p. 19 F. Lt. vice Worlledge, ret. list 27 do.
—— Hill, from h. p. 59 F. do. vice Johnston, canc. 4 Dec.
2 —— Hemsworth, from h. p. 101 F. Lt. 25 Oct.
—— Dickson, from h. p. 25 F. do. vice Bell, canc. do.
Capt. Hall, from h. p. Indep. Comp. Capt. repaying diff. he received on exch. to h. p. 13 Nov.
Lt. Saunders, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. 25 Oct.
—— Bell, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. do. vice Dickson, canc. do.
—— Sadleir, from h. p. Gren. Gds. repaying diff. he received on exch. to h. p. 13 Nov.
Ens. Ross, from h. p. Sicilian Regt. 20 do.

Unattached.

Lt. Scoones, from 52 F. Capt. by purch. vice Skelton, ret. 20 Nov. 1823.

Garrisons.

Maj. Gen. *Sir* J. Cameron, *K.C.B.* Lt. Gov. of Plymouth, vice *Sir* D. Pack, dead 25 Sept. 1823.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Insp. Hermen, Rank of Insp. 11 Dec. 1823.
Staff Surg. Schetky, Dep. Insp. vice Nicoll, dead 7 Aug.
Dep. Insp. Baxter, from h. p. Dep. Insp. vice Strachan, h. p. 11 Dec.
Physician Skey, Dep. Insp. by Brevet do.
Surg. Panting, do. do.
As. Surg. Macabe, from h. p. Rifle Brig. As. Surg. vice Hutchison, canc. 20 Nov.
——— Muir, from 69 F. do. vice Rossiter, dead 25 do.
——— M'Kinlay, from h. p. 101 F. do. vice Magrath, canc. 27 do.
Hosp. As. Christie, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice Gallagher, canc. 4 Dec.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt.-Col. Younghusband, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. betw. full pay Cav. and Inf. and Cav. with Capt. Chatterton, h. p. 4 Dr. G.
Major Delancey, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Major *Visc.* Barnard, h. p. 2 Ceylon R.
Bt. Maj. Smith, from 23 Inf. with Capt. Falkner, h. p. 61 F.
Cap. Van Cortlandt from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with *E. of* Wiltshire, h. p. 35 F.
——— Berkeley, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Captain Machean, h. p.
——— Horseley, from 20 F. with Capt. Bolton, h. p. 14 F.
——— Goldfrap, from 20 F. with Capt. Burrowes, 55 F.
——— Drew, from 3 Vet. Bat. with Lieut. Lyster, h. p. 105 F.
Lieut. Armstrong, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Hodges, h. p. 8 Dr.
——— Bainbrigge, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Baird, h. p. 48 F.
——— Michell, from 47 F. with Lt. Kerr, h. p. 60 F.
——— Hutchinson, from 33 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Butler, h. p. Colds. Gds.
——— Skene, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hunter, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds.
——— Champain, from 77 F. with Lt. Corfield, h. p. 22 F.
——— Price, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Pherson, h. p.
——— Newton, from 87 F. with Lieut. Sarjeant, h. p. 34 F.
——— Follet, from 88 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Elliott, h. p. 71 F.
Cor. and Sub Lt. Macqueen, from 2 Life Gds. with Lieut. T. Brett, 8 Dr.
Cornet Ross, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. with Ensign Rooke, h. p. 59 F.
Ensign Lee, from 37 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Fraser. h. p. 2 Ceylon R.
——— Gilliess, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Skynner, h. p. 10 F.
——— Craigie, from 93 F. with Ensign *Hon.* H. S. Fane, h. p. 23 F.
Paym. Tovey, from 20 F. with Paym. Campbell, 24 F.
Surg. Rohan, from 65 F. with Surg. O'Reilly, h. p. 23 F.
——— Stewart, from 71 F. with Surg. Barlow, h. p. 62 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Col. Dunne, 7 Dr. Gds.
——— West, Gren. Gds.
Lieut.-Col. Bunbury, 7 Dr. Gds.
———Royal, 61 F.
Major Power, 7 Dr. Gds.
——— M'Gregor, 33 F.
Capt. Smyth, 7 Dr. Gds.
——— Mosse, 1 F.
——— Rutherford, 35 F.
——— Hutchison, 84 F.
——— Skelton, R. Art.
Lieut. Mangles, 57 F.
Cornet Jervis, Cape Corps.
Ensign Donald, 14 F.
Hosp. Assist. J. Cocking.
——— Buller, h. p.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt. Keays, 47 F.
Lieut. Johnston, 1 Vet. Bn.
Surgeon Fitzgerald, 33 F.
Staff Assist. Surg. Magrath, from h. p. 20 Dr.
——— Hutchison, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.
Hospital Assist. Magrath, from h. p.

Deaths.

Maj.-Gen. Fawcett. E. I. Comp. Serv. Dec. 1823
——— Cooke, do. England, 29 Sept.
——— Atkins, do. E. Indies, 26 July, 1822
——— Lang, do. do. 23 Aug.
Col. Buckland, h. p. 53 F. 8 Feb. 1823
——— Anderson, late of R. Mar. 20 Jan.
Lieut.-Col. Ross, h. p. 8 F. 8 Jan.
——— Lynn, late of R. Mar.
——— Clark, do. 14 June
——— Grant, E. I. Comp. Serv. East Indies, 10 Nov. 1822
——— Wilford, do. do. 3 Sept.
——— Keay, do. on passage to England, 16 Apr. 1823
——— Elliott, do. East Indies, 4 May
Maj. Guthrie, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal, 4 June
——— M'Gibbon, h. p. 62 F. 2 July
——— R. M'Pherson, E. I. Comp. Serv. East Indies, 6 Jan.
——— Agnew, do. on passage to England, 13 Feb.
——— Dymock, do. E. Indies, 18 April
Capt. O'Reilly, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal 25 May
——— Cameron, h. p. 95 F. 16 Nov.
——— Stewart, late of 35 F.
——— Hitchcock, late 8 R. Vet. Bn. Exeter 13 Oct.
——— Phillips, R. Mar. Sept.
——— Judson, do. 11 Nov.
——— Robertson, h. p. R. Mar. 1 Oct.
——— Lawson, do. 31 July
——— Sandys, h. p. R. Mar. 15 May, 1825
——— Welchman, do. 13 Feb.
Lieut. Knatchbull, 1 Dr. France
——— Sargent, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal, 5 June
——— Richardson, 83 F.
——— Henderson, late R. Vet. Bn. 4 July, 1820
——— Richie, h. p. 14 Dr. Dumfries
——— Dickens, h. p. 2 F. 23 Oct. 1822
——— Fernandez, h. p. 4 F. 23 Mar. 1823
——— Stanford. h. p. 5 F. 18 April, 1822
——— Morris, h. p. 7 F. 29 Jan. 1823
——— Biddulph, h. p. 9 F. 26 Sept.
——— Fairlie, h. p. 37 F. 18 May 1822
——— Glynn, h. p. 40 F. 15 Jan. 1823
——— Baxter, h. p. 33 F. Wandsworth, 17 Dec.
——— Hall, h. p. 60 F. 14 July
——— Bridges, h. p. 94 F. 46 do.
——— Burges, h. p. 83 F. 30 June
——— Fowkes, h. p. 101 F. 28 Mar.
——— Thomas, h. p. 4 Irish Brig. 12 Aug.
——— Cozens, Inv. Bn. R. Art. 25 July
——— Ehrhardt, h. p. R. For. Art. 6 June, 1822
——— Loveridge, h. p. R. Mar. 8 Feb.
——— Beevin, do. 24 April
——— Donne, do. 18 Jan. 1823
——— Smith, do. 18 Feb.
——— Jeffreys, do 9 Mar.
——— Mackay, do. 13 do.
——— Justice, do. Aug.

Cornets, 2d Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

Speke, 64 F. Isle of Wight, 8 Dec. 1823
Brooke Young, 83 F.
Sirath, late 6 R. Vet. Bn.
Collinge, h. p. 18 Dr. 5 April, 1823
Barker, h. p. 20 Dr. Hague, 22 Nov.
Blennerhassett, Royal Marines, Ascension, 15 June, 1823
Wood, do.
Martindale, h. p. R. Mar. 29 April, 1822
Menzies. do. 15 Nov.
Cole, do. 30 Dec.
D'Esterra, do. 26 Jan. 1823
Couper, h. p. 37 F. 22 do.
Berenger, h. p. 41 F. 5 June, 1822
Fitzherbert. h. p. 98 F. 21 Jan. 1823
Lyster, h. p. Cape R. 15 June
Sabine, h. p. Waller's Corps 11 Aug. 1822

Paymaster Nicolls, h. p. 4 F.
Solicitor J. Wilkinson, Gren. and Coldst. F. Gds.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. Morel, h. p. 23 Mar. 1823
Staff Surg. Dunn, h. p. 5 Dec. 1822
Surg. Carter, h. p. 53 F. 20 May, 1823
— Oliver, W. Norfolk Mil.
Staff As. Surg. Johnston, Honduras, 6 Aug.
2d As. Surg. O'Doud, 10 Dec. 1822
Hosp. Mate Carter, h. p. 1 S.
Chaplain Jones, h. p. 92 F. 31 Dec. 1822.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

Commonore Charles Bullen, C. B., to the command of his Majesty's squadron on the coast of Africa, vice Sir Robert Mends, Knight, deceased.

Names.	*Names.*	*Names.*
Post-Captains.	Charles Dutton Price	George Mortley
William James Hope Johnstone	Archibald Sinclair	James Browne
George Francis Lyon	The Hon. Erie George Sinclair	James Smith
	Robert Fitzgerald Gambier	William O'Connor, M.D.
Commanders.	Charles Blatchley	John Dunlop
Charles Fraser	Charles Ramsay Drinkwater	Charles Dickson
George Frederick Ryves	Joseph Broomhead	John M'Rae
Evan Nepean	William Nelson Griffiths	John MacIlroy
William Townsend Dance	John Bushnan	Henry Kelsall
William Price Hamilton	Peter French Collicot	Joseph Chartres
James Anderson	Thomas Philips	William St John
Henry Martin Blackwood	Alexander Baillie Hamilton.	John Yeoman
Lieutenants.		Anderson Angus
Thomas Layton	*Surgeons.*	John M'Master
Robert Sinclair Hay	William Bell	Edwin Lewis
Thomas Brydges	George Roberts	James Cook
John Henry	John Kay	George Metcalfe
Joseph Ray	Campbell France	William Givan
John Moon Potbury	James Skeoch	Thomas Neilson
Charles Cate	James Gregory (2) M.D.	Alexander Blyth
Richard Amphlett	Thomas Bell	William Bothwell
Thomas Matthias		Daniel King
Robert Kennedy Thomson	*Assistant-Surgeons.*	Alfred Eguino
Arthur M'Gregor Skinner	Alexander Booth M'Arthur	
Adam Campeldown Duncan	Thomas Reynolds	

APPOINTMENTS.

Captains.	*Vessels.*	*Captains.*	*Vessels.*
Henry D. Chads	Arachne	George Gesling	Harrier
Adolphus Fitzclarence	Brisk	George Frederick Rich	Hyperion
William H. Bruce	Britannia	Charles Bullen, C.B.	Maidstone
James C. Gooding	Cygnet (brig)	Houstoun Steward	Menai
Edward H. Scott	Dispatch	Lue. Hardyman	Ocean
William J. H. Johnstone	Doris	Edward Jennings	Plaver (brig)
Thomas Bourchier	Eclair	Hugh Patton	Rattlesnake
Went. P. Croke	Emulous (brig)	John Alfred Moore	Rinaldo (brig)
James Lillicrap	Gloucester	Sir Thomas Staines, K.C.	Superb
John G. Aplin	Grasshopper	Frederick Hanna	Tweed

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 23. At Kilkenny, Ireland, the Lady of John Macrobart, Esq. M. D. surgeon, 10th Hussars, of a son and daughter.

30. Mrs Hood, of Stoneridge, of a son.

— At Dun, the Right Hon. Lady Kennedy, of a son.

— In Hart Street, Mrs Couper, of a daughter.

Dec. 2. In Union Street, Mrs Robert Dunlop, of a son.

4. In Bellevue Crescent, the Lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

6. At Banff, Mrs Walter Biggar, of a daughter.

7. At Bishop's Court, Isle of Man, Lady Sarah Murray, of a daughter.

9. At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton of Sundrum, of a daughter.

10. At Dunninald, Mrs Arkley, of a son.

12. In North Hanover Street, Mrs Robert Nasmyth, of a daughter.

— At Jordan-hill, Mrs Smyth, of a daughter.

13. At 8, Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs Peter Ramsay, of a daughter.

— Mrs C. Terrott, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

— At Castlemilk, the Lady of William Stirling, Esq. of a daughter.

15. At Woodburn, Morningside, the Lady of George Ross, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

16. At No. 4, George Street, Mrs Dr Nicoll, St Andrews, of a son.

— In Frederick Street, the Lady of Henry Harrington, Esq. of a daughter.

20. At Ballancrieff House, Lady Elibank, of a daughter.

21. At Whitton, the Lady of Charles Calvert, Esq. M.P. of a son and heir.

— Mrs John Wardrop, 103, George Street, of a son.

23. At Deanbank House, Mrs William Bruce, of a son.

— In Great King Street, the Lady of Captain A. R. Kerr, C.B. Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At Preshaw House, county of Hants, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Long, of a son.

24. At Rassay House, Mrs Macleod of Rassay, of a son.

— In Picardy Place, the Lady of Major James Harvey of Castle Semple, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of George Govan, Esq. M.D. Bengal Establishment, of a son.

26. At Eaglescairne, the Lady of Major-General the Hon. Patrick Stuart, of a daughter.

27. At 55, York Place, Mrs Reid, of a son.

28. In Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, the Lady of John Loch, Esq. of a daughter.

29. In Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square

London, the Lady of Colonel Hugh Baillie, of a daughter.

30. At Aberdeen, Mrs Henry Lumsden, of a son.

Lately. At Lochbuy House, Mrs M'Laine, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 12. At Madras, Joseph Cox, Esq. surgeon to the Hon. the Governor's Body Guard, to Catherine Grace, eldest daughter of Major Waugh, of the Madras army.

Nov. 24. At Colinsburgh, William Bonthrone, Esq. surgeon, Crail, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Scott, Esq. Crail.

— At Lauder, George Simson, Esq. to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Baillie George, Lauder.

25. At Edinburgh, the Rev. George Blyth, to Ellen Scott, eldest daughter of the late Henry Tod, Esq.

27. At London, Robert Hibbert, second son of Robert Hibbert, Esq. of Birtleshall, in Cheshire, and of Chalfont House, Bucks, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of John Drummond, Esq. of Charing Cross.

Dec. 1. At Hamilton, William Owen Davies, Esq. of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, to Euphemia May, daughter of the late William Beveridge, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Greenock, George Corsane Cunninghame, Esq. to Margaret Fenella, second daughter of the late James Macdowall, Esq. of Glasgow.

— Mr Yates, the celebrated comedian of Covent-Garden Theatre, to Miss Brunton, daughter of Mr John Brunton, manager of the Exeter theatre.

2. At Kirkliston Manse, John Scott, Esq. Dundee, to Ann, daughter of the late Alexander Reid, Esq. of Ratho Bank.

— At London, John Johnston, Esq. eldest son of John Johnston, Esq. of Danson, county of Kent, to Helen, eldest daughter of Walter Learmonth, Esq. Montague Street, Russell Square.

— At Lindertis, James Wemyes, Esq. Captain in the Royal Scots Greys, to Miss Frances Wemyss, fourth daughter of the late William Wemyss, Esq. of Cuttlehill.

4. At Chichester, the Hon. Captain Berkeley, Royal Navy, to Lady Charlotte Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond.

— At Edinburgh, Robert John Napier Kellette, Esq. of the 48th Regiment, to Jemima, only child of the late James Hunter of Craiglunchecch, Esq.

5. Mr John Mackay, merchant, Inverness, to Juliana, youngest daughter of the late Angus Mackay, Esq. Carnachy, Sutherlandshire.

8. At Viewforth, Mr James Chalmers, solicitor at law, to Jane, second daughter of Alexander Smellie, Esq.

9. At Bath, Captain Colin Campbell, R. N. to Elmira, widow of Lieut.-General Richard Gore.

11. At Edinburgh, Alexander Macdonald, Esq. of Delilea, to Jane, only surviving daughter of the deceased John Roberts, Esq. of Carronflatts.

— At Greenhead, Glasgow, John Wilson, Esq. Millport, to Miss Morris, daughter of the late Captain Hugh Morris.

12. At Smithyhaugh, James Smith, Esq. manufacturer, Auchterarder, to Ann, daughter of Peter Gibson, Esq. of Smithyhaugh.

13. At Fermoy, Ireland, Richard Wharton Myddleton, Esq. Captain in the 71st Light Infantry, to Frances Penelope, only child of Lieut.-Colonel Watson, of the same Regiment.

15. At Bury, Lancashire, William Thomson, Esq. of the Island of Java, merchant, to Grace, daughter of the late Mr James Grant, of Glasgow.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Graham, merchant, Glasgow, to Jane, daughter of Mr R. D. Fleeming, merchant, Edinburgh.

— Brora, Sutherlandshire, William Robertson, Esq. to Miss Gunn, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Gunn, minister of the parish of Latheron, Caithness-shire.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, William Duncombe, Esq. M.P. to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Stewart, youngest daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

19. At Sciennes, Mr George Bell Brown, brewer, to Nancy, daughter of the late John Gibson, Esq.

29. In Young Street, Mr James Murray, merchant, Lanark, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr David Kilgour, Edinburgh.

30. At Glasgow, Charles Berry Blyth, Esq. late of Buenos Ayres, to Robina Hannah, youngest daughter of the late Gilbert Auchinvole, Esq.

Lately. At Portsmouth, Captain Thomas Monck Mason, Royal Navy, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. K.C.B. and niece to Earl Grey.

DEATHS.

May 4, 1823. At Calcutta, Andrew, second son of the late John Heugh, Esq. of Gartcows, Stirlingshire.

June. In Calcutta, Charles Scott Robertson, Esq. indigo planter, from Peebles.

19. At Bhoojee, George, infant son of Colonel Mackonochie, Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bombay Establishment.

29. At Barrackpore, in Bengal, Ensign George Downie Cullen, of the Bengal army, son of James Cullen, Esq. Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

30. In the Island of Trinidad, in consequence of a fall from his horse, James Boyd, Esq. captain in his Majesty's 9th regiment of foot.

July 20. At Mooskupore, in Bengal, Mr Robert Pattullo, indigo planter, aged 34, son of the late Lieutenant William Pattullo, of Dundee.

23. At Valparaiso, coast of Chili, Mr George M'Farquhar, eldest son of the late John M'Farquhar, Esq. W. S.

Aug. 5. At Calcutta, Captain John Pearson, of the ship Ogle Castle.

Sept. 6. At Kingston, Jamaica, the Hon. George Kinghorn.

11. At Mount Irvine, Tobago, Archibald, eldest son of Mr Alexander Sinclair, Kilchamaig, Argyllshire.

17. At Antigua, Richard Willock Morson, second son of the late Walter Skerrett Morson, of the Island of Montserrat.

20. In the Island of Barbadoes, the Hon. John Forster Alleyne, late President of his Majesty's Council of that Island.

24. At Cape Town, on her passage to India, Catherine Richardson, wife of Lieutenant David Sherriff, of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry.

Oct. 3. At Moone, near New Orleans, America, Mr James M'Nair, second son of the late Rev. James M'Nair of Slamannan.

4. At Natchez, Mississippi State, North America, Dr Matthew Provan, formerly of Glasgow.

9. At sea, off the coast of Newfoundland, on his passage from Jamaica, Lieut. Peter Reddie, R. N. commander of the ship Thisbe, West Indiaman.

Nov. 1. At Fisherrow, Mrs Hannah Archer, and on the 10th, her husband, Mr Thomas Handasyde, seedsman and florist there.

16. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Hugh Duncan, for many years Episcopal clergyman at Dunkeld.

23. At Crieff, Mrs Barlas, relict of the Rev. James Barlas.

25. At Bannockburn, Mr Andrew Thomson, accountant in the Bank of Scotland's Office, Stirling.

26. At Foyers House, Inverness-shire, Mrs Fraser, of Foyers.

— At the Manse of Skene, the Rev. James Hogg, D. D. in the 72d year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

28. At his seat, Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, after a long and severe illness, the Right Hon. Richard Philips, Lord Milford.

— David Miller, Esq. of Pow, Fifeshire.

— At Lauriston, Mrs Halkerston of Carskerdo.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Low, writer.

Dec. 1. At the Water of Leith, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs Janet Cattanach, relict of Mr John Stewart, merchant, Water of Leith.

— At the Manse of Pettinain, Mrs Mary Lockhart, wife of the Rev. George Dickson.

2. At Airdrie, Bethea Black, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Torrance.

— At Alloa, John Jameson, Esq. sheriff-clerk of Clackmannanshire.

— At Glendaruel House, Miss Campbell, of Glendaruel.

— Robert Vyner, Esq. of Easthorpe, Warwickshire. This gentleman was out shooting on the preceding day, and while getting through a hedge

the trigger of his gun caught against a branch of it, when the piece unfortunately went off, and lodged its contents in his body.

3. Mr Archibald Roxburgh, merchant, Glasgow.

— At L'Orient, France, Mr Peter John Blair, who for many years resided in Ayr and its vicinity.

— At her house, York Place, Mrs Hay Mudie.

— At Lathallan, Major John Lumsden, of Lathallan and Blanerne.

5. At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, Esq. of Cargen.

— At his house in Gayfield Square, Mr Andrew Henderson, of the house of Sir William Forbes and Co.

7. At Irvine, John Peebles, Esq. late Captain 42d Regiment, in the 85th year of his age.

— At his house, Leith, Mr John Macleod, brewer, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Ireland, Esq. of Upper Urquhart, Fifeshire.

6. Mrs Janet Arnot, wife of Mr John Edgar, builder.

— At East Kilspindie, Captain David Lauder, Perthshire Militia.

— In Keir Street, Laurieston, Mrs Mary Young, wife of Mr George Lorimer, builder, Edinburgh.

— At Aberdeen, in the 65d year of his age, the Rev. John Gordon, Roman Catholic clergyman.

— The Right Hon. Thomas Steele, formerly one of the representatives in Parliament for Chichester.

10. At Edinburgh, Alexander Dick, Esq. accountant.

— In Brook Street, London, in his 65d year, Sir Eyre Coote, of West Park, Hants.

11. Near London, Lumsdaine Alves, Esq. Navy Pay Office.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Peel Lys, only surviving son of Thomas Lys, Esq. of London.

— At her father's house, in her 19th year, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr James Moir, surgeon, Teviot Row.

12. At her house, in Gayfield Place, Miss Jean Clark, daughter of the late Gilbert Clark, Esq.

13. At Leith, in the 58th year of his age, the Rev. Robert Culbertson, minister of the Gospel, and pastor of the Associate Congregation, St Andrew's Street.

14. At Mortonmains, Dumfries-shire, very suddenly, George Welsh, Esq. aged 74.

— At Clifton, Miss Harriet Buchan, eldest daughter of the late George Buchan, Esq. of Kelloe, Berwickshire.

15. At Nice, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Alfred Harris, son of the late, and brother to the present, Earl of Malmesbury.

— At the Mansion House, Greenock, Mrs Thomas Crawford, in the 78th year of her age.

— In London, Joseph Bambridge, sen. Esq. of Newcastle, solicitor, aged 53. He went to the metropolis to undergo an operation for an aneurism of the arm, brought on by phlebotomy unskilfully performed several years ago. The excision was dexterously effected by an eminent surgeon, and for several days flattering hopes were entertained of a perfect recovery; but on Monday the blood rushed to the head, and death quickly seized his victim, to the incalculable loss of his numerous and disconsolate family.

16. At Hamburgh, George Thomson, Esq. aged 74.

— At her father's house, aged 23, Christian, eldest daughter of Mr Orr, S.S.C. York Place, Edinburgh.

17. At Camis Eskan, John Dennistoun, aged 8 months, son of James Dennistoun, Esq. of Colgrain.

— At 5, Hart Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Richardson, wife of Peter Couper, Esq. W. S.

— At Midmar Castle, James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

18. At Paris, in the 54th year of his age, the Right Hon. Henry, Earl of Barrymore, Viscount Buttevant, Baron Barry of Olethan and Ibaune, Baron Barry of Barry's Court, originally, by tenure and writ of summons, premier Viscount in Ireland.

— At Corstorphine Hill, Mrs Mackie, wife of Mr James Mackie, Corstorphine Hill.

20. In Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Mrs William Tennant, junior.

— At Whitburn, Mr Hugh Christie, for many years manager of the Borrowstounness coal and salt works.

— In Antigua Street, Helen Brunton, only daughter of Mr Melville Balfour.

— At Ardeer, Catherine, only daughter of Patrick Warner, Esq. of Ardeer.

— Suddenly, at Falkirk, Mr Charles Alexander, in the 84th year of his age.

21. At Dumcrieff, Dr John Rogerson of Wamphray, first physician to the Emperor of Russia.

— In the Canongate, Abram Heyman, a Jew.

— In Charles Street, Peter, third son of the Rev. Peter Primrose, minister, Prestonpans.

— At Langley Park, Mrs Cruikshank, of Langley.

— At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Helen Miller, relict of John Miller in Kirkcudbright, in the 101st year of her age, and 69th of her widowhood.

— At Banff, Alexander Wilson, Esq. late of Calcutta.

22. At Kirkcudbright, Miss Thomson, daughter of the late David Thomson, Esq. of Ingliston.

— At Kilconquhar, Fife, the Rev. James Dick, minister of the United Associate Congregation in that place.

— In James's Place, Mrs Waddel, wife of William Waddell, Esq. merchant, Leith.

25. At her house, No. 74, Queen Street, Miss Agnes Hunter, daughter of the late James Hunter, Esq. banker in Ayr.

— At Glasgow, Robert Starret, Esq. late merchant in the Island of Carriacou, Grenada.

26. In St John's Street, Margaret, youngest child of Mr L. A. Wallace.

27. At St German-en-Laye, near Paris, the Duke of Fitz-James, Lieutenant-General in the army of France, and a descendant of King James II. of England, from an illegitimate branch.

— At Scalpa, aged 81, Normand Macdonald, Esq. of Barrisdale, a valuable member of society.

30. At Edinburgh, Mr George Neilson, of the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland.

Lately. At Kinsale, Ireland, aged 100 years, Margaret Cottar, mother of the once celebrated Irish giant, P. Cottar O'Brien.

— At Kowal, in the province of Moscovica, in Poland, an ecclesiastic of the name of Bujalski, at the very advanced age of 114 years.

— In Ludgate Street, London, Eliza, widow of General Keith Macalister, late of Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, and Torresdale Castle, Argyleshire.

From want of room, the Lists of Works Preparing for Press and Published, &c. are omitted. They will appear in our next.

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SOUTH AMERICA.

If those states which were formerly known by the name—Spanish America, had remained without influence on the general politics of Europe, they would still have presented a most important theme for political discussion; but when they have, unaccountably enough, carried division into the grand European Alliance, and even given rise to rumours of offensive leagues and general war, they supply a question, which, for complexity and gravity, takes precedence of all others that at present interest the politician.

Speaking of them, in the first place, with reference to their own interests alone, their revolution has rendered them in effect independent, and this is perhaps all that can be said in its praise. It was capable of yielding the most magnificent benefits, but these have been sacrificed, less by the ignorance, than the cupidity and false principles, of its parents, and its fruits could only have been worse than they have been, had it failed of success altogether.

New Spain would have formed one or two nations, respectable, tolerably powerful, and full of well-founded hope for the future. The manner in which the world is divided—the extent, power, and ambition of its neighbour, the United States—the past history of nations—everything to which it had been accustomed—and, in a word, every interest and hope, forbade its dismemberment. The unit was nevertheless split into a multiplicity of fractions. South America was parcelled out into an infinity of contemptible states, and, by this, its brilliant prospects were destroyed, and the success of its conflict with the mother country was rendered almost as much a matter of regret, as of rejoicing. If any reliance can be placed on history, these states must, from their proximity and various other causes, be generally embroiled in disputes, and ever kept from cordial friendship by jealousy. They must be for ever comparatively powerless even for defence, and it will scarcely ever be possible on any emergency to make them powerful by alliance. They must, therefore, be without weight and influence in the administration of the law of nations, and the maintenance of the proper distribution of dominion—indebted for the preservation of their rights and existence to the jealousies entertained by the leading powers of the world towards each other—the cringing, pliant dependants of these powers—and capable of being at any time involved in strife with each other, and swallowed up in detail, by that Buonapartean system of aggrandisement, to which the republic of North America has had recourse so often. This must be the case if we look at them in the most favourable light possible—if we assume that, contrary to the conduct which all other nations have hitherto pursued, they will never appeal to the sword in their quarrels, and will never thirst for increase of territory at each other's expense. But if we believe that human nature will remain unchanged, and that they will do what other countries have constantly done; then we must believe, that they will be incessantly at open war with each other, until, perhaps, that which has been so unnaturally torn

into fragments may again be cemented together by a century of bloodshed.

But this was not all; the form of government established in these states was precisely that which was the most discordant with the knowledge, habits, and characteristics of the people.

The British Constitution was happily formed before the making of Constitutions had become a regular trade, even when the name of Constitution was scarcely known, and it was formed by those who merely sought to remove perceptible evils, and to supply what was clearly necessary. It was no imported exotic, but it grew spontaneously out of the British heart, and it grew according to the laws of nature. It was a seed before it became a beautiful and productive tree. The proud, independent, jealous, querulous, stubborn, and dictatorial spirit of the Briton, could only be governed by such a Constitution, therefore it sprung into birth;—the incorruptible, generous, moral, honourable, reflective, and intelligent spirit of the Briton could only support it, therefore it flourishes and endures. He who wishes to know how arbitrary forms of government may be changed into free ones—how popular institutions may be rendered benefits, and not evils—in what the food of liberty consists, and how the maximum of liberty may be reached, must unlearn all that he has learned of the present generation of "Constitutionalists," and devote his days and his nights to the history of this Constitution.

The Crown, no matter from what motive, fortunately placed the first limit on its authority, and this afforded precedent and analogy for gradually extending the limit afterwards, according to circumstances, in peace and good will. The real rearers of our Constitution were the wealth and intelligence of the country, to the exclusion of the multitude; and they were guided, not by speculative theories, or the wish to usurp the supreme authority, but by plain common sense, and the visible needs of the nation. They were careful to make that which was meant to be a monarchy, essentially monarchical, and to endow the Sovereign with abundant power for discharging the duties which devolved upon him; and they were anxious to preserve at all times, a government sufficiently strong for all legitimate purposes. It is a remarkable fact, that, although they occasionally wrenched the crown from the monarch in open fight, and either returned it, or gave it to another, on their own terms, when they were smarting from its abuse of power, they still placed no other permanent limitations on this power, than are found to be, in the present day, indispensably necessary for public good. When the Sovereign did not voluntarily barter away a portion of his authority for the supply of his needs, restraint was only cautiously forced upon him when it was felt to be imperiously necessary, not by a faction, but by the body of the nation; and popular institutions and privileges were only slowly conceded, one by one, as the want of them became pressing, and as the people acquired the qualifications for duly enjoying them. Whenever a different system was adopted—whenever creeds of faith were followed instead of public wants, and the multitude were called upon to decide on changes in the government—the power of the crown was weakened until it was unable to discharge its duties, and faction took the helm of public affairs—attempts were made to impose restraints upon the Sovereign not clearly called for by national necessities—and popular institutions and privileges were given when the people were not sufficiently enlightened, upright, and unanimous, to use them properly—then the consequences were, fanaticism, phrenzy, civil war, and the loss of all that freedom had previously gained. The reasons are too obvious to need pointing out. When a question is left to the decision of those who understand it, the probability is, that it will be decided properly; but if it be carried to those who do not understand it, and who generally forsake truth when falsehood will lead them, it is pretty certain that the decision will be precisely what it ought not to be. The people will be reasonably unanimous in endeavouring to obtain what they *feel*, as well as think, to be necessary for their own good; but if the necessity and the benefit be only matter of speculation and uncertainty, they are sure to be fiercely divided in opinion; and it is only when unanimity prevails to a very great extent, that vital changes can be made in a government without producing the utmost measure of calamity. The

monarch will, at all times, be able to rally round him, at least, half the nation, if attempts be made to diminish his power in any other than the precise moment when he is abusing it. If he be not invested with sufficient power to control factions, he will exist only to produce public injury; his adherents will continually use his name to excite hatred against the government of which he nominally forms a part; and his incessant efforts to obtain his natural right, will render it a matter of self-preservation in the faction that rules him, to make itself despotic, and to look at its own interest only, without regard to those of the nation. The struggle between them must yield, in the first moment, all the worst fruits of mal-government; and, in the second, it must end either in his triumph or extinction. If popular institutions be formed unsuited to the habits and genius, and uncalled for by the actual needs, of the people, they must either fall into disuse, or be used only for purposes of public evil: no matter what the institutions and privileges may be, they will be nullities, blessings, or curses, according to the character of those who possess them. The power of the ruler must be exactly proportioned in extent to the ignorance, incapacity, and vices of the subject, and it must only be diminished as these are diminished: men can only be kept in order either by the rod of authority, or their own good qualities; and they can only be free by being enlightened, conscientious, and peaceable. If, unhappily, a nation be involved in civil war by doctrinal disputes respecting its form of government, the consequences must be, a government despotic to the utmost extent of practice, or none at all.

Our present Whigs, who disgrace the name of statesmen as it was never disgraced before, have the hardihood to assert, that the freedom, which France now possesses, sprung from the Revolution. They might with equal truth maintain, that our first revolution gave us our present liberty. France possessed in Louis the Sixteenth, a sovereign whose chief failing was, his wish outran his wisdom in giving freedom to his people. Had he only conceded it as they became qualified for making a right use of it, France had obtained durable liberty without a revolution, but he conceded it more profusely, and the consequences were, civil war, anarchy, and despotism. The iron sceptre which this revolution created, was fitted, even to perfection, not merely for cutting off liberty for the present, but for rendering the hearts of the French people incapable of receiving its seeds. It was not only the most galling one that the world knew with regard to the persons and possessions of its slaves, but it incessantly and most effectually laboured, both by example and otherwise, to banish knowledge, religion, morality, honour, integrity, in a word, everything that can give root to, and sustain freedom. Yet with this sceptre the French people, notwithstanding what the revolution had taught them, were perfectly contented; if it had not broke itself to pieces by its mad attacks on other nations, it would, in all probability, have ruled them for centuries, without any curtailment of its power. At the moment when Buonaparte was crushed, and when France was even called upon to choose herself a new form of government, no cry was raised by the people for popular institutions and liberty. The charter emanated, rather from a few of Buonaparte's cast-off minions, than from the nation; and, judging from their previous history, their object was to secure for themselves power as a faction, rather than to give freedom to their country. This charter rendered France comparatively free, yet, on the return of the tyrant—although he would not even deign to cry "Liberty!"—not a sword was drawn to defend it. He was again dethroned by foreign prowess, and the present monarch was restored, but still liberty was only called for by a few individuals, whose conduct since has abundantly proved, that they were demagogues seeking only their own interest. France does not owe her present liberty to her revolution. She made no effort to throw off the yoke of the tyrant which the Revolution gave her; she made no general movement to obtain liberty when he was dethroned; and she made no endeavour to preserve liberty after it had been even forced upon her. The Revolution had made frightful inroads on public morals, and it had thereby disqualified her in a great degree from becoming free; it had, however, taught her population to regard poli-

tical disputes with horror, and to be perfectly indifferent as to what was their form of government, provided they could enjoy internal peace; and perhaps it was owing to this, that the liberty — the unsolicited, unearned, and undeserved liberty—was enabled to take root, which was planted in her by strangers. It is a remarkable fact, that, while almost all that liberty has lost in latter times, has been destroyed by those who call themselves its exclusive champions, the most splendid triumph that it has achieved for ages, has been gained for it by the swords of the very men whom we are told to regard as despots, anxious to banish liberty from the universe.

Our own Constitution is unquestionably the most stupendous and magnificent monument of human wisdom and ingenuity that the world can boast of. That it is as perfect in its essentials as it can be made, seems to be proved by the fact, that, although half the heads in the country are constantly occupied in endeavours to carry it a step farther, not one of them can hit upon a scheme that wears the features of plausibility. Yet it is impossible to contemplate it without perceiving, that it is calculated for ourselves alone, and that to the mercurial Frenchman, the ignorant and sluggish Spaniard, the profligate Italian, and, perhaps, the enthusiastic and imagination-led German, it would be but an instrument of mischief in the first moment, and of ruin in the second. We must see, that we are only enabled to work it properly by being trained to the art from our infancy, and that if it were now given us entire, in exchange for a despotism to which we had been alone accustomed, we should scarcely draw anything from it at the outset but calamity, or acquire sufficient skill to manage it as we ought, before we destroyed it by our ignorance. What would this boasted Constitution be if the King were in disposition a tyrant, and the people were ignorant and regardless of matters of government?—if the people were infuriated with false political doctrines, and the House of Commons used its mighty power for purposes of usurpation and oppression? What keeps the "Three Estates," distinct and endowed with distinct and often adverse interests, as they are, in general harmony? Assuredly, in a very great degree, their own will. What would our free press be, if it were chiefly in the hands of ignorant, corrupt, immoral, and seditious writers? What would our trial by jury be, if the jurors were not intelligent and conscientious? What would our House of Commons be, if its members were not chosen by the votes, or influence, of knowing, public-spirited, and honest men? And what would the Ministers, and even the Monarch, be, if this House were chosen by persons of opposite character? Notwithstanding the perfection of our Constitution, it is in itself an inert instrument, as powerful for evil as for good, and it cannot compel those who possess it to use it properly. Our freedom, and the blessings which it yields, must, after all, be found, not in our Constitution, but in our knowledge, wisdom, activity, concord, honour, disinterestedness, morality, and religion. When these depart, freedom must depart with them, and our free institutions, instead of retarding, will only hasten its exit.

Our Liberals, indeed, stoutly maintain, that the establishment of liberty will immediately produce in the people everything necessary for its proper use, but they only support the stupid doctrine by those hackneyed declamations which have become loathsome to the ear from their absurdity and horrible consequences. Did our Constitution give us those natural qualities, which it makes its foundation? Could it make the Frenchman and the Spaniard, the Negro and the Russian, the New Zealander and the Esquimaux, to resemble each other in intellect and temperament? Can it even melt the Irishman, the Scotsman, and the Englishman into one race? Freedom will expand the intellect of all, but it will not remove the inequalities which nature has made; it will strengthen, and not change, the temperament which nature has given, and, if we be by nature "prone to evil," its natural tendency is, to pollute rather than to purify the heart. It removes restraints, places temptations before us, and multiplies our means of indulging in vice and guilt. From the factions which it creates, the competition which it causes for public trusts, the comparative poverty of those who dispose of many of those trusts, the inability of the government to *command* support, and various other causes, it is

constantly making the most fearful attacks on public morals, instead of being their parent and protector. In all the free states that have gone before us, freedom, instead of giving birth to, destroyed, public morals, and by this it destroyed itself. If we glance at the history of our constitution, we find, that for ages it was frequently either inoperative, or at work only for public injury. Now the King was virtually a despot,—then he was the tool and slave of a faction. Now, contending rivals desolated the country with civil war, for the crown, as though no constitution had ever existed; then, a band of nobles trampled upon the throne with one foot, and upon the peasantry with the other, as though their will was the only constitution. Now, the House of Commons was in a state of suspended animation, then it was the cringing lacquey of the crown, and then it seized upon the sovereignty, butchered the sovereign, demolished the constitution, and rivetted upon the nation the fetters of military despotism. The most revolting atrocities that stain our annals were perpetrated by the instrumentality of the Houses of Parliament, the Peers in their judicial capacity, and Juries—by the institutions which we reverence, and justly too, as the most precious of our national possessions. It was only when that immense class, which exists between the lower orders and the nobility, attained maturity, that the Constitution was put into proper operation in all its parts, and was made the dispenser of liberty and blessings. If it be possible to prove anything whatever, this must prove that popular institutions will not of themselves create freedom,—that freedom rather militates against, than originates and sustains, that from which it draws its vitality,—and that it is dependent upon the higher mental endowments, and the highest virtues, for birth and longevity.

Our American Colonies went to war with the mother country from no doctrinal fanaticism; "Liberal opinions" were then unknown, or, at least, had not been condensed into a system to wage war with genuine liberty, and curse mankind. At the commencement, they fought for what they believed to be a right, without thinking of independence, and when at last they determined on having a government of their own, they wished to have one that would be the most suitable for their character and circumstances. They were Englishmen in character and habit; they had been trained to the use and enjoyment of liberty, and they knew nothing else; they were without materials for forming a monarchy, and therefore there was only a republic for them. Those who formed the scheme of government were practical men, anxious to benefit their country, and the structure which they raised contained nothing of moment that was new to the people in practice, while it contained almost everything to which they had been accustomed. The people, moreover, were unanimous in favour of this form of government, and when they had obtained it, they believed that they possessed the best in the world. It does not fall within the scope of this Article to speak of its defects, to examine its operation, and to inquire what it will be when factions shall become so unprincipled and violent in America, as they have so long been in this country.

What has been said will clearly indicate the path which ought to have been followed in South America, but the directly opposite one was followed. The authors of the South American revolution were *Liberals*, and they commenced it almost wholly, not from pressing national needs, or just quarrel with the parent state, but to practise their political doctrines. This would have been most perilous, even if their creed had been true, rational, and practical; if it had been high Toryism. It was of necessity to distract those with disputes on abstract principles of government who were destitute of political knowledge—it was to make political fanaticism the grand spring of action, and to attempt to obtain freedom by the agency of that which can establish no other government than a tyranny. But the creed of these persons consisted of "liberal opinions"—the old farrago respecting the equality of man, and not the good of man,—the possession of liberty, and the destruction of all that can nurture liberty. Of course, those principles only were inculcated that were the most false and dangerous, and those institutions only were thought of, that were the most unfit, and the most likely to be perishable.

The condition of South America was exactly the reverse of that of North America, in the contest of the latter for its independence. The most marked inequalities existed in the circumstances of its inhabitants. One class was rich, luxuriant, fond of splendour and magnificence, and, in the highest degree, aristocratic from birth and the degradation of those amongst whom it moved. The remainder of the population, comprehending a very large proportion of the whole, existed in the lowest stages of poverty, servitude, vice, and ignorance—of mental and bodily degradation. The former displayed the inertness of the Spaniard, doubled by the enervating influence of a tropical climate; the latter possessed the sprightly, unreflective, unstable, foppish, sensual, selfish, insincere, dishonest, wild, and passionate temperament of the Indian, Negro, and Creole. It was not possible to amalgamate both into one adhesive body. They had been accustomed only to the rule of an absolute monarch, they knew nothing whatever of practical liberty, and, in addition to this, the higher class, the wealth and intelligence of the country, were of royalist principles, and opposed to the revolution. Common sense loudly proclaimed that monarchy was alone calculated for such a population, and that while this population was disabled by mental defects, habit, and condition, for rendering republican institutions operative for public good, it was endowed with almost everything that could convert republican liberty into a plague. The erection of a rational monarchy with a member of the royal family of Spain at its head, would, in all probability, have converted the higher class of the people into supporters of the revolution, while it would, no doubt, have been as palatable to the lower class as a republic. Unanimity, so essential for the stability of new governments, would thus have been secured. The power of the Crown might have been limited to the utmost extent. The King must have accepted it on the terms of the givers, and he would have possessed no party, and no means of any kind, to enable him to violate the compact. Such a government would have stood on the natural foundation of governments; it could scarcely have failed of being permanent, and of realizing the best hopes of its subjects. The Liberals, however, must always follow the same conduct in all countries, and they must, above all things, appropriate the sovereign power to themselves. A population like this was formed into a variety of petty republics, each, of course, having at its head, a party of the leaders of the revolution.

South America therefore presents the following monstrous incongruities. A population consisting of three or four distinct, hostile, and unmixable races of men, of which, one is composed of decided aristocrats, who regard the others, not merely as inferiors in station, but as beings ranking only just above the brute,—and of which a very large portion are slaves, or nothing better, is governed by republic. A population ignorant in all things, and profoundly ignorant of the principles and practice of liberty, having no literature and no public opinion, composed chiefly of the rich and of the extreme poor, and licentious in the highest degree, is governed by republican institutions. The degraded slave, the outcast Indian, and the despised Creole, have governments which continually ring in their ears the doctrine of equality, the rights of man, &c. &c. Ultra Liberals are formed into governments which profess to be liberty personified, and still render one part of the people the tyrants of the other;—which affect to secure a community of political rights, and still give to a great part of their subjects no political rights whatever. Governments are established which are hated by one part of their subjects, as being founded on false principles, which are despised by another part, as conceding nothing that they ought to concede, and which are scarcely cordially reverenced by any, except those who draw emoluments from them.

Some of the fruits have already appeared, and others will speedily follow. These republics are already agitated by factions of the worst description—factions struggling only for the reins of power. Even before the contest with the mother country is ended, we see in some of them, one set of men after another, seizing upon the government by main force, as though no constitution existed. If human nature remain unchanged, and chance interrupt not the operation of natural causes, this will continue until it end in the destruction of South American republi-

canism. Factions must exist as long as the republics exist, and there is nothing in the people, or the government, to control them. The natural and acquired qualities, the form and condition of society, and the national institutions, which in this country keep factions within due bounds, are in a great measure unknown in South America; and, on the contrary, the people are in a state peculiarly calculated for enabling factions to become lawless and to work their ruin. But what the republics have chiefly to dread is, the effect which the doctrines on which they stand must have, when they are rendered familiar to the lower orders. This must take place; the principles of Liberalism must become the creed of the slaves, the Indians, and the subordinate portion of the Creoles, and the passions of these must be continually worked upon by faction. The consequences, all may anticipate.

It is time now to speak of the questions which agitate Europe respecting these States.

That Spain should be exceedingly anxious to regain the sovereignty of them, is perfectly rational; and that, if she can reconquer them without assistance, she has a right to do so, is admitted by every one. But that she has a right to hire, or to receive without hire, such assistance from other powers, even though it be only meant to recover for her what she has lost, is strenuously denied. It would be idle to enter into the labyrinth, into which, the discussion of the principle of this denial would lead. England and America have protested against such assistance being furnished, and the idea of furnishing it seems to be entirely abandoned; there is therefore an end of the matter. America could do this safely, for she has neither colonies nor allies, and she seldom puzzles herself with maxims of honesty and consistency in the prosecution of her policy. With us it was a different matter. We have both colonies and allies; we have something to lose in other parts of the world, as well as something to gain in South America. We have by our "*clear principle*" effectually bound ourselves from ever using a ship, or a soldier of an ally, let us be losing what we may in the East Indies and elsewhere. It would, however, no doubt, be against our pecuniary interests of the moment, for South America to be again controlled by the mother country.

The opinion which has been so widely inculcated, that the leading powers of the continent wish to reunite South America to Spain in order to stay the contagion of revolutionary principles, is unworthy of belief. These powers had, at least, a very strong interest in putting down the Crown-veiled republic that was reared in Spain. Danger commanded, if public law forbade, them. However despotic as governments they may be, they must still be as solicitous for their own existence, as though they were free ones; and it was loudly proclaimed by all the Liberals in the world, as well as believed by themselves, that the existence of the new Spanish government was incompatible with their own. Not merely the principles on which this government was raised, but all the inflamed personal feelings of the ruling party were fiercely opposed, not to the policy, but to the existence of the other European governments; they regarded the subversion of these governments, as a matter alike probable and desirable. They proclaimed the governments of England and France to be tyrannies, as well as those of Austria and Prussia; and no nation and monarch were more abused by their public prints, than England and her King. It was impossible for a government like this, ruling a nation of the second class, and forming a member of the great family of European governments, while almost every state was agitated by powerful factions professing its principles and labouring to accomplish its wishes, to exist, without endangering the existence of other governments. It could not harmonize with them, or avoid provoking their dislike, except by apostacy; it was compelled by self-preservation, as well as principle, to foment their internal disturbances; its professions of non-interference were neutralized by the doctrines which it publicly inculcated, and its personal connection with the revolutionists of every state; and its physical weakness, as an enemy, was counterpoised by the strength of the revolutionary factions that almost everywhere existed. But with regard to the States of South America matters are wholly different. Their feebleness, distance from, and want of connection and influence in Europe,

place them, even with regard to doctrines, far below its fears. If the allied sovereigns wish republicanism to receive its death-blow, let them leave the republics of these states to yield their natural fruits, and to destroy themselves.

It has been said, that the allied sovereigns merely wish for the establishment of some rational, practical, independent government in South America, for the benefit of itself alone. There would be but little to condemn in such a wish, even though it savoured of the impossible. The warmest friend of South America would wish to see it converted into one, or two, constitutional monarchies, framed upon the model of the British one, as far as the genius, habits, and circumstances of the population would permit, and having, for functionaries, practical, experienced men of British constitutional principles. He would wish this, not merely as a friend to its future prosperity, happiness, and greatness; but in order that it might be saved from impotency, strife, misrule, anarchy, bloodshed, and ruin. If mankind would act from right motives alone, this might be easily accomplished; for its expediency would be admitted by all parties. But were the allied sovereigns to propose that the people should themselves trace the boundaries of these monarchies, that they should have all the royal houses of Europe, and, in truth, all mankind to choose their sovereigns from, that they should draw up their own constitutions under no other restriction, than that they should contain nothing manifestly hostile to social order, and that the sovereigns should guarantee the permanence of these monarchies, and the preservation of internal tranquillity—such a scheme, however salutary it might be for the country, however palatable it might be to the people at large, could still only be carried into effect by force, and of course in direct opposition to public law. Not only the Liberals of Europe and the government of the United States, but the powers that be in South America would resist it with all their might, and this would be a sufficient reason for not undertaking it.

It may be proper here to remark, when so much praise has been lavished by our Whigs upon the protest of the President of the United States against the interference of the Allied Powers with the affairs of South America, that this protest may safely be referred to the lowest of interested motives. It is the manifest interest of the United States, that South America should be divided and governed as it is. If the latter formed but one state, it might easily possess itself of a formidable fleet, a numerous army, and powerful allies, and might become a sturdy equal and a galling curb, as well as a valuable neighbour. But the feeble, jarring republics must be content to remain without fleets, armies, and allies;—they must be content to act the slave when North America pleases to act the bully, and to look on in submissive trembling, when she pleases to aggrandise herself, either to their danger, or at their expense. She will be in the western world, with regard to power, the France, as it was in the days of Buonaparte on land, and the England on the ocean. In exactly the same proportion in which it is the interest of the United States for South America to remain what it is, it is the interest of England that it should not so remain—that it should be consolidated into one, or two, powerful states. Next to South America itself, no country in the world has so great an interest in promoting such consolidation as Great Britain. This violent clashing of interests ought at any rate to make us exceedingly cautious in seconding the views of North America.

With regard to the future influence of the States of South America on our general interests, they will, no doubt, furnish an extremely beneficial market for our trade. With this we must be satisfied. They will add vigour to the rivalry which exists between us and the United States, revive our fainting jealousies and animosities, and make us almost natural enemies. They will frequently embroil us in disputes, and not seldom in war, with that power; for the preservation of their rights from its invasion, and of their territory from its grasp, will, in a great degree, devolve upon us. While they will thus render the duty of guarding our interests more difficult, make the task of maintaining the balance of power more extensive and laborious, and multiply the chances of war and its evil consequences, they will be comparatively worthless as allies and auxilia-

ries. We must have no alliance with them—we must draw none of the benefits from them that spring from alliance, and still we must act for them towards the United States, as though we were cemented by alliance into one; and we must fight for them, when fighting is the order of the day, as principals, and almost single-handed. We must, moreover, not expect the negative advantage of quarrelling for, and of being assisted by, the whole when we do quarrel for them; but it must be for one at a time, with, not seldom, some of the others opposing us in the business. This must, of course, add to the chances in favour of the frequency of strife, and increase the odds against us when we are engaged in it. Looking at British interests alone, it is painful in the extreme to think of what South America might have been rendered, and to see what it has been made. As one State, it would have yielded as many present benefits to our trade as it yields in its divided condition. With one rational, stable, efficient government, probability would have been entirely in favour of an increase of this trade; but with the existing hundred cockney, shadowy governments, probability is wholly in favour of its interruption and decrease from internal contentions and changes. As one State, South America would have formed a natural and most valuable ally to Great Britain: it would have enabled us to preserve important national possessions, which we can scarcely preserve without an ally, and for the preservation of which, we must now seek one in vain. Both would have had territory bordering on that of the United States—both would have had a clear interest in guaranteeing the inviolability of each other's territory, and in restraining that power from further aggrandizing itself, and their combined means would have been amply sufficient for the purpose. As it is, in our next contest with the United States for our possessions that lie near them, we must fight alone, and national vanity itself can scarcely hope for a favourable issue.

The main object of these remarks is, to draw the attention of our statesmen to the real merits of the great question respecting South America. It is in general regarded as a mere affair between liberty and slavery, between trade and no trade: the Whigs and Radicals huzza, because that portion of the world is throwing off a monarchical government; the better portion of us wave our hats, because it is swelling the list of free States, and the tide of our commerce and manufactures; and all seem to think that, provided it become independent, and allow us to trade with it, there is nothing more to be anxious about, either for its own sake, or ours. We seem to believe, that the best institutions will naturally be formed; that things will naturally take the best channel for the future; and that it is impossible for error to be committed now, and calamity to be reaped hereafter. Is this delusion, so glaring and disgraceful, to last for ever? and are we, while we are boasting of being wise above all who have gone before us, still to pursue conduct that would be scarcely worthy of children?

To what is all this owing? What has placed the extensive regions of South America in the worst possible situation that the acquisition of their independence could have placed them in, with regard to themselves and to Europe? What causes this consummation to yield the least possible benefit to Great Britain, both with respect to the present and the future? And what causes our own blindness to truths so apparent? The new principles of social union and government—Liberal opinions and Liberals. A new race of usurpers and tyrants, consisting of discarded and would-be statesmen, and needy and ambitious soldiers, has sprung into being, and it is to that we are indebted for this mass of present loss and fearful anticipation. Things cannot be done now as formerly. The individual usurper cannot now find accomplices to place the crown on his head, therefore the prize is shared; an army cannot now be raised among dependants and connections to fight avowedly for the sovereignty, therefore one is provided by disorganization, and Liberty is the rallying cry for the establishment of an oligarchical tyranny. But motives and objects are substantially unchanged. If we dispassionately compare the creed and practice of these usurpers, with those of absolute monarchs, the latter are demonstrably the best, not merely with regard to national weal and happiness, but even with respect

to genuine liberty itself. But nevertheless we still seem to think that, provided the crown be destroyed, or sufficiently stripped of power, no government can be formed that will tyrannize; and that, as freemen, we are bound, not to oppose, if we cannot support, those who have liberty in their mouths, whatever may be their character, motives, schemes, and actions.

Instruction is profusely spread around us, if we would but deign to gather it. What effects have the Liberals already produced in the world? They snatched liberty from France when it was already in her grasp, and gave her a tyranny of the most oppressive description—a tyranny which lasted thirty years, and which, as far as human wisdom can determine, would have lasted to the end of time, if it had not been destroyed by one of those miraculous interpositions, which prove, that the affairs of men are still controlled by the will of Heaven. They have filled Spain with political fanaticism, and inflamed the people with a horrible thirst for each other's blood. All hopes of liberty are at present blasted in that unhappy country, and, whatever may be the wish of her rulers, they must of necessity be despots—whether these rulers be royalist, or republican, she must now be governed by a searching, sleepless tyranny, or not at all. They have brought Portugal to nearly the same situation. In the Italian States and Germany, they have awakened the slumbering energies of the government, rendered the unremitting exercise of these energies a matter of necessity, and replunged those, who were making considerable advances towards practical liberty, into positive slavery. The situation in which they have placed South America has been already spoken of. While their influence has thus been felt in so large a portion of the world, in no one State where they have been able to accomplish anything, have they produced anything but calamity. Setting aside the blood they have caused to be shed, the deadly feuds they have kindled, and the tremendous wounds they have given to the morals of mankind, wherever they have found a spark of liberty, they have invariably quenched it. The Continental Sovereigns at the peace were unquestionably friendly to the gradual extension of genuine liberty. They gave freedom to France, they gave freedom to Holland; the King of Prussia promised his subjects a Constitution, the Emperor of Russia made important ameliorations in the condition of his people, and their words and actions were favourable to the cause of freedom throughout. The Liberals started from their hiding-places, echoed the old dogmas of the French Revolution, and the splendid prospects of mankind vanished. The concession of a single point would have been madness in these Sovereigns, when nothing less was demanded, than that, which would have involved themselves and their dominions in ruin. Liberty, not merely practical, but chartered liberty, has therefore been within the reach of a very large portion of the present generation, and it has been banished—to be seen again only by posterity—by the Liberals alone. Those who are at present the most inveterate enemies of liberty, those who in the present age have literally worked its ruin, are the "Constitutionalists." And, saying nothing of the insatiable ambition and cupidity of these wretched persons, what national objects do they profess to have in view? Are we now strangers to what their principles and schemes produced in France? Is there any man—even a Whig—who knows his right hand from his left, who will say, that the constitutions of Spain, Portugal, and Naples, could have governed, could have existed in, any nation whatever, without resolving themselves into tyrannies of the worst kind? Is it a matter of doubt with any one, that the practice of their creed, civil and religious, would debase still more, already debased humanity, and would quadruple the misery under which mankind now labours? Were we to allow the "Constitutionalists" to do what they wish, we have it in proof, that they would root up what at present exists, only to replace it with what would be infinitely more pernicious—that they would destroy the governments that are, only to build up others that would immediately fall to pieces—and that they would break up society, only to change order into anarchy for a moment, and then to establish tyrannies, a thousand times more galling, than any that can now be found in Europe.

Let us, however, hope that Liberty, however banished at present, will, in the next generation, be the possession of all. Liberty will be easily attained for the world, when it shall be sought at the proper season, and in the proper manner, by those who ought to seek it. But it will never be obtained for the world by disappointed party leaders, political quacks, trading constitution-mongers, mercenary officers, and infuriated mobs.—It will never be obtained for the world by abuses of Kings and Ministers, by exciting hatred against religion and its teachers, by demoralizing mankind, and by arraying every man against his neighbour, and rendering the Democracy, the implacable enemy of the Monarch, and the Aristocracy. And it will never be obtained for the world by seditious, immoral newspapers, and the fanatic scurrilities and imprecations of such men as Brougham. When the "Constitutionalists" return to their native dust, when their raving is no longer heard, and when the lower orders follow their natural leaders in matters above their knowledge, then will be the era of liberty. It will be sought by the wealth, intelligence, wisdom, and honesty of mankind—by men whose characters will be a pledge that they are disinterested, that they seek general good alone, and that they are incapable of asking, what ought not to be granted. They will be guided by public wants, and not abstract doctrines—they will seek only what their respective countries may need—they will conciliate, instead of exasperating their governments—they will seek, not a change of rulers, but of institutions—they will endeavour to recover to Kings, Ministers, and Nobles, as well as to peasants, their just rights—and they will convert the lower orders into efficient allies, by making them more knowing, orderly, loyal, moral, and religious—they will thus seek and they will obtain. They will not obtain a complete set of new rulers, and a huge mass of strange institutions at once, but they will slowly add one thing after another to what already exists, until the fruits of their labours will be, national prosperity and happiness—the greatest expedient measure of chartered, and the greatest possible measure of practical, liberty.

In the meantime, let us be careful to avoid identifying ourselves with the pretended friends of liberty—let us, instead of listening to their words, look at their conduct. It is the common cry, that, because we are Constitutionalists ourselves, we are bound to regard the Constitutionalists of Europe with brotherly affection; and that whenever they seize upon a throne, it is our especial constitutional duty to rejoice on the occasion. Lord Holland, in the fulness of his wisdom, even seems to think, that we ought to put ourselves at the head of these persons forthwith. Now, in the name of common sense, what relationship have we with them? What principle do we, as worshippers of the British Constitution, hold in common with the Constitutionalists of the continent? Does our constitution teach us to wage war against royalty and aristocracy, against religion and public morals? Or, does it instruct us to reduce Kings and Nobles to ciphers, to fashion an unbridled faction into the virtual Executive, and to make the democracy the one and all of the people? Away with such stupid and vile delusions! Our constitutional creed is more abhorrent to that of these persons, than to the creed of absolute governments. We stand between the two extremes, but we are much nearer to the one, than the other; we esteem a monarchy to be infinitely preferable to a republic, and we think a despotic government to be far better than none at all. With the governing Constitutionalists of France, and the Federalists of America, we agree in many essential points of faith, but with the Constitutionalists in question, we are fiercely at issue on foundation principles; and, in truth, they hate us quite as cordially, as they hate any of their opponents whatever. The Whigs have joined them—have in reality placed themselves at their head, but, in doing this, they have renounced British Constitutional principles, and have become the enemies of what at present constitutes British liberty. Let us, therefore, carefully stand aloof from the continental Constitutionalists.——Let us, whenever a nation is rendering itself free, or colonies are declaring themselves independent—instead of merely bawling liberty, and chuckling over everything they do—bestir ourselves to teach them right principles, to put them into the proper path, and to assist them to convert their triumph into solid gain—into real li-

berty. Whenever they wish to take "the Liberals" for leaders, and to build upon "Liberal opinions," let us oppose it by all legitimate means to the utmost. We shall then discharge our duty as British Constitutionalists, and we shall prove ourselves to be, not the pretended, but the true friends of the rights of mankind, not the nominal, but the real and efficient champions of liberty. If we act differently—if we affect to respect the principles of the foreign revolutionists, and connive at their efforts; and if we think that liberty and our constitution command us to remain neutral, whenever they are engaged in war, and obtaining a conquest, we shall find, that human nature will at every step dash to pieces the dazzling theories of their philosophy—that the proofs of experience are yet more valuable than the dreams of imagination, and that, what was truth and wisdom ages ago, is truth and wisdom still. We shall find that every victory they obtain will be a wound to liberty—that every acquisition they make will be a subtraction from the rights and well-being of mankind; and we shall find, besides, that we have, by our error and inaction, placed ourselves and our best possessions in jeopardy, and largely contributed to fill the world with plagues and misery, when the means were in our hands for leading it to blessings and happiness.

Y. Y. Y.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XIV.

To Francis Jeffrey, Esq.

ON THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, &c.

Dear Sir,

I compassionate the feeling with which you must have perused the first Number of this long promised and loudly-trumpeted periodical. In its publication you cannot have failed to perceive the last and infallible symptom. The Quarterly came first—a violent wound—external, and dealt from a distance; then came Blackwood, a close home-thrust—you might bandage it up, and smile, and smile; but you felt what was within, and trembled inly—last of all comes this fearful, this fatal, this consummating Westminster Review—here is neither the gunshot wound nor the dagger-thrust—here is *disease*—here is the plague-spot—here is the putrefaction *from* within — here is the rottenness for which there can be neither cure nor hope. This is the last of your "three sufficient warnings."

See, now, to what all your fine theories have come! Behold, now, the upshot of your elegant quibblings, your sarcastic whisperings, your graceful cunning innuendoes, your skilful balancings, your most exquisite trimmings: See what is come of your beautiful hesitations, your fine scruples, your pretty pauses, your politic periphrases, your play, your by-play, your double play. Admirable rope-dancer! are you clean thrown at last? Noble jockey! will the stubborn steed bend his neck never again to be patted by your condescending, conciliating hand? Splendid aeronaut! is there never a parachute in reserve? Is the wax clean melted; O Icarus, and does thy last quill quiver?

So much for exordium and euphonia! now to business in the old plain style.

Your cause, my man,—the cause of the literary partizans of Whiggery, is utterly gone at last. For twenty years your game has been to conciliate the rabble of Jacobinism, Radicalism, Liberalism, (no matter about a little chopping and changing of names,) in order that, backed by the vulgar outcry, if not the vulgar force, your party might be enabled to supplant the Tory ministry, and to distribute among you and their other dependants, the loaves and fishes of Great Britain. This has been your perpetual object; your career has had no meaning but this. In the prosecution of this scheme your difficulties have been considerable, and you have not always got out of the difficulties so well as might

have been wished. You have been induced to say things which required to be unsaid—to insinuate what you were obliged to disavow—you have shamefully paltered in a double sense, and not seldom you have been detected.

But not until now could you have completely brought home to your own bosom, the utter, and entire, and irremediable failure of ALL YOUR SCHEMES. In spite of occasional suspicion, visible and audible—in spite of many little checks and stumblings—in spite of Carlile—in spite of Hone—in spite of Cobbett himself—you might still preserve some faint hope that your objects might, some day or other, come to be forwarded by the alliance of those whom your understanding always despised, whom your lords and masters found it convenient you should flatter, and whom you and your superiors must now be contented to unite in fearing. Your tricks have all been exposed, Mr Jeffrey: Not by your old enemies the Tories—God knows, they exposed them often enough, but they did not, could not, expose them among the radicals; they could not stoop to that work;—but by the radicals themselves. They have taken up the tone which was that of your most bitter enemies—and which is so still—though the enemies have been changed; for as to us, the Tories, being your enemies *now*, you may depend on it, that is entirely out of the question. We should as soon think of warring with women, or hating the dead.

The exposé is complete.—You and your coadjutors have for a score of years sneered at what you durst not openly revile—you have for a score of years hinted what you durst not put in plain words—and all this to please a set of people who now take the affair quite into their own hands, and not contented with that, sneer at you, yes, at you and all your clan, more bitterly than ever you dared to sneer at anything; revile your whole manœuvres more scornfully than ever you dared to revile anything; and speaking smack out without periphrasis or equivoque, everything that ever you dared to utter the smallest hint of, tell you as plainly as words can do, that they saw through you all the while, and allowed you to go on, not from the most distant notion that you ever wished to do the least good to them, but in the most sincere conviction, belief, knowledge, that your own doings would in the upshot emasculate, destroy, and nullify yourself and your whole set, and thereby serve them and their cause, far more effectually than anything that could possibly be done or devised for your destruction by others. This then is the finalé of your cowardly conciliatory concerto. You gave them inch after inch, and now they at last tell you that nothing but the ell will do for them—that they *will* have the ell—and that when they have it, you, of all people in the world, are the very last to whom they in their turn would give so much as a hairsbreadth. Your reflections must be sweet.

The plain tale of these gentry has put you down with a vengeance. You have been going on snuffling and whispering about "liberal opinions," the "increased light of the time," "discussion," "march of ideas," and God only knows what stuff besides of the same sort. In another department, (if indeed it can be called another one,) you have been cracking your little cunning jokes against "church," "tithes," "bishops," even down to Dr Parr's wig, and the "huge amorphous hats" of doctors of divinity—to say nothing about some still slyer touches of a truly detestable nature—sly and cunning and ingeniously wrapt up, but still smelt, Mr Jeffrey, and sometimes exposed too, as ye may perhaps remember. You have also been from time to time trumpeting up American constitutions, forsooth, American laws, American presidents, and what not; and you have also indulged in occasional wipes at your own king; both at him that was, and at him that now is. I mean personal wipes at the king, not at his ministers and their proceedings. All along this sort of cant has been muttered by you and your gentlemen between your teeth—you have been saying these things in a sort of perpetual (*aside*)—while the sentences you were delivering *aperto ore*, and *in facie theatri*, were garnished with beautiful high-sounding words of "loyalty," "constitutional monarchy of England," "our holy religion," "our venerable establishments in church and state," the "*practical blessings* of our polity, as it is," the "superiority of England" over all other countries, and tribes, and kindreds, and tongues, &c. &c. &c. At one time you went

so far as to attack the Methodists distinctly and expressly on the ground of their being like enough to play over again the part of the old Puritans, and "overturn," these are your own words, "the constitution in church and state;" or, as you word it in another paragraph, "the throne and the altar." Often and often have you in your upper key abused the "madness," the "folly," the "visionary trash" of the radical reformers—a hundred and a hundred times over have you thus played hot and cold.—We saw through you all the while, and we told you so; but you chose not to be warned by that, for you thought that you were still gulling your own *brutum vulgus.* You can now no longer lay that flattering unction to your soul.

The radical party, sir, have long had in Cobbett, a man a thousand miles above you in native vigour of mind, and no more to be compared with you as a writer of the English tongue, than the war-horse of Napoleon was to be compared to old Chiaramonti's pet ambling mule. You, in jealousy, or rather in fear, tried to destroy Cobbett—but Cobbett laughed, as he well might, at anything you could do, rattling with your little auctioneer's penny-hammer, (which you mistook for a warrior's mace,) upon his steel coat and cuisses. You did nothing; and he did all himself—he destroyed himself—it is no time to tell how here—but he destroyed himself. And it was only his having done this that prevented HIM from destroying YOU also. The radical party have also had for a long time Jeremy Bentham, a man immeasurably superior in his single intellect certainly, to you and all your divan put together. But Jeremy's absurd peculiarities of thinking, still more of writing, rendered him almost as harmless as errors and defects of quite another order had rendered Cobbett. The one had sunk himself below the respect—the other could never bring himself down to the intellect of the radicals. In spite, therefore, of these two great men; for they are both of them entitled, in some sort, to be so called—in spite of the admirable ingenuity of the one intellect, and the admirable pith of the other, you and your coadjutors still found nothing to prevent your continuing to play on the same old double game. You played on sprucely and airily, but at last your hour was come!

In this new Review, the party with which ye had been so long paltering, has at last found an organ and a rallying point of intellect for themselves. Henceforth they tell you distinctly and scornfully they have no need of you. They have told you their old and rooted contempt at once. They have declared their resolution to stand by themselves, and for themselves. "No more *asides;* no more whispers; no more hints; no more insinuations; no more Whig-radicals; no more Jeffreys; no more Edinburgh Review; no more milk and water for us." Such is the language this party now speaks; and the thing is spoken in a tone which verily you, sir, and all your associates, may well tremble to hear.

This is a work, Mr Jeffrey, of no common talent. Had the same talent come forth on any side, it must have done something; but coming forward in this shape, and on this side, it must indeed do much. You cannot have glanced the book over without being satisfied of this in a general, or perhaps I should say, in a vague way. But I propose to illuminate your ideas a little farther. You are shocked, puzzled, discomfitted, downcast, perplexed, bamboozled—I am cool as a cucumber. You fear and tremble—I do neither the one nor the other. Do, therefore, permit me to lend you my spectacles, if it be but for a glimpse or two.

You have no longer to maintain yourself against the shufflings and twistings of the self-confuted and self-tortured Cobbett, or the page-and-a-half polysyllabics of "The Old Man of the Mountain," (as my nephew calls Jeremy;) you have to do with a clever, determined, resolute, thorough-going knot of radical writers—a set of men, educated, some of them at least, as well as the Edinburgh Reviewers,—and quite as well skilled as the best of them could ever pretend to be in the arts of communicating with the intellect of the world as it is—and (here lies their immense advantage,) these men have a single object in view, and have adopted boldly and decidedly a single set of measures for the attainment of this object. They have none of the demi-tints to study. They have

only one string to their bow, but it is a strong one, and far better than your double skeins of pack-thread. They have not to serve two masters. They have chosen their part, and they stick to it.

This lifts them prodigiously above your elevation, Mr Jeffrey. They write in a straight-forward, swinging style, which sorely discountenances your ingenious *double entendres*. They do not scrape with a chisel behind their backs, as you did, but they hold the axe above their shoulders, and they tell all the world, that they will drive it in thunders on the tree, *if they can*. Your set appear in a puny light beside these people. "Faint heart never won fair lady," is the tune the standers-by treat you with. You would and you would not—your *if* was your only peace-maker, and there is no virtue in it—You were the Probert—the Westminster is the Thurtel, and we prefer him.

These people waited, too, just till proper time for their most effectual appearance. They waited until you had edged on, bit by bit, as near to their own view of things as (they well knew) you ever by possibility durst come. They waited until the Whigs had completely committed themselves—they waited until you, among others, had even toasted REFORM at a public meeting—nay, they waited until you had, at another public meeting, toasted the President of the United States, in a speech which all but said, that a republican government was, in your opinion, the best government.

They got you into this cloven stick only for the purpose of leaving you there. If these are your real sentiments, say they, why, then, have you and all your party been hoaxing us, in and out of parliament, for these twenty years? If these be your real sentiments, why did you always shrink from the rope, when we called for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together? If you be Radicals, why have you called yourselves, why do you still call yourselves, Whigs?—Henceforth, such is their language, we shall put up with no more of these half measures. He that is not with us, to the backbone, henceforth shall be against us—or, at least, we shall be against him. I applaud their logic. It is in itself sound, good, sincere, and it ruins you. The Radicals will no longer stand behind you, and swell your ranks, or, at least, have the semblance of swelling them. Without this aid, you well know that you have for many years been weak as bulrushes. Your pitiful remnant must now be exposed in all its feebleness and nakedness. To us you cannot come—to them you may not go—you must stand, such as you are, alone, and so standing, YOU ARE RUINED.

There are but three ways you can try. First of all, you may say,—Well, there is no help for us—we must do something. We have gone too far to retreat—we must e'en make common cause—we must e'en go thoroughstitch—let us *be* Radicals! *Jacta est alea!* If the Edinburgh Reviewers choose this line of proceeding, or if the violent Whig Radical leaders in the House of Commons choose a similar line of proceeding, they, the Jeffreys, the Broughams, whoever they may be, are cut by the great aristocratical Whigs. For,—mark you well,—the Westminster Review has spoken no half words—its words are not like yours, that they might be eaten again upon occasion. The lordly Whigs, the gentlemanly Whigs, the Lansdownes, the Hollands, all alike, must hate the language of this Westminster Review, or be fools, drivellers, mere idiots. They must, and they do hate it, and unless you swear that you hate it also, they turn their backs on you for ever. Well—but you make up your minds and you join the Radicals, and you play the second fiddle to the Westminster. And what do *you* call this?

The second plan you may essay is that of drawing up your chin, as if your breast-pin were suddenly bewitched into some petrified essence of assafœtida, and saying—through a sixpenny speaking trumpet, if convenient—We have been deceived—we have been rash—we have been blame-worthy—we spoke some civil things to these fellows, under the notion that the better sort of them would be flattered into Whiggery, in which case we need care nothing about their mere rabble. But behold! the vermin do really stick together. Ye gods! the Radical gentry despise us—Ye gods! they have set up a Review of their own—they are to criticise books and write dissertations and libels, all upon their own bottom! The impudent knaves! Behold, they even re-

view the Edinburgh Reviewers! This unheard-of insolence is a little too much—Don't you think so, Lord Archy? don't you think so, Lord Rosslynn? don't you think so, indeed, dear Lord Holland?—Well, there is nothing for it but to make the best of a bad cause. Let us be done with this ragamuffin regiment for once and for ever! Here goes, once more, the glorious aristocratical old Whiggery of England! The Edinburgh Review for ever!—

"Down with the whitybrown,
Up with the blue!"

If this plan be adopted—if, declaring war against the Radicals, the Whigs do, nevertheless, resolve to maintain themselves as a party against the Tories—they will, as a party, and you will, more especially as reviewers, labour under great, weighty, and hitherto unexperienced difficulties and embarrassments. Your line of prophecy, &c., touching the late war, has pretty well settled you as foreign politicians. You will now, at your very outset, have at least as magnificent an array of blunders, touching our internal affairs, to acknowledge. Having done so, you will come into Parliament, and make Whig speeches; and you will write Whig reviews also, with much gracefulness and imposing dignity of air. In a word, you will, as a party, or as a review, be altogether unworthy of the trouble of a single kick. Conceive of George Canning answering you in Parliament, or Timothy Tickler answering you out of Parliament, after these gulps!—Well, I have been told I am a singular old boy, and it may be so; but were I in your place, my braw man, I should call this also *ruin*.

The third and last, and only feasible plan, is for you to come over at once to the ministry. Do not be utterly amazed by the notion of the magnitude of this change: you have done the like already. Henry Brougham concluded an article in the Edinburgh Review with these words, "*I, decus, i, nostrum:*" and these words were part of an address to Mr Pitt; and this is the same Mr Henry Brougham, who, on a late occasion, said he wished his tombstone to be inscribed, "Here lies the enemy of Pitt." You yourself do not require to be reminded about your own changes of tone, touching Madame de Stael, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. —Why, your late toasting of Reform is of itself quite enough for my argument. And then consider the advantage of the thing. We are the only true Christians, we Tories; we are the only people that really love our enemies, and kiss those that despitefully entreat us. Compared with you, our own friends are hateful to us. We are never weary, as things stand now, of doing you all the good that it is possible for us to do to you. We are never weary of flattering and fawning upon you. We think no sacrifice too great for you. If there is any *honour* to be given by us, we are in a hurry, lest you should run the least risk of missing it. And whenever we can, we thrust some lucrative honour also upon some of this incomparable, invaluable, adorable, divine body of enemies. Now only think—if we do all this for you while you are against us—what would we not do for you if you were for us? Why, you are all mad if you do not jump at this. You, in particular, have you ever sufficiently considered what a nice-looking little fellow you would be in a silk gown and lace band—a smooth glossy pair of black silk stockings—shoes bright as the morning star, and buckles of a neat pattern? Or what do you think of purple damask, and gold frogs rustling up the steps that lead to the landing place that leads to the anti-chamber that leads to the presence-chamber of Carlton-House? Or if you think quiet things more suitable to a literary character of the first class, what say you to a Commissaryship—a snug thing, and capital fun too?—or a seat on the Exchequer Bench? Don't you think you would look well between a David Hume and a Sir Samuel Shepherd? The brightest bench Scotland has ever seen would then indeed be a galaxy!

Your eye laughs—you darling—you are won—you are ours—here, rush into my arms, that I may embrace thee ere I die! What! you draw back? you will not? you are resolved to have nothing to do with us? In the name of common prudence, in the name of Scotland, in the name of Aberdeen, relent! Can you see me thus stooping in the dust before you unmoved? Is thy heart a piece of Caucasus's hardest stratum? Was the tigress's milk that you were nursed upon, *sour milk?*

A sudden gleam of light strikes upon my old eye-balls. You are in the right yet, after all. We would give up

pettling you altogether, if you were one of ourselves. Certainly it is most probable we should. You remain, therefore, where you are, from the most prudential, as well as the most patriotic of motives. I cannot offer any sufficient objection to the argument which I see dancing in your cunning eyes. For once you are right, Frank, and I was wrong.

As yet I have been speaking of the effects which will be produced upon you, your work, and your fellow-workers, by the general tone of principle avowed in this new book; but these are far from being the only effects you must look for. Not contented with destroying and nullifying the talent which you may still have it in your power to retain, by the exhibition of equal talent, exerted in a more straight-forward and uncompromising style, and for a more distinct, and intelligible, and broader set of purposes —not contented with this, the Westminster work is likely to rob you of a great many of your own best hands. Your friends, disciples, and coadjutors, are the very people with whom you are now to contend. Two of your own cleverest hands are visible in this first Number, and it is obvious that many more will leave you when they find that there is a review in which it is not necessary to preach radical doctrines under the disguise of whiggery. This you feel; and it is indeed so obvious, that I need not say more about it. If these gentry condescend to give you any further assistance, they will never do it in any other view than that of putting a little money into their pockets. They will write for you; but they will keep their best wits for the work where they can speak their heart right out. Your work will in this way degenerate wofully. It will sink into a sort of thing like the New Misses' Magazine of Colburn, Campbell, and Co.—a book where nobody says anything at all, which might not just as well be said in any other book under heaven. Distinctive character—intellectual *vis*—the impress of individual earnestness, will be all of them found wanting. You will dwindle rapidly into a sofa-book—a book to lie beside the young ladies' guitar—a book to read one's self gently asleep over —a sweet, harmless, insignificant olio of puns, prosings, and prettinesses. This is your fate, so far as these old allies can influence it, and you see it.

So much for you—what will be the effect of this work upon the country at large? Most salutary—most beneficial—most blessed, is my unhesitating answer. Your work was a dangerous one, sir, simply because it was a dishonest one. This is an honest one, and I can see no peril that is like to flow out of it. You mixed up your poison in small doses, and administered it in gravy, porridge, plumcake. These lads set it forth in its native shape, and in a labelled vial, and those that taste it will know whom to thank for their treat.

This a broad-bottomed Review with a vengeance. It reduces everything at once to an intelligible standard. Universal suffrage is the inborn and inalienable right of man. England has at present neither laws that are worthy of the name, nor any representation *whatever*, nor any justice whatever, nor any government but what is directly, and in every the least and the greatest of its doings, an usurpation, a tyranny, a plague, and a curse. All priesthood is priestcraft; all nobility, all gentry, is cruel, insulting, bloody quackery; the very name of monarchy is a thing to make a man sick, but to hear of. Tumble all this fabric down; blot out the whole of your history; and BEGIN to be a free, a happy, a rational nation! This is the burden, the chorus of the strain—this is the whole pith and essence of the Westminster Review.

These people do not take the trouble to argue us into a belief of our universal misery and degradation—they assume it as a primary and incontrovertible truth—something, to which nobody, but an idiot, can for one single moment hesitate about giving his full, hearty, and irrevocable assent. The House of Commons exists solely *by* and *for* two hundred families; all the rest of the twenty millions are slaves, and have nothing to do at present, but to clank their chains, and sweat for their lords' behoof.

The matter being put upon this decided foot, there can be no great difficulty in grappling with it surely. Every man that has had his eye about him in the world is of course perfectly qualified to judge, whether this broad statement be or be not true and

just; and that is the only thing he has to do; because if he once makes up his mind that it is not, there is not one word in this book which is not as false as Euclid would be, if a triangle were the same thing with a circle—and if he makes up his mind that it is, why then the path of his duty lies very clear before him. If he believes this book to be founded in truth, and is not ready to enter heart and hand into the work of an English revolution, a total and radical revolution—a war of total demolition, exterminating fury, revenge, blood, fire and fury, TO-MORROW—there cannot by possibility be any reason for this shrinking, but a hempen one.

The ground which they take is no doubt high, and the attitude imposing. Perhaps, notwithstanding, a little more condescension to the babes and sucklings of the world might have been consistent with wisdom. Perhaps, for example, it might have been well to give a few specimens of actual injustice done to us Englishmen by our English judges and juries, before calling upon us to give the whole of the present system its *coup-de-grace*, and boldly instal old Jeremy Bentham as our Solon. Perhaps it might have been not amiss to point out one law, the object of which is, evidently to please 200 families, and to injure *all the rest* of this nation. The residence of a clergyman in a parish is, they tell us, of necessity an evil; perhaps, in the present imperfect state of the human mind, it might have been adviseable to give, instead of only promising, a *demonstration* of this fact. I might, if it were worth while, run up a tolerably lengthy catalogue of trivial little objections of this cut—but I shall be contented with only one more proof of my *esprit borné*. It is this; I and the other simple ones would have liked to see it explained, why it is laid down as a thing not disputable, that England ought to be revolutionized immediately, *because* the immense majority of the nation want a revolution—while it is also laid down as a self-evident truth, that the late Spanish Constitution ought to have been maintained, *because* it was hated by the immense majority of the Spaniards. But I confess, I am almost ashamed of myself.

If it be true, as these gentlemen benevolently inform us, that "NO POET can REASON"—in other words, that those faculties which are not absolutely necessary for enabling us to see that two and two make four, are an unhappy impertinence and clog upon us, and that Joseph Hume is a greater man than Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato put together:—if it be true, that he who invents a new spinning-jenny is, of necessity, a wiser and a better man than he who makes a new Iliad:—if it be true that Mr Carlile is a noble martyr, at this hour suffering in the cause of English INTELLECT:—if all these things be true, it certainly must be true also, that we ought to lay aside many things with which we at present absurdly and childishly amuse ourselves. York Minster should undoubtedly be made into a cotton-mill, *absque morâ:* Instead of taking advantage of the passions and aspirations of humanity, by an imposing and venerable array of ancient, dignified, and awful institutions, we should, no doubt at all of the thing, build a neat congress room, and see if nobody will do now, what Tom Paine used to be so generous as to say he would do, that is, discharge the whole duties of king and executive among us for a matter of L.300 per annum. In other words, if whatever is now, or ever has been, in England—be wrong, whatever is written in the Westminster Review is right. The system wants only one thing to be complete, and, perhaps, it may soon acquire even that too,—I mean Turnipology.

I consider this Book, then, as not only likely to be the ruin of literary Whiggery, and the Edinburgh Review in particular, but as likely to operate as a *reductio ad absurdum* upon the whole doctrine and discipline of the Radicals themselves. The more talent the affair is conducted with the better, since they have fairly set out in this honest and open tone; and most heartily do I hope that the good men of the land will be too wise to throw any stumbling-block in the path of their most promising career. On let them go—and the faster the better, since they not only feel, but confess, that it is the devil who drives them.

The politics of this Book are, as yet, the only thing noticeable about it. In general, it is written well, with distinctness and vigour almost throughout, and occasionally with very considerable power and eloquence. The threshold is Cockney, but that stain is

not visible through far the greater part of the affair. There is something pleasantly waggish in having a print of Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey in the title page of such a book. I give them credit for that archness. The article on Vocal Music, Dr Kitchener, &c. contains a great deal of excellent sense, and that on Moore's Fables for the Holy Alliance is quite equal to any piece of sarcasm that either you or Brougham ever manufactured in the days of your glory. As for the small print at the end, that department has either been given up bodily to some inferior hand, or been done for the present with a shameful carelessness and slovenliness. I was pleased, however, on the whole, with the notice of "The Stranger's Grave," though, no doubt, the author of that work must have been taught long ere now, that talents such as his were not meant for such themes.

The character of this work, as a review of literature, properly so called, remains as yet to be made—perhaps it never will have any existence. Your work has long ceased to have any existence of that kind, that is worth speaking of. The Quarterly is almost in the same predicament, in so far as the literature of our age is concerned. Long ago you were a pretty hand at that sort of thing yourself.—Perhaps, now that you see your political career quite done up, you may take back to it again. I wish you would—I should hate to hear of you being a mere nonentity.

Meantime, be not overmuch cast down. I am five-and-twenty years your senior, and yet see how cheerily I carry things still. This is but a poor world after all, to fret one's self much about. My way is to take matters easy. Nothing like dividing our time properly. I devote two hours before breakfast to my oriental books. I eat two eggs every morning. I still have my cup of chocolate at two. I never ride less than eight miles, dine on more than one dish, drink less than a bottle, touch a potatoe, or read a newspaper by candle-light. I play a tune on my fiddle every night ere I go to my bed—five good Tories (sometimes fewer, never more,) dine with me every Saturday. We often remember you kindly, overlook all your foibles, and drink your health in a bumper. Your speech about America t'other day was really a clever thing; it does you credit. Don't be down in the mouth over much, my dear:—If any of these Radicals treat you uncivilly, come to me at once, and I will do for them.

Yours always,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

SOUTHSIDE, *Feb.* 10.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR OF "ANASTATIUS,"

TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,

How you, or the reviewer of Hajji Baba in your last Number, whoever he may be, who has bestowed such just commendations upon Anastatius, could for a moment suppose the author of that work to be the same with the author of Hajji Baba, I do not understand. All I know, and which I beg to assure you of, *as a positive fact,* is this, that Mr Hope *never wrote a single line of Hajji Baba, and that I was present when the book first came into his hands.* I beg, moreover, to inform you, that the author of that work is generally supposed to be Mr James Morier, who has written "Travels through Persia," or a work bearing a title somewhat similar.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR OF ANASTATIUS.

LONDON, *Feb.* 7, 1824.

ANSWER.

Did you not see that we were quizzing you both? C. N.

HIS LANDLADY.

From an unpublished Novel, by the late Walter Torrens, Esq.

* * * * When at college himself he had been a little gay, and remembering the consequences of his own follies, was anxious that I should pay some attention to Edmund.

"I know your habits," said he; "but what I mean by attention is not that sort of hospitable kindness, which is apt to bring on the very evil I wish to guard against; in a word, I entreat for him the attention of an observant eye—the eye of a censor—as well as the occasional advice of a friend."

Heaven knows how ill qualified I am by nature for any office of severity, especially towards the aberrations of young men. Among the pleasantest recollections of my youth, are many things that old age now tells me were very naughty, while it makes me sigh that I shall never perform them again.

But how could I refuse such a request?—I had not heard of Lumley for more than forty years, and to be so affectionately reminded of the follies we had committed together—Follies!—what vile translations are made by old age—and these same follies, the very things which, by the alchymy of old companionship, had enriched me with virtues, that made him anxious I should superintend the education—rather let me say, the follies! of his only son.

Accordingly next morning, immediately after breakfast, I went to Mrs Lesley's lodgings. She lived in a fourth flat in George's Street, but I was so buoyant with the hope of seeing a renewed, and, as I was led to believe, an improved version of Lumley, that I felt neither gout nor age in ascending. On reaching the door, however, I was rather startled to observe, not that it was newly painted, one of the common lures of the season, but that the brass-plate with the name was new, and seemingly fresh from the engraver.

I halted on the stairhead, and looking at the plate before ringing the bell, said to myself, "I do not like this—a new comer—inexperienced—short commons, garnished with tales of better days, won't do—" and with a slight degree of fervency, the natural excitement of the ideas which the brass had conjured up, I somewhat testily touched the bell.

It was too long I thought of being answered; and I caught myself saying "slatternly wench," as I again laid my finger on the spring.

While the bell was sounding the second summons, the door was opened, not as I expected, by a sooty besmeared drab, with dishevelled locks, and a hearth brush in her hand, looking from behind the door, as if she expected a thief, but by a little girl of some six or seven years old—the loveliest creature I have ever seen, dressed with the most perfect simplicity, and her ringlets clustering all over her head, in curls as small, pretty, and natural, as the wool buds of the fleece of the lamb.

"Is Mr Edmund Lumley at home, my dear?" said I, patting her instinctively on the head with, I know not wherefore, a sentiment of pity, as my eye accidentally fell again on the ugly new brass-plate with her mother's name.

"I don't know, but please to walk into the parlour, and I will inquire," was the answer, delivered with an engaging, modest self-possession, and with an English accent, that seemed, if I may say so, appropriately in unison with the beauty and gentleness of the lovely fairy's air and appearance.

I accordingly followed her into the parlour, which I saw was newly furnished. The carpet was new—the chairs were new, but the tables were evidently second-hand, so was the grate and its appurtenances, even to the hearth-rug. Everything was perfectly suitable to the style of the room, except a few ornaments on the mantlepiece, consisting of neat toys, made of paper, ingeniously painted. They had more the character of ornaments for the mosaic tables of a boudoir, than for the chimney-shelf of a boarding-house parlour; an old squat spoutless china tea-pot, with a cup or two, odiously reminding one of senna, would have been more appropriate; but I thought of the pretty creature that had gone to inquire for young Lumley, and I said to myself, thinking no more of his comforts, but only of the family, "They are beginners, and will learn before the winter is over to dispense with these gewgaws." At that moment a cold fit came upon me;

I thought of the blooming child, and I looked again at those tasteful ornaments.

"I hope in God," said I, "that she has no sister capable of making and painting such things—This house will never do, if Edmund has much of his father in him."

While I was thus relapsing into the peevish humour in which I had first touched the bell, the parlour door was opened by a tall and elegant gentlewoman, in the weeds of a widow. It was Mrs Lesley; she was about five-and-thirty, probably not so old; but no one, seeing her, for the first time, would ever have thought of her age, there was so much of an ever-green spirit in the liveliness of her look, and the beautiful intelligence of her eye—what she said about Edmund I do not recollect, nor do I believe that I heard it, so much was I entranced by the appearance of *such* a lady in a condition so humble.

I imagine that she saw my embarrassment, for she requested me to be seated, and again said something about her boarder, adding, with an apparent equanimity that was exceedingly touching, "He has gone to bring a friend here, who arrived from Westmoreland last night; for as yet I have got but himself."

"Is it possible?" said I, not well knowing what I said.

"I am sorry it is true," replied she with a smile; but there was a despondency in the tone that ill accorded with the gaiety of the look, and she added seriously, "I must, however, try a little longer. If Mr Lumley brings his friend, perhaps his friend may bring another. It is in that way I expect to succeed, for I have no friends to recommend me."

"Good Heavens! madam," exclaimed I, no longer able to suppress the emotion with which I was affected, "how is it that you are in this condition?—how have you come here, and without friends?—Who are you?—what are you?"

The latter questions were impertinent certainly, but the feeling which dictated them, lent, I presume, so fitting an accent to their earnestness, that they neither gave offence, nor implied anything derogatory to the elegant and unfortunate widow to whom they were addressed.

"I am not surprised at your wonder," said she, "for I do sometimes think myself that I am not very properly at home here. But what can a friendless woman do? without fortune, and with children that——"

She could say no more—the tears rushed into her eyes—and emotion stifled what she would have added.

After a brief pause, I mustered confidence enough to address her again. "I entreat your pardon, madam, and I hope you will not think me impertinent for saying, that your appearance, and the business in which you have embarked, are so sadly at variance, that I should account myself wanting in the performance of a grave duty, if I did not ask for some explanation."

"It is natural you should," said she, wiping the tear from her cheek; "and two words will satisfy you—'pride and poverty.' Pride has brought me to Edinburgh, because I am here unknown, and poverty has induced me to try this mode of"—her voice struggled, but she soon subdued the emotion, and added, "for my children. I have four—two boys older, and one girl younger, than my little housemaid."

"House-maid!" said I, almost with the alarm of consternation.

She smiled again, but it was such a smile that tears were inadequate to express the sadness of heart which it betokened. "It is even so," said she, "for, until I obtain another boarder, I cannot venture to engage a regular servant. The little money which I raised by the sale of my trinkets is all I have, and the purchase of these few necessaries, (glancing her eye round the room,) has made, I assure you, no small inroad on it."

"Heavens! madam,—and if you do not get boarders, and it run out, what is to become of you?" was my silly exclamation, being by this time quite beside myself.

She loooked at me for some time. She evidently struggled with a terrible feeling; but she conquered it, and said, with a common, easy, conversational tone, which her eye, however, made sublimely awful, "You should not ask such a question at one in my circumstances."

The bell, at this juncture, was rung, and in a minute or so afterwards young Lumley entered, with disappointment and grief so visible in his countenance, that I felt as if my own heart was absolutely perishing away.

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LETTERS (POSTHUMOUS) OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. I.

Lisbon, 1809.

I LANDED on Wednesday. After a passage—hurricane all the way—of only four days from the Land's End. Blowing weather does not trouble me, but I shall never make a sailor. I have two senses in dreadful perfection,—smell and taste,—which every man should leave behind him when he passes the gate even of a sea-port town. The cook-room of a ship, Robert!—the very recollection of it! The combination of coal smoke,—close packed, to a curiosity—with the steam of "not the newest" boiling hot salt pork or beef!—"All the perfumes of Arabia" will not sweeten my mind from the remembrance. And mine was a mere "Troop ship," too—a very "pouncet box" of a vessel.—The "Horse ships!"—You can scarcely imagine anything offensive in the smell of cattle—particularly of horses?—but the fact!—The atmosphere—in spite of all ventilation, or antiseptic precaution,—of the hold of a Horse ship!—I know of but one thing at all equal to it; and that is a thing which (now) *you* can never make trial of—the lee-side of a slave vessel, arriving (with a full cargo) in the West Indies.

But come out, the very instant you can;—and I am out of my wits that you are not here now. There are some pleasures which one cannot enjoy, unless in the company of a creature who enjoys them too!—Come out! and see what it is—to see, on every side of you—that which you have never seen before!—"There's a touch of sublime Milton," as Farquhar has it,—I think,—eh?—But, positively, I could give the world, that you were now here by my side. Here—in Lisbon!—(in the *Largo do St Paulo!*)—looking out of a two pair of stairs' window—("second floors," in Lisbon, are patrician!) at No.—(I don't exactly know what the number is!) But with "laughter for a week," "entertainment for a month," and recollections for the rest of your life, within every ten yards y u cast your eye upon!

You can hardly conceive the strange sensation which a man feels, when he first comes ashore here, at hearing everybody about him *living* in a language which he does not understand! And almost as difficult is it to convince yourself—at least, I protest it is so with me—when you talk English aloud in a large assembly, that nobody comprehends you.

To me—I hear it abused—but, to me, this place seems a paradise!—Will you call it affectation, if I speak about climate? I don't care if you do.—In defiance of all the nonsense that ever was written about "Italian skies," there is a difference, and an essential one—ask your own feelings, on the first spring day you get in England?—There is a difference in the level of a man's spirits—of his courage—of his heart,—when he has a warm sunny sky over his head, without a cloud to be seen in it for a month together; and when he imbibes nothing, week after week, but a haze as white as good milk and water; and fancies every morning, when he gets out of bed, that it must be general "washing-day" all over the world!

Do you only, my dear friend, come (as I have done) out of a vile, damp, smoky brig! Away from the sea-sickness, and from what is still worse, the *ship* sickness! Out of the sight and thought of canvass, and pitch, and paint, and coal-tar, and cordage! And away from the fumes of tobacco and brandy, or the still more suffocating exhalations of the "provision room"—(always carefully placed so as to lie just under the cabin)—Savagely penetrating particles!—the compound deadly effluvia, arising from soap, sugar, cheese, coffee, candles, raisins, train oil, and green tea, not to speak of the brown paper and string with which the several poisons are tied up! The whole (united) being more mortal to the sense than the propinquity of an "eating-house," or a sequence of six-and-twenty chandlers' shops! Putting your nose in mind every instant (though you do all you can *not* to smell) of the worst streets in Wapping, or of the best streets in Bristol!—Oh! come away from such a place as Portsmouth—of all garrisons and sea-ports the most insufferable! From "confusion's masterpiece" at "the Point,"

and mud's masterpiece in "Porchester Lake!" From streets that reek with dirty drabs, and inns that choke with noisy sailors! From chattering brats in epaulettes, who tell you lies about "how many bottles of wine" they have drank, and thick-skulled ship-owners (*nec sævior ulla pestis*) who can never tell you anything—but "which way the wind is!" Oh! from all these ills, and vile diseases, which all men know that "flesh is heir to," but which all men, in their senses, keep as far from their own personal "flesh" as possible—come, suddenly, into a region where uproar does not seem to go on by "act of Parliament!" Where the luxuries of life are before you, and at a cost within your reach! —Come here, to my window, and overlook the public market!—Look at the grapes—and at the water-melons—and at the "frails" of figs—and at the oranges! See the olive!—you have it in groves. See the aloe!—it blows in the very hedges! Look at the shrimps—in this country they are all prawns; taste the Bucellas wine—it is sold at a drinkable price! Then, there is your coffee, your liqueur, your lemonade, and your sweetmeat! And what are all these—even all these—set against your view! In front, a clear river, full three miles across—with hills, and woods, and valleys, and white villages, beyond. Behind, a city hanging in the air!—a city of enchantment, which you see five-sixths of at a glance!—covering a tract of ground, as compared with its population, three times greater than is occupied by London; besides suburbs, prolonged almost farther than the eye can follow, of villas, gardens, palaces, orchards, aqueducts, and olive plantations! And all this—the river, the city, and the suburbs! the far shore of the Alentejo, and the white harbour of Casildeas! the Moorish fort of St Juliao's, the distant village of Belem, the port, with two hundred ships at anchor in it, and room for twice two hundred more! See it all—all at one view—in the rich red glow of a purple summer's evening! Come to the prospect, as I came to it, away from noise, and fog, and nuisance—and with no great disinclination to dislike everything you have left behind you! and then tell me whether such mere change of scene is not, to mind and body, a marvellous physician; and whether all the vapours, and cares, and ill conditions of the soul, do not vanish before the bright influence of such a climate and such a sky!—even as quickly as our resolutions to be peremptory with a teazing mistress (in her absence,) give way before the half smile that she meets them with on her return—or as the doubts about cutting one's throat, which an English December day engenders when we are without doors, yield to hermitage, wax candles, and warm drawing-rooms, when one gets within.

But it strikes me, I scarcely know why, that the first impression which this country makes upon an Englishman—(when I say "this country," I speak of Spain generally, for it is all one country except in name)—that the impression which this country makes at first sight upon an Englishman, is more decided than that which would be produced upon him by the first view of any other. I have not seen Paris, certainly; nor Italy. But I have seen Flanders, and part of France, and a good deal of Germany; and I think that there is more of pleasurable recollection, and romantic association, stirred up here. I perceived the beauty of the towns in the "Pays Bas," and could even do justice to the power which had raised them. It did occur to me that "commerce"—(for every detail of which I have such an aversion)—that "commerce" had produced these exquisite cities; and that "royal merchants" had inhabited them. I went back to Beaumont and Fletcher, and to their gallant, downright "Goswin"—for whose sake (had there been one more such trader) I had kept a ledger myself! And then I thought of Marlborough! although his battles were over. And of the Flemish painters! although their works were gone.* Of Rubens, and his taste in wives; and of Breughel, and his choice in small-clothes! and of Rembrandt, putting his own monkey into other people's family pictures; and of Quentin Matsys—who did *not* paint the bee upon his father-in-law's piece, as is reported of him! And, again, I

* This was at the time when the pictures of the Low Countries were on their visit at the Louvre.—Ed.

went back to the Low Country wars! and I dreamed of Le Fevre, and of Corporal Trim—and of the Siege of Dendermond—and of my uncle Toby! But though all the arrangements of Flanders and Germany, were (as far as from four days' experience I may judge,) immeasurably superior in taste and elegance to anything you meet with here; yet there was not so much of marked characteristic, (as it strikes me,) to arrest the attention; less of that national circumstance, which I had prepared myself to look for; and, from report, or from fancy, was already half acquainted with.

Spain is the country which an Englishman studies, as soon as ever he begins to read for amusement. It is the scene of our favourite novels—of our most popular plays. Directly after Jack the Giant Killer, we get to Cervantes and to Le Sage. Spanish lovers and Spanish ladies; Spanish barber and Spanish duennas; convents and cloaks; rope ladders and dark lanterns—these are all details which, from childhood, excite our surprise and admiration. Here have I, at this moment, the whole "fighting field" of Mrs Centlivre's "Wonder" under my window. Here is (or rather, here was, before the earthquake) the identical *Terreiro do Paco*—now the *Praca do Commercio*—a large, sandy, unpaved area, about twice as extensive as our "Covent-Garden," and *piazza'd* (as the phrase improperly is) on two sides, in a similar manner. Here the ground is! and I have walked upon it this morning!—walked upon it this very morning—before half the town was awake!

Here, Robert, are the very phantasies, living and being, which you and I have so often talked about, rather as if they had been matters of romance. The antique *costume*, among the men, (that is in the higher orders,) has disappeared; and their adopted modern garb seems to us ill-fashioned and untasteful. We laugh at people who put on a cocked hat with jockey boots, because we ourselves think fit to wear one only with silk stockings. But the women maintain all their ancient attributes, in dress, feature, and deportment. The veil, and the dark eyes; and the rosaries, and the profuse ringlets, and the loose cloak, and the female domestic following them in the street. Then there are the fishermen from the Casildeas coast, with their Salvator beards, and swarthy visages. And the swine-herds, from Aldea Galega, in their straw cloaks and russet shoes. And the muleteers from Beira—who carry you, soul and body, back to Don Quixote! with scarlet sashes, short knee-breeches, *sombrero* hats, and gaudy waistcoats, leading long strings of staring mules, with bells at their necks and pack-saddles, as vigorous as Ukraine horses; and as wicked as wild asses; and decorated grotesquely (besides a saint or two sheared out upon each of their haunches) with a profusion of worsted fringe and tassels about their bridles, and other head-gear, much like the fashion that was rife among the brewers of London some few years since.

And the monks! the *real* monks! are, of themselves, speculation for a twelvemonth! See the men, here before you; and how they ever anywhere lost their influence, appears inconceivable. Their whole system, as regards exterior, is so perfectly calculated for effect! The tie of brotherhood; the distinctive dress; the separation, as a *caste*, from the body of the people; and, especially, the seclusion of their domestic arrangements—all are contrivances sovereign to impose upon the vulgar. For man, of necessity, is most deferred to, in situations where he is least known! Nothing is so respectable as that of which we cannot take the measure. A secular clergyman, who is a member of the society in which he lives, can never hope to maintain anything like a superstitious sacredness of character. He may be a weak man. He may be a vicious man. He may trade, hunt, drink, or gamble. But say only that he has a bad wife—unworthy children. Say only (in a rich country) that he is poor! Every trifling trespass—every ridiculous trait—nay, almost every misfortune, in the life of an ecclesiastic, lessens his "divinity" (if I may so express myself) among those about him. We find that he is, after all, but a mortal like ourselves; subject to the same weaknesses; liable to be laughed at under the same accidents. Of course, we know all this of every man (whatever his mystery) upon consideration. But the mob are not people of consideration. They know nothing, take the bulk of them, of which they are not from day to day reminded. Now at

the *foibles* of a monk, (and it is a man's *foibles*, nine times in ten, that weaken our respect for him) at the *foibles* of a monk, it is difficult to get. So long as his vices do not obtrude themselves upon the eye, the wisest of us will sometimes be apt to forget that they exist. Then he has the advantage that he clashes with no man's prospects. He is affected by no man's ill conduct. His worldly interests will scarcely embroil him, for (at farthest) they can be but personal; and, from all worldly casualties, except death or sickness, he is entirely exempt. Above all, his domestic privacy is effectually protected. He is seen abroad only as an actor, and lives, at home, behind the scenes. Who can convict him of ignorance, when humility forbids him to refute the charge? What chance have you ever to prove offence against him, when, even to suspect it, is a crime? In short, with what hope (as regards convincing the public mind) do you attack the immaculacy of a man, who, when the evidence against him is unanswerable, may deny the moral jurisdiction of the tribunal before which you cite him, and proudly commit his vindication "to the hands, alone, of Heaven!"

Incalculable is the advantage of being able to refuse to plead! At law, under such circumstances, you adjudge a man "guilty;" but you cannot always get the benefit of that verdict in practice. "Outward sign," even upon the freest minded, will have its certain degree of weight. Assert *anything* only often enough, and you will find people who will take it for fact. Nothing is more common than for a man to repeat a lie, until at last he himself believes it. Turpin's ride to York (which was in print fifty years before Turpin was born)—the church under St Paul's, in which a sermon is preached once a-year (I know a dozen people who have been present and heard it)—who doubts the accuracy of these facts, or of a hundred others such? Or why do Quacks pay for advertisements? or Counsellors make long speeches? I declare that I used to see one man's *affiche*—I forget his name now—but it was drawn up in tolerable grammar, and had letters from people that he had cured—I declare I used to see it month after month in the newspapers, until at last I began to doubt whether he was not really the most skilful man in the universe. There the fact was! I could answer for that—(he never looked at a person that had not been "discharged from all the hospitals as incurable!")—and remaining, year after year, uncontradicted.

There is faculty, too, about the rogues here, enough of them, to turn all advantages to the best account. I heard one preach yesterday,—this was in the church of the New Convent—the heart of Jesus. He was a young man, scarcely thirty—a Franciscan, as I understood—of middle stature, sallow complexion, dressed in the plain russet habit of his order, the neck bare, the black hair cut short, and the cord of discipline girt round his waist—not handsome at all as to feature, but with an eye like that of an eagle. The man's aspect, as well as his deportment, was simple and commanding. He stood, without any support of reading desk or cushion, in a little railed-off balcony, about two feet (the floor of it) over the heads of his audience. There was no particular solemnity of manner—nothing like snuffle, or determined sanctity of tone. But, though I could not catch even the meaning of his discourse, I could feel that he had been born an orator. The whole was pure, vigorous, unaffected declamation. Admirable acting, at least—if it was acting; upon which, perhaps, you and I should not agree. I am speaking, however, now only of the religious orders, (or mean so to speak of them,) as forming one of the marks and symbols in an Englishman's anticipations of "the Peninsula,"—art and part with the muleteers, and the goats, and the wine-skins, and the creaking ox-waggons, and the dapple asses, and the pewter barbers' basins, and the rest of those domestic details which always interest most with respect to every country, and make its comic poets, nine times in ten, its most long-lived historians. For the rest, I interfere, thank heaven! with no man's prejudices; and am, at least, good Protestant enough to be satisfied with things as they are.

But I wandered out here alone, on the first night of my arrival; furnishing myself with the name of my lodging, to find my way back again; and hardly caring, so I might find amusement, whether I ever found my way back or no. For I heard beautiful sto-

ries, as soon as I landed, about the dangers to which an incautious stranger was exposed,—of the necessity (I was the very man, you know,) of "asking no directions" from "people in the street,"—of the advantage of "avoiding all intimacy" with "persons whom I did not know,"—of being enticed on no account into any "houses in lone corners" after dusk,—and, especially, of "ogling no women," lest I should "awaken the jealousy of the natives."

Of course, I had no rest until I had broken every one of these prohibitions; and, of course, the result fell very short of the promises of my friends. But there are customs and circumstances in the arrangement of this city which would seem to favour the perpetration of irregularities by night.

In the first place, the streets are (the whole of them) totally dark; or, at least, have no light but from casual candles burning before the images of saints. You, who are accustomed to see the lamps in London, and our chief English towns, a'light, can hardly imagine what a different aspect the places would have if they were put out. But the town of Portsea, which (*renovare dolorem!*) I have just left, is not lighted parochially; and you might find, here and there, some nests of wretched new buildings, between the Circus in St George's Fields and the King's Bench—part of them lie within "The Rules," and every garret might form a study for a philosopher—which would give you (marry, you have it not now) a sort of notion of what streets unlighted are; these of Lisbon, however, being more gloomy than any which can be found in England, because the shops are so constructed as to have no lights burning in the windows.

A second circumstance which leads in Lisbon to thoughts of robbery and assassination after sunset, is the total desertion even of the public thoroughfares, before nine o'clock in the evening. A third fact, is the insufficient force of the nightly police,—it is good (military) as far as it goes, but there is not enough of it. A fourth, and a considerable one, is the number of houses which are let out in "flats;" and so have stair-cases, like the houses in our inns of Court, standing open during the whole night. Conceive what would be the aspirations of a London pickpocket in such a place!

Then, in some parts of the town, long streets run parallel—back to back. And the houses, which are very lofty, are divided (behind) by a narrow lane, which is never used as a thoroughfare, nor knows light beyond that of the sun and moon; but has an absolute warren of ricketty doors on each side of it, leading to empty cellars, pig-styes, dust-holes, and such like fearful privacies. Sometimes a defile of this kind is left unpaved; and then it becomes a natural swamp, and would go near to swallow up any incautious pedestrian who should venture into it. In other cases, where the foundation is on a hill, it is used, *de bene esse*, as a common-sewer. Boccacio, in his fifth story, (Decameron, 2d day,) alludes to such a *basse fosse;* into which the courtesan Fiordalisa throws the horse-dealer from a window. Upon the whole, I believe, there are situations about the town, where a "tall" foreigner might find himself puzzled to pursue a rogue of the locality; but with my sword, and no check upon the use of it—for there is no public prosecution here—it is hard, Robert, if I am not a match for anybody that will dare to attack me?—And, God wot! as at present advised, I see anything rather than ground for apprehension; for the first circumstance that would strike the mind of a reasonable Englishman (if one were to come) in this country, would be the peculiarly urbane and peaceable disposition of its inhabitants.

Whatever may be the morals of the Portuguese, a man must be very difficult who is not satisfied with their manners. For one street-quarrel in Lisbon, in London you have a hundred. Ladies walk in the streets freely, attended only by their female servants; and anything like an insult, or even a coarse comment, is unheard of. Not a man, of whatever class or condition, but gives the *pavé* to a female as she passes; and every gentleman, even in the busiest situations, salutes her, by taking off his hat. These little formalities, if they mean nothing, effect a great deal. A man, in fact, who offered a rudeness to a woman, would here be kicked out of society. And in the ordinary intercourse between men, especially between the rich and the poor—in the relations say,

for example, of master and servants—there is no (apparent) stickling on either side for rights; neither harshness on the one part, nor disrespect on the other.

Ido honour, Heaven knows! the unyielding courage, and even the quarrelsome spirit of our countrymen; and I understand why a poodle naturally gets more bits of toast than a mastiff; but yet it is pleasant to be, just now and then, for a little while, in a place where it is not a discredit to be civil. It seems so new to find one's self not among people who, to be happy, must be drunk; and who, as soon as they are perfectly hilarious, wish to beat everybody who comes near them. Did you never see an attorney's clerk, elated with punch, swagger in London—and disturb a theatre—and break a lamp—and offer to "box"—"anybody?" You don't see those things here. A person of that sort is *killed*, and so offends no more; or else he gets taken to prison; and I hear that people who get into prison here, never get out again,—an excellent arrangement, which might be adopted elsewhere with advantage.

Here you would go about to circumvent me, I know, with anathemas against the "cowardly practice" of "the knife," and with praises longer than I could listen to of the "fair play" of our English system of boxing. Although I protest against all the "fair play" between a man of ten stone and a man of fourteen; unless so far as it may be a comfort to the lighter party to be made a jelly of, subject to the sanction of a critical assembly; or a convenience to the heavier to be able to maltreat his antagonist, with the perfect certainty of doing so, not merely with impunity, but with applause. And as for "the knife," where it is used as a weapon of combat, and not of assassination, I don't perfectly see why it should not be as equitable an engine of offence as "the fist"—(if you weighed thirty pounds less than you do, I would convince you in ten minutes that it is a more equitable one)—besides having this farther advantage, (no slight one,) that it settles a quarrel in about a twentieth part of the time. *De gustibus*, however, (as I said in the matter of the monks,) I will dispute with no one. You like a sweep, who runs against you, because he sees you have got white pantaloons on; and perhaps I myself, after all is over, half enjoy the rascal's impudence. I saw a drunk serjeant of fusileers clear a whole winehouse this morning with his single hand! And he afterwards challenged a picquet (six) of the police military guard, that went to put him under arrest; and kept them at bay, too; holding up his trowsers (which were unbraced) as well as he could, with one hand, and flourishing the enemy on, with his sword, with the other!—One should *be* an Englishman, and *live* on the Continent, Robert; that is it, I believe, after all.

But I tell you again, that I wish you were here, to take part in my nocturnal excursions; for it is so provoking to have none but stupid people near one, when one is in a humour to be enthusiastic! I hate wandering about, in any place, by myself; and as for the military—here, ah, pity me! my dear friend, pity me!—they come out from England quite informed upon Peninsular statistics. They know that the men are all treacherous; and that the priests are all impostors; and that the women all have lice in their heads. And these three facts, which must be true, because they are stated by all authors—Heaven help the poor girls (upon the last point!) they do nothing but comb each other's hair from morning till night; and that is the way, I believe, in which they first became subject to this imputed necessity for doing so!—These three facts embody (as it seems to our brethren) all that ought to be known of the Portuguese character; and it is quite certain, that not one in twenty of them, should we make six campaigns here, will ever extend his knowledge any farther! Then, for their own mode of life, you may guess pretty well what that is. There is mess dinner, you know, upon table at six; and segars and gin punch are ready at seven. Practical jokes set in about ten, and the bottles (as well as the wine) begin to circulate towards midnight. From one to two in the morning, about half the company are carried, in the best plight they can command, to their respective inns or quarters; and the remainder (according as the moon serves) either fight duels on the spot, or let their quarrels stand over, to begin the amusements with next day.

Evening, however, (ill company apart,) is the preferable season here for walking. Annoyance sometimes accrues out of a slovenly custom the peo-

ple have of throwing their slops and rubbish (even in respectable houses) from the windows; but this ceremony does not commence—(you will hear enough of it from our friends—along with execrations about bad soap, and muslin towels, with wide frills to them) —it seldom becomes very general until ten, or, perhaps, eleven o'clock, when scarcely any Portuguese (unless in carriages) are abroad. A stranger should go forth, as the first bat gets on the wing! Just after the bell has done ringing for vespers—as the stars begin to peep gently through the clear red of the horizon, and the ladies' eyes to glance curiously from the cross lattices of their *windows!* Then plant yourself in one of the several squares which run along the edge of the Tagus, (as our temple gardens lie upon the bank of the Thames,) and you have the fresh, cool, sea breeze (no suggestion even of mud,) fanning you on one side, while, on the other, terrace above terrace, as children build their palaces of cards, the whole city, like one vast edifice, rises on your view.

I stood at a point like this, on the night before last, when the town was generally illuminated, for the birthday, I believe, of the Prince of the Brazils.

You never saw anything at all like the scene, unless, perhaps, it was a scene in a fairy pantomime at a theatre! The illumination consisted, not of coloured lamps, or of lamps laid into devices, as the fashion is in England; but principally of candles, disposed in great abundance (through houses five or six stories high) in every window, from top to bottom. This arrangement, if followed universally, would be lively even in level streets; but imagine a pile of blazing lanterns three miles wide, and three times as high as St Paul's Church—yourself standing at the foot of it—taken in as part only of a prospect!—Suppose the rock of Clifton, seen at night from the shore opposite the Hot Wells, and stuck over (the face of it) with lamps and torches down to the very water's edge! And even see this at Clifton, and you see nothing; for the river at Clifton is nothing! If you could have watched the progress of the view here—its gradual developement from the beginning! The flashing up, one after another, of the lights on the different quarters of the town, as the dusk of the evening deepened into darkness! the bright glare of the lamps and tapers upon the white of yellow houses; relieved, but not saddened, by the free mixture of green, (the favourite colour here for shutters and window-blinds,) or varying into a thousand different tints, with every successive gust of wind, upon the trees in the courts and gardens of the city, which are seen as fully here from below, (lying on the belly of the hill,) as those of London would be (in bird's eye view) from an eminence! And then, in the midst of all this array of tapers, and lamps, and torches, to see the moon suddenly bursting out, and throwing her cold white light across the flickering, yellow blaze of the candles—dazzling with a reflection from glass windows in one place —breaking the rocks, and convents, and churches, into strange irregular shadow in another! And all this delicious scene of fairy splendour and confusion—these lighted palaces, and these gardens, and statues, and running fountains—the whole of this gay tissue of *bizarrerie* and brilliancy, running, from such a height, that the lights of the topmost buildings seemed to mix with the very stars, right down to the river's edge, and reflected in the waters of the Tagus! All this, Robert—conceive it!—But no, you cannot conceive it! without any of the English accompaniment (by patent) to a *fête*. With very little riot; very little accident; still less of quarrel; and no intoxication at all! Ah, think how ebullient the shoemakers of London would have been on such a night! And what computations of damage, and holdings to bail, and bindings over to prosecute—what settlings of broken windows, and compounding for bloody noses, would have occupied the police magistrates for three days after? *Ah! nous autres Anglois!* Never tell me, sir, of the Irishman who flung himself out of the tree for joy; if he had been an Englishman, he would have shewn his satisfaction by throwing out his next-door neighbour!

But to my tale.—As you move along the banks of the river, not upon a continued quay, but through a succession of squares, or open areas, having stairs (each) down to the water; the guitar, touched well or ill, is twangling on every side. The boatmen and water-bearers sing (here) instead of molest-

ing those who pass. Their music is not eminent; but it is better than their abuse would be; besides that, one does, now and then, hear a reasonable bass, chaunting those interminable *Rondos*—the melodies simple and sweet, but everlastingly repeated—which live all along the Spanish coast, and up the shores of the Mediterranean. These squares too, or *largos*, for their own merits, are worth looking at in an evening; for they then exhibit specimens from every class of the Lisbon population; and, amongst other curiosities, vast swarms of beggars—who have their peculiarities as well as richer people.

Mendicancy is an interesting excrescence on the face of every civilized society; but the systematic conduct of it in Lisbon, renders it there more than usually amusing. We have two sets of beggars regularly in action—the day collectors, and those of evening; who have their exclusive hours for operation; their exclusive modes of obtaining charity; and who never, I believe, infringe upon the rights or copyholds of each other. The beggars of the day are the old monsters—like those of England or Ireland. Men or women, indiscriminately, working upon the ruder principles of the science—that is, taking care to be clamorous enough in their outcry, and sufficiently filthy in their aspect; by which means they insure a livelihood if they are moderately offensive, with the chance of a fortune where they are so lucky as to be unbearable. But the adventurers of evening consist entirely of females. Blind women, generally young, but always perfectly neat and clean, (loss of sight being an infirmity, from whatever cause, very common in this country,) and children from about four to eight years of age, picked out for this calling according to the degree of their personal beauty, and dressed to the greatest possible advantage, without any show of poverty at all. These night practitioners start altogether upon later lights than those of day,—to interest (a laudable improvement,) instead of disgusting you out of your money. The blind women are commonly led about by some female of creditable appearance; one sister very frequently, in this way, accompanying another. Many of them are handsome, and these, I suspect, do well. A man can hardly see a fine girl, of nineteen or twenty years of age, with all circumstances of beauty and desireableness about her, completely destroyed by such a visitation as blindness, without feeling disposed to do something in her favour. As for the little girls of five years old, (with their red shoes and broad sashes,) they are not the children, I understand, of persons immediately in distress; but the lower orders, very constantly, where they have an interesting child, are content to make a living by this disgraceful exhibition of her. This is very disgusting, but it succeeds wonderfully; and, *critically* speaking, it ought to do so. Girls, upon every principle of mendicity, should make incomparably better beggars (for instance) than old men. I have been conquered myself, in London, a hundred times, by the sight of half-starved twins, though I knew perfectly they were none of the woman's that carried them; and have given a shilling to a match-girl of fourteen,—cant, and rags, and dirt, and all,—when I should certainly have cried upon the beadle, if I had been waylaid by her great-grandmother.

About this hour, too, of the evening, (that is from seven to nine o'clock,) the coffeehouses of the city are all full, and flourishing with custom. The *Cazas de Caffé*, or Coffeehouses, distinguished from the *Cazas de Pasto*, or Taverns—(in England there is no such distinction; but here, the "coffeehouse" gives only breakfast, tea, and wine, the affair of dinner belonging to the "eating-house" exclusively,)—the *Cazas de Caffé* are upheld at considerable cost. In some establishments, they have rooms fitted up *alla Campestre*. The walls painted in landscape; the ceiling in cloud; and the window-frames and supporters, wreathed with artificial leaves and flowers. In others, the attraction is to serve entirely on plate,—one house does this with very great splendour indeed,—giving coffee (every appurtenance of silver) to a hundred and fifty people in the same apartment. All the houses of this description are appointed with smartness, and even taste—marble tables—abundant lights—showy china, glass, and such concomitants;—and the *restauration* which you get is good in its kind; and herein certainly they differ widely enough from the *Cazas de Pasto*, or dining-houses, which are

bad, because the city has furnished no trade for such institutions. The people here are not *diners-out*. They eat at all times but sparingly; seldom in company, and almost never at any house of public entertainment. So little, indeed, is the business of hotel-keeping understood or appreciated by the Portuguese, that three-fourths of the *table d'hote*, which supplies the demand now produced by the war, is furnished by resident Frenchmen, or English speculators.

But the appearance of the well frequented coffeehouses is lively here at night. When they are liberally lighted, and their tables all well covered, and crowded with soldiers of twenty different nations, clad in a hundred different variety of uniform. In one party, for instance, you have the English Guards, with their flaming scarlet coats and gold! and the English light dragoons, in their rich deep blue and silver! and the riflemen in their *sombre* green! and the heavy horse, with their long swords, huge boots, and strange cocked hats! In another circle are the Peninsular troops, in their gaudy uniforms of blue and yellow; and the Spaniards, in dresses still more glittering and fantastical; and the Lisbon Police Guards, the "crack" regiments of all Portugal; and the Lisbon volunteers! looking almost as soldierlike as the "City Light Horse" do when they are in Gray's Inn Lane. And, besides these, there are the Scots—the "Fo cy-twa" men! in their kilts and tartans! and the German Hussars—Hessians, Saxons, and Hanoverians—with their long pipes, and furred pelisses! and the Duke of Brunswick's "Black Cavalry," in their graceful half-mourning jackets! The general *melange* varied still farther by a pretty free adoption of the long blue frock—which is fashionable because the General wears it, and convenient because it makes a cornet and a colonel look alike. The whole constituting an array sufficiently brilliant of lace, and silk, and fur, and feather, cold steel, and embroidery; and involving a twist of languages still more intricate even than the jumble of costume; for, besides the divisions of our mother British into English, Scotch, and Irish accents, the Portuguese and Spaniards speaking their own languages; and half the general company talking French, some of the foreign corps in our service, as the "Chasseurs Britanniques"—the "Guides"—and some regiments of "the Legion"—contain officers, I believe, as well as privates, from every civilized country in the world.

But, leaving the Coffeehouses and the river, you cross the *Caiz do Soudré*, and make your way, in a straight line, towards the centre of the city. To your right lies the New Town, or streets built since the great earthquake in 1756; the great object with the projector of which seems to have been, to make them as unlike the pre-existing ones as possible.

In the Old City, though a mile's distance, you scarcely find six inches of level ground; in the New, the level is uniform, and so perfect, that even quicksilver might lie still upon it. In the Old City you seldom or never find two houses (together) alike; in the New, there is a mathematical sameness quite fatiguing to the eye. In several streets (of the New Town,) perhaps three quarters of a mile long, and consisting of buildings six stories high, there is not a house that, if if you happen to forget its number, you could pick out again by any distinctive mark. And, to confuse one's senses too the more, each of these streets is filled with shops belonging to some single trade. All the goldsmiths live in one. In another, all the inhabitants are mercers: So that if you do happen (as a stranger) to hit your own residence instead of going to next door, you may really esteem yourself a person especially by Providence protected.

This "New Town" certainly seems, throughout, to have been built in the very *ultra* fury of architectural reform. Before, there had been no foot-pavements in Lisbon; here, they raised them three feet above the horse-way. Before, there were no posts in the streets; here they seem to have left posts in the way by mistake. But, passing leftwards towards the more lofty and picturesque sojourns of the old city—the quarter of *St Francisco de Cidade*, first rising from the flat—above that, the streets of *Boavista*, and *Bellavista*—still higher, the *Calcada* and Convent *do Estrella*,—and, a-top of all, the *Bairro*, or parish of *Buenos Ayres*, you trace the course of the earthquake in 1756, indicated, nevertheless, (a curious consideration) by real improvements of the place.

Wherever you see a street, or a row of houses more conveniently distributed than those about them, there you are sure to hear that half a parish sunk, on such a particular day, into the earth, or that eight hundred people, on some other afternoon, were buried alive in a moment. The heaviest mischiefs of this calamity were found to occur upon the low ground; consequently, heights are preferred to build upon by those who can afford a choice; and the irregularities (of site) in this division of the town are indescribable. In one street, not exceeding fifteen, or, at the utmost, twenty houses, the roof of the first and the foundation of the last will be upon a level. Another building stands with so abrupt a rise behind it, that you have two stories more (downwards) in front than at the back. You walk up two pair of stairs frequently to get into the garden, and look from thence immediately down your next-door neighbour's chimney-pot. A dozen volumes might be written, out of recollections and strange tales—(most of them, I dare say, authentic,) connected with the "Great Earthquake,"—its omens and its consequences, and the prodigies that attended upon it. It has become an æra from which people reckon, in referring to dates and circumstances. But writing books, (or even reading them,) does not seem to be the vice, I think, of the Portuguese. The men smoke a good deal, and the women say their Ave-Marias; but I don't think I have seen a book (printed,) unless, perhaps, a prayer-book, in anybody's hand, since I have been in the country.

The heights, however, of the Old Town had their gaieties on the evening of the Festival. There were the religious processions passing along in all directions. Not with the splendour which they exhibited before the French stripped the churches; but still in magnificence enough to astonish a good Protestant, who had not been used to see the thing done better. And, besides, there is an earnestness about the populace here, in all matters connected with their worship, which is one of the first things that strikes the native of any more enlightened region. You see at every hour, and in every nook and corner, in this country, an "outward and visible sign" of religious belief, quite different from anything which we are accustomed to among ourselves. Over and above the prescribed morning and evening devotions, which the ladies, (in particular,) very regularly attend, a man can't walk, even at mid-day, along the streets of Lisbon, without being twenty times in half a mile reminded of his duty. Either he passes a church, or a cross, or a begging procession, or the image of a saint; and at all of these, (bating his being a heretic) he at least bends—and perhaps utters a *paternoster*. If a funeral goes by, every man takes off his hat. If it be the host, persons of every rank fall upon their knees—the nicest gentleman never considers his pantaloons for a moment. All these little observances and points of etiquette are prodigious safeguards to the main body of the Catholic system.

Something of the same superstitious charm extends over the churches and conventical edifices. I don't know much of architecture critically; and, from what I do know, I do not like the public buildings of Lisbon. There is nothing certainly (as far as the capital is concerned) at all comparable to what we have in England. Nothing to be named in the same day with Westminster Abbey, or with Canterbury Cathedral, or York Minster, or the Cathedral at Wells, or an hundred other specimens that I might mention. But still there is, upon the whole, in spite of gaudiness and bad taste, an imposing mass enough for the senses, of turret and tower and buttress, and fretwork and spire and pinnacle; and the whole is seen under circumstances peculiarly favourable to impression. These buildings deserve less attention than ours; but they receive a great deal more. Your butcher's boy whistles, or sets his dog on to fight, with just as much *nonchalance* under an entrance of Westminster Abbey, as he would under one of the sheds of Newgate market. We talk sometimes, in town, of a place, as being "as high as St Paul's," and now and then perhaps a city observation gets as far as "The Tower" or "The Monument." But, for anything beyond casual remark, the people of London take no more heed of their churches, and not so much, as they do of their pastry-cook shops. Now here, the habit is quite the contrary. Wherever you see a religious edifice, you find it, among all

classes, an object of deep reverence and admiration. Those who know nothing, and wish to know nothing of its merits, from the bottom of their souls, nevertheless worship every stone of it. We want something, for pictorial effect,—of the old costume—though matters, in that respect, stand better than they do in England. We have not yet got, here, to booted clerks, in stiff cravats, publishing their Sunday freedom and their Cockney ignorance within walls built seven centuries before they were imagined; nor to footmen and idle boys squabbling round the church doors in service time, with half-drunken beadles, in mountebank gowns and gingerbread laced hats. And then, if we are imperfect in the antique dressing, the old feeling we have entire! The dark grey turrets that frown upon you here, do seem to be the real turrets of history and of romance. When you see them, you see them surrounded by beings whose existence you can suppose coeval with such objects. They do carry the mind back to those days, unhappily gone by, when the world was held to be for the few, and not for the many; when there was something like career open to the aspiring and the fearless; when the man who had a hand could grasp a lance; the man who had a head put on a cowl;—when there always was prospect, where there existed power; and where the very struggle of ambition was, of itself, a course of pleasure! There is nothing in the tone of the circumstances about you to break in upon this illusion. The people, in their opinions as in their habits, are full a century behind our countrymen. They are rude, submissive, ignorant—and have no desire to become wiser. Explain to them that these heavy piles, the very deformities of what they bow before, were raised out of the blood and the misery of millions, they would answer—that the "millions" are gone; and that it would have been so had the thing been otherwise. And sooth is, the immediate effects of this acquiescent feeling, are favourable to the comfort of the lower classes, rather than opposed to it. While they have no political freedom, and, by consequence, no security, they enjoy advantages, in practice, which would fail them under a bolder system. Heaven knows, it is a blessing where, convinced of happiness in the next world, people can afford to overlook little inconveniences in this! The peasant who defers here, as a matter of course, to his lord, with the honour which might belong to a rivalry, loses some of the molestation; and the footman, who kneels without rebuke, by the side of the noble now at church, would have to take a lower post, if it were to occur to him that he was as good a man as his master.

But the gaiety of the town, in all quarters here, on the night of the Illumination, formed a striking contrast to its appearance at a late hour on ordinary occasions. There were equestrians, parading away at their high caracole pace! The horses in full action, and yet not getting over a mile of ground in an hour! Just touched constantly with the spur, and held up with a bit that admits of no disputing; and moving between a caper, and a sort of riding horse amble, all the way—raising the foot to a particular height, and then setting it down again exactly in the place from which it was taken up. A pleasant style of riding, however; and performed in a saddle padded like an easy-chair—not on a machine like our English miracle, which seems to have been originally built with every view (expressly) to people's slipping off from it—that object being subsequently facilitated by the high polish to which our servants rub its surface, and by the stirrups artfully contrived to give a man as little support as possible; unless, indeed, he should happen to be thrown, when they usually hold him fast enough.—I think, about two hundred different schemes have been tried, within my recollection, to prevent the possibility of a man's being dragged in his stirrup—the obvious one—that of making the stirrup a shoe, (so that the foot cannot by any physical possibility entangle in it,) having, of course, been disregarded. Indeed, when I spoke to Sir Thomas B—— once about the harness generally, and suggested the better purchase of the shoe stirrup, with the general inexpediency of putting a glossy substance, like a regulation saddle, in contact with smooth leather pantaloons, where the object was to secure adhesion; his objection to my idea of a rough covering, altogether, was that, with such an equipment, "anybody" would be able to ride! But see the magical effects of reputation! The

people here who are cowed by our high military character, and their own want of it, into considering an Englishman as the first of created beings, have left their own style of saddle and stirrup, which only wants modification, to be very sufficient, to fall into a bad imitation of our system, which, upon principle, is defective.—But, as I tell you, there were these high-pacing horsemen, in good show, on the Illumination night, about the streets; and crowds of pedestrians, (that is what they call crowds in this country,—which we should call, in London, having the streets quite empty,) parties promenading, or passing, in visits, from one house to another—with the windows of the rooms all thrown up, and the blinds all thrown open, and clusters of beautiful women, and elegantly dressed, (*qui ne gate rien,*) looking out of them. A broad contrast to the show of the town, on common nights, at the same hour. Dark—silent—deserted.

For of one particular nuisance, which offends you after dusk in London, here (in the streets) you have nothing. You might wander without a "how d'ye," from one end of the city to another, unless, perhaps, it came from some old woman of sixty, whose view you would not understand; or from a lady beggar, (only a beggar,) perhaps, in a lace cloak; or from some one, perchance, of the "free" dogs, who infest this famous city, in almost as great force as they are said to do at Constantinople. The French killed great numbers of these animals, while they were in possession of Lisbon—rather a gratuitous act of ill nature, or police arrangement, for the creatures are harmless, and, indeed, in the way of public scavengers, meritorious. Vast armies of them are still left, who bring forth and rear their young, in the ruined houses, low cellars, and odd waste corners,—accommodations to be met with here in tolerable abundance; and feeding, during the night, (a strange association,) in company with enormous black rats, the Titans of their species, upon the offal of various character, which is cast forth from the houses; or occasionally (in the way of *bonne bouche*) upon the fleshly tabernacle of some late horse or mule, who, being thrown into the highways at midnight, becomes a skeleton before the first cock! a Tom-cat, perhaps, now and then dropping in, from his *promenade d'amour*, to take a snack; whose appearance no way ruffles the general amity of the table; but all go on eating, in a kind of primitive charity with each other; and scarcely taking the trouble, so little are they used to molestation, to turn out of the way at the approach of a passenger.

The domestic economy of the people, is more reserved than that of the rats; but a man hardly can acquire very sound views upon such a subject, by five days living in a country, the language of which he does not understand. An order from the commandant, is sufficient to get you into a man's house; but it takes something more than an order, to get you into his confidence. And the estate of the people, just now, is not of a kind to incline them much to free association. Setting their political danger apart, (for which the mass cares, probably, very little,) they have all enough of personal affliction, arising out of the present contest. The land pays no rent, and almost all the gentry are dependent upon the land. The stirring levy for soldiers, and the various imposts and seizures for the service of the war, are making rapid dilapidation in any little hoards that they may have by them. Then the system of "quarter," which is indispensable—that alone, must be a most heavy grievance! I am going to-morrow to become the inmate of an apparently very respectable family, in which there are three daughters, (two under seventeen,) and no means of removing them. The father, as soon as I called upon him, assigned me a specific portion of his house, which amounts, of course, to a civil prohibition from entering any other part of it; and this is a common precaution;—but it does not answer the end. The fact is—and a most perplexing fact it is for the parties concerned—the men here have grown, during the war, into great disfavour with their women. Their reputation as soldiers does not stand high; and the very devil is in the sex everywhere, for being caught by the name of a huffcap! The French, while they held Lisbon, exercised their power, as you may suppose, pretty vexatiously. They plundered the inhabitants—which was much; then they reasoned against their prejudices—which was more. They robbed the people in Lisbon, and carried the booty over the water to sell

at Casildeas; and then they robbed the people at Casildeas, and brought the booty over the water to sell in Lisbon. Beyond this, they quizzed the ignorance of the natives, and insisted upon reforming their bad habits. They swept their streets—shot their dogs—caricatured their coats—and made faces at their cookery. And yet, with all this, it is notorious that they were highly popular among the ladies.

And the English, take them as a body, are not a whit worse received. In fact, how should anything stand against a gentleman, who can afford to be shot at for five and sixpence a-day? It is so soothing—so never failingly flattering, even to the most delicate-minded woman, to find herself adored by the very same man who makes no secret of his contempt for all her acquaintance. Depend on it, Robert, it is a course which I have approved—wherever you go, take care to be (generally) disagreeable. Be civil to all; and—who cares to have your notice? but unbending only to one, is a compliment not to be resisted.

But you may imagine (under such circumstances) the condition of the people here, when every family must entertain an Englishman, of some character or other. One man, perhaps, gets a lad—an ensign, fresh from boarding-school. Mischievous, fearless, impudent, and unfeeling. Arrogant, in proportion to his ignorance—so, probably, very arrogant indeed. Conscious that he has not yet the figure of a man; and anxious, therefore, to shew that he has the vices of one. Conceive the annoyance (to a reasonable being) of a guest such as this in his house; who will insult himself, alarm his family, break windows and china, and be brought home regularly drunk about three o'clock every morning! Well! instead of this, suppose a host more fortunate, and give him a conciliating creature; sober, civil, about two or three and twenty, and perhaps tolerably handsome into the bargain? Why then, if he has a wife or sisters, he is driven out of his mind quite!

And the women here, I am told, (and I don't doubt it) are in raptures with all this dilemma and confusion! Anything! though it were a plague, that does but lead to novelty and bustle! *Ventre St Gris!* how delighted they must have been with the earthquake! I recollect a baboon once, while I was on board the Kill Devil—he belonged to the purser, and used to be tied up in the cockpit. This beast got loose during a smart engagement we had with a French frigate; and while the shots were flying quicker a great deal than a sober man could have desired, and afterwards actually as we were laying the enemy on board, the brute was jumping about all over the deck, quite rampant at the uproar! That poor man now that I am going to live with to-morrow, is torturing his soul out at this moment how to get rid of me! and his daughters are expiring to know what "kind of looking man" I am! Delighted that "somebody," at all events, is coming! I'd pawn my life of it. Their father will watch me, night and day, all the while I am at home—and they will go and try on all my pantaloons the moment I go out!

But, to the public amusements—of which you would fain hear, and of which I have yet seen nothing; for I spend all my time in dressing, and riding up one street and down another, and trying to make acquaintances. There is an Italian Opera—a fine theatre, (I have peeped into it in the daytime,) but it is not well supported, for none but the English have any means. Two inferior theatres, one for the performance of comedies, and the other a kind of circus, do better,—as I am informed.

At the Opera, you hire a whole box, (you can hire no less,) by the night: into which you admit as many persons as you please, and may take your wine, if you think fit, during the evening. This arrangement is rational. I hate a public box, in which any wretch who chooses may sit by the side of you; and where, not having even the conveniences for going comfortably to sleep, you are compelled absolutely to see, and even to hear, whether you will or no. Think what an *appui* would a glass of Constantia be to a man, when the minor performers make their appearance upon the scene!

This is not a season for amusements to flourish in Lisbon. There are no bull-fights now—in token of the national sorrow; nor any burning of heretics. Missing the first sight (except for once) does not vehemently distress me. I hate animal combats; and, still more, sports in which animals are tormented by men. Burney, in his "Musical Tour," (Germany, 1772,) gives a whimsical account, I re-

collect (from the "bill") of an exhibition of this kind at Vienna. After enumerating a number of combats between different ferocious animals—first, a wild boar to be baited—next, a great bear to be torn by dogs—then, another boar to be baited by very hungry dogs defended by iron armour—he concludes with—"lastly, a ferocious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, (or words to that effect,) will attack a wild bull, and *eat him alive* upon the spot; and if he should be unable to *complete the business*, a wolf will be ready *to help him!*" This is not so offensive to me, as our fights between domestic animals—taking the dog from under our chair, and compelling him to be worried till he dies;—but I will no more endure such an exhibition even as this, or allow it to be justified (the stale apology) by a *tu quoque* reference to the sports of the chase, than I will allow the sabring an enemy in a charge, or in the heat of fresh pursuit, to justify the cutting prisoners' throats, or torturing them to death after the heat of the battle is over. Indeed, among a tolerable variety of brutal entertainments, which, thank God, are something upon the wane in England; and which (what is worse) are all made the subjects of wager too, and so carried to the extreme of cruelty by the spirit of gain, the only excuse I could ever find for our famous sport of prize-fighting was—not the courage which it demands—for the bull-fighter displays as much—but that the combatants certainly act advisedly, (if not under durance,) for the sake of a pecuniary recompense; add to which, in whatever way the contest may eventually terminate, the probability is, that two rascals get each of them a sound beating.

Diversions of an expensive cast, however, (I speak with reference to the Italian Opera,) can never be very successful here, for the multitude have not means to support them. If the people are not poor, looking at the extent of their own wishes, they are very poor, according to the estimate, and perceptions, of an Englishman. The mere climate of Portugal makes a man's wants one-half less than they are in Holland or in Germany; and the arrangements of society make his artificial necessities very few, as compared with what they are with us. Your English travel-writer cries "out" on these poor knaves for pride and indolence, because they will not labour for those luxuries which he (the greedy rogue!) finds indispensable; but, in truth, a man here may be rich with a very little. It is not necessary that he should have five hundred a-year to be received into society, and treated as a gentleman. The whole course of his habits and pleasures—politically, it would be better if the thing were otherwise, but certainly not better as regards the present comfort of individuals,—the whole scale of his habits and pleasures is less costly than among us. A man considers, here, not how much he can earn, but how little he can live upon. And what is the feeling that actuates our Saint-Monday-keeping artisan?—only that he does not choose (the Englishman) to live upon so little.

Take it as you will, it amounts only to a different extent of desire? Your loiterer of Lisbon loves to sit in the sunshine; your English loiterer loves to sit in the public-house. The pleasure of the first is to be idle; the pleasure of the last is to be drunk. This very propensity to expensive enjoyments (by the exertion which becomes requisite to gratify it) tends mainly, I believe, to keep up that energy, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the lower English, as the absence, generally, of desires, which cost much labour or peril to content them, sinks the people here into habits of imbecility, apathy, and indifference. *J'enragé*, however, notwithstanding, that their prodigality will point no way but to the gin shop. That weddings or funerals—holidays or fasts—all occasions of joy or sorrow—of triumph or lament—can serve as no other than so many pretences for the discussion of given quantities of strong liquor. A writer, I recollect, of the day of Charles II. treating of the English (he was himself a German) as the "soakers" of Europe, declares, that they have even a song which accounts a drunkard to be as great as a king. And, afterwards, to prove the satisfaction which prevailed in England on account of Charles's return, he notices that, in the first five years after the Restoration, thirty-one new tavern and ale-house licences were granted! and that six hundred thousand barrels of ale were brewed in that five years, and consumed, more than had been disposed of in the five years preceding.

THE GOOD OMEN. A LYRICAL BALLAD.

I was compell'd to leave the land,
Or brook a prison-life, trepann'd
By a false-hearted friend;
A mien like honour's mask'd his face,
Till I, poor dupe, suspicionless,
Was wrought to serve his end.

My purse, my word, my pen was his;
One heart in all occurrences
Had seem'd to sway us two;
Each to the other for advice,
For comfort look'd; nor did these ties
Slacken as up we grew.

But he declined from virtue, stray'd
From Truth's one beaten path, and made
Rank Vice his arbitress:
To me his lesser faults alone
Were, with mock candour, sometimes shewn;
I grieved, but loved not less.

His utter lapse was scarcely known,
Ere evil days came thickly on;
My fortune's guardian died—
Died bankrupt;—and for me remain'd
Nought, save a scanty patch of land,
And one small house beside.

The cradle there, which at my birth
Received me, kept its place,—the hearth
Round which I play'd, while love
Breathed on me in a mother's kiss—
Yet this so precious dwelling,—this
My friend bereaved me of!

The little patrimony went,
Claim'd on a bond, to which I lent
My name in his distress:
So having round me laid a woof
Of snares, he meanly fled aloof,
And left me pennyless.

His creditors were much enraged,
To whom my person still was gaged
By that bond's cruel claim.
They saw he wrought to fraudful ends,
That I was of his bosom friends,
And deem'd our views the same.

I pleaded hard; my plea was spurn'd,
A deaf and pitiless ear was turn'd
By one whose brow was stern;
It nought avail'd with him that I
Promised in plain sincerity
All that my skill could earn:

I shew'd him that I had resign'd
My all; nought save a willing mind
The injurious debt could free;
Nor wanted I the means or skill
To get my bread, nor right goodwill
To toil industriously.

No—instant payment or a jail!—
Beseeching was of no avail,—
Pity in vain I sought;
Yet 'twas not fair I should be sent,
A felon-like imprisonment
To undergo for nought.

So when my overture was spurn'd,
The hard oppressive man I warn'd
He should not reach his end,
For I would flee,—and while he went
My liberty to circumvent,
The Hampshire coast I gain'd.

It was that part, where opposite
Look forth the swelling Downs of Wight,
A channel broad o'erpast,
A roadstead from the mighty sea,
Gay with the glancing bravery
Of flag, and sail, and mast.

That lonesome strand I pitch'd upon,
Which lies 'twixt pleasant Lymington
And Beaulieu's river-glade;
A safe and unfrequented tract,
By that romantic Forest back'd,
The Royal Norman made.

Far-stretching plains of dark sea ooze,
(Now bare, now wash'd, as ebbs or flows
The ever-travelling tide)
Cut off communion with the deep,
Save by the fishers' boats, which creep
Through creeks that wind unspied.

Thither I fled, to seek a friend,
One on whose love I could depend
My prompt escape to aid;
For here a matron dwelt, who erst
My years of infancy had nurst,
Ere she herself was wed.

Her spouse, a fine old seaman wight,
As rough as oak-bark, and like it
Covering a flawless heart;
As resolute as the northern wind,
And yet no summer breeze more kind,
Or rock-bird more alert.

In storm and calm, by night or day,
Through deeps and shallows, coast and bay,
And far out in the tide,—
With line, or net, or wicker-gear,
Or oyster-drag, or huge eel-spear,
The fisher's trade he plied.

To him, then, and his trusty boat,
Ran strong the current of my thought
For my deliverance;
By them I hoped to cross the sea,
And disembark, though poor yet free,
Upon the coast of France.

Such welcome as I hoped I had,—
Old Eleanor was grieved,—was glad,—
My presence was delight,—
But then tears and sighs in throngs,
At hearing of my grievous wrongs
And need of stealthy flight.

In manly guise old Mark stood by,
And though he lack'd not sympathy,
Yet native resolution
Made him, with brow and eye austere,
Refuse each feeling vent, and hear
The tale to its conclusion.

Then burst he forth, "Now pardon, sir,
The thoughts of an old mariner,
Who has weather'd storms for years;
Honour's still yours; as to the rest,
You're young and wise, and for the best
Must act till fortune veers.

"Courage, good master—why cast down?
Luck does not always wear a frown.
I'll put you 'cross the main;
And ere a year or two have past,
I trow that I shall rear the mast,
To fetch you back again."—

This homely couple did their best
To comfort me with food and rest,
And I was somewhat cheer'd;
For Mark was sanguine, all astir
With buoyant hope, while Eleanor
Pitied, and mused, and fear'd.

No long while cumber'd I their hut,
A low-pitch'd pile, not destitute
Of snugness, warmth, and cheer;
'Twas wall'd with stones of various hue,
Cemented by the sea-slime blue,
And thatch'd with wrack-grass sere:

Nor wanted it a garden-plot,
A narrow strip, but neatly wrought,
Through Eleanor's endeavour;
Rich with its pods, and bulbs, and sprouts,
And bushes hung with berried fruits,
And herbs of dainty savour.

Need was that plants of lowlier growth
Were cultured, such, as nothing loth,
A nestling covert find
Beneath the lichen'd sloe-thorn hedge,
Which, slanting inward, dull'd the edge
Of the fierce south-west wind.

Ere I three days had tarried there,
Mark, by inquiry, was aware
A sloop would soon set forth
For France—its owner was his friend,
And the first word for me obtain'd
The offer of a birth.

'Twas counsell'd I should not embark
Till she had clear'd the port; so Mark
Pull'd his stout boat off shore,
And Eleanor, right motherly,
Laid in sea stores and clothes for me,
And bless'd me o'er and o'er.

E'en in my grief I almost smiled
To see she thought me still a child,
I' th' fulness of her heart,
The nursling of her former years,
For whom she cherish'd tender fears—
But now 'tis time to part.

Hands, hearts are wrung—the old man's bark
Lay distant scarce ten minutes' walk
Along a gravelly Hard,
Whence lay our course to get without
The rocks of Wight, and ply about
Till the good sloop appear'd.

Not without sense of misery,
Utter forlornness, quitted I
The hospitable hut;
And when 'neath stress of oar and sail,
Known coast and headland 'gan to fail,
No wonder tears burst out.

To leave my father-land, to roam
Far from accustom'd haunts, from home,
Known faces, language known;—
To live an outlaw's life, in doubt
E'en of subsistence;—tears burst out,
When all was thought upon!

Mark fain would be my comforter,
But since I turn'd a heedless ear
To his condoling tone,
His tact instinctive check'd my plaint,
For he rehearsed a pertinent
Deliverance of his own.

He said, 'twas his, in winter nights,
To keep his watch where wedge-like flights
Of wild-fowl landward dropt;
As long as ice and snow were rife,
He led a prowling fowler's life—
The fisher's trade was stopt.

He told how once beneath a moon,
Far in her wane, he paddled down
A creek—then moor'd his boat,
Fasten'd his square mud-pattens on,
And, shouldering his good duck gun,
Warily ventured out.

His way, gain'd slowly and with toil,
Was on that soft and slippery soil,
Which twice within the day
Is buried deep beneath the tide;
And where he strode, then far and wide
Rolls on a surgy sea.

A mist steam'd up, the moon was dim—
The nick of favouring chance for him—

He will not scare his prey.
Hark! the known clang upon his right
Breaks the dull silence of the night,
And guides his blinded way.

Slow he advanced, incumber'd sore
By the foot-trappings which he wore—
Safeguards from sinking down
Within the treacherous ground—But list!
A rush of wings—his chance is mist,
His web-foot prey is gone!

Heark'ning he stops—his practised ear
Detects, through the still atmosphere,
Some far off notes, which teach,
The flock has settled down again;
And he on a fresh course must strain
To get within gun-reach.

He plods—once more is baffled—nought
Avails to gain the point he sought,
In vain he creeping came,—
Though oft endeavour'd, never once
Did he within sure range advance,
To point the slaughterous aim.

Wet, hungry, tired,—his labour lost,
His brain bewilder'd, projects crost,
He looks out for his boat.
He is all astray—he had not discern'd
That to a fog the haze had turn'd,
While his pursuit was hot.

But worse—in many a weedy run
He saw the tide had long begun
To speed its shoreward race.
Now all was hurry, doubt, and fear,
And he knee-deep was flound'ring, ere
He reach'd the mooring place.

With much ado he found at last
The boom, to which he had made fast
His boat—Oh, fruitless quest!
No boat was there—she had gone adrift;
Her rope was broke, and he was left
A rising sea to breast!

Dry'land was two miles off, and he
Knew that ere he could thither flee,
The tide would fully flow;
And for a man to swim or wade,
Closed in the night-fog's stifling shade,
Were but astray to go.

Quick fears to his remembrance bring
A bank, the ejected ballasting
Of some o'erburdened bark—
Could he discover now the heap,
He might perchance his breathing keep
Above high-water mark.

Splashing he hastes, plies here and there,
He finds it, mounts, and now can rear
Himself some two feet more.
Ah! still is he, the waves within,
Waist high—and fast the stream sets in,
And will so, hour by hour.

His rifle, muzzle downwards, deep
He planted, to resist the sweep
Of that in-driving flood;
And there, with hands that clenched its stock,
That he might stem each billowy shock,
Still stout of heart he stood.

The twilight broke, the fog updrew,
No saving vessel hove in view—
Far from the shoal they keep.
Besides, if seen on such a waste,
His head, one speck, had sure been guess'd
A sea-fowl rock'd in sleep.—

At this point of his narrative,
The veteran seem'd again to live
In that so fearful case;
He doff'd his hat, his countenance
Was lighten'd by an upward glance,
A momentary space.

He grasp'd my hand, and cried, "Oh, sir,
Believe me, in those hours of fear,
My greatest comfort was,
That I God's Holy Book had heard,
And loved—I meekly trust—his word,
Who died upon the cross.

"I said my prayers, was fortified
By feeling that in ocean wide
Not all unseen I lay;
For He, who holds both sea and land
Within the hollow of his hand,
Looks down on them who pray.

"Yet was it bitter thus to die,
Drop after drop, so lingeringly
Of sudden death to taste.
My thoughts flew home—poor Eleanor!
Little I thought, embracing her
At parting, 'twas our last.

"One hour would widow her—for me
No help, no hope,—oh agony!
Groaning I gave a shout.
I list'ned—all was silent, save
The regular beating of the wave
Which gurgled round my throat.

"My hour was now at hand—each limb,
Half numb'd, denied me power to swim—
I sigh'd, 'Thy will be done!'
The brine was at my lips—was need
Each minute now of wary heed,
The choking draught to shun.

"Perils of waters! all your woes
I felt, except that drowning close,
When sense and mind depart;—
But deep involuntary sobs
And dimness came, and hard slow throbs
At the temples and the heart.

"I waited, waited on—how slow
Did time get forward—yet (although

I dared not hope,) I thought
My breath came freelier—looking down,
Above the watery surface shone
One button of my coat.

"Oh, sight of joy! vain would it be
To say what transport gladd'ned me,
That trivial sign perceived!
'Twas proof the rav'nous tide had past
Its flood-point, and was ebbing fast,—
My sentence was reprieved!

"That God on whom I lean'd my trust,
From whom I had this frame robust,
And vital heat, which braved
The deadly chill, while steep'd I stood,
—Yea, God it was, who bade the flood
Retire, and I was saved.

"My easy task was now to wait
Another hour, until the state
Of the decreasing sea,
And the broad day-light, warrant made
That I might then begin to wade
With little jeopardy.

"Dripping I came ashore; my wife
Had wander'd thither in the strife
Of dreamy, vague alarms—
We knelt, we pray'd, in thankful strain,
To Him who gave us once again
Into each other's arms.

"Such my adventure—would you could
Welcome it as an omen good
Of better days to come!
Its recollection oft hath been
My firm support in many a scene
Of turbulence or gloom.

"My good young master, you are now
Deep sunk, I grant, amid the flow
Of black misfortune's tide;
But play the man, dismiss despair,
Doubt not the great Deliverer
A rescue can provide."—

The old man's soul was in his face,
While thus he tried with earnestness,
O'er my untoward fate
To cast a gleam of hope:—I took
The influence from his cheerful look,
And felt—not desolate.

His hand I press'd in mine; said I,
"Your fortitude, your piety,
My drooping faith shall freshen;
The Omen, too, my hope shall buoy,
Though it be but fancy's fond employ,
A blameless superstition."—

A breeze sprung up, the sloop drew nigh,
We parted. I did not belie
The promise which I made,
That I in memory would keep
His great deliverance from the deep,
As pledge of speedy aid.

The veteran was prophetic—ere
I had borne my banishment a year,
The oppressive ocean-heap,
With which misfortune compass'd me,
Roll'd off, like his retiring sea,
And left me to escape.

Within a foreign town was one
Who had my dearest father known,
Had loved him, and was glad
To help his son;—he offer'd me
Credit and scope for industry,
And thus a path was laid.

Skill, probity, and diligence
Rapidly won me opulence—
But not its slave become,
One passion still possess'd my soul,
Which would no long time bear control—
A yearning for my home.

I would not, when again I sought
My native soil, be coldly brought,
By hirelings unconcern'd;
My craving heart instructed me,
That it required the ministry
Of love when I return'd.

Therefore I summon'd that poor boat,
Which charitably bore me out
An exile lone of old,
Its master's debtor, hopeless, poor—
But now enabled to restore
His mite a thousand-fold.

Before we fetch'd the rocks of Wight,
Mark's little shallop work'd in sight;
A lusty shout he raised!
And when on English earth I set
My foot, the sire did not forget
His omen realized.

To him and Eleanor I shew'd,
Beyond their wish, my gratitude—
No fear for them of want!
Nor doubt that I should soon become
Of my old land and early home
Owner and habitant.

Sweet after abstinence the meal
Heap'd on the board, and sweet to feel
The pillow after toil,—
But sweeter far, to him who long
Hath pined amidst a foreign throng,
Is a welcome in his native tongue,
Upon his native soil!

CURLIANA.

SIR,

A FRIEND of mine has one, and only one good story, respecting a gun, which he contrives to introduce upon all occasions, by the following simple, but ingenious device. Whether the company in which he is placed be numerous or select, addicted to strong potations, or to long and surprising narratives; whatever may happen to be the complexion of their character or conversation, let but a convenient pause ensue, and my friend immediately hears, or pretends to hear, the report of a gun. Everybody listens, and recalls his late impressions, upon which "the story of a gun," is naturally, and as if by a casual association, introduced thus—"By the by," speaking of guns, "that puts me in mind of a story about a gun;" and so the gun is fixed in regular style, and the company condemned to smell powder for twenty minutes to come! To the telling of this gun story, it is not, you see, at all necessary that there should be an actual explosion and report; it is sufficient that there *might* have been something of the kind. And by a similar device has it now fallen to my lot, upon this third day of February, when we might, if we had been visited as we were last season, have had frost and snow, and curling in abundance, to regret that the winter is likely to slip away in a style quite unsuitable to the great end and object of all northern winters, "the Curler's sport." Why, these open winters, as they are termed, what do they open? many a green grave. The typhus, the scarletina, and the quincy, riot amidst these fresh clouds and miry roads; and if the farmer's plough is seen to occupy the fields for a few weeks longer than usual, it is only that the ploughman may enjoy himself in an additional lounge or two by the "kirk slaps" and "head-riggs;" for, by the month of May, you shall not be able to discover from his labours, whether there was only one day, or three long months of frost. And what a feast is the pure ethereal soul of a genuine curler deprived of, by such blustering, blubbering weather as this! See him of a cold, blue-skyed morning, such as we experienced in the winter 13, 14. His coat buttoned, but not up to the chin, so as to impede the play of his lungs, or the motion of his limbs; his one hand armed with a broom, and his other charged with the ice-shoes, or tramps; his very breath forms a "glory" of white and fleecy transparency around him, and he walks literally in an atmosphere of his own forming. As he trots it along towards the scene of action, the loch, the pond, or the river, his very sense seems to be enlarged, and his ears and his eyes take in sounds and objects the most distant and indistinct. He walks on his tiptoes, unless that at times the intervening slide, and hardened snow, compel him to resume his more juvenile practices. When he has put a firm heel upon the ice, and notwithstanding all efforts to produce a rent, has found that it is firm and unbending as a rock, then his happiness is completed. He has now found his proper element, and is quite at home amongst his friends. If you stand aloof from the scene of action, you may indeed occasionally hear his voice breaking distinctly through the rush of inarticulate exultation and direction; but if you place yourself in his immediate neighbourhood, and hang like a day-spectre over the rink at which he is engaged, you will be lost in one whirl of incident and excitement, and he will mind you no more as a spectator, than if you were a snowball, which the school-boys had rolled together, or a lump of moss-tree lately dug up. In vain you will endeavour again and again, as the hours rush past, to arrest him by the shoulder, or put yourself in possession of an arm. Ere you have uttered one word, he will cast an inquiring look adown the rink, press forward towards the tee, and by dint of shouldering and elbowing, fairly upset you.

Nor is the happiness incidental to "curling weather," limited to Curlers exclusively. The same blue sky, and bracing atmosphere, which transports the true Curler at least half-way to paradise, exercises a most exhilarating power upon all varieties of humanity. The carter cracks his whip with a smarter report. The burgess takes his walk and his dinner with an additional relish. The old maiden lady thinks her complexion improved by

the influence of the frost; whilst young Miss is as playful and friskish as a midge in sunshine. Coal fires, everybody knows, burn clearer in frost—and "a wee drap warm toddy" never smokes so invitingly, nor tastes so divinely, as when the window glass is all covered over with Nature's own fantastic embroidery—the fern and branch-work of her own inimitable device. I verily believe that there is more genuine and elastic, truly inexpressible enjoyment, to be extracted out of one short day of hard and ringing frost, with its slant sun and unthawing atmosphere, than out of the longest day of June, when the eighteen hours are all gilt with sunshine, and the season comes upon us in a profusion of favours. Spring has its bards innumerable—and they do not fail to deck her out in all the embroidery of buds and roses. Summer has not been forgotten in the poet's calendar, nor has harvest escaped his notice; but winter, under the only aspect under which it is at all tolerable, under that very aspect, too, in which it is quite delightful, "the Curler's winter" remains yet unsung.

It is quite evident that Thomson never curled—Graham was of too sombre and withdrawing a character for the sport; and amongst the numerous list of "seasonal bards," not one has hitherto been found, *proh pudor!* to sing the Curler's joy—to celebrate the Curler's triumphs—and to describe the "*Curler's fare.*"—Beef and greens are an admirable dish; in fact I do not know a better—provided that the beef has had enough, and just enough, of the salt—and that it be properly flanked, and embossed amidst smoking, and almost melting, greens—you may set all your salmagundies, bubble and squeaks, with a whole *posse comitatus* of crusted pies and fricassees, at defiance!—No person, whose mind rates above the calibre of a pipe-stapple, will ever hesitate betwixt such "unreal mockeries" and the prince of all good dishes, "beef and greens." But beef and greens, in the true curling style, is what we are speaking of—and what, unless you have actually enjoyed the luxury, no words can apprize you of. The old nursery maxim, "That hunger is good kitchen," does well enough; and everybody knows, that this has, some time or other, applied to himself: but the hunger—the keen appetite—the furious inclination to eat—the "*latrans stomachus*" (if one language fail me, I have another at hand) of a Curler!—oh! who shall attempt to convey in words, the most distant notion of it!—You set out to the ice, it may be at eight A. M.—Very well:—you had a glass of whisky and a bite of bread. About 12, all well, and your last game—the conquering game—*that* upon which the spiel depended, was not played down to its last *shot*—and *shout*, till—let me see—(for there may as well be moon-light as not,) till six or seven. Now, all this while, you never thought of hunger—your heart was too stony—your stomach too much o'er-mastered by your eyes—to think of anything but the contested shot;—and when, at last, the spiel was pronounced lost, and win, and you had time and inclination to look about you, and to peep inwards, and to ruminate—you found the truth of the adage, "*Naturam licet expellas.*" The Red Sea did not recoil more suddenly and overpoweringly, after its unnatural accumulation, than your eating appetite returned after this unwonted abstraction. You came down upon the "beef and greens," like an eagle upon his quarry—screaming and flapping your feathers with perfect delight. Why, sir, it is a memorable fact, that no Curler was ever known to cut his own throat, or that of any one near him—the whole tide of his blood is so sweetened and rectified by such delicate and elevating enjoyments as I have been attempting to set forth, that not the far-boasted "angler" is more placid and good-natured than he.

And what, after all the fuss, is angling, when compared with "Curling?" Why, the one is a sport for mere children and crazy-dotards, for school-boy truants, or lame half-pay officers. It is merely a method, and a very clumsy one it is, not of killing trouts, for in general *they* look pretty well after themselves, but of killing time. I never knew any man—I mean, of course, any full-grown man, with the ordinary complement of senses and talents—fish, who had any other thing on earth to do which could interest him. And accordingly, whenever I think upon a full-grown fisher, as I sometimes do, I always keep a close eye upon him long after I have passed him, in case he should make a small

mistake, and instead of throwing his line into the stream, take a plunge himself! I know, indeed, one clergyman who is said to be fond of this sport: but I have observed his habits narrowly, and have always seen, that so long as garden pease remained unshelled, or planting potatoes uncut, or the poultry in the back court continued to enjoy, under his superintendance, their morning's fare—he was never seen without view of his own kitchen door. An old sailor, too, I knew—but then he was wounded a-stern, and was grievously affected with the palsy—in fact he could not conveniently sit still,* and had no means of amusing himself when he did—so he got a creel and a rod, and rendered himself completely miserable, by endeavouring to disengage hooks from all manner of river-shrubs and brushwood. A West Indian and an East Indian of my acquaintance, have both provided themselves with rods from "Phin," in Edinburgh. But they are still hovering betwixt purpose and execution, like some unlucky urchin over a dose of physic. There are indeed, I know well, a great many pretenders to enjoyment from this falsely-named "sport," just as there are not a few who wish to have it believed, that they have a genuine relish for artichokes and asparagus eaten at the tough ends! It has become fashionable amongst a certain description of amateurs, to carry baskets, and handle fishing rods during spring and harvest, and there is something romantic and tellable on being upon a burn-side, in the midst of a hill country, with sheep upon one hand, and an old stunted thorn upon the other; and a par *is* a par, and an eel *is* an eel; and three bites, with half a dozen rises, makes a decent day's work; and at night, after one has been up Gala and down Tweed, why, at night, one is entitled to lie at ease—to occupy the full length of a sofa, and to look quite fatigued and interesting. Why, fishing of late years absolutely confers a kind of a sort of a literary aspect upon a man. The sport has had its advocates; and these have had access through the periodical press to the public; and the public, poor gull, has been made to believe, that a man might absolutely enjoy a whole day's fishing. Why, sir, what would you think of being condemned for a whole day, to put a piece of beef regularly into your mouth and out again,—or solve the sphinx riddle,—or to weave Penelope's web—or any one out of two hundred similar things which might easily be figured. All this, assuredly, is nothing to the horror which I entertain at a whole long spring or summer-day's fishing! Why do they banish convicts to the colonies, or set them upon the tread-wheel? Why not put rods at once into their hands, and set them a-fishing for one, two, or seven years, as might be judged proper; any longer period would be needless, as none could possibly survive the longer period mentioned. The poets tell us of unhappy spirits wandering a thousand years upon the banks of the Styx; but they do not explain, at least sufficiently, how these accursed wights are all the while employed. Why, sir, there can be little doubt that they are condemned to fish! Tartarus itself has not a more horrible punishment, nor has the imagination of the poet-laureate ever pourtrayed anything comparable.—Only *think* of it for a moment, for conceive you cannot,—*a whole thousand years of fishing!* A millenium of water-siding—an eternal pull out and throw in—rise here, and nibble there—fasten here, and snap your line there;—trouts running away in clear, and disregarding your address in muddy water! The punishment of Theseus, "qui sedet eternumque sedebit," is nothing to this. To be busy, and yet to do nothing—to have the attitude and outward bearing of a sportsman, with the "worm" inside, even the "worm" of impatience and ennui—What, I say, boldly, of all which man's fancy has pourtrayed, can match this!—Let's hear no more, therefore, of new editions of Isaac Walton, &c. The public has been too long humbugged by such drivelling, and the true national and exhilarating game of Curling will ultimately come into general favour. I hope to see the time, when there shall not be a decent, honest, good-hearted, clever fellow, betwixt John O'Groat's and Maiden-Kirk—betwixt the Briggs o' Ayr and St Abb's Head—who shall not be possessed of his pair of curling-stones—his ice-shoes,—and his staff-handled

* See Candide, vol. I.

broom. And as an introduction and preparation towards this very desirable consummation, permit me to give you a few notices, historical and anecdotical, respecting the noble and truly Scottish game of Curling.

Curling has long been practised in the southern and western districts of Scotland, in particular. Our forefathers used to thrash their corn before day-light, and then master and servant adjourned cheek for jowl to the ice. It *was* then, and, indeed, still is, a kind of "Saturnalia;" for freedom of conversation and remark has ever been considered as one of the Curler's most indisputable privileges.

Of all the contests, however, in which Curlers have been known to engage, the most agitating and keenly contested by far have been "Parish Spiels." In many instances, the inhabitants of one county or dale have migrated, as it were, and sojourned into another,—bag and baggage,—with the view of contesting and determining their curling superiority. And I verily believe that no calamity could have been more severely felt, and lamented, than the loss of such a contest. I have known swine's bristles placed in the hats of those who had been sutored, as it is termed, on such occasions, and once saw both fife and drum upon the ice, for the purpose of celebrating, in due form, the victory. There was one other purpose to which this bewitching amusement was occasionally rendered subservient. In seasons of dearth, or of particular severity, coals and meal were occasionally played for at these parish contests; and whilst the curler's hearts were made happy over beef and greens, with a brimming bowl of whisky-punch,—the church-officers and elders were often employed in distributing food and *elding* amongst the poorer classes. This was, indeed, mixing the "utile" with the "dulci;" and, pity it is, that even in seasons which are favourable for the sport, so humane and well-timed a liberality should be discontinued.

Nothing could exceed the anxiety and expectation with which the day set apart for such parish fetes was anticipated. I have often been sent out by my own father, who was remarkably fond of the sport, with a wet pocket handkerchief, which I hung upon the garden-hedge, returning it every now and then to his grasp, that he might know by the stiffening, whether the night was freezing or not. A cloud in the west—the wind blowing southerly—the shooting and tremulous motion of the stars—with a certain suspicious *sugh* of the wind through door-ways and crevices—were all unfavourable symptoms,—whilst a ringing earth and a ringing air,—a whole host of stars, with "no a clud in a' the sky," were as decidedly favourable appearances. Nor was Curling confined, in former and more remote times, to the human race exclusively; it was even adopted, not by the water-kelpy, as might reasonably have been anticipated, but by the more airy inhabitants of the knowe and the glen, as not unworthy of their ethereal natures. Fairies have been known, even within my own remembrance, to occupy particular lochs, and to indulge themselves occasionally of a Sabbath afternoon, in a fair set-to. I remember, whilst yet a boy, my passing, upon a Sabbath, Loch Etterick, in Dumfries-shire. The day was misty, but it still continued to freeze,—and I heard, or thought I heard, most distinctly, the sound of curling-stones on the ice. Although I now know that in all probability the sound was occasioned by the sinking, and, consequent rending of the ice, yet such is the power of previous association, in consequence of previous belief, that at this moment I am half persuaded that I heard the stones strike against each other, and the curlers employing their besoms.

A pedlar, well known in Dumfries-shire, whose love of gain was generally considered as an overmatch for his conscience, but who was withal very fond of the amusement of Curling, chanced to pass Loch Etterick with his pack on his back, upon a Sabbath morning. The ice was evidently in fine order, and there were a few curling-stones lying on the banks of the loch, with which the shepherds of those mountainous districts had been in the habit of occasionally amusing themselves. Watty hesitated a little, and propping up his pack, according to use and wont, with his staff from behind, took out his snuff-mill, and began a process of what is commonly called *ratiocination*, but which Watty termed "thinking wi' himsel." On the one hand, *there* was the "Lord's day," and the sin, and so forth; but then, on the other side, appeared the stones, lying quite ready; the fine board of ice, made and

constructed by God himself, together with the absence, for the present, of all human eyes. In a word, the result of this deliberation was an advance made by Watty into the middle of the loch, where he quietly deposited his pack, and had recourse to a pair or two of the best stones he could select. Everybody who understands the game knows quite well how Watty would proceed. He would just set a stone upon each tee, and then try to hit it off. The sport, no doubt, was imperfect without a companion, and so Watty felt it to be. He gave a glance or two to the surrounding hills, as if half desirous that "Will Crosby," a rattling, reckless body, might heave in sight, and bear a hand; but there was no human creature within view; so Watty behoved to give up his favourite sport altogether, or otherwise to continue the marking and striking system, as he had begun. At last, however, the play became tiresome, and Watty, in order to rest and resolve upon future measures, seated himself quite at his ease upon his pack. No sooner had he done this, however, than with a boom and a roar, that made all the ice shake and *sink* beneath him, an invisible, and consequently a fairy curling-stone, came full drive apparently against Watty's shins. "Reason's progressive," says the poet, "instinct is complete." The rule of instinct, or care of self-preservation, restored Watty immediately to his legs, and in the course of a certain number of rather hasty strides, to the adjoining bank. This was doubtless a visitation upon him for his profanation of the Sabbath, and for his regretting, at the same time, the want of company; so what was to be done? The pack was in the power, at least within the dominion, of the "Fairy queen," and to contest the possession upon her own element, seemed little short of madness. At this instant another fairy stone made its presence audible, and Watty, unable any longer to resist his terrors, fled. He fled to a shieling about four miles off, and with the assistance of "Will Crosby," whose faith was not much stronger than Watty's, possessed himself *next morning* of his lost goods. The story I have often heard him tell with a serious countenance; nor have I the smallest doubt that he believed every word which he said. The story, of course, became current, and is still remembered by many old people of that district. Be this as it may, the amusement of Curling is evidently from this, as well as from similar anecdotes, of great antiquity. Fairies are not of yesterday; and I verily believe that had it not been for their taste for Sabbath Curling in particular, these green-coated tenants of the knowes and glens had disappeared at least half a century earlier than they actually did.

I am a great advocate for every species of amusement, the tendency of which is to promote health; and good humour, and jesting apart, I do not know any one which is better calculated to accomplish both these desirable purposes than Curling. I have often amused myself with contriving a kind of metallic rink, or lead, which might stand in all weathers, and be resorted to at all seasons. And, provided the thing were practicable, I can see no other objection to its general adoption. *There* the bookseller, after being closeted the one half of the day with some testy and disappointed author, and after having spent the other half under the dust of his shelves, or behind the rubbish of his counter, might contrive to resume his temper, and repair his spirits. There the author by profession might lay aside his spectacles, clear his brow, and forget the unpopularity of his last great work. There the advocate, instead of bestriding a hack at the risk of his neck, after Parliament-house hours, might combat in peace with his fee'd opponent. There those numerous and varied classes, who now consume their time, their health, and their means, at cards, and billiards, and other dangerous and demoralizing amusements, might exhibit dexterity, and acquire morals as well as vigour. And there, too, the sons of the church, the learned and elegant Sabbath-thunderers, and soul-thrashers, might forget for a season St Paul and St Augustine, and even the ever-rattling backgammon-board, in a warmly-contested spiel, during the blooming and brightening month of June.

But lest some more pushing, and enterprizing individual in this age of improvements, discoveries, and patents royal, should take the hint from these imperfect, but certainly leading notices, and reap the harvest which I have in fact been sowing, I shall say no more upon the subject than that I am yours, &c. X.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CLASS IV.

Dogs.

THERE being no adage more generally established, or better founded, than that the principal conversation of shepherds meeting on the hills is either about DOGS or LASSES, I shall make each of these important topics a head, or rather a *snag*, in my Pastoral Calendar, whereon to hang a few amusing anecdotes; the one of these forming the chief support, and the other the chief temporal delight, of the shepherd's solitary and harmless life.

Though it may appear a singular perversion of the order of nature to put the dogs before the lasses, I shall nevertheless begin with the former. I think I see how North will chuckle at this, and think to himself how this is all of the Shepherd being fallen into the back ground of life, (by which epithet he is pleased to distinguish the married state,) for that he had seen the day he would hardly have given angels the preference to lasses, not to speak of a parcel of tatted towsy tykes!

I beg your pardon, sir, but utility should always take precedency of pleasure. A shepherd may be a very able, trusty, and good shepherd, without a sweetheart—better, perhaps, than with one. But what is he without his dog? A mere post, sir—a nonentity as a shepherd—no better than one of the grey stones upon the side of his hill. A literary pedlar, such as yourself, Sir Christy, and all the thousands beside who deal in your small wares, will not believe, that a single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. So that you see, and it is a fact, that, without this docile little animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock were capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he is indeed the fellow that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same avidity as he did for his former lord; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death; and though naturally proud and high-spirited, in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has not a will of his own. Of such a grateful, useful, and disinterested animal, I could write volumes; and now that I have got on my hobby, I greatly suspect that all my friends at Ambrose's will hardly get me off again.

I once sent you an account of a notable dog of my own, named Sirrah, which amused a number of your readers a great deal, and put their faith in my veracity somewhat to the test; but in this district, where the singular qualities of the animal were known, so far from any of the anecdotes being disputed, every shepherd values himself to this day on the possession of facts far outstripping any of those recorded by you formerly. With a few of these I shall conclude this paper.

But, in the first place, I must give you some account of my own renowned Hector,* which I promised long ago. He was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah; and though not nearly so valuable a

* See the Mountain Bard.

dog as his father, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim about him; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinctured with a grain of stupidity, which shewed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, on Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still stedfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

Another peculiarity of his was, that he had a mortal antipathy at the family mouser, which was ingrained in his nature from his very puppyhood; yet so perfectly absurd was he, that no impertinence on her side, and no baiting on, could ever induce him to lay his mouth on her, or injure her in the slightest degree. There was not a day, and scarcely an hour passed over, that the family did not get some amusement with these two animals. Whenever he was within doors, his whole occupation was watching and pointing the cat from morning to night. When she flitted from one place to another, so did he in a moment; and then squatting down, he kept his point sedulously, till he was either called off or fell asleep.

He was an exceedingly poor taker of meat, was always to press to it, and always lean; and often he would not taste it till we were obliged to bring in the cat. The malicious looks that he cast at her from under his eyebrows on such occasions, were exceedingly ludicrous, considering his utter incapability of wronging her. Whenever he saw her, he drew near his bicker, and looked angry, but still he would not taste till she was brought to it; and then he cocked his tail, set up his birses, and began a lapping furiously, in utter desperation. His good nature was so immoveable, that he would never refuse her a share of what he got; he even lapped close to the one side of the dish, and left her room—but mercy as he did ply!

It will appear strange to you to hear a dog's *reasoning faculty* mentioned, as I have done; but, I declare, I have hardly ever seen a shepherd's dog do anything without perceiving his reasons for it. I have often amused my-

self in calculating what his motives were for such and such things, and I generally found them very cogent ones. But Hector had a droll stupidity about him, and took up forms and rules of his own, for which I could never perceive any motive that was not even farther out of the way than the action itself. He had one uniform practice, and a very bad one it was, during the time of family worship, and just three or four seconds before the conclusion of the prayer, he started to his feet, and ran barking round the apartment like a crazed beast. My father was so much amused with this, that he would never suffer me to correct him for it, and I scarcely ever saw the old man rise from the prayer without his endeavouring to suppress a smile at the extravagance of Hector. None of us ever could find out how he knew that the prayer was near done, for my father was not formal in his prayers; but certes he did know,—of that we had nightly evidence. There never was anything for which I was so puzzled to discover a motive as this; but, from accident, I did discover it, and, however ludicrous it may appear, I am certain I was correct. It was much in character with many of Hector's feats, and rather, I think, the most *outré* of any principle he ever acted on. As I said, his great daily occupation was pointing the cat. Now, when he saw us kneel all down in a circle, with our faces couched on our paws, in the same posture with himself, it struck his absurd head, that we were all engaged in pointing the cat. He lay on tenters all the time, but the acuteness of his ear enabling him, through time, to ascertain the very moment when we would all spring to our feet, he thought to himself, "I shall be first after her for you all."

He inherited his dad's unfortunate ear for music, not perhaps in so extravagant a degree, but he ever took care to exhibit it on the most untimely and ill-judged occasions. Owing to some misunderstanding between the minister of the parish and the session clerk, the precenting in church devolved on my father, who was the senior elder. Now, my father could have sung several of the old church tunes middling well, in his own family circle; but it so happened, that, when mounted in the desk, he never could command the starting notes of any but one (St Paul's), which were always in undue readiness at the root of his tongue, to the exclusion of every other semibreve in the whole range of sacred melody. The minister, giving out psalms four times in the course of every day's service, consequently, the congregation were treated with St Paul's, in the morning, at great length, twice in the course of the service, and then once again at the close. Nothing but St Paul's. And, it being of itself a monotonous tune, nothing could exceed the monotony that prevailed in the primitive church of Ettrick. Out of pure sympathy for my father alone, I was compelled to take the precentorship in hand; and, having plenty of tunes, for a good while I came on *as well as could be expected*, as men say of their wives. But, unfortunately for me, Hector found out that I attended church every Sunday, and though I had him always closed up carefully at home, he rarely failed in making his appearance in church at some time of the day. Whenever I saw him a tremor came over my spirits, for I well knew what the issue would be. The moment that he heard my voice strike up the psalm, "with might and majesty," then did he fall in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads, and laid them down on the backs of the seats rowed in their plaids, and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red. I despised to stick the tune, and therefore was obliged to carry on in spite of the obstreperous accompaniment; but I was, time after time, so completely put out of all countenance with the brute, that I was obliged to give up my office in disgust, and leave the parish once more to their old friend, St Paul.

Hector was quite incapable of performing the same feats among sheep hat his father did; but, as far as his judgment served him, he was a docile and obliging creature. He had one singular quality, of keeping true to the charge to which he was set. If we had been shearing, or sorting sheep in any way, when a division was turned out, and Hector got the word to attend to them, he would have done it pleasantly, for a whole day, without the least symptom of weariness. No noise or hurry about the fold, which

brings every other dog from his business, had the least effect on Hector, save that it made him a little troublesome on his own charge, and set him a running round and round them, turning them in at corners, out of a sort of impatience to be employed as well as his baying neighbours at the fold. Whenever old Sirrah found himself hard set, in commanding wild sheep on steep ground, where they are worst to manage, he never failed, without any hint to the purpose, to throw himself wide in below them, and lay their faces to the hill, by which means he got the command of them in a minute. I never could make Hector comprehend this advantage, with all my art, although his father found it out entirely of himself. The former would turn or wear sheep no other way, but on the hill above them; and though very good at it, he gave both them and himself double the trouble and fatigue.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar."—"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow."

These were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.—"The d——'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shagged, and not far from the colour of a fox.

His son, Lion, was the very picture of his dad, had a good deal more sagacity, but also more selfishness. A history of the one, however, would only be an epitome of that of the other. Mr William Nicholson took a fine likeness of this latter one, which that gentleman still possesses. He could not get him to sit for his picture in such a position as he wanted, till he exhibited a singularly fine picture of his, of a small dog, on the opposite side of the room. Lion took it for a real animal, and, disliking its fierce and important look exceedingly, he immediately set up his ears and his shaggy birses, and fixing a stern eye on the picture, in manifest wrath, he would then sit for a whole day, and point his eye at it, without budging or altering his position.

It is a curious fact, in the history of these animals, that the most useless of the breed have often the greatest degree of sagacity in trifling and useless matters. An exceedingly good sheep dog attends to nothing else, but that particular branch of business to which he is bred. His whole capacity is exerted and exhausted on it, and he is of little avail in miscellaneous matters; whereas, a very indifferent cur, bred about the house, and accustomed to assist with everything, will often put the more noble breed to disgrace, in these paltry services. If one calls out, for instance, that the cows are in the corn, or the hens in the garden, the house-colley needs no other hint, but runs and turns them out. The shepherd's dog knows not what is astir; and, if he is called out in a hurry for such work, all that he will do is to break to the hill, and rear himself up

on end, to see if no sheep are running away. A bred sheep-dog, if coming ravening from the hills, and getting into a milk-house, would most likely think of nothing else than filling his belly with the cream. Not so his uninitiated brother. He is bred at home, to far higher principles of honour. I have known such lie night and day, among from ten to twenty pails full of milk, and never once break the cream of one of them with the tip of his tongue, nor would he suffer cat, rat, or any other creature, to touch it. This latter sort, too, are far more acute at taking up what is said in a family. There was a farmer of this country, a Mr Alexander Cuninghame, who had a bitch that, for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of her life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot, and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. If this was a fact, which I have heard averred by people who lived in the house at that time, she could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family. The same animal would have gone and brought the cows from the hill when it grew dark, without any bidding, yet she was a very indifferent sheep-dog.

The anecdotes of these animals are all so much alike, that were I but to relate the thousandth part of those I have heard, they would often look very much like repetitions. I shall therefore only in this paper mention one or two of the most singular, which I know to be well authenticated.

There was a shepherd lad near Langholm, whose name was Scott, who possessed a bitch, famed over all the West Border for her singular tractability. He could have sent her home with one sheep, two sheep, or any given number, from any of the neighbouring farms; and in the lambing season it was his uniform practice to send her home with the kebbed ewes just as he got them.—I must let the town reader understand this. A kebbed ewe is one whose lamb dies. As soon as such is found, she is immediately brought home by the shepherd, and another lamb put to her; and this lad, on going his rounds on the hill, whenever he found a kebbed ewe, he immediately gave her in charge to his bitch to take home, which saved him from coming back that way again, and going over the same ground he had looked before. She always took them carefully home, and put them into a fold which was close by the house, keeping watch over them till she was seen by some one of the family; and then that moment she decamped, and hasted back to her master, who sometimes sent her three times home in one morning, with different charges. It was the custom of the farmer to watch her, and take the sheep in charge from her; but this required a good deal of caution; for as soon as she perceived that she was seen, whether the sheep were put into the fold or not, she conceived her charge at an end, and no flattery could induce her to stay and assist in folding them. There was a display of accuracy and attention in this, that I cannot say I have ever seen equalled.

The late Mr Steel, flesher in Peebles, had a bitch that was fully equal to the one mentioned above, and that in the very same qualification too. Her feats in taking home sheep from the neighbouring farms into the flesh-market at Peebles by herself, form innumerable anecdotes in that vicinity, all similar to one another. But there is one instance related of her, that combines so much sagacity with natural affection, that I do not think the history of the animal creation furnishes such another.

Mr Steel had such an implicit dependence on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride of leaving it to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr Steel remained behind, or took another road, I know not; but on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, in-

stantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but on their going out to the street, there was she coming with the drove, no one missing; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! She had been taken in travail on these hills; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering, is beyond human calculation; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she was nothing daunted; and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one; but the last one was dead. I give this as I have heard it related by the country people; for though I knew Mr Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the truth of the relation, and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals—the shepherd's dog.

The stories related of the dogs of sheep-stealers are fairly beyond all credibility. I cannot attach credit to those without believing the animals to have been devils incarnate, come to the earth for the destruction of both the souls and bodies of men. I cannot mention names, for the sake of families that still remain in the country; but there have been sundry men executed, who belonged to this department of the realm, for that heinous crime, in my own time; and others have absconded, just in time to save their necks. There was not one of these to whom I allude who did not acknowledge his dog to be the greatest aggressor. One young man, in particular, who was, I believe, overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out, and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said, (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed,) and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He called his dog off them; and mounting his poney, he rode away. At that time he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes there comes his dog with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep up with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and their driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined; for the day-light approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road; but being on horseback, he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile farther, by a zigzag course, to a farm-house where both his sister and sweetheart lived; and at that place he remained until after breakfast time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep, or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the aggressor as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered, that the sheep were not his—they were young Mr Thomson's, who had left them to his charge; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road.

After this discovery, it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of

them; so he went down and took possession of the stolen drove once more, carried them on, and disposed of them; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his poney's feet. I appeal to every unprejudiced person if this was not as like one of the deil's tricks as an honest colley's.

It is also well known that there was a notorious sheep-stealer in the county of Mid-Lothian, who, had it not been for the skins and sheep's-heads, would never have been condemned, as he could, with the greatest ease, have proved an *alibi* every time on which there were suspicions cherished against him. He always went by one road, calling on his acquaintances, and taking care to appear to everybody by whom he was known; while his dog went by another with the stolen sheep; and then on the two felons meeting again, they had nothing more ado than turn the sheep into an associate's enclosure, in whose house the dog was well fed and entertained, and would have soon taken all the fat sheep on the Lothian edges to that house. This was likewise a female, a jet-black one, with a deep coat of soft hair, but smooth headed, and very strong and handsome in her make. On the disappearance of her master, she lay about the hills and the places where he had frequented; but she never attempted to steal a drove by herself, nor yet anything for her own hand. She was kept a while by a relation of her master's; but never acting heartily in his service, soon came to an untimely end privately. Of this there is little doubt, although some spread the report that one evening, after uttering two or three loud howls, she had vanished!—From such dogs as these, good Lord deliver us!

H.

ALTRIVE, *Feb. 2d*, 1824.

ON "CONCILIATION."

TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

CONCILIATION is the cant of the day. We find it in a thousand instances, and in as many shapes—in every rank and department of the kingdom. It is the note of the Whigs—it is echoed by the Pluckless; and is greedily swallowed by every prater about privilege and decorum. The time has gone past when popular clamour was called forth by designing demagogues, to force the introduction of blessings, which the circumstances of the country would not permit;—and now that this clamour is allayed, the great object is to conciliate and to flatter those who were formerly so violent and unreasonable in their demands.

It is quite true, that in so far as political discussion is concerned, there cannot be too much moderation adopted at the present day. Every topic which formerly roused the feelings and called forth the angry passions of the people, has been put to rest; and there is absolutely no subject upon which the voice of complaint is to be heard. The country has been raised to a state of prosperity not exceeded at any former period of our history;—agriculture is now flourishing;—trade and commerce are increasing; while our labourers are earning an abundant provision for themselves and families. Money is so plenteous, that channels for its application can hardly be furnished, even by the improvements which have been introduced into our land. The voice of discontent and of complaint is now heard no more; and it would require an ingenuity which we can hardly give the Whigs the credit of possessing, to find out even a pretended ground for venting their spleen. In so far as this goes, we can see no cause for political violence; and as Ministers are so fully established in public opinion, we heartily agree that moderation in all things is the soundest policy.

But admitting all this, we can see no good ground for adopting that humble and submissive tone towards men, whose principles remain unchanged, which is so common at the present day. If the Whigs had confessed all their folly and crimes;—declared that they were sensible of the wildness of their speculations, and the rashness of their schemes;—professed their repentance for the past, and their wish to adopt a different course of ac-

tion for the future;—if they had turned from their ranks with abhorrence and contempt those members who disgraced them by their factious designs, and by their association with the radical principles of the day;—if they had come forward and declared, that instead of a systematic opposition carried on in a spirit of most glaring inconsistency with all their former measures, they were now to be regulated by something like a spirit of knowledge, and discrimination, and honesty;—then would it have been most proper to have forgiven, and, if possible, forgotten, what was past, and to have treated them with all the favour and complacency which are due to men who are sensible that they can do harm no longer.

But has this, indeed, been done? Have the Whigs repented them of that mad opposition which, if successful, would have bent the spirit of this free and happy country under the yoke of the bloodiest tyrant that the world ever produced? Have they declared their regret, that when a season of distress visited our land, they joined, in their drunken folly, with the ignorant scoffers at our national laws and institutions; and tried to take advantage of that hour of danger to raise their rabble party into power? Have they humbled themselves at the recollection of their efforts to stamp with the name of virtue and suffering innocence, the rankest scenes of indelicacy that ever were brought before a British public—and to erect a standard of open and avowed profligacy for the imitation of the women of England? Have they indeed confessed with contrition, that the only consistent part of their conduct has been their continued opposition to the measures of Ministers;—and that it was only in illustration of this principle that they lately called upon this country to engage in a war, not half so justifiable as one against which they cried for the last twenty years? Have they made their confessions, and their recantations upon these points, that their opponents are now so ready to receive them with favour and regard?

One would really believe, from the tenderness in every quarter as to giving offence to the feelings of these persons, that there was some such change in their conduct, as we have mentioned above. We see, in every case, the most lively concern as to their interests and views. A public measure must not now be carried, if they are set violently against it;—a firm and manly tone must not now be adopted, if they have brought forward any of their vague and idle charges;—and even persons attached to government, and who have defended it through good and bad report, must be given up to their rage, because their pride and pretensions demand such a victim. One would believe, that, instead of being men who once held bad and base principles, and who had suddenly abandoned them, they were even viewed as a party of persecuted patriots, who after being unjustly humbled for many years were now to be raised, and to have their hard treatment atoned for by every flattering mark of kindness, of concession, and of conciliation.

And what, after all, is the fact? The truth is, that the Whigs are in all things, except in power, the same now, as they were at any former period of their history. There has been no confession of any of their crimes—no recantation—no atonement. They hold and avow at this day, the self-same principles, which, during the last war, at the time of Radical commotion, when the Queen held her rabble court, and while the Spanish war was last discussed in Parliament, led them successively to worship tyranny abroad, to preach insubordination at home, to follow and acclaim the steps of profligacy—and to declare that consistency formed no part of their creed, whenever the peace and happiness of the country might be destroyed. They are the same in intention now, though their power and influence are utterly gone. Disappointed in their hopes, frustrated in their intentions, seeing their prophecies disproved, and themselves and their measures covered with contempt, they still cling to their heritage of shame, and glory in shewing their hatred to everything honest in principle and noble in conduct. Their voice has indeed been lost amidst the general shout of exultation which pervades a happy and prosperous country, but their silence is one of necessity, not of contentment. There is no change in their principles, for these are still directed to the hopeless task of raising themselves to power;—there is no alteration in their measures, for these are still aimed against the supporters of Government;—they are the same discontented, invidious,

designing, and dishonest men, that they were in the darkest part of their history.

Nor can it even be said, that they have manifested the slightest wish to adopt those measures of conciliation, which they are so ready to demand from others. They have not abated one jot of their virulence, nor shewn the most distant design of acting with candour, far less with courtesy and forbearance. They have not forgotten that there is a difference in principle between themselves and their opponents, though, with a most laughable gravity, they would now wish the Tories to do so. Follow them to their places of convocation, and of party muster—hear them, when their spirits wax big as numbers seem to give a temporary importance to their harangues, and you will find the self-same mad, rabid, and dishonest spirit of discussion which raged during the blackest part of their career. I need not go far to bring you an example to prove this. Look back to the report (corrected by themselves) of their vamped-up speeches at the last dinner in honour of their patron saint, and you will see enough to convince you that, with them, conciliation is still a name. I will not pollute your pages, nor will I give the native and acquired insignificance of the persons who figured there any importance by attacking them here, but I would just allude to a few of the topics then introduced to shew the spirit by which these persons are still guided. We have Jeffrey praising Yankee independence at the expense of English honour; and babbling in his usual style about republics, free-trade, and liberty. We have Moncrieff associating the memory of Erskine with trials for treason; and delivering the usual harangue about "trial by jury," one of the greatest benefits of which has been the ridding this country of the libellers and blasphemers who belong to his own set. Then we have Cockburn conjuring up that arch-blunderer Hume—the most dogmatical, stupid, tiresome pest, that ever haunted St Stephens. Could not this economist tell Mr Cockburn how to blot out from the list some of our Scottish pensioners?—this would be a practical good—and perhaps the advocate might point out examples where to begin. I mention not any of their civil and religious liberty toasts—their "freedom of conscience," and "liberty of the press,"—which mean the destruction of establishments, and all abuse to be on one side; because what I have already said is enough to shew that, with these men, the same bitter, rankling, discontented spirit remains, which has all along distinguished them. What claim, therefore, have these people to conciliation, and upon what right do they receive it?

The truth is, that look into whatever department of Whig policy we may, we can see no earthly difference between what they now are, and what they were in former times, except that their power is gone. There is still the same outcry against ministers, and the same sullen discontent at all our measures of national policy. True, some of them are at times found, talking of the popularity of Canning, and of the liberality of giving places to some of their friends, but in the next breath we hear it followed with the reflection, that the time has arrived at last when merit is to be rewarded. The party have gaped so long with hungry mouths at the good things which were only to be enjoyed by them in anticipation, that the slightest mark of favour is received as a great and unexpected boon. In all but this, however, their hatred to the measures of administration remain unchanged. It is true, that with the great body of the people these measures are now viewed as the only ones which could be adopted for the prosperity and the honour of the country; but it is not the great body of the people that we call Whigs. There is a circulating mass of our population, which cannot be said to belong to any party whatever. They are led very much by external circumstances, and may be found successively the followers of demagogues; the applauders of praters about constitutional measures, and the ferocious shouters at the bloody triumphs of a tyrant. During times of distress, this part of the population were led by designing demagogues to adopt the levelling principles of the day, but since the return of employment and of plenty, they have with one accord been restored to industry and to allegiance. The Whigs, however, are not the body of the people, but, in this country at least, with a few exceptions, they are confined to some smatterers in law and other sciences in our metropolis; to a smaller number of discontented traders in our other towns; and a

very few crazed noblemen and nearly ruined country gentlemen. We defy the ingenuity of Jeffrey himself to pick out a single Whig, except in one or other of these degrees. It is vain, therefore, to talk of public feeling and popular sentiment, and to say, that these are Whig opinions coming round in favour of Tory measures; and that conciliation ought, therefore, to be extended to men who are thus changing their views. The mass of the people are not, and never were Whigs; they may be misled for a time, but they generally come right at last; and the fact of their being attached to government at the present day, proves nothing as to Whig feeling at all. That party stands by itself—with all its former rancour and malignity—a prating, discontented, disingenuous, illiberal "few," who seem to be sworn to inconsistency, endless opposition, and enduring contempt.

It is altogether a mistaken idea, therefore, to suppose, that those conciliating or flattering measures adopted towards the Whig party are to have a happy effect upon public feeling in the country. It is a mere assertion, unsupported by argument, and false in fact, to say, that the body of the people rejoice in every act of kindness bestowed upon the members of Opposition. Whatever it once was, the case is now quite the reverse. Ample opportunities have been afforded, of late, to weigh the character and pretensions of those men who come forward as leaders in political discussions, and the public are neither so obtuse, nor so bigotted, as not to draw the proper conclusion. We say, that there is a change in popular feeling (not in Whig feeling be it observed,) towards the supporters of Administration, which a few years ago could not even have been conceived of. We do not state this upon any process of reasoning which might be disputed, but we appeal to facts, and dare any one to disprove or overturn them. In all the departments of the state we find a wonderful change in the sentiments with which every person is regarded who can be said to form a part of Administration. Our judges are revered, our magistrates respected, and every person in authority under the King is viewed with reverence and honour. Instead of being considered as holding power which may be used for oppression, and situations which are designed for personal aggrandizement, a fair and candid admission is now made of their importance to government and to society. In the same way, visit any, the most remote part of the country, and you find the same sentiments prevail. The rulers in our burghs are viewed as men of the greatest integrity in the community, and the landed proprietors, who are attached to government, are considered to possess the greatest respectability and honour. We state this as the opinion of the mass of the people at the present day—we do so from our observation of them in all ranks—and we decidedly hold, that with them the Whigs are viewed with a feeling somewhat worse than that of mere indifference. They have found in every case, that not only are the measures brought forward by these persons mere chimerical schemes—too often of a selfish kind, which can never lead to practical good; but that, in reality, whenever the Whigs have obtained power, they have exhibited in their own persons an illustration of every evil of which they have complained; and have proved themselves to be the most oppressive and tyrannical of all masters wherever their power was felt and acknowledged.

We have stated this much to shew that the Whigs, in their cry for conciliation, have shewn no wish on their part to adopt any accommodating measures; and that the great body of the people being attached to government, and of course to the Tories who support it, the concessions made to the Whigs can be of no public benefit. The policy therefore is unsound, as we hold it to be mean, which endeavours to sooth and to flatter men who are as rancorous in their hostility as ever, and who are viewed with disgust by the great body of the people.

While I thus state my sentiments frankly and freely upon this subject, I rejoice that you at least have given this principle of conciliation no countenance, either by your precept or example. On your part, there has, as yet, been no sacrifice of those principles—for principles they must be, by which your public course has been directed. Raised up to check the infidel, licentious, and factious designs of the Whig press, your conduct has been marked by an undeviating and steady devotion to this purpose. And yet there are some who also call upon you for concilia-

tion. And what are the arguments upon which they found their demand? Have the retainers of the Whig press ceased to pour out their ribaldry and abuse? Has the Morning Chronicle become tender of female character? Have Moore and Byron ceased to be licentious and blasphemous? Has the Edinburgh Review become a loyal and patriotic work? We bring the matter just to this point, and we affirm, that if there has been the smallest change in these respects in Whig publications, it is only because the public feeling will not admit of their former impertinence and crime. Their weapons may have been shivered in the conflict, but their spirit of hostility is not gone; and every week, every day, bears witness to some glaring act against the institutions or the religion of the land. Amidst all this demand, therefore, for moderation in regard to the Tory press, there has not been one instance either of forbearance, or of candour, or of liberality, in those with whom the demand originated. Byron writes his blasphemy, and Hunt vends it with the same hardihood, as if conciliation was never dreamt of; and Jeffrey pens his jokes, and vents his politics, with the same pertness, as though his party were in the plenitude of their power. And are all things, honest and dishonest, to be lawful to these men, while you and others are to be smoothed down to suit the altered policy of the day? Is that to be a crime in one which is not only tolerated but applauded in another? And are you to hesitate about speaking the truth boldly, openly, and fully, while your opponents are gloating themselves with every species of falsehood, blasphemy, and abuse? Does conciliation demand this? Has the time arrived when Whig folly and Whig crime are to be buried in oblivion; and when the party are to commit all manner of offences without either notice or rebuke? No. From you, they cannot expect, nor is it proper that they should receive, anything which is to compromise the principles by which you have all along been animated; principles, with the exercise of which must not only be connected the prosperity, but the very existence of our country.

I trust, therefore, that we are soon to hear less, on all sides, of that conciliation which is the prevailing cry of the day. The Whigs can now do no evil, let us therefore pass them over with contempt; they never can do good, let us therefore despise to court them. From being the most bitter and rancorous enemies of the time-hallowed institutions of the country, they have now become empty prattlers, stripped of power, and covered with conscious imbecility. Disappointed in all their plans for the ruin of the country, and thwarted in all their attempts to raise themselves to power; they would now stand in the same rank with those, who, against their machinations, have defended the bulwark of the constitution. But the memory of what they were cannot be blotted out, nor the knowledge of what they are be forgotten, and their present meanness only aggravates their past crimes, and secures to them that scorn which is their rightful heritage. Yours truly,

TIMON.

P. S. As I conclude this short letter, I am unfortunately furnished with another example of the nature of Whig conciliation. Parliament has met: met in circumstances of national prosperity unexampled in the annals of this or any other country. Our internal policy lessening our burdens, and improving our trade, commerce, and agriculture; our foreign policy preserving the peace, at the same time with the honour of the kingdom, and making Britain more feared, respected, and courted, than at any former period of her history. These are blessings which one would have expected to have called forth an unanimous expression of exultation and gratitude, and yet a *snarl* of discontent is heard. Brougham—Henry Brougham—the Whig—the would-be leader of the broken-down party that is now to be conciliated—he could not repress his growl. But for this man, Britain would have presented to foreigners the noble spectacle of a country in which the senators were unanimous with the people in their approbation of those measures by which its rank and prosperity were procured, and are preserved. But, no—Whig patriotism could not go so far. There must be a speech—an attack—something affecting, directly or indirectly, the measures of ministers. And yet it may be useful. It goes far to establish the point for which we have contended—It is Whig CONCILIATION.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

[*From a MS. Poem.*]

METHINKS I see upon some desert coast,
To Mercy's succouring arm for ever lost,
The shipwrecked mariner: with anxious mind
He rears his lonely signal to the wind
In vain; each distant cloud appears a sail,
And Doubt succeeds to Hope, and Fears prevail.
Though comes no vessel from the ocean roar,
With snowy wings, and wave-dividing prore;
Though cliffs impend around by foot untrod,
Except his own, the sea-bird's wild abode;
Still will he trust some friendly arm is near,
That fate is yet impartial, though severe!

The lowering shades of Darkness are at hand,
Sweep from the ocean, and pervade the land,
While he, from ruffian Night's regardless shock,
Seeks for repose some crevice of the rock;
Slowly pass o'er the stern and starry hours,
With dirgeful winds, and melancholy showers,
Till daylight's beacon shines, and morn again
Outspreads her crimson mantle o'er the main.
In twilight shades he hastens to the shore,
Up rolls the sun, but Hope returns no more,
With clouds of gloom his sky is overcast,
And all that earth could offer him is past!

Silent and motionless he views the sun
Sink in the west,—another day is done.
Where mingle sea and sky, a spot appears
To kindle hope, and mitigate his fears;
Alas! 'tis but the cloud, which, melting there,
Dispels the glow it raised, and deepens care;
Nor sound nor sign of being is around,
Save cormorant, that breasts the blue profound,
Or albatross, that, from the cliff on high,
Expands his giant wings to sail the sky.
Long, sad and long, the listless moments roll;
Despair usurps the empire of the soul,
And, as he gazes o'er that dreary space,
The spectre Famine stares him in the face.
The nightfall glooms, his fitful visions roam
To cherished scenes, and circle round his home;
While starts the rapturous tear he cannot check,
While sobs his wife, and clings about his neck,
While press his little ones to share his kiss,
And Friendship deals around ecstatic bliss.—
He wakes, but ah! how different is the scene,
These may return, but death must intervene!
His glassy eye divines his coming end,
Approaching fate his sunken looks portend,
Then, with convulsive shake, he lifts his head,
Drops his cold hand, and sinks among the dead.

In care-sequestered haunts, to Joy unknown,
Where if weeds spring not, flowers are never strewn,
Lo! buried in the solitary cell,
Where sighs and tears with Superstition dwell,

The lonely Vestal ponders on her deeds,
Breathes o'er her orisons, and tells her beads,
Forces Youth's rose of beauty to decay,
And, pensive, weeps a tedious life away;
She, who with soft seraphic hand might bind
The wounds of Fate, and ornament her kind,
Might with the tender heart, the useful life,
Cheer in the friend, enamour in the wife,
Sooth, with condolings sweet, the pangs of woe,
And raise the torch of Mercy here below!

Yes! did connubial thoughts that bosom warm,
That breast of tenderness a partner charm,
Her halcyon smile might rescue from alloy,
Calm every grief, and heighten every joy,
Or, when the infant darling of her care,
Pledge of her love, sat smiling by her chair,
Her throbbing breast a mother's joy might find,
To scan the opening beauties of the mind,
—A mind which truth, which tenderness inspires,
Mild like her own, and generous like its sire's,
To lead the little cherub's thoughts on high,
And train them in the paths of piety!—
How dismal is her view, how dark her span,
How false to Nature, and how lost to Man!

Oh Wisdom, weep! lament the scene of woe—
And let the tear of mild compassion flow
For talents lost, for judgment thrown away,
For beauty buried from the eye of day!

Hark! whence awoke, 'mid walls of mouldering stone,
The harbinger of woe, that mournful groan?
Deep from yon grated arch the sound arose,
And oft it issues thence, at evening close,
When, sick with hope deferred, or worn with pain,
The prisoner courts his lowly couch again;
Full of his grief, it sooths him to believe
He has on earth a day the less to grieve,
The vault slow-fading from his vision dies,
The soother Sleep returns, and dreams arise.

Now on the mountain side, while skies are blue,
Plains, woods, and lakes expanding on the view,
He seems to stand; the scene around is fair,
Brilliant the sun, and soft the summer air.
Far o'er the regions of the billowy green,
Receding coasts and azure hills are seen;
Within the vale, beneath the beechen shade,
He scans his home, and sweet paternal glade;
The wall-flower decks the roof, around the eaves
The jasmine twines, the bird sings in its leaves;
On daisied sward his children are reclined,
Their auburn tresses waving in the wind,
No melancholy thoughts their minds employ,
Unconscious of their loss, and wed to joy,
While, pensive by the door, his eye surveys
His pale, but lovely wife—the blest of other days!

For years that prisoner's foot hath never trod,
Except in thought, blue summer's verdant sod;
Though still on earth, an alien to his kind,
Feeble in frame, and desolate of mind,

His years lag on, unvarying and unblest,
Dark, void, without the consciousness of rest;
Yet when the sunbeams, in their crimson, fall,
At morn's first starless hour, upon his wall,
Gilding the trickling dew-damp of his cell,
Brightening a scene where sighs for ever dwell,
Oh, then his tardy steps can ne'er refrain,
Although solicitude may pine in vain,
To seek yon lattice, where the rust-red grate,
Frowning in strength, reminds him of his fate;
Then on the long-known fields he casts his eye,
The dark-brown woods, and cloud-embattled sky,
And on the sloping distant hills, whose green
In happier times his resting place had been,
He hears, with mellow music, from the thorn
The freckled lark salute the blaze of morn:
Now on the ear the torrent's dash is hurl'd
Fitful, like echoings from another world;
And now, with hollower gust, the morning breeze
Sweeps through the clouds, and sings amid the trees,
Then, then the dream of youth and yore returns;
Wrapt in the mournful thoughts, his bosom burns;
And scenes, in hopeless absence, doubly dear,
Are traced in thought, and usher'd with a tear!

Ask of the maid, who in the cloister's gloom
Repines, the living inmate of a tomb;
By force or phrenzy severed for her kind,
Yet panting for the joys she left behind—
Ask of the mariner, whom storms have toss'd
On solitary rock, or desert coast,—
Ask of the prisoner, who, in dungeon dank,
Hears but his groans resound, his fetters clank,
Without one generous heart, or pitying eye,
To share his griefs, or sooth his agony—
Ask it of these—'tis they who best can know
If Friendship be not sweet, if Solitude be so!

Yet, spurning at its woes, the immortal Mind,
With quenchless ardour, burning for its kind,
Even in the lonesome, solitary cell,
Where Hope, the seraph, hesitates to dwell,
Pregnant with zeal, hath labour'd to allay
The wrongs of man, and banish care away,
Scared, upward soar'd, like Ammon's bird, elate,
Dispell'd the darkness that involves our fate,
Burst through the giant bonds, the envious shade,
That ignorance had framed, or error made,
And thence disclosed, when earth-born toils are o'er,
A renovated life, that fades no more,
An arm outstretch'd the sinking good to save,
And Victory's halo beaming o'er the grave!

Yes, Socrates, this wondrous lot was thine,
Thy life was matchless, and thy death divine;
'Twas dark around thee, but thou wert the light
That banish'd prejudice, and scatter'd night;
By friends forsaken, and begirt with foes,
Thy spirit these forgave, and pitied those,
Left earth in peace, and, ere it soar'd to Heaven,
Pray'd that in mercy both might be forgiven.

Nor, Raleigh, should thy name, to silence wed,
Oblivious sink among the ignoble dead,

Who, when Columbian regions were explored,
And shrunk Iberia trembled at thy sword,
Shut from a world, served but, alas! too well,
To pine away thy manhood in the cell,
Toil'd through the sunless day, and wakeful night,
By the dim taper's melancholy light,
To add a lustre to the thankless age,
Which gains redoubled splendour from thy page:
'Twas thine, O potent spirit, to unfold
The mines of thought, more precious far than gold;
Unchill'd by apathy, thou did'st explore
The loneliest regions of historic lore;
Pierced through the gloom that shades the urn of time;
Amass'd the treasured deeds of every clime;
And to a world, ungenerous and unkind,
Left an immortal legacy behind!

Thus do the sandal boughs that, spreading, yield
A shade for bees to hum, and birds to build,
In vain resist; in bloom ordain'd to feel
The spareless fury of the woodman's steel;
But still, as if forgivingly, they shed
A fragrant perfume round the spoiler's head! Δ

LONDON ODDITIES AND OUTLINES.

No. V.

The winter theatres are now running the rival race with great spirit, and with what is more interesting to managers, a great influx of the play-loving population. This has been the result of the coming of that sullen season which is to be made gay by confectioners' shops flaming with tenfold gas; the richer display of beeves, garlanded with holly and ivy in the markets, and the full glory of the pantomime.

Covent-Garden commenced its season with a *grand spectacle*, founded on the conquest of Mexico;—dramatized in Paris, it had won the heart of the capital of capitals, by the fidelity of its narrative, and the truth of its manners, not less than by the *novelty* of its subject. It was re-produced in London, in a splendour that would have dazzled an Inca. Horses, chieftains, and heroines, shone in all the pomp of tin and tinsel, feathers and flounces; and the melodrame was triumphant. But all glory is comparative; and this triumph was formidably diminished by the more triumphant triumph of Drury-Lane. There a single scene carried all before it. Two hours of the melodrame of the "Cataract" were noise and nonsense indescribable, and the piece seemed in every scene more rapidly approaching to the edge of that d—mned fall, from which pieces never return. But five minutes at the close of those two hours restored its honours, and floated the whole into splendid safety. Those five minutes displayed a torrent of unquestionable water rushing down a tin stair-case, and sousing a whole regiment of fighting and flying cavalry. The display was irresistible with an aquatic people; and the melodrame *ran* till the water companies declared that they could supply the *popular thirst* no longer. The *punsters* were as busily at work the first night, as if the water had irrigated their faculties into sudden vegetation. It was said by a high authority in those matters, that the *Cataract* had ended in a *torrent* of applause. The contributions of others were, that the piece was sure of an *overflow*; that it *swept down* all opposition; that though the manager had thrown *cold water* upon his work, it was received with the *warmest* admiration—that it sailed on the *stream* of popularity—that the "Cataract" *rose* as its waters *fell*; and an inundation of other equally inimitable and *recherché* sportiveness on the *fluid* of popularity. The result, however, was, that while "*Cortez*," after the brief life of a hero, perished, the "Cataract" *ran*, and Drury-Lane, for the first time since the days of *Rich*, boasted of a successful *spectacle*. This melodrame, however, had the pleasant advantage of having *three* fathers. *Moncrief*, the original inventor of the

piece, for one of the minor theatres; *Reynolds* for the dramatic effect; and *Colman* for the pleasantry that was to master popularity. But this venerable alliance was curiously abortive. There was neither invention, effect, nor pleasantry, in the whole performance. The *punsters* were busy again on this tripartite failure, and compared the inventor to "Susannah persecuted between the *elders*;" the arranger to "a barrister who had not *effects*, from having no *causes*;" and *Colman* to "the royal jester, who is grave everywhere, but at court." But the best jest of all, and worth a whole Switzerland of "Cataracts," was, that one of the pleasantest of all the jokers about town, having had occasion to write the epilogue for the tragedy of Gracchus, shortly after, lazily stooped to interweave those past and volatile *good things* into his verse. Nothing could be more luckless; every third wit in the house recognized his own especial witticism, and was indignant accordingly. The feathers were rapidly plucked, and the epilogue stood as naked as the daw, in the course of the first dozen lines. The result must be veiled in a learned language, "*Populus me sibilat*;" and the epilogue was dilacerated upon the spot, notwithstanding Miss Booth's legs, Miss Kelly's plumes, and the *tout ensemble* of the pretty Mrs Orger.

In both these *spectacles* the *horses* performed the most distinguished part, and certainly flung the majority of the bipeds to an immeasurable distance; they were as brilliant in their movements as in their trappings; and had Swift been alive, he must have exulted in the unquestionable superiority of his hoofed heroes and philosophers. But *show* stirs but one sense, and none is more easily fatigued than the eye; and though, as the *wits* said, the public eye was thus provided with a *pair of spectacles*, it soon grew tired, and got rid of them both accordingly.

Sinclair's return from Italy was an event. All the professors, a numerous and noisy multitude, and all the amateurs, a host beyond all calculation, gathered to his *debut*. He succeeded to a degree by no means anticipated, from the hints of travellers. His style is of the highest finish, various, delicate, and, to our ears, original. His command of the scale is admirable, and he is at once the most rapid, and the most distinct exhibitor of the *fiori de musica* that has appeared among English singers. His voice is inferior to his skill. But it is powerful, sweet, and ductile. It wants the volume of Braham's tones, but it has the modern elegance which has been the charm of Rossini; and perhaps in grace and spirit, accuracy and force, he is not surpassed by any singer on any stage. But his fine resources have not hitherto been employed to as "fine issues." The Cabinet, an exhausted opera, by Braham, and adapted exclusively to the style of a singer, certainly most powerful and popular in his day, was the only one supplied to Sinclair; and upon its re-exhaustion, the hero and lover was disrobed of his plumes and silk vestures, and immersed into the *costume* of the English week-day-world of opera. Romance in coat and breeches is impossible; and Sinclair's spirit waits, doubtless, with strong avidity for the forthcoming of an opera now announced, in which he shall figure as becomes a man and a singer, in feathers, velvet bonnets, and embroidered pantaloons. This opera is said to be by Horace Twiss; but that author has lately abounded so much in disclaimers of all kinds, from *Nigel* down to *John Bull*, that the disclosure must be left to his own good time. Yet like the old commentator on the poet—"*Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari*."

Maturin has at length brought out his novel of the *Albigenses*, four volumes of vigour, extravagance, absurdity, and splendour. The heroes are nominally two knights, but the true heroes are a fighting Popish Bishop, who loves, harangues, slays, and says mass with any brilliant hypocrite and horse-rider of his century, and some of the pastors and leaders of the French Protestants. The volumes abound in pictures of every kind, from the horse-boy up to the king, and from the hovel up to the castle and the palace. The great sufferers in all great national commotion; the opulent; the high-born, and the high-placed, are abundantly flung to and fro upon the waters; princes are fugitive; queens are imprisoned; and beauties that rouse knighthood for leagues and provinces around, are alternately in pomp and in peril; in the hands of banditti, and in the arms of lovers. A great lord, who is a prodigious rogue; such was human nature in other times; and an

old woman, who is a sorceress, a conspirator, a preserver, and a perpetual meddler; such are the sins for which the maker of Meg Merrilies has to answer. In her numerous posterity constitute the principal personages of the black art; the daughter of the old Protestant pastor, is the chief sufferer, and altogether the most attractive and romantic character of the multitude. But with a vast quantity of the *outrè* colouring, and monstrous character, which is, I fear, inseparable from Maturin's pen, there is a vast quantity of richness, variety, and forcible delineation. The reader may often wish that this author had known the rare art "how to blot;" but he will seldom yawn, and he will never fall asleep. It is gratifying to say that this last work is also the best, and that he has now given evidence, that whatever course his talent may pursue it will scarcely retrograde.

Rossini, Il Eroe, the wonderful wonder of wonders, the Maximus Apollo of Italy, the horror of Germany, that trembled for the fame of Mozart: the envy of France, that envies every other nation, everything unproducible in Paris, and the purchase of English gold that purchases everything, has at length appeared in that part of the world, to which all that is worth hearing, seeing, or possessing, is borne as naturally as grains of gold down a Mexican torrent.

The first nights of the Opera, of course, hurried every one who was not absolutely bed-rid, to the Haymarket. A conflict fatal to feathers and satin, was maintained outside the theatre, among a *congeries* of the fair and the music-loving, until the tardy doors were opened. The whole tide of population then poured on, and in a moment every square inch of the pit "maintained its man" or woman. The chief anxiety was to see Rossini,—to delight the eye with the physiognomy of a man of genius, sung through every capital and village of Europe. A select band of phrenologists are said to have occupied, at a price to be authorized only by scientific zeal, a box at the back of his head, while a thousand pairs of the brightest eyes in Britain, were levelled point blank upon the spot where the supersubtle face of this celebrated Italian was to flash intolerable mind. After all this taking up of position; while the rows of glasses, directed upon the orchestra, resembled tiers of minute artillery, a grave-looking, *obese,* and black-headed man, was seen sitting at the piano. Whether he dropped from the air, or rose from the earth, was equally dubious, and the science of physiognomy received a blow from which it cannot possibly recover. As for phrenology, it is not to be overthrown by an appeal to its understanding; and the professors of that mystery, whose own skulls would probably be among the most curious studies of the art, "*Felices, sua si bona nôrint,*" will naturally go on with their usual profundity—"deeper and deeper still." Rossini's countenance is as honest, good-humoured, and homespun a frontispiece, as ever decorated an English farmer; his hue is *Southron* enough, his figure substantial and aldermanic, and his manner perfectly in *proportion,* as the scientific would say.

When he was at length recognized, plaudits, many and strong, were poured upon him; but the orchestra suddenly gave a grand discharge, the air was torn with trumpet and trombone, and all the panegyric of the hands was extinguished in a moment.

Zelmira, the opera on whose wings the composer was to have been lifted to ten-fold fame, was only one among the myriad instances of the folly of taking advice in too large a dose. For the mediocrity of the infinite multitude, advice is as necessary as crutches are to a cripple. But to the man of genius it is as cumbrous as the same crutches to a *chamois hunter.* Rossini, unquestionably a man of genius, original, as genius always is, vivid and decided, had idly listened to the critical nonsense, that told him he ought to be Rossini no more; that he ought to divest himself of the delicate, brilliant, and spiritual style, which had made him the first favourite, the very vizier of the very seraglio of music. In Zelmira he accomplished this luckless desertion of himself, and this opera is, and shall be, among the dreariest *toils* of the most ponderous school of the countrymen of Arminius. If the *Il Barbiere,* the *Il Turco,* and half a hundred others, almost give the idea of so many rivulets of sweet and sparkling harmony, perpetually fresh, bright, salient, and pure; the Zelmira is as flat and stagnant as any eel-feeding waste of marsh water and duck weed, in the whole

hereditary dominions of the Emperor of Beethoven.

Colbran, the *pendant* to Rossini, and once the admired of all Naples, including M. Barbaglia, made her *debut* almost at the same moment with her celebrated husband. This singer, a few years since the most distinguished in the south of Europe, and inferior to nothing, south or north, but Catalani, that comet which has been blazing through all countries in succession, and in them all throwing a disastrous hue on all their theatrical luminaries, is among the most curious instances of a sudden decay of power. Of all the organs, the voice, delicate as it is, is often the most reluctant to give up its fine faculty. Eye and ear often lose their acuteness, before the keenest *cognoscenti* can detect age in the warblings of a *prima donna*. But Colbran, still in the prime of life, in the possession of all the figure, beauty, and expressive feature of her days of fame, is almost voiceless. She can still sing; but she sings tremulously, and with a palpable dread of failure: her taste remains; and what she can execute, she executes with elegance; but the ease, the grace, and the sparkling beauty of song, have all vanished, and she must, henceforth, be listened to only as the wife of Rossini.

The theatre has fallen into new hands, and the interest of its noble committee will probably sustain it, till they grow weary after the manner of men of ten thousand a-year, and upwards. It has been cleaned; and though the style of its new decoration is trivial, and destitute of the grandeur, even of the richness that should characterize the "House of Pleasure" of the most opulent nobility of Europe, yet cleanliness is a charm so long denied to this theatre, that, in its presence, all deficiences may be forgotten for the time. The ballet is pretty, and spiritedly sustained by a troop of the most romantic names that even Paris could supply. Idalises, Sophronies, Stephanies, and Sophonisbas, do our Celtic and Saxon eyes the honour to display all their skill before them; and we are enraptured, as becomes the votaries of a climate remote from refinement and the capital of all the graces.

Matthews, the pleasantest of all laughers at the laughable parts and persons of society, threatens a prodigious influx of merriment for his forthcoming season. His American tour must have shewn human nature, to his curious eye, in colours sufficiently new for "excellent mirth." But his pictures will be far from assisting those ungenerous prejudices which have bred ill blood between the mother country and the *daughter* country. The peculiarities of the fanatics, that burlesque religion in America; the habits of life in the interior; the style of narrative and dialogue among the haranguers in steam-boats, stages, and inns, will probably make up the largest portion of his humorous gleanings in a country in which he almost uniformly met kindness and consideration.

Everything in London depends upon the choice of season. Irving, flung up into vogue by the extreme idleness of the time at which he was recognized among the cobwebs and grim physiognomies of the Caledonian Chapel, would have been unheard of but for the closing of Parliament, the theatres, the Law Courts, and all other places detrimental to preaching and puritanism. The "intellectual and imaginative" world would never have hazarded the abrasion of a shinbone, or the loss of a shoe, in the crush of cross streets, but for the fatal abundance of time that afflicts it from July to November. The return of "something to do," has, therefore, extinguished the orator; and the humblest record of the wonders and absurdities of this mighty metropolis that tempts the passers by, at twopence a number, would now disdain to allude to the performances of the Rev. E. Irving. Thurtell's affair was not less prosperous in its *tempus*. From the latter end of February, through the merry months of spring, and the merrier months of summer, Thurtell would have been tried without a whisper outside the walls of the Court, and hung with no other consideration than that which the Ordinary and the Hangman give to the family of Cut-throats. It is to be told, in vindication of the monstrous and disgusting interest that gathered round this villain and his associates, that the populace had nothing else to talk of; and in addition, that the newspapers had nothing else to publish. All was tranquil everywhere through the land. Every man, from Inverness to Scilly, was eating and drinking, walking and sleeping, *more majorum*; the old *firm* of tumult was broken up; Cobbett was splitting straw

for bonnets; Hunt was roasting corn for coffee; Manchester cried not forth; and Sheffield and Birmingham were hammering away with equal patience and pleasantness; in short, the newspapers, deprived of their natural nutriment, were like mice in an exhausted receiver, they gasped, and must have, in nine instances out of ten, gasped their last, but for the sudden intelligence from Hertfordshire.

The histories a thousandfold of the frightful atrocity itself, the added histories of everything human, bestial, inanimate, that could be connected with it; the crowding down to the trial; the visages of the criminals lithographed in all directions; the shilling a-piece for a peep into Gills-hill Cottage; the sale of the horse and gig; the sofa and the supper-table that became sacred to this insane curiosity; and lastly, the exhibition of those moveables at the suburb theatres, which exulted in dividing those reliques of the transaction; were all accountable in the same way: the prevailing famine of public subjects. Yet some of this interest was pushed within the confines of idiotism. What are we to say to the foolery that bought locks of the murderer's hair for fond remembrance, to the tender solicitations for his snuff-box and shoe-strings, or, last and greatest, to the purchase, at ten-times its worth, of the pistol, rusted with blood? This is the rabidness of a curiosity that deserves the cat-o'-nine-tails. If ever there was a murder, merciless, cold-blooded, and brutal, it was this murder—if ever there was a villain who deserved to be expunged from the earth as a disgrace and horror to his species, it was this murderer; and yet it was round this savage and sanguinary villain that those foolish affectations of sensibility were displayed. No language can be too strong for the horror of this crime, and no contempt too bitter for the miserable sympathy that attempted to turn him into a victim or a hero.

Ollier, the author of "*Altham and his Wife*," has just published a little volume, "*Inesilla*;" a tale of a family haunted by a spirit that revisits earth more in "sorrow than in anger."—With some errors and some singularities, it has much that must strike the public eye:—charming descriptions, expressive picturings, and romantic passion. But ghosts and their doings, as they are beyond our sphere, are almost beyond our feelings. Why does he not write of human motives and human beings?

The theatres teem with announcements. A new *farce*, a new *opera*, and a pair of *tragedies*, are among the riches of Covent Garden. Mrs Hemans' play is, besides, to be refitted, and to have the advantage of a new heroine. Miss Kelly ruined her part, and her own theatrical hope, by a childish imitation of the worst tones of Macready. Without his spirit, she adopted his manner, and unfortunately turned what might have been nature in his performance, into what was caricature in hers. She has talents; and by casting off this dangerous predilection, she may be enabled to return to the London stage;—but she must exert much diligence, and be satisfied to devote much time. Yet Mrs Hemans' tragedy failed, from its intrinsic unfitness for the stage. With many passages of poetical beauty, and some characters of considerable force, the accomplished writer forgot, that, in a play, double interest is weaker than a single one; that the plot is more wisely continued to the end of the fifth act, than exhausted and extinguished in the third; and that, after seeing the fall of a tyranny, and the restoration of a people, no eye or ear could linger with complacency over two whole lingering acts of lovers' sorrows, reconciliations, vituperations, and "last dying" speeches. Yet its failure should not be looked on as derogatory to her poetic name. It is only one of the countless instances, that tragedy is an exclusive field. In the whole range of the drama, we have no instance of a *permanent* tragedy written by a female. A woman's mind has its province; grace, delicate expression, refined taste, and romantic elegance, are its legitimate dominion. But it palpably wants the creative power, the strength of grasp, and the bold and vigorous insight into character, that are to be found in the labours of man's mind.

That Mrs Hemans, with her faculty of poetic language, and her striking conceptions of life, may yet write a tragedy that shall succeed to a certain extent, I have no doubt. But reasons, drawn alike from all experience and from nature, make it improbable, that a *great, enduring* tragedy, will ever be the work of woman.

Miss Lee, whose *Canterbury Tale* Lord Byron degraded into Werner, has made a tragedy upon it for her own behoof and honour. It will probably defeat her purposes in both. Lord Byron is obviously barren of all dramatic power, and has probably at length discovered that he must write tragedy no more. But to take up the very subject of which he had wearied the world—to suppose that any audience will bear the twice-told tale of German extravagance, is to expect what no British audience will realize. Nothing less than the total remodelling of the story, splendid versification, and the whole ingenuity of dramatic adaptation, could make it tolerable. Whether Miss Lee possesses those powers and opportunities, must be left to time to tell.

The new *British Museum* is already rising from the ground. It will be a superb building. Four sides enclosing a court—the style Grecian, and the architect Smirke, a man of talent and knowledge. The first object is to find a place for the King's donation of the Royal Library,—a donation which awoke the high displeasure of that *ringlet-browed* and long-winded patriot, Lord Ellenborough. By such exploits, do small men work their way into popular talk. The other sides are to be occupied with the new *National Picture Gallery*, a grand *desideratum* to the arts and honours of England. Here, too, the King is to be the first contributor, and the liberality and public spirit of our opulent *cognoscenti* will not be slow to second his patronage. A single picture from each distinguished collection in England, would make a gallery unrivalled by all but the *Vatican*. If a national gallery had been established by the first Charles, the Royal Collection would not have been seized and scattered to make the wealth of every collection in Europe. Rebellion would have spared what had become national property; and England would have had three-fourths of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the world, to stir up the emulation of our artists, during the last two centuries.

The Library of the British Museum is still unworthy of the literary rank of the country. With even the addition of the King's, it will scarcely amount to 200,000 printed books, but one half the number of the Richlieu Library. But the subject is at length before the national eye. The value of the first place in literature is felt. The literary spirit is spreading hourly through the people; and with the manliness, the common sense, and the natural ability of the English mind, nothing more is necessary than to point out where defect exists, to see it suddenly compensated by a vigorous effort towards perfection.

Sir William Hillary's pamphlet on the means of preserving lives from *shipwreck*, has met with some attention here. But the pamphlet will perish like its objects, if the benevolent writer shall limit himself to pamphleteering. In the first place, not one in ten thousand of the *proper readers* will ever see his book; and, in the next, not the tenth part of those but will find their minds so crowded with ingots and invoices, parliamentary quarrels, and the last news from Jamaica, as to be incapable of finding room for a recollection of Sir William in ten minutes after having laid down his pages. Let this well-meaning and humane man add a little city exertion to his remote and sea-shore philanthropy,—let him come up to town, put advertisements in the papers, calling a meeting at some city tavern, unless, for the sake of sympathy, he should prefer a tavern in the *Strand*—offer a set of intelligible resolutions, and boldly demand a committee and a subscription. There can be no doubt of his success, sooner or later, and the mere attempt would go farther to impress the subject on the public mind, than as many pamphlets as would placard the *Breakwater* to its utmost profundity. When Owen, that most portentous of all broachers of absurdities, succeeded to gather not merely an audience, but the money of that audience, a man of sense, labouring for an incontestibly useful and public purpose, cannot fail.

Philandering, the new opera at Drury Lane, is rapidly going to that bourne from which no operas return. This compilation of the architectural improver of the Theatre, was expected to have done as much for the intellectual honour of the establishment, as the brushes and hammers of the ingenious architect had done for

its appearance. But the dramatic muse, though not the least naked of the nine, is infinitely the most coy, and, in the present instance, she fairly repulsed her suitor—clever, very clever man though he be. The opera, founded as it was on the double prop of *Les deux Philiberts* and *Joconde*—the former a popular favourite, and the latter the very idol of the French world of taste, high living, and the private boxes—altogether failed in the easiest attributes of comic opera. Four pairs of lovers could not make it be loved. Liston, *en beau*, his favourite exhibition, was allowed to laugh by himself, and as for Vestris, Dowton, and *id genus omne*, they were, I presume, very well paid for what they did; and farther the deponents said not. Even Miss Stephens, *the* Stephens, flagged so disastrously, that she has, from the first night, altered her merciless resolution of single blessedness, and taken to thoughts of matrimony. She is a charming girl!

The *Covent Garden* pantomime has played Drury Lane, with all its monkery, out of the field. It is the *ne plus ultra* of traps and transformations. The living exhibitors, who undergo their annual bruisings and dislocations for the pleasure and benefit of John Bull, are altogether extinguished in the presence and concussion of those masses of machinery that make skies, pavilions, palaces, rivers, islands, and oceans, at the magic of Harlequin's wand. But the glory of the pantomime rests, like that of the opera just commemorated, upon two main props, a *Skating Scene* and the *Passage to Paris by Gas*. St James's Park, clothed in all the hoariness of winter, spreads before the astonished galleries. The stage, as far as telescope can pierce, is a sheet of ice, and a population of skaters. Luckily for the fates of this scene, the *patent* skate had been invented in the course of the year. It is a simple, but certainly a very complete and ingenious invention; henceforth climate is set at nought, and all the charm of sliding on the ice is to be enjoyed without the frosting of a whisker. We shall, before another month, hear of skating matches under the tropics, and of *figures of eight* cut by the Autocrat of the Ashantees. The *patent skate* allows of all the manœuvres which have given celebrity to the most illustrious among skaters; and that consummate æra of improvement in which the Irish *Nimrod* expected to go hunting upon his own tea-kettle, is worthily commenced by the exploit of skating by one's own fire-side.

The *Voyage a l'air* to Paris is an ascent in a balloon from Vauxhall. As it amounts to the same thing whether we rise from the earth, or the earth sinks from us, the machinist has chosen, for reasons best known to himself, the latter mode. This *facilis descensus* then proceeds with matchless *gravity*. Trees, houses, churches, yea the great city itself, "like an unsubstantial pageant, dissolve," and the æronauts, after soaring through twilights, moonlights, and cloud, descend to the shouts of all Paris, and the wonder of the world.

The West India interests are preparing for a fierce campaign in Parliament. Wilberforce, bowed down with years, and probably wearied by the perils which his own rashness and the worldly ambition of his party have gathered round his cause, has long contemplated the resignation of the throne of Saintship. The Butterworths, Buxtons, and the rest of those opulent and bustling combiners of the good things of this world with those of the next, will have some trouble about settling the succession. Yet one thing is decided; old Wilberforce, like old Crib, is to retire from the ring, but the party are still to swear by him,—no other head is nominally to supply the place of this dexterous and ancient saint; he is still to be permitted to give hallowed breakfasts, and to weep at a public dinner. But Buxton, whose brewership unfortunately unfits him for the avowed lead among the council of the Saints, as it did Whitbread for a seat in the cabinet of the Whigs—pretty nearly as much Saints as the proud possessors of the title—will, in all likelihood, harangue himself into the public belief of his being the depository of the sceptre. I am sick of these things, and men. To see intrigue, worldliness, heartlessness, and the spirit of money-getting, in all its obscure and crooked ways, mingling with a cause that inscribes upon its banners, philanthropy, honour, and religion, is to me among the most odious of all the repulsive sights of society. Nothing can be clearer than that the *West Indies* is a subject above their handling,—that their crude, insolent, and ignorant mea-

sures can have no other result than ruin both to the white and the black population; yet will these men rush on, and for the sake of some ragged ambition hazard the massacre of their countrymen. If they do not foresee these consequences, they are blind, and to be treated with the contempt due to impudent imbecility; if they do, the sooner they are unmasked of their saintship the better. All men desire to see a free and civilized population in the colonies, but freedom to barbarians is only a privilege to ravage and murder.

The *Westminster Review* is henceforth to be called the *Antediluvian Review*. Its former titles of the *Benthamite* and the *Radical*, have sunk away into this matchlessly appropriate *cognomen*. Its readers were, it must be owned, at first rather surprised at the obsoleteness of the several topics. But the secret has at length been suffered to transpire. As the purpose of the work is *reform* in all its branches, church and state, books and mankind; and as no reform is worth a straw which does not begin at the *root*, the *Antediluvian Review* has determined to begin at the beginning; but cautiously, and so as not to set the laughers against it all at once. Accordingly the first Number has treated of no subject much beyond fifty years of age; and has lucubrated on the *Bullion Question, Public Education, Malthus*, and the "*first Numbers of the Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*." This is all as it should be. The present century is fairly excluded, and that is enough for a first Number. But the second is to be more antique, and fearless; and to contain articles on the *character of Marlborough*; on the Revolution of 1688; and, as a little additional developement, a detail of the *War of the Roses*. The work is then to be considered as having fairly declared itself, and it is thenceforth to wanton in the wilderness of the dark ages, to give a train of dissertations on the discovery of the *pandects*; the *Bulls of Innocent III.*; the controversy of *Duns Scotus*; the private correspondence and familiar philosophy of St Dominic; the fall of the *Gnostics*; the rise of the *Aristotelians*, &c. How much farther this radical retrogression may go, or whether, like Neptune's horses in the Iliad, the third bound may not exhaust the universe, must still be left in that curious repository of the undiscovered and the unintelligible, the breast of Jeremy Bentham.

Among the curious theatrical revivals of the day is that of Colman's last comedy, *John Bull*. It was first performed twenty years ago, and was signally popular. It is remarkable now, as almost the only successful revival of those comedies which once carried the critics with them resistlessly. The present revival is in some degree an evidence of the return of public feelings to the healthy tone of better times. The comedy was no doubt born amid times troubled enough, but its novelty was then the charm. The novelty has now given way to its powerful delineation of the English character, in its original and best aspects, its manly feeling, its unpresuming independence, and its untaught generosity.

Fawcett's *Job Thornberry* is as fine a performance, and almost as tragic a one, as any picture of passion on the stage. The contrast to this, in the fashionable fop, *Shuffleton*, heartless, gay, alert, and ready to circumvent every being within his reach, is vividly conceived; and it is but justice to its actor to say, that it was as vividly performed. The lightness, dexterity, and perpetual animation of Jones, are incomparable. Always pushing the humour of his character to its highest point; he is remarkable for the chasteness of his delineation; the character never touches upon the grotesque; the modesty of nature is always kept in view; and the highest comic delight is unalloyed by false taste, feebleness, or affectation. The peculiar distinctness of his delivery would make him, I think, one of the most effective and successful teachers of enunciation, emphasis, &c., to our public speakers, pulpit or parliamentary.* This assistance has been often given by actors, Garrick, the late celebrated Kemble, and a crowd of others. Something of the kind, generally adopted by our public men, would relieve them of an infinity of that awkwardness which disfigures the best efforts of English oratory.

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* We believe that this accomplished performer does actually give private lectures in elocution and declamation. No one could be more adequate to the duty. C. N.

VISITS TO THE HARAM, BY MEERZA AHMED TUBEEB.

Translated from the Persian.

My dear Ebony,

In sending the accompanying translation, I think it may be as well to give you some account of the Author from whose works it is taken.

Meerza Ahmed Tubeeb was for many years physician to Aga Mahommed Khan, the late King of Persia; and in all the struggles for the throne in which that adventurous prince was engaged, the faithful Meerza followed the fortunes of his master, and, if report speaks truly, wielded the sword as dexterously as he does the lancet.

When Aga Mahommed Khan was murdered at Kara Baugh, by a menial, whom he had threatened to put to death, the Meerza attached himself to the heir-apparent, Baba Khan, now Futty Allee Shah, King of Persia.

The Meerza has long been accounted the most skilful physician of his time; but being now weakened by age and infirmities, which even his consummate skill could not avert—he amuses himself by writing anecdotes of the days of his youth, and has furnished materials for a history of his own time, which may prove valuable to future historians. But he takes even greater pleasure in recounting the wonderful cures he has effected, especially in the Royal Haram, where, for many years, he has practised with indisputed authority.

Some ill-natured people have said that he chooses the Haram for the scene of all his miraculous exertions of professional talent, because no one having access to it but himself, or at least, no one learned in physic, his statements must on that account be incontrovertible. But as this is said chiefly amongst his rival brethren, we may, I think, (from what we know of the profession,) without judging too harshly of them, set down some of their doubts to the score of ignorance, and all their insinuations to malice.

Be that as it may, the Meerza has given us some curious enough accounts of what he has seen and felt in the forbidden place. I take a specimen from the commencement of his book, from which you will be able to form some idea of its character, and also, perhaps, acquire some information regarding the state of domestic affairs in Persia.

Yours ever,

Z.

VISIT FIRST.

In page ninth, I find the following account of the Meerza's first visit to the Underoon, (inner apartments.)

My late master having had no Haram, which indeed could have been of no use to him, as well from the misfortune which befel him in his youth, as from his being continually engaged in wars, which left him no time to devote to pleasure, I felt rather unhappy at the prospect of having to attend so many women, as my lord, the King of Kings, and Shadow of God, had collected in his Serai—and this gave me the more concern, as I had always been employed in manly occupations, and had ever preserved a due contempt for women. I may here observe, that even in my youth, no woman ever shared my councils, or got a secret from me, excepting one. I was then very young, and I paid dearly for my indiscretion, for I did not get what I wanted, after all, and moreover, I got the bastinadoe from my late master; may God receive him into paradise!

I confess, however, that I had much curiosity to see how a king managed his women, from which I hoped to get some useful hints, and was also desirous to judge for myself, whether

they were really so beautiful as they were reported to be.

Having made up my mind as to the necessity of obeying the order of his majesty, that I should attend his women, (and God forbid that I should fail to obey his order, even if it extended to my life,) I waited with some impatience, at the same time not without some fear, until I should be called to the Haram.

I had not long to wait, for early one morning, just as I had finished my morning prayer, and was anointing my beard, and lamenting over its increasing greyness, I heard a strange shrill voice screeching to my servants that I was wanted. On looking from the window of my apartment, which opened into the inner court of my house, where no man had any right to be; and while I was preparing myself to be in a great rage at the intruder, I saw a large negro, whom, from his voice and appearance, I instantly knew to be one of the Eunuchs. I got up and received him courteously, for the Eunuchs of the royal household are not to be slighted with impunity; and my late master had taught the world, that an Eunuch was not to be despised.

The negro perceiving where I was, came close up to the window, and told me to make all haste, as one of the women was ill. I thought it best to begin well with them, and I accordingly continued to anoint my beard, telling the negro with an air of dignified indifference and composure, that I should follow him presently; for I had by this time discovered that he was not a person of any rank or importance. He was just turning to go, when another voice, still more slender, was heard asking what had come of the doctor. The person who made this noise soon presented himself. He was a tall slender Georgian Eunuch, much younger than the other, and much more nimble in his movements. He came rapidly up to where I was seated, conversing with the negro, and having delivered his message to me, demanded of the other what he had been about so long a time as he had been absent. This attack was repelled manfully, and they set up such a squeaking jabber, as two old women could scarcely have equalled. From this I perceived that they were of the same rank, and I knew how to address the Georgian. But all my efforts to stop their tongues were unavailing. I at last got up and told them to lead the way, that I should follow. They then moved off, squalling and scolding till they got into the street.

Having passed the guard-rooms and come to the inner gate of the Serai, my guides ran into the court before me, making a horrible noise with their shrill voices, desiring the women to retreat into their apartments. I remained outside for a minute or two, and when I thought sufficient time had been allowed, I entered. My foot was scarcely inside the curtain which covered the wicket of the gate, when I was surrounded by a host of Eunuchs, who endeavoured to force me out again. They all spoke at once, and all spoke so loud, that I could not comprehend what they wanted, till looking into the square, I saw about a hundred women scampering in different directions; some without their veils, some even more uncovered, all of them making a great noise, and all peeping at me from behind their veils, or from behind one another, or between their fingers. Many Eunuchs and old women were at the same time employed in pushing or dragging them along to their respective apartments, and in shutting the doors and windows to prevent their being seen. When they were all housed, I was led by one side of the square to the habitation of the invalid who was to become my patient.

As I moved along, every door was opened the moment I had passed it, and three or four heads, old and young together, were thrust out to see the Hakeem, (doctor,) for my fame was even there great, and they had heard of me, though few of them had seen me till now. When I had passed several doors in this way, some of the most distant ventured to stand beyond the threshold, (so great was their desire to look upon me,) but they were immediately pushed and driven in again by the Eunuchs. All this surprised me, for I had never seen women so conduct themselves in private families, nor even in the Harams of nobles; but I reflected that these were the King's women, and were therefore entitled to do as they pleased. Walking slowly, and with becoming dignity, I reached the dwelling of the sick lady. She was a person of rank by birth, and had many women slaves to attend up-

on her; but they had been at the other end of the court when I entered, and in the confusion had been thrust into the apartments nearest to where they stood.

I entered the house, and was received by an Eunuch, who was in special attendance on this lady, and had indeed been presented to her a short time before by the King. He was used to see doctors, particularly myself, who had attended in the family in which he was brought up. He accordingly arose when I entered, and requested me to sit down, and take a cup of coffee and a kaleoon. I did as he bid me, and when I had taken one kaleoon only, I got up, and excusing myself on account of the nature of my business, which admitted of no delay, requested permission to see my patient. The Eunuch, not knowing that the women slaves were all out, told me that the lady was in her room, and left me to find my way thither.

I went to her room alone—she was lying upon a bed asleep—her bed-clothes were as white as snow. The large pillow, which supported her head and shoulders, was of scarlet brocade, the beautiful colour of which was mellowed by the covering of thin white muslin, which lay over it. She had that morning been at the bath, and her long, black, silky hair, yet scarcely dry, rolled down in rich clustering folds upon the bed-clothes. The morning was warm, and therefore, perhaps, it was that the sheet had been pushed down so as to uncover her bosom. Her left hand still holding her thin crape chemise, which she had been too drowsy to put on, lay under her head. Her right arm, fair, round, and full, was stretched over the dark carpet beyond the bed. Her fingers were newly dyed with hennah, and a fan of brilliant Indian feathers, which had fallen from her hand as she fell asleep, was lying on the floor.

Perceiving that her face was turned from the door, I approached her more nearly. Her cheek was a little flushed, or it might have been a reflection from the pillow. Its youthful downy softness—the uncovered temple—the long, white, veinless neck,* without one line to break its smoothness—the swelling shoulder beaming from between the dark thick locks of her hair—her virgin bosom, half girl half woman—her fine form, scarcely concealed by the thin sheet which covered it, and which seemed to take a pleasure in clinging closely to every turn of her limbs—all this, and ten thousand other beauties, rivetted me to the spot. I gazed and gazed, and scarcely dared to draw my breath—and strained my sight till my eyes grew dim. I might have remained I know not how long, had not one of the slave girls returned, and fearing that she might come to her lady's apartment, I went back to the outer hall, told them that the sick person was asleep, and cautioned them not to go into her room, nor disturb her till she called.

While I was standing in the outer-chamber, my eye chanced to fall on a mirror, in which my own visage was reflected. When I saw my grey beard and deep wrinkles, I could not help being astonished to find myself so much agitated; but after fully considering the matter, I came to the conclusion, that in spite of these I must on the whole be an *exceeding* young man of my years.

Aga Jewah, since so well known for the beauty of his horses, purchased at large prices, and brought from all parts of Arabia and Toorkistan; also for the fleetness of his falcons, from which not even the eagle is safe; but still better known for the condescension which his majesty the King of Kings has the benignity to show towards him, was the Eunuch who was in attendance on my patient. Having, as I mentioned, been formerly acquainted with one another, (though he was then in an inferior situation,) he again requested me to sit down and take another kaleoon, saying, that perhaps his mistress might wake before we had finished, and that I should be saved another walk. I accordingly sat down, and Aga Jewah being an intelligent and conversable man, well read in poetry and religion, we had a good deal of discussion, in which he shewed his modesty as well as his judgment, by paying a becoming deference to my superior learning. We agreed that he should commence the study of physic under my tuition. "I promise you, Aga," said I, "that if you become

* Literally, without one sinew in it.

my pupil, I shall make you in six months a better physician than any now in Teheran, or in all Persia, except myself. You are a sensible man, Aga; you know what fools they are; they are mere quacks; which of them has read, as I have done, the 20,000 maxims of Aboo Allee,* without which no man can be a physician? Aboo Allee was a man of extraordinary genius. Have you heard, Aga, how he silenced those who wished him to set himself up for a prophet?"—"No," said the Aga, "but I wish you would tell me about it."—"You must know, then, that Aboo Allee was one morning, before day-light, lying in bed, conversing with a friend and pupil who was living in his house; and his friend said to him, Aboo Allee, why do you not set yourself as a prophet? all the people will follow you, and your name will endure for ever. Aboo Allee said, What is this you advise me to do? you know no one will follow me if I do call myself a prophet; and for my name, I have already done enough to hand it down to the latest posterity; and his friend said, You do not know how much you are venerated, or you would not doubt of your having plenty of followers. Aboo Allee made no reply, but desired his friend to rise and give him a cup of water; and his friend said, Why would you set me out of bed this cold morning to fetch you water, when in a few minutes you must rise at any rate, and then you can have water. His friend had scarcely said this, when the Mouzzin† called the Azau,‡ and they both started up, and got water, and washed, and were going to prayer. Then Aboo Allee said, Why would you persuade me to set up for a prophet? Even you refused to get up when I asked you. He only is to be considered a prophet, whose name, at the distance of centuries after his time, called from the house-tops, can make us all leave our beds without hesitation. Was not this a noble reply, Aga? Did it not shew how great a man he was? No man should pretend to be a physician, who has not read the works of Aboo Allee." "Certainly, you are right," replied the Aga; for the Aga was a sensible man, and attended to all I said, and never differed in opinion from me, as he knew how much I had seen, and how much I had read.

I was going to recount to the Aga how Aboo Allee told his mother where to find the golden necklace that had been taken off his neck by a crow when he was six weeks old; for he perfectly recollected the circumstance, though he was a man before he told it to any one. But, just as I was beginning, a slave girl came to tell me that the lady was now awake—that she found herself quite well, and that she did not now want the doctor.

Meerza, said Aga Jewah, what a lucky foot yours must be, that even your coming into the house cures your patients! And it was very true that the Aga said, for I have been much troubled by people sending for me merely because my foot was lucky, without any intention of taking medicine. And I one day cured the Sudder (prime minister) of a severe pain in his stomach, which had attacked him in consequence of his eating too many melons, merely by happening to call upon him that morning.

Aga Jewah and the slave both expressed their astonishment at the wonderful manner in which I had cured their mistress, and they showered blessings upon me when I took my leave.

All the way home I could think of nothing but the beautiful lady I had seen, and her image was perfect in my mind when I got to my own house; so that I forgot where I was going, and, instead of walking into my own room, I went into my great wife's room, (she was then alive,) and I saw her sitting against a dark-coloured greasy old pillow, and she was muffled up in flannel, and she had not been to the bath for a long time; and I looked at her, and thought of the beautiful lady in the Haram.

I went immediately to my friend, Hagee Hussein, in the Bazar, and I ordered a pillow of scarlet brocade, and a muslin cover for it, and white bedclothes, and a fan of Indian feathers; and when they came to my house, I said to my wife, I have ordered these

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* Aboo Allee Sennaee, called in Europe Avicenna.

† Mouzzin, the man who calls people to prayer, from the top of the mosque.

‡ Azau, the call to prayer.

fine things for you, and now you will go to the bath, and you will dye your fingers with hennah, and when you come from the bath, you will lie down on the white bed and the brocade pillow, and you will take off your crape chemise, and put your left hand under your head, and stretch out your right hand with the Indian fan upon the carpet, and push down the sheet, and I will come into the room, and you will turn your head from the door, and pretend to be asleep. Then my wife said, Meerza Ahmed, you are surely mad, to desire me to do these things—now that you are an old grey-bearded man—which you never desired me to do in your youth. But I said to her, I am not so old as you take me to be; at this she smiled, but she did as I bid her.

And when I came into the room she was lying just as the beautiful lady in the Haram had been lying; but my wife was dark-skinned and shrivelled, and, moreover, she was very old; so I went out of the room again, and she got up, and was somewhat angry with me; but I soothed her, and told her how well she looked on the new bed; and then I said to her, I wish, my life, that you would send Sheereen, the young slave girl, to the bath, and make her lie down as you did. But I had no sooner said this, than she seized me by the beard, and pulled it till I was forced to call out, and the tears ran from my eyes; and she abused me bitterly, calling me ill names, so that I was glad to escape to my own room.

VISIT SECOND.

The day after these things occurred, I was sitting in my Khulvut,* reflecting on the events of the day before, and considering how I was to make up matters with my wife, when it was announced to me by one of my people, that Aga Jewah was wishing to see me, and if I was disengaged would be with me presently.

I had just then nearly arranged in my own mind a very good plan for settling my differences with my wife, without any undue concession on my part, and had summoned all my courage to carry it into effect—so that I was already enjoying the sweets of our anticipated triumph when Aga Jewah's intended visit was announced—It is natural to imagine that I was disconcerted at being interrupted at such a time—but I don't know how it was—whether I was somewhat wanting in nerve that morning to carry my plan into effect—or what else it might have been—this, however, I well recollect, that I was not at all so sorry as one might suppose, to hear of the Aga's intended visit.

Determined to act a very dignified part, I sent for breakfast to my own room, and did not that morning enter my wife's apartments.

I had not got finished my repast when Aga Jewah made his appearance. I rose when he entered, and made many polite inquiries after his health, to shew my regard for him, for the Aga was a sensible man.

After we had exchanged the politest compliments, in which the Aga shewed taste, learning, and good manners, and after we had eaten our excellent Ispahan mellau, which Hagee Mahommed Hoossein Khan had sent to me, from the Dar il Sultanut,† and after we had smoked a kaleoon of the finest Shiraz tobacco, (with which my friend Meerza Ahady always supplied me plentifully from his own lands of Darab)—"You see," said I to the Aga, "how well I manage my women—I keep them at a proper distance. Here I have a breakfast of the finest fruits and best viands of the season; but I never permit my females to intrude upon my morning hours, which I always devote to religion and to study."

"Pray," said the Aga, "may I beg to know what book has occupied the attention of Meerza Ahmed this morning? There must be instruction even in the knowledge of what may be the morning's study of a person so learned as Meerza Ahmed."

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* Khulvut—a private room, not in the female's apartments, generally occupying a space between the public part of the house and the inner or women's part.

† Dar il Sultanut—The place of the Sultans—an epithet of Isphaham, as Dar il Elm, the place of learning, is of Shiraz.

"Aga," said I, somewhat disconcerted by the question, "you must know that study does not always consist in reading, more than reading always constitutes study—two very common mistakes, against which I warn you, Aga. I have been reflecting—moralizing, Aga—I have been considering the difference between man and woman, and I find it to be very great." "Assuredly," said the Aga, "we can easily perceive that it is very great—it does not require much consideration to discover that."

At the simplicity of this remark of the Aga, I laughed heartily, so that I could not restrain myself, but perceiving that he was displeased, I thus addressed him—"Aga Jewah, you wonder at my laughing; but you must know that I mean the moral difference between man and woman—the difference between the mind of man and the mind of woman, (which I shall explain to you,) not the more apparent difference that you mean, Aga."

"Ah!" interrupted he, "I perceive, Meerza, that your mind is never occupied with frivolous things, or with vanities, but that you are ever engaged in philosophical inquiries. How vast must the intelligence of that man be, who for several hours each day, seriously thinks on what he has seen and read—But I had nearly forgotten the object of my coming—your conversation, Meerza, is so delightful, that one can think of nothing else than that of which you are speaking." "And the presence of Aga Jewah," replied I, "brings to one's mind so many agreeable subjects, that one cannot choose to be silent."

Upon this the Aga drew from his pocket a very large and beautiful apple, and presenting it to me in a graceful manner, said, "My mistress sends you this apple, with many compliments, and begs you will come to her in an hour. She does not find herself very well, and she has so much confidence in you, that she would not take any medicine until she should have seen you. Moreover, she has given orders that no one be admitted to her room, that she may have the pleasure of seeing you alone."

"Aga," said I, "your mistress does me much honour. God give her long life, she is a sweet lady. How fortunate are you, Aga, to have so good a mistress!" The Aga rose to take his leave, but I would not suffer him to go until he had smoked another kaleoon, after which, he departed. As soon as he was gone, I began to reflect upon the message he had brought to me, and I could not help thinking that there was something very strange in the manner of it. Her sending me the apple, and her wishing to see me alone, appeared to me suspicious circumstances. One of the ladies of the Royal Haram too! I was not at all satisfied that all was right, and determined, if I perceived anything amiss, to acquaint my Royal Master. However, I put myself into the hands of God, ordered my horse, and set out towards the Haram Khoua.*

I alighted at the outer-gate, and as the Eunuchs knew me again, I was admitted without difficulty. The word was passed from one to another, that it was only the Hakeem,† and I walked into the great square amongst all the women, without their now taking the trouble to veil themselves at my approach. Some indeed turned away their heads, which gave me an opportunity to observe the beauty of their cheeks or necks, and some (whose shrivelled hands betrayed the secret of their advance in years) hurriedly pulled down their roobunds ‡ when they saw me enter.

There were there many beautiful women, collected from all parts of the empire—Georgians, Armenians, and Mahommedans; but I saw not one so lovely as my patient.

I moved slowly along to her apartment, and found Aga Jewah ready to receive me. He conducted me at once to his mistress's room, and left me there alone with her.

A strange tremor came over me as I took my seat close to her. I began to fear that her beauty was too strong for my sense of duty, and I sat for some time desirous to speak, and (for the first time in my life) not knowing what to say.

At length she broke the silence, and said—"Meerza Ahmed, I have heard much of your learning and talents, as

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* Haram—forbidden;—Khoua—house. † Hakeem—Doctor.

‡ Roobund—The part of the veil which covers the face.

well as of your kindness of heart, and of the tenderness of your nature. (Here she paused a little, but before I could collect myself to make a suitable answer, she proceeded)—I have heard too of the distinguished favour with which you are honoured by his majesty the King of Kings. I am an unfortunate female, and it is in your power to render me the most important service. May I trust to you, Meerza Ahmed? or will you leave me to my misfortunes—to the misery in which you have found me?"

Her voice faultered as she uttered the last words. She stopped, and turned her fine eyes full upon me with a look of painful doubt, and anxious inquiry. A tear, which had been visibly gathering, rolled over her eyelid, and hung upon her cheek. She had not seemed to me so lovely in all the voluptuous beauty of the day before. She seemed to look to me for consolation—What could I do? I vowed that there was no service, however hazardous, which I would not undertake—no duty, however laborious, which I was not ready to perform.

"You seem," said she, "to be sincere, and I will trust you. But that you may fully understand the nature of my misfortunes, I must tell you the story of my life—for young as I am, I have had much to suffer.

THE STORY OF MEIRAM.

"I was born a Christian. My father was priest of a small Armenian village in Karabaugh. My mother died while I was yet so young that I believe I cannot well remember to have seen her; but I have heard my father speak of her so often, that I sometimes think I do remember her. I was her first and only child, therefore my father loved me fondly; but even more, because he thought my face resembled hers whom God had taken from him. He was already an old man, and his only pleasure was in loving me, and carefully performing the duties of a pastor. He taught the village boys to read and write, and he was loved by all his little flock; for he had spent many years among them, and he had naturally a kind heart, which made him the friend of every one. The people of the village gave us corn enough for bread, and many made us presents. Our dwelling was a small house beside the church, which the villagers, at their own cost, kept in repair for us, and we had all we wanted.

"I may have been about twelve years old, when, one Sabbath evening, my father desired our only servant, Meenus, to light the tapers in the church, as the hour of evening prayer was near. Meenus in a few moments returned all breathless, and told my father that a body of horsemen were coming down the road straight to the village. He had scarcely said so ere I heard a shot, and then another, and then they came so fast I could not count them. We all ran to the window, and saw the people of the village running in crowds past the house, mothers with infants in their arms, screaming and wailing, and children running crying after them, and old men tearing their clothes and hair, and women beating their breasts, and weeping aloud, all mingled in one confused mass. After these came the young men of the village, some armed, and still appearing to resist; some wounded and bleeding; some I saw fall dead upon the street. After a time the firing ceased, and then there arose a dreadful shout, and I heard the clattering of many horses' feet approaching, and presently a troop of armed horsemen came riding furiously down the street, still shouting Ullah, Ullah. I knew not who they were, but when my father saw them he said, Now God have mercy upon us, for these are the Persians. The feeble resistance which had been made was now no longer making. All who could fly had fled, and some had died. The plunderers dismounted from their horses, forced the doors of the houses, seized all the children they could find, and stripped those whose clothes seemed worth the having, then bound them naked. Oh! it was a terrible sight to see their young limbs bound with cords; even now it makes my blood run cold to think of it. But from looking on the distress of others, we soon were called to feel our own. The ruffians forced our little dwelling; I ran screaming to my father; his face was pale—the tear was in his eye, and as he clasped me in his trembling arms, he only said, My child, my child! I saw them enter, and hid my face in my father's bosom, for I dared not look on men so dark and

terrible—and there I had all my life thought myself safe. But now that sanctuary availed me little, they seized me, and tore me from him; but still he clung to me, and wept aloud, and called on God for help, but all in vain, for they were young and strong, and he was old and feeble; but when he found that he had lost his last hold of me, his frenzy gave him strength, he grappled with the man who held me, and once more got me in his arms. I saw the naked dagger raised over us, it descended like a flash of lightning, and my father fell beneath it. He lay a moment, and I bent over him, scarce knowing what had happened; he caught me in his arms, and tried to speak, but the breath, which perhaps was meant to give me his last blessing, spouted with his life-blood from the wound. The very murderer stood mute, and struck with awe. I gazed awhile on the pale lifeless face of the father whom I loved; my eyes grew dim, my senses failed, I fell, and saw no more.

"How long I may have lain without perception I cannot tell; but when I woke, I found that all my clothes had been stripped off, and instead of them I had been wrapt up in my dead father's priest's robe. For a time I knew not where I was, and the remembrance of what had passed was like the impression of a horrible dream between sleeping and waking; but by degrees the dread reality came full before me. As I moved me round to find out where I was, something clammy, moist, and cold touched me—I looked to see what it might be—I saw the rent, I saw the clotted gore—It was my father's blood that chilled my bosom!—I knew it—A cold horror crept through all my frame, and I uttered a loud shriek in agony of soul.—They came to comfort me—but who came? my father's murderers. I tore off the gown, without perceiving that it was my only covering, and stood, without a knowledge of my shame, naked before them. Their noisy, brutal laughter, brought back my senses—I sunk for very shame upon the earth, and wept and sobbed aloud. One of more tender nature than the rest took from his horse a covering cloth, and gave it to me. I thanked him fervently, for it was a precious gift to me; and as he turned away there seemed to be some pity in his eye. I would have given the world to have him near me, but he passed away. For a time I sat there weeping, and saw no one that I knew; but by and by others of the villagers, captives like myself, were brought to where I was. We exchanged timid looks, but feared to speak, until, at last, they brought in one whom I had hoped they had not caught. He was pale, faint, and weary. His eye caught mine. I started from my seat to throw myself into his arms, but as he opened them to receive me I saw a hideous gash upon his breast—the sword of some Persian ruffian had been there. At any other time I dared not have approached him as he was; but the events of a few short hours had changed my nature, and I would have rushed into his bosom.—A villain saw us, and with a coward hand struck him a blow, which laid him on the ground. They seized me then, and carried me away, and still it was my father's murderer that bore me with him.

"All night they remained in the village, ransacking the houses, digging for hidden money, and torturing their captives to make them shew the places where money had been hid. Many little sums they found, the hard won savings of poor labourers; and they had much quarrelling and high-words, and sometimes daggers were drawn in their disputes about dividing it. And some found wine, and drank to drunkenness, and rioted, and fought, and made a fearful noise.—So passed the night. In the morning, before day, they began to move, and all the cattle of the village they collected, horses, cows, and buffaloes. Some they drove away, and some they kept to mount their weaker captives on. The poor animals made a mournful lowing for their calves, which were left behind. When they tried to drive the people from the village, they set up such a deep and wailing cry that I doubted not the slaughter was begun, and that we must all be massacred; but by degrees it died away. They mounted me upon a buffaloe, and drove the poor animal before them, goading it on with their spears. That day we went I know not how many * fursungs, but I was almost dead with fatigue and pain. The

* Farsung, formerly Parasang—a Persian measure of distance—about four miles.

buffalo's rough hide had almost worn the skin from off my knees and legs, and unaccustomed as I was to riding, my bones all ached, my eyes were nearly blind with crying, and my head was like to burst asunder. In this sad plight I lay shivering and cold all night, and in the morning was to have begun another journey like the first, but the same kind man who pitied me before, said something to him who had me in his charge, and gave him money; and then the good man took me up behind him on his horse, and put a soft felt under me, and tied a band round my body and his own that I might not fall off; and when I cried because the horse went fast and pained my galled limbs, he made it go more slowly. It seemed strange to me that a man so kind at heart should have banded with such ruffians as the rest. We travelled several days with the other captives, and then we took another road, and went in one day more to the kind man's house.

"At first his wives scowled on me, but he said something to them, and then they were very kind, and told me I was going to the King, and flattered me with tales of grandeur, so that their kindness and their tales had almost soothed my sorrow. And they gave me fine clothes and ornaments to wear, and said, when I was a great person that I must remember them and their kindness. Here I remained many days, I know not how many, when one morning a strange man came, and then they told me I must go to the King; but I had never seen a King, and I was much afraid, and begged to be allowed to stay, and cried, but they persuaded me to go. We journeyed many days, and at last arrived here, where his majesty, the King of Kings, was pleased to accept me, and here I have remained not unhappy until three days ago.—Now, alas! my sorrows have begun afresh. Where shall they end? God only knows—for I am truly wretched."

Here she stopped, and wept most bitterly. I had not wept since I had been a boy, but now my tears began to flow, I know not why, for it appeared to me, that she had much cause to be happy, after so much misfortune, to find herself in the Haram of the King of Kings. I tried to sooth her, told her she was fair, most fair and beautiful, and that she would not fail to find favour with the King, and that she might be mother to a prince, perhaps that prince be King hereafter; and on the whole the daughter of a poor Armenian priest, she ought to be most thankful for God's bounty, which had made her what she was. But she still wept the more. At last she bade me go and come tomorrow, and she should tell me all the rest, for she had seen my sorrow for her, and she knew me to be kind.

I took my leave with a heavy heart partly because her story shewed heavy misfortunes for so young a female to have endured; partly because I liked to be in her company, and was sorry to part from her; and partly because I thought I had been somewhat rash in my promises of service, and felt much concern for the nature of the business she might wish to put me to. At the same time, I felt that whatever it might be, I should be obliged to do it; so completely had she got possession of my mind. I conjectured a thousand things that she might have to disclose, and rejected them all. At last, having tired myself with guessing and imagining, I began to have an intuitive perception that the hour of dinner was not very distant, and accordingly made some inquiries on the subject. As I had not yet summoned resolution enough to face my wife, who was a terrible virago at times, God rest her soul, I sent for my dinner, and was informed that it waited me in the inner apartments. I told my servant to get it, and bring it to me, but when he went for it he got nothing but abuse, and a blow on the mouth with a slipper. He was at the same time desired to tell me, that if I did not choose to come for my dinner, I should want it. This was a serious consideration, and I sat down to deliberate on what was best to be done. At last I resolved to go to the house of my friend Futtah Alee Khan, and thereby gain a triumph over my wife. I accordingly set out, but had not gone far, ere I met the poet himself, walking quicker than he was used to do.

"Where are you going?" said I to him. "I am going," said he, "to dine with you, for my wife has turned me out without my dinner, because I told her she was too old now to paint her eyebrows."

"I wonder," said I, "that a man of your sense should say such a thing to a

woman, however old she may be. You know that none of them can endure such remarks. By the head of the King, your wife is right to be offended. Who made you judge when a woman is too old to paint her eye-brows? Let us go back to your house, and I will make up the matter."

"I have no objection," said the Khan, "but first tell me where you were going, at this your usual dinner hour?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "my wife refused to send my dinner to my Khulvut,* and as we have had a difference, I refused to go into the Underoon.†

"This is most absurd conduct in you, Meerza Ahmed," said the Khan. "What does it signify where you eat your dinner? and if you do not go into the Underoon, how can you make up matters with your wife? Come, come, Meerza, let us go to your house, and I will engage to settle your differences."

The Khan carried the day. I returned reluctantly to my own house. We discussed the whole matter in dispute, and the Khan decided, that we were both right. He said that I was right, having had no evil intention towards Sheereen, the young slave girl, and that my wife, believing me to have been wickedly inclined, was right in what she had done. The decision satisfied us both, for we were by this time tired of the quarrel. We ate an excellent dinner, and I had a very learned discussion with the Khan, on the merits of a passage in Anweree,‡ in which it seemed to me that I had the advantage.

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* Private room. † Women's apartment.

‡ Anweree, a certain Poet whom it has been much the fashion to praise more than deserves.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY.*

THE worthy Laureate is one of those men of distinguished talents and industry, who have not attained to the praise or the influence of intellectual greatness, only because they have been so unfortunate as to come too late into the world. Had Southey flourished forty or fifty years ago, and written half as well as he has written in our time, he might have ranked *nem. con.* with the first of modern critics, of modern historians, perhaps even of modern poets. The warmth of his feelings and the flow of his style would have enabled him to throw all the prosers of that day into the shade—His extensive erudition would have won him the veneration of an age in which erudition was venerable—His imaginative power would have lifted him like an eagle over the versifiers who then amused the public with their feeble echoes of the wit, the sense, and the numbers of Pope. He could not have been the Man of the Age; but, taking all his manifold excellencies and qualifications into account, he must have been most assuredly *Somebody,* and a great deal more than somebody.

How different is his actual case! As a poet, as an author of imaginative works in general, how small is the space he covers, how little is he talked or thought of! The Established Church of Poetry will hear of nobody but Scott, Byron, Campbell: and the Lake Methodists themselves will scarcely permit him to be called a burning and a shining light in the same day with their Wordsworth—even their Coleridge. In point of fact, he himself is now the only man who ever alludes to Southey's poems. We can suppose youngish readers starting when they come upon some note of his in the Quarterly, or in these new books of history, referring to "*the* Madoc," or "*the* Joan," as to something universally known and familiar. As to criticism and politics of the day, he is but one of the Quarterly reviewers, and scarcely one of the most influential of them. He puts

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* The Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism, by Robert Southey, Esq. 2 vols. London, Longman and Co. 1820.

forth essays half antiquarianism, half prosing, with now and then a dash of a sweet enough sort of literary mysticism in them—and more frequently a display of pompous self-complacent simplicity, enough to call a smile into the most iron physiognomy that ever grinned. But these lucubrations produce no effect upon the spirit of the time. A man would as soon take his opinions from his grandmother as from the Doctor. The whole thing looks as if it were made on purpose to be read to some antediluvian village club—The fat parson—the solemn leech—the gaping schoolmaster, and three or four simpering Tabbies. There is nothing in common to him and the people of this world. We love him—we respect him—we admire his diligence, his acquisitions, his excellent manner of keeping his note-books—If he were in orders, and one had an advowson to dispose of, one could not but think of him. But good, honest, worthy man, only to hear him telling us his opinion of Napoleon Buonaparte!—and then the quotations from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Landor, Withers, old Fuller, and all the rest of his favourites—and the little wise-looking maxims, every one of them as old as the back of Skiddaw—and the delicate little gleams of pathos—and the little family-stories and allusions—and all the little parentheses of exultation—well, we really wonder after all, that the Laureate is not more popular.

The first time Mr Southey attempted regular historical composition he succeeded admirably. His Life of Nelson is truly a masterpiece;—a brief—animated—glowing—straightforward—manly English work, in two volumes duodecimo. That book will be read three hundred years hence by every boy that is nursed on English ground.—All his bulky historical works are, comparatively speaking, failures. His History of Brazil is the most unreadable production of our time. Two or three elephant quartos about a single Portugueze colony! Every little colonel, captain, bishop, friar, discussed at as much length as if they were so many Cromwells or Loyolas—and why?—just for this one simple reason, that Dr Southey is an excellent Portugueze scholar, and has an excellent Portugueze library. The whole affair breathes of one sentiment, and but one—Behold, O British Public! what a fine thing it is to understand this tongue—fall down and worship me! I am a member of the Lisbon Academy, and yet I was born in Bristol, and am now living at Keswick.

This inordinate vanity is an admirable condiment in a small work, and when the subject is really possessed of a strong interest. It makes one read with more earnestness of attention and sympathy. But carried to this height, and exhibited in such a book as this, it is utter nonsense. It is carrying the joke a great deal too far.—People do at last, however good-natured, get weary of seeing a respectable man *walking* his hobby-horse.

Melancholy to say, the History of the Peninsular War is, in spite of an intensely interesting theme, and copious materials of real value, little better than another Caucasus of lumber, after all. If the campaigns of Buonaparte were written in the same style, they would make a book in thirty or forty quarto volumes, of 700 pages each. He is overlaying the thing completely—he is smothering the Duke of Wellington. The underwood has increased, is increasing, and ought without delay to be smashed. Do we want to hear the legendary history of every Catholic saint, who happens to have been buried or worshipped near the scene of some of General Hill's skirmishes? What, in the devil's name, have we to do with all these old twelfth century miracles and visions, in the midst of a history of Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his British army? Does the Doctor mean to write his Grace's Indian campaigns in the same style, and to make them the pin whereon to hang all the wreck and rubbish of his commonplace book for Kehama, as he has here done with the odds and ends that he could not get stuffed into the notes on Roderick and My Cid? Southey should have lived in the days of 2000 page folios, triple columns, and double indexes—He would then have been set to a *corpus* of something at once, and been happy for life. Never surely was such a mistake as for him to make his appearance in an age of restlessly vigorous thought, disdainful originality of opinion, intolerance for long-windedness, and scorn of mountains in labour—Glaramara and Penmanmaur among the rest.

In all these greater histories, the Laureate has been much the worse for some unhappy notion he has got into his head, of writing *à la* Clarendon. Clarendon is one of the first English classics, and one of the first historical authors the world can boast; but nobody can deny that he is, nevertheless, a most prolix penman. The things that carry him through, in spite of all his prolixity, are, first, the amazing abstract interest of his subject matter; secondly, his own prodigious knowledge of human nature; and, thirdly, the admirable opportunities he had for applying this knowledge to the individual characters he has to treat of, in the course of a long life spent in the most important offices of the state, and during the most important series of changes that the state has ever witnessed. Now, the Doctor, to balance a caricature of the Chancellor's tediousness, brings really but a slender image of the Chancellor's qualifications. He writes not about things and persons that he has seen, and if he did, he has extremely little insight into human character, and a turn of mind altogether different from that which is necessary for either transacting or comprehending the affairs of active life. He has the prolixity—without the graphic touches, the intense knowledge, the profound individual feeling, of a writer of memoirs. He reads five or six piles of old books, and picks up a hazy enough view of some odd character there, and then he thinks he is entitled to favour us with this view of his, at the same length which we could only have pardoned from some chosen friend, and life-long familiar associate of the hero himself.

Perhaps Southey's Life of Wesley is the most remarkable instance extant, of the ridiculous extremities to which vanity of this kind can carry a man of great talents and acquirements. Who but Southey would ever have dreamt that it was possible for a man that was not a Methodist, and that had never seen John Wesley's face, nor even conversed with any one of his disciples, to write two thumping volumes under the name of a Life of Wesley, without turning the stomach of the Public? For whom did he really suppose he was writing this book? Men of calm sense and rational religion, were certainly not at all likely to take their notion of the Founder of the Methodists, from any man who could really suppose that Founder's life to be worthy of occupying one thousand pages of close print. The Methodists themselves would, of course, be horrified with the very name of such a book, on such a subject, by one of the uninitiated. Probably, few of them have looked into it at all; and, most certainly, those that have done so, must have done so with continual pain, loathing, and disgust. But our friend, from the moment *he* takes up any subject, no matter what it is, seems to be quite certain, first, that that subject is the only one in the world worth writing about; and, secondly, that he is the only man who has any right to meddle with it. On he drives—ream after ream is covered with his beautiful, distinct, and print-like autograph. We have sometimes thought it possible that the very beauty of this hand-writing of his, may have been one of his chief curses. One would think, now, that writing out, in any hand, dull and long-winded quotations from Wesley's Sermons, Whitefield's Sermons, their Journals, their Magazines, &c. &c. &c., would be but poor amusement in the eyes of such a man as Southey—more especially as it must be quite obvious, that they who really think these people worthy of being studied like so many Julius Cæsars, will, of course, study them in their own works, and in the works of their own ardent admirers; and that, as to mankind in general, they will still say, after reading all that the Laureate has heaped together, "Did this man never read Hume's *one* chapter on the Puritan Sects?"

The truth is, that a real historian, either a Hume, or a Clarendon, or a Du Retz, or a Tacitus, would have found no difficulty in concentrating all that really can be said, to any purpose, about Wesley, Zinzendorf, Whitefield, and all the rest of these people, in, at the most, fifty pages. And then the world would have read the thing and been the better for it. At present, the Methodists stick to their own absurd Lives of Wesley, and there exists no Life of him adapted for the purposes of the general reader, or composed with any reference to the ideas of any extensive body of educated men whatever.

Nevertheless, who will deny, that

in these two thick volumes a great deal both of instruction and amusement is to be found? The hero being what he was, it was indeed quite impossible that this should be otherwise. And the complaint is not of the materials, nor of the manner in which the most interesting part of them is made use of, but of the wearisome mass of superfluous stuff with which the Laureate has contrived to overlay his admirable materials, and to make his fine passages the mere oases in a desart; and of that portentous garrulity, for the sake of indulging in which, he has *not* drawn the extraordinary man's character.

Wesley was, no doubt, a man of ardent piety; and, no doubt, with much evil, he has also done much good in the world. He was mad from his youth up, and vanity, and selfishness of the most extravagant sort, were at least as discernible in every important step he took in life, as any of those better motives, the existence of which it is impossible to deny. His father was a most reverend, holy, devout, and affectionate old clergyman, who educated a large family upon a very slender income, and spent his whole strength in the spiritual labours of a poor parish, full of ignorant and rude people. When he found himself near death, he saw his wife and a number of daughters likely to be left destitute. He had influence, as he thought, to get his living for his son John; and he called upon him to say that he would take it when he should be no more, and give his mother and sisters a right to keep their home. John Wesley, then in holy orders, and residing at Oxford, said, *his spiritual interests* were incompatible with his acceptance of his father's benefice, and he allowed the old man to die without comfort, and left his other parent and sisters to face the world as they might.

John Wesley, in America, flirted with a fine lass, a Miss Causton, and offered her marriage; suspecting, however, that she was not sufficiently religious for him, he consulted a committee of six Moravian elders, whether he should, or should not, marry her, as he had told her he would do. They deciding in the negative, by the truly Christian method of casting lots, he drew back. Miss Causton married another man. Mr Wesley upon this commenced a long series of priestly admonitions and inquisitions, and at length, when she was some months gone with child, the jealous, envious Monk refused her admission to the sacramental table; the consequence of which was a miscarriage, and the great danger of her life.

This was the behaviour of Wesley to his father and his mistress. What wonder that such a man saw no evil in creating a schism in the church? He always determined what he was to do when in any difficulty, by opening the Bible, and obeying what he conceived to be the meaning of the first text his eye fell on. But we have no intention to go into the details of his life and character here. We shall rather quote, from Mr Southey, a few passages about his most eminent rival and disciple, the far more interesting *George Whitefield.*

"George Whitefield was born at the Bell Inn, in the city of Gloucester, at the close of the year 1714. He describes himself as froward from his mother's womb; so brutish as to hate instruction; stealing from his mother's pocket, and frequently appropriating to his own use the money that he took in the house. 'If I trace myself,' he says, 'from my cradle to my manhood, I can see nothing in me but a fitness to be damned; and if the Almighty had not prevented me by his grace, I had now either been sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, or condemned, as the due reward of my crimes, to be forever lifting up my eyes in torments.' Yet Whitefield could recollect early movings of the heart, which satisfied him in after-life, that 'God loved him with an everlasting love, and had separated him even from his mother's womb, for the work to which he afterwards was pleased to call him.' He had a devout disposition, and a tender heart. When he was about ten years old, his mother made a second marriage; it proved an unhappy one. During the affliction to which this led, his brother used to read aloud Bishop Ken's Manual for Winchester Scholars. This book affected George Whitefield greatly; and when the corporation, at their annual visitation of St Mary de Crypt's school, where he was educated, gave him, according to custom, money for the speeches which he was chosen to deliver, he purchased the book, and found it, he says, of great benefit to his soul.

"Whitefield's talents for elocution, which made him afterwards so great a

performer in the pulpit, were at this time in some danger of receiving a theatrical direction. The boys at the grammar-school were fond of acting plays: the master, 'seeing how their vein ran,' encouraged it, and composed a dramatic piece himself, which they represented before the corporation, and in which Whitefield enacted a woman's part, and appeared in girl's clothes. The remembrance of this, he says, had often covered him with confusion of face, and he hoped it would do so even to the end of his life! Before he was fifteen, he persuaded his mother to take him from school, saying, that she could not place him at the university, and more learning would only spoil him for a tradesman. Her own circumstances, indeed, were by this time so much on the decline, that his menial services were required: he began occasionally to assist her in the public-house, till at length he 'put on his blue apron and his snuffers,* washed mops, cleaned rooms, and became a professed and common drawer.' In the little leisure which such employments allowed, this strange boy composed two or three sermons; and the romances, which had been his heart's delight, gave place for awhile to Thomas à Kempis.

"When he had been about a year in this servile occupation, the inn was made over to a married brother, and George, being accustomed to the house, continued there as an assistant; but he could not agree with his sister-in-law, and after much uneasiness gave up the situation. His mother, though her means were scanty, permitted him to have a bed upon the ground in her house, and live with her, till Providence should point out a place for him. The way was soon indicated. A servitor at Pembroke College called upon his mother, and in the course of conversation told her, that after all his college expenses for that quarter were discharged, he had received a penny. She immediately cried out, this will do for my son; and turning to him said, Will you go to Oxford, George? Happening to have the same friends as this young man, she waited on them without delay; they promised their interest to obtain a servitor's place in the same college, and in reliance upon this George returned to the grammar-school. Here he applied closely to his books, and shaking off, by the strong effort of a religious mind, all evil and idle courses, produced, by the influence of his talents and example, some reformation among his school-fellows. He attended public service constantly, received the sacrament monthly, fasted often, and prayed often, more than twice a day in private. At the age of eighteen he was removed to Oxford; the recommendation of his friends was successful; another friend borrowed for him ten pounds, to defray the expense of entering; and with a good fortune beyond his hopes, he was admitted servitor immediately.

"Servitorships are more in the spirit of a Roman Catholic than of an English establishment. Among the Catholics, religious poverty is made respectable, because it is accounted a virtue; and humiliation is an essential part of monastic discipline. But in our state of things it cannot be wise to brand men with the mark of inferiority; the line is already broad enough. Oxford would do well if, in this respect, it imitated Cambridge, abolished an invidious distinction of dress, and dispensed with services which, even when they are not mortifying to those who perform them, are painful to those to whom they are performed. Whitefield found the advantage of having been used to a public-house; many who could choose their servitor preferred him, because of his diligent and alert attendance; and thus, by help of the profits of the place, and some little presents made him by a kind-hearted tutor, he was enabled to live without being beholden to his relations for more than four-and-twenty pounds, in the course of three years. Little as this is, it shews, when compared with the ways and means of the elder Wesley at College, that half a century had greatly enhanced the expenses of Oxford. At first he was rendered uncomfortable by the society into which he was thrown; he had several chamber-fellows, who would fain have made him join them in their riotous mode of life; and as he could only escape from their persecutions by sitting alone in his study, he was sometimes benumbed with cold; but when they perceived the strength as well as the singularity of his character, they suffered him to take his own way in peace.

"Before Whitefield went to Oxford, he had heard of the young men there who 'lived by rule and method,' and were therefore called Methodists. They were now much talked of, and generally de-

* So the word is printed in his own account of his life; it seems to mean the sleeves which are worn by cleanly men in dirty employments, and may possibly be a misprint for *scoggers*, as such sleeves are called in some parts of England.

spised. He, however, was drawn toward them by kindred feelings, defended them strenuously when he heard them reviled, and when he saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the sacrament at St Mary's, was strongly inclined to follow their example. For more than a year he yearned to be acquainted with them; and it seems that the sense of his inferior condition kept him back. At length the great object of his desires was effected. A pauper had attempted suicide, and Whitefield sent a poor woman to inform Charles Wesley that he might visit the person, and minister spiritual medicine; the messenger was charged not to say who sent her; contrary to these orders, she told his name, and Charles Wesley, who had seen him frequently walking by himself, and heard something of his character, invited him to breakfast the next morning. An introduction to this little fellowship soon followed; and he also, like them, 'began to live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of his time, that not a moment of it might be lost.'"

The following is Southey's account of Whitefield's qualifications as an orator when he first began preaching:—

"The man who produced this extraordinary effect, had many natural advantages. He was something above the middle stature, well-proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour: in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable, than any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. An ignorant man described his eloquence oddly but strikingly, when he said, that Mr Whitefield preached like a lion. So strange a comparison conveyed no unapt a notion of the force, and vehemence, and passion of that oratory which awed the hearers, and made them tremble like Felix before the apostle. For believing himself to be the messenger of God, commissioned to call sinners to repentance, he spoke as one conscious of his high credentials, with authority and power; yet in all his discourses there was a fervent and melting charity—an earnestness of persuasion—an out-pouring of redundant love, partaking the virtue of that faith from which it flowed, inasmuch as it seemed to enter the heart which it pierced, and to heal it as with balm."

Of his maturer powers, he thus collects the testimony of the most unquestionable witnesses.

"Dr Franklin has justly observed, that it would have been fortunate for his reputation if he had left no written works; his talents would then have been estimated by the effect which they are known to have produced; for, on this point, there is the evidence of witnesses whose credibility cannot be disputed. Whitefield's writings, of every kind, are certainly below mediocrity. They afford the measure of his knowledge and of his intellect, but not of his genius as a preacher. His printed sermons, instead of being, as is usual, the most elaborate and finished discourses of their author, have indeed the disadvantage of being precisely those upon which the least care had been bestowed. This may be easily explained.

"'By hearing him often,' says Franklin, 'I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned, and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse—a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music. This is an advantage itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals.' It was a great advantage, but it was not the only one, nor the greatest, which he derived from repeating his discourses, and reciting instead of reading them. Had they been delivered from a written copy, one delivery would have been like the last; the paper would have operated like a spell, from which he could not depart—invention sleeping, while the utterance followed the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience whom he was addressing, the judgment and the imagination, as well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall heavily upon the ear, and their place was supplied by matter newly laid in in the course of his studies, or fresh from the feeling of the moment. They who lived with him could trace him in his sermons

to the book which he had last been reading, or the subject which had recently taken his attention. But the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages,—they were bursts of passion, like jets from a Geyser, when the spring is in full play.

"The theatrical talent which he displayed in boyhood, manifested itself strongly in his oratory. When he was about to preach, whether it was from a pulpit, or a table in the streets, or a rising ground, he appeared with a solemnity of manner, and an anxious expression of countenance, that seemed to shew how deeply he was possessed with a sense of the importance of what he was about to say. His elocution was perfect. They who heard him most frequently could not remember that he ever stumbled at a word, or hesitated for want of one. He never faultered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears. Sometimes he would appear to lose all self-command, and weep exceedingly, and stamp loudly and passionately; and sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension even for his life. And, indeed, it is said, that the effect of this vehemence upon his bodily frame was tremendous; that he usually vomited after he had preached, and sometimes discharged in this manner, a considerable quantity of blood. But this was when the effort was over, and nature was left at leisure to relieve herself. While he was on duty, he controlled all sense of infirmity or pain, and made his advantage of the passion to which he had given way. 'You blame me for weeping,' he would say, 'but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you!'

"Sometimes he would set before his congregation the agony of our Saviour, as though the scene was actually before them. 'Look yonder!' he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spake, 'what is it that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear?—O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before. In this respect it was like fine stage acting; and, indeed, Whitefield indulged in an histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Sometimes, at the close of a sermon, he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful part of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech faulter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, 'I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must pronounce sentence upon you!' and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' When he spoke of St Peter, how, after the cock crew, he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

"Perfect as it was, histrionism like this would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and the indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterized his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories, and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacity.* To such digressions his disposition led him, which was naturally inclined to a comic playfulness. Minds of a certain power will sometimes express their strongest feelings with a levity at which formalists are shocked, and which dull men are wholly unable to understand. But language which, when coldly repeated, might seem to border upon irreverence and burlesque, has its effect in popular preaching, when the in-

* Wesley says of him, in his Journal, "How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner, were a means of profiting many who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking." St Augustine somewhere says, that is the best key which opens the door: *quid enim prodest clavis aurea si aperire quod volumus non potest? aut quod obest lignea, si hoc potest, quando nihil quærimus nisi patere quod clausum est?*

tention of the speaker is perfectly understood: it is suited to the great mass of the people; it is felt by them when better things would have produced no impression; and it is borne away when wiser arguments would have been forgotten. There was another and more uncommon way in which Whitefield's peculiar talent sometimes was indulged; he could direct his discourse toward an individual so skilfully, that the congregation had no suspicion of any particular purport in that part of the sermon; while the person at whom it was aimed felt it, as it was directed, in its full force. There was sometimes a degree of sportiveness† almost akin to mischief in his humour.

"Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A man at Exeter stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, 'Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart.' A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of him. 'Think!' he replied, 'I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.' Hume‡ pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But, perhaps, the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give: it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. 'I did not,' says the American philosopher, 'disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold§ and all.'"

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† Mr Winter relates a curious anecdote of his preaching at a maid-servant who had displeased him by some negligence in the morning. "In the evening," says the writer, "before the family retired to rest, I found her under great dejection, the reason of which I did not apprehend; for it did not strike me that, in exemplifying a conduct inconsistent with the Christian's professed fidelity to his Redeemer, he was drawing it from remissness of duty in a living character, but she felt it so sensibly, as to be greatly distressed by it, until he relieved her mind by his usually amiable deportment. The next day, being about to leave town, he called out to her 'Farewell:' she did not make her appearance, which he remarked to a female friend at dinner, who replied, 'Sir, you have exceedingly wounded poor Betty.' This excited in him a hearty laugh; and when I shut the coach door upon him, he said, 'Be sure to remember me to Betty; tell her the account is settled, and that I have nothing more against her.'"

‡ One of his flights of oratory, not in the best taste, is related on Hume's authority. "After a solemn pause, Mr Whitefield thus addresses his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to Heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!'" Hume said this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed anything he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

§ "At this sermon," continues Franklin, "there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home: towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.'"

We suspect that, after all, this man was worth Irving and Chalmers put together *in the pulpit;* and certainly the dozen or two pages Southey has devoted to him, are no more than his due. Wesley might have been contented with a similar allowance.

The history of another of the associates—one of the lay preachers, may be taken as a favourable specimen of the way in which Southey discusses the subordinate parts of his subject. It is the life of one Haimes, a soldier and a saint.

"Being sent to London with the camp-equipage, he went to hear one of Whitefield's preachers, and ventured, as he was coming back from the meeting, to tell him the distress of his soul. The preacher, whose charity seems to have been upon a par with his wisdom, made answer, 'The work of the devil is upon you,' and rode away. 'It was of the tender mercies of God,' says poor Haime, 'that I did not put an end to my life.'

"'Yet,' he says, 'I thought if I must be damned myself, I will do what I can that others may be saved; so I began to reprove open sin wherever I saw or heard it, and to warn the ungodly that, if they did not repent, they would surely perish; but, if I found any that were weary and heavy laden, I told them to wait upon the Lord, and he would renew their strength; yet I found no strength myself.' He was, however, lucky enough to hear Charles Wesley, at Colchester, and to consult him when the service was over. Wiser than the Calvinistic preacher, Charles Wesley encouraged him, and bade him go on without fear, and not be dismayed at any temptation. These words sank deep, and were felt as a blessing to him for many years. His regiment was now ordered to Flanders; and writing from thence to Wesley for comfort and counsel, he was exhorted to persevere in his calling. 'It is but a little thing,' said Wesley, 'that man should be against you, while you know God is on your side. If he give you any companion in the narrow way, it is well; and it is well if he does not; but by all means miss no opportunity—speak and spare not; declare what God has done for your soul; regard not worldly prudence. Be not ashamed of Christ, or of his word, or of his work, or of his servants. Speak the truth in love, even in the midst of a crooked generation.'—'I did speak,' he says, 'and not spare.' He was in the battle of Dettingen, and being then in a state of hope, he describes himself as in the most exalted and enviable state of mind, while, during seven hours, he stood the fire of the enemy. He was in a new world, and his heart was filled with love, peace, and joy, more than tongue could express. His faith, as well as his courage, was put to the trial, and both were found proof.

"Returning into Flanders to take up their winter quarters, as they marched beside the Maine, they 'saw the dead men lie in the river, and on the banks, as dung for the earth; for many of the French, attempting to pass the river after the bridge had been broken, had been drowned, and cast ashore where there was none to bury them.' During the winter, he found two soldiers who agreed to take a room with him, and meet every night to pray and read the Scriptures; others soon joined them; a society was formed; and Methodism was organized in the army with great success. There were three hundred in the society, and six preachers beside Haime. As soon as they were settled in a camp, they built a tabernacle. He had generally a thousand hearers, officers as well as common soldiers; and he found means of hiring others to do his duty, that he might have more leisure for carrying on the spiritual war. He frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a-day, and preached five times a-day for a week together. 'I had three armies against me,' he says: 'the French army, the wicked English army, and an army of devils; but I feared them not.' It was not, indeed, likely that he should go on without some difficulties, his notions of duty not being always perfectly in accordance with the established rules of military discipline. An officer one day asked him what he preached; and as Haime mentioned certain sins which he more particularly denounced, and which perhaps touched the inquirer a little too closely, the officer swore at him, and said, that, if it were in his power, he would have him flogged to death. 'Sir,' replied Haime, 'you have a commission over men; but I have a commission from God to tell you, you must either repent of your sins, or perish everlastingly.' His commanding officer asked him how he came to preach; and being answered, that the Spirit of God constrained him to call his fellow-sinners to repentance, told him that then he must restrain that spirit. Haime replied, he would die first. It is to the honour of his officers that they manifested no serious displeasure at language like this. His conduct toward one of his comrades, might have drawn upon him much more unpleasant consequences. This was a reprobate

fellow, who finding a piece of money, after some search, which he thought he had lost, threw it on the table, and exclaimed, 'There is my ducat! but no thanks to God, any more than to the Devil.' Haime wrote down the words, and brought him to a court-martial. Being then asked what he had to say against him, he produced the speech in writing; and the officer having read it, demanded if he was not ashamed to take account of such matters. 'No, sir,' replied the enthusiast; 'if I had heard such words spoken against his Majesty King George, would not you have counted me a villain if I had concealed them?' The only corporal pain to which officers were subjected by our martial law, was for this offence. Till the reign of Queen Anne, they were liable to have their tongues bored with a hot iron; and, mitigated as the law now was, it might still have exposed the culprit to serious punishment, if the officer had not sought to end the matter as easily as he could; and therefore, after telling the soldier that he was worthy of death, by the laws of God and man, asked the prosecutor what he wished to have done; giving him thus an opportunity of atoning, by a little discretion, for the excess of his zeal. Haime answered, that he only desired to be parted from him; and thus it terminated. It was well for him that this man was not of a malicious temper, or he might easily have made the zealot be regarded by all his fellows in the odious light of a persecutor and an informer.

"While he was quartered at Bruges, General Ponsonby granted him the use of the English church, and by help of some good singing, they brought together a large congregation. In the ensuing spring the battle of Fontenoy was fought. The Methodist soldiers were at this time wrought up to a high pitch of fanaticism. One of them being fully prepossessed with a belief that he should fall in the action, danced for joy before he went into it; exclaiming, that he was going to rest in the bosom of Jesus. Others, when mortally wounded, broke out into rapturous expressions of hope and assured triumph, at the near prospect of dissolution. Haime himself was under the not less comfortable persuasion that the French had no ball made which would kill him that day. His horse was killed under him. 'Where is your God now, Haime?' said an officer, seeing him fall. 'Sir, he is here with me,' replied the soldier, 'and he will bring me out of the battle.' Before Haime could extricate himself from the horse, which was lying upon him, a cannon ball took off the officer's head. Three of his fellow-preachers were killed in this battle, a fourth went to the hospital, having both arms broken; the other two began to preach the pleasant doctrine of Antinomianism, and professed that they were always happy; in which one of them at least was sincere, being frequently drunk twice a-day. Many months had not passed before Haime himself relapsed into his old miserabel state. 'I was off my watch,' he says, 'and fell by a grievous temptation. It came as quick as lightning. I knew not if I was in my senses; but I fell, and the Spirit of God departed from me. Satan was let loose, and followed me by day and by night. The agony of my mind weighed down my body, and threw me into a bloody flux. I was carried to an hospital, just dropping into hell: but the Lord upheld me, with an unseen hand, quivering over the great gulf. Before my fall, my sight was so strong, that I could look stedfastly on the sun at noon-day; but, after it, I could not look a man in the face, nor bear to be in any company. The roads, the hedges, the trees, everything seemed cursed of God. Nature appeared void of God, and in the possession of the devil. The fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, all appeared in a league against me. I was one day drawn out into the woods, lamenting my forlorn state, and on a sudden I began to weep bitterly: from weeping I fell to howling, like a wild beast, so that the woods resounded; yet could I say, notwithstanding my bitter cry, my stroke is heavier than my groaning; nevertheless, I could not say, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' if I might have purchased heaven thereby. Very frequently Judas was represented to me as hanging just before me. So great was the displeasure of God against me, that he, in great measure, took away the sight of my eyes: I could not see the sun for more than eight months; even in the clearest summer day, it always appeared to me like a mass of blood. At the same time I lost the use of my knees. I could truly say, 'Thou hast sent fire into my bones.' I was often as hot as if I was burning to death: many times I looked to see if my clothes were not on fire. I have gone into a river to cool myself; but it was all the same; for what could quench the wrath of his indignation that was let loose upon me? At other times, in the midst of summer, I have been so cold that I knew not how to bear it: all the clothes I could put on had no effect; but my flesh shivered, and my very bones quaked.'

"As a mere physical case, this would

be very curious; but, as a psychological one, it is of the highest interest. For seven years he continued in this miserable state, without one comfortable hope, 'angry at God, angry at himself, angry at the devil,' and fancying himself possessed with more devils than Mary Magdalene. Only while he was preaching to others, (for he still continued to preach,) his distress was a little abated. 'Some may inquire,' says he, 'what could move me to preach while I was in such a forlorn condition? They must ask of God, for I cannot tell. After some years I attempted again to pray. With this Satan was not well pleased; for one day, as I was walking alone, and faintly crying for mercy, suddenly such a hot blast of brimstone flashed in my face, as almost took away my breath; and presently after an invisible power struck up my heels, and threw me violently upon my face. One Sunday I went to church in Holland when the Lord's Supper was to be administered. I had a great desire to partake of it; but the Enemy came in like a flood to hinder me, pouring in temptations of every kind. I resisted him with my might, till, through the agony of my mind, the blood gushed out at my mouth and nose. However, I was enabled to conquer, and to partake of the blessed elements. I was much distressed with dreams and visions of the night. I dreamt one night that I was in hell; another, that I was on Mount Etna; that, on a sudden, it shook and trembled exceedingly; and that, at last, it split asunder in several places, and sunk into the burning lake, all but that little spot on which I stood. Oh, how thankful was I for my preservation!—I thought that I was worse than Cain. In rough weather it was often suggested to me, 'this is on *your* account! See, the earth is cursed for *your* sake; and it will be no better till you are in hell!'

"Often did I wish that I had never been converted: often, that I had never been born. Yet I preached every day, and endeavoured to appear open and free to my brethren. I encouraged them that were tempted. I thundered out the terrors of the law against the ungodly. I was often violently tempted to curse and swear before and after, and even while I was preaching. Sometimes, when I was in the midst of the congregation, I could hardly refrain from laughing aloud; yea, from uttering all kind of ribaldry and filthy conversation. Frequently, as I was going to preach, the devil has set upon me as a lion, telling me he would have me just then, so that it has thrown me into a cold sweat. In this agony I have caught hold of the Bible, and read, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!' I have said to the Enemy, 'This is the word of God, and thou canst not deny it!' Thereat he would be like a man that shrunk back from the thrust of a sword. But he would be at me again. I again met him in the same way; till at last, blessed be God! he fled from me. And even in the midst of his sharpest assaults, God gave me just strength enough to bear them. When he has strongly suggested, just as I was going to preach, 'I will have thee at last,' I have answered, (sometimes with too much anger,) 'I will have another out of thy hand first!' And many, while I was myself in the deep, were truly convinced and converted to God.'

"Having returned to England, and obtained his discharge from the army, he was admitted by Mr Wesley as a travelling preacher. This, however, did not deliver him from his miserable disease of mind; he could neither be satisfied with preaching, nor without it: wherever he went, he was not able to remain, but was continually wandering to and fro, seeking rest, but finding none. 'I thought,' he says, 'if David or Peter had been living, they would have pitied me. Wesley, after a while, took him as a companion in one of his rounds, knowing his state of mind, and knowing how to bear with it, and to manage it. 'It was good for him,' he said, 'to be in the fiery furnace; he should be purified therein, but not consumed.' Year after year he continued in this extraordinary state, till, in the year 1766, he was persuaded by Mr Wesley to go and dwell with a person at St Ives, in Cornwall, who wanted a worn-out preacher to live with him, take care of his family, and pray with him morning and evening. Here he was, if possible, ten times worse than before; and it seemed to him, that, unless he got some relief, he must die in despair. 'One day,' he says, 'I retired into the hall, fell on my face, and cried for mercy; but got no answer. I got up, and walked up and down the room, wringing my hands, and crying like to break my heart; begging of God, for Christ's sake, if there was any mercy for me, to help me; and, blessed be his name, all on a sudden, I found such a change through my soul and body, as is past description. I was afraid I should alarm the whole house with the expressions of my joy. I had a full witness from the Spirit of God that I should not find that bondage any more. Glory be to God for all his mercy!' Twenty years the disease had continued upon him; and it now left him, by his own account, as instanta-

neously as it came; and his account is credible; for he acknowledges that he had not the same faith as in his former state—the age of rapture was over, and the fierceness of his disposition was spent, though its restlessness was unabated. Though his chaplainship with Mr Hoskins had everything which could render such a situation comfortable, he could not be at ease till he was again in motion, and had resumed his itinerant labours. He lived till the great age of seventy-eight, and died of a fever, which was more than twelve months consuming him, and which wore him to the bone before he went to rest. But though his latter days were pain, they were not sorrow. 'He preached as long as he was able to speak, and longer than he could stand without support.' Some of his last words were, 'O Lord, in thee have I trusted, and have not been confounded;' and he expired in full confidence that a convoy of angels were ready to conduct his soul to the paradise of God."

We had intended to review The Book of the Church also when we began this article; but this is now evidently impossible. The work is, in spite of its most arrogant and absurd title, one of greatly superior merit to the Life of Wesley; but anything like a History of the Church of England, includes such a vast variety of most interesting and also most difficult subjects, that altogether we should not be surprised if instead of demanding one article to itself, it should refuse to be satisfied with less than half-a-dozen.

In the meantime we may say generally, that the Book of the Church is a compendious work, when compared with those of which we have been speaking; and that with much of his usual quaintness, and not little of that narrow-mindedness, which in relation to subjects of this kind has too often rendered the Quarterly Review ridiculous, the volumes exhibit certainly all the merits of a flowing narrative, interspersed with not a few passages of really dignified disquisition. We shall return to this subject then immediately.

By the way,—Mr Jeffrey, the editor of the Edinburgh Review, has a constant pleasure in reproaching Mr Southey with having changed his political principles since he began his literary life. Now, it is not improbable, he will quote with similar delight a certain juvenile poem, which begins,

> "Go thou unto the house of prayer—
> I to the woodlands will repair!"

Mr Jeffrey himself, however, has changed his own views as to some sufficiently important matters, more than once; and not long ago, in proposing for a toast, *Radical Reform*, he, in allusion to his former violent writings against any reform whatever in Parliament, was pleased to say, "Time has made me wiser." The old proverb said, that "Time and tide wait for no man;" but it would appear that this too was quite a mistake, and that even the common influences of leisure, observation, and reflection, are to be avowed without shamefacedness then only when he that has felt them is a Whig!

Lectures on the Fine Arts.

LECTURE SECOND.

ON HENRY ALKEN AND OTHERS.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It gives me the highest and sincerest satisfaction to meet you once again in this place, at the commencement of another season. Far be from me the sin, and from my fair and learned pupils the suspicion, of flattery. But, upon honour, I never saw a better looking company in my life. Dress is improving rapidly among us. I highly approve of these new Paisley shawls—they do honour to the Sneddon. I highly approve of the Dunchattan cloth—it does honour to Mr Mackintosh; and if the blood of the Gael be pure in that line, let us hear no more sneers about the intellectual inferiority of the aboriginal race of these islands,

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* A Touch at the Fine Arts, by H. Alken. London, M'Lean, 1824.

N. B. Mr M'Lean is also the publisher of "The Symptoms;" and, indeed, so far as we know, of all Mr A.'s works. Mr Smith, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, is one of our chief sporting bibliopoles in Scotland. Many rarities of the kind are also to be seen, (among other better things,) in the agreeable shop of our agreeable friend, Mr John Anderson, North Bridge.

the Biscayan Provinces and Brittany. I consider this invention as a much stronger thing than Ossian; and have already, upon the strength of it, enrolled myself in the Celtic Society of this place, having had the honour to be proposed at the last general meeting, by a distinguished person whom I have now the honour to have in my eye—(Captain M'Turk.)

Invested in garments of this unrivalled material, man re-asserts once more his long-lost supremacy upon this ball of earth, and is master of several of the elements. Rain cannot touch him; snow, hail, and stormy vapour assail in vain the impregnable panoply! Pontoons are, or will soon be, of the things that are forgotten. I can wade through the Danube in this garb, and defy its waves to wet one inch of my person. Had this existed, great part of the miracle of the Red Sea had been superfluous. It would have been enough to reduce that arm of ocean to the level of the chins of the children of Israel, and Pharaoh had been baffled to the water-cry "on Dunchattan."

I approve highly also, Ladies and Gentlemen, of these new dress-waistcoats. Last winter they were rare; now they are universal as they ought to be. Never, oh! never again let us return to that silly system of dimity, or Manchester tweel, or by whatever more proper denomination that horror *a white waistcoat* may be characterized. Poor in effect—making a cold spot in every picture where it appeared; it is not too much to assert, that this piece of dress rendered the British gentleman of after dinner time untranslatable to canvass. A strong effort was once made to bring in buff waistcoats; but that failed; for the measure was a Whig one! We transferred to their taste in millinery, the scorn which was due only to the profligacy of their principles—the idiotism of their politics, and their contemptible character as bottle companions. These things are of familiar occurrence in the present imperfectly constituted state of the faculties of our species. Posterity may be more wise, more candid, more just.

I prefer, upon the whole, those velvet waistcoats, of which the principal superficies is crimson. It has many advantages. Like rouge on the cheek, it gives additional lustre to the eye of the wearer; it stands candlelight better than blue or yellow; it is proof against the staining propensities of port; and it always forms a pleasing feature in any pictorial delineation. The next best is velvet, entirely black:—yes, velvet—of which the image on the retina is varied by the exhibition, not of contending colours, but of intermingled stripes, flowers, or check-work. Never, however, does this article appear to so much advantage, as when an under-waistcoat of geranium silk lends softness, warmth, and relief to the sable outline of the sable mass.

The white neckcloth will, ere long, follow the white waistcoat: they were only tolerated as parts of the same system; and now that we have swallowed the ox, why should we boggle about the tail? A black velvet stock would lend repose to the chin, and contrast to the collar. If we cannot throw aside neckcloths altogether, in the name of consistency of effect, in the name of the insulted eye of the artist, and in the name of the needlessly exaggerated bills of the washerwoman, let us at least have done with white ones!

This exordium was necessary to satisfy my own feelings—it is appropriate to the subject of our lecture!—George Cruikshank is an exquisite humourist. In low London life, above all, he is admirable. He seems to have given his days and his nights to the study of that portion of human nature which is to be contemplated in the glorious atmosphere of round-houses. Every variety of the *rip* is familiar to his fancy, and to his pencil. Who, like him, for a Charlie—a lady of the saloon—a gentleman of the press—or a pick-pocket? Who, like him, for a cock and hen club—a scene at the Old Bailey—or even for a scene at the cyder cellar? Take him off the streets of the east end, however—bar him from night-cellars, boxiani, and flash—and George sinks to the ordinary level of humanity. There is only one other sort of thing he does like himself—and this is the pure imaginative *outré*. Of that talent, his best specimen is the frontispiece to Peter Schelmihl—a good story by the way, and very tolerably translated; but still a thing that will owe its chief sale to the illustrations of our friend Cruikshank.

This artist's poverty is visible whenever he attempts "the Gentlemen of England"—there he is out of his own sphere. He cannot hit the quiet arrogance of the only true aristocracy in

the world—he cannot draw their easy, handsome faces, knowing, but not blackguard, proud, kind, scornful, voluptuous, redolent in every lineament of high feeling, fifteen claret, and the principles of Mr Pitt. He can do a dandy, but he cannot do the thing!

But—

Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus—

—Where Cruikshank fails, there, happily for England and for art, HENRY ALKEN shines, and shines like a star of the first magnitude. He has filled up the great blank that was left by the disappearance of Bunbury.—He is a gentleman—he has lived with gentlemen—he understands their nature, both in its strength and its weakness, and he can delineate anything that he understands. It is he that can escort you to Melton, and shew you the feats in the field of those who are destined hereafter to shake the arsenal, and fulmine over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne. It is he who can shew you with what unsuspected fire the cold, haughty, lazy eye of the polite, lounging guardsman flamed at Waterloo—how he that had shone at the tally-ho, shone also at Talavera. He feels the line that separates the true old "domini terrarum" from your *nouveau riche*, your spawn of the stock-jobbers, your black blood of the Jews.

He feels this—and he paints as he feels. He is to Cruikshank what Scott is to Hogg—rather let me say, what Fielding is to Defoe. He not only can do what Cruikshank cannot—but he can also do almost anything that Cruikshank can. Just the same way with the distinguished writers we have been alluding to. He who stands above, sees not only what is above, but what is below. He who stands below is in a less favourable situation—and so fares it with the admirable Illustrator of Life in London—the Apelles of Tom and Jerry—the immortal yoke-fellow of the deathless Pierce Egan.

Draw your chairs nearer to the table, Ladies and Gentlemen, and let me shew you some of the prints. A goodly bunch of them, you will observe—the work of three good years—three merry ones, I will be sworn. Alken first published anonymously, and people wondered very much who "Ben Tallyho" could be. Some of the Meltoneans suspected a celebrated surgeon, for they knew of no other great London star that was a bold and knowing rider among them occasionally, and a perfect master in horse-flesh, and could, at the same time, be even suspected of having anything to do with books or booksellers. But this laurel belonged not to his ample wreath. Their own familiar friend, the man with whom they had for years taken sweet counsel,—I am half ashamed of his rashness—he blabbed it out one night to Sir Francis Burdett, who, when at Melton, is as good a Tory as ever was spilt—and half a dozen more of *the set*. This print here, (in the "Touch at the Fine Arts,") represents the party an hour after the murder was out. That is the baronet balancing the empty punch-bowl on the back of his left hand. This one, on the floor, is the culprit in his red jacket. He has not had time, you see, to dress for dinner. That is the "rum parson" with his foot in the other bowl. A spirited effect indeed, but little order kept in the grouping of the figures!

What a capital one the brilliant effect (Plate xii.) is—Observe the width of this gemman's breeches—observe the excellent cut of his top-boots—observe the nonchalant kid-glove-pulling-on air with which he suffers the belle to find her own way into her side-saddle. What a handsome, knowing fellow that groom is! Don't you see how he would like to come off and assist her? She is really a fine girl, and what we see of the leg is faultless—the action of the toe most spirited. She is a strapper! What an enormous head that butler carries—he must be the very Lord Bacon of down-stairs. Professor Combe should be at him. He is possibly the author of the Footman's Directory. I don't think he altogether approves of the damsel in the crimson riding-habit, but 'tis a good place, and why quit for a trifle? The lad has been in the army, too, or, perhaps, he is a deputy-lieutenant, or a captain in the yeomanry, for the servants all sport the cockade. The whole scene is good. What a thumper of a horse she is going to mount! It must certainly be the yeomanry charger—Let us hope so, for if used to the scabbard and sabretache, he will be the less likely to take the petticoat in snuff.

Turn to this bed-room on fire at page 9. You see what comes of chintz

curtains; and what had that worthy man to do with reading Colburn in his bed? I hope, however, it could not have been any article of Campbell's own that he dozed over. If so, Tom will never be able to excuse himself for giving so much disturbance to that pretty young woman. Had it been Shakespeare or Rogers, this could never have been the catastrophe! What a terror she is in! you see her bed-gown has been torn quite open; her eyes can scarcely be likened to any I ever saw; such a dead, dull sleep so flamingly broken! And then look at the old dotard trembling and shivering, and *trying* to open the door. Has he no foot to kick with? If it were not for the Magazine and his injured wife, I should almost wish him to turn the key the wrong way, (which he has evidently done once already,) till doomsday. Why did he lock the door at all? who ever locks a room door at night!—A red nightcap too! what a thing to bring into a lady's bed-room! Cupid in a Kilmarnock cowl! A man to think of the tooth-ach under such circumstances! He wears a pig-tail too; and she can't be more than two or three-and-twenty. She ought to leap the window—surely somebody would catch her,—and leave the cap and the queue to partake the merited fate of this most contemptible subscriber.

I was looking for "the housebreaking"—ay, here it is. These are gentlemen robbers, you see; swells, every one of them. This one tying up the side-dishes, with a smart foraging cap on his head, and a blunderbuss at his foot, is quite a gentleman. He seems to have served in the Peninsular war; he is really a fine man. I should not wonder if it were Jack Thurtell. That hero who funks so with the strong-box in his grasp, and the three pair of candlesticks, he has also a very distinguished pair of whiskers, and his pantaloons are dashingly cut. Can it be Hunt? The people outside are probably connected with the opposition papers. Ay, we shall have puffs and elegies enough, when the more active lads are nabbed. And why not? Should a man's patriotic principles, Whig eloquence, distinguished appearance at public dinners—should all these things be overlooked, merely because he happens to commit some lark of a robbery, or a murder? This is really one of Alken's finest things; it reveals a touch of the soul of Salvator Rosa lurking somewhere in the bosom of this exquisite wag. What admirable drawing, too! Allan himself does not understand the figure better, nor throw it off more airily. Here you have true genius, Ladies and Gentlemen. (Captain M'Turk, will you do me the favour to touch the gas?)

O Cruikshank! this row is better than any you ever delineated. Look at that fine parliamentary figure in the nankeens—the bald head—the grave, dignified, solemn grace, with which he is ploughing up that snub-nosed Charley's grinders! The man will choak, if he swallows two teeth more. And why not? Base plebeian! interrupting a gentleman—an M.P.—an Irish peer, maybe, in his amusements! That younger spark, who is mad enough to whirr the racket he has just seized, has evidently not yet delivered his maiden speech. O fool! O boy! O brute! Don't you see that you have called a whole battalion of them together? This *betise* deservedly dishes this *enfant perdu*—but to think of the respectable married man of forty, sense, knowledge of the world, and L.10,000 a-year,—to think of his being involved in the troubles of durance vile, merely because he has got tipsy with a spoon! Observe what a good effect the red shawl neckcloth has there—a senator should never go the rounds in a white one. Yet old Sheridan once profited much by having been picked up from a gutter when arrayed in a handsome and venerable suit of black clothes. He told the watch he was Mr Wilberforce; and they put him into a hackney-coach, as if he had been their father.

This next print is one of some hundreds of excellent coach-overturns that Alken has given us—and it is by no means the best of them; but here, this jail scene is indeed a redeemer. What a capital jailor—what a strong, well-built, black-faced man! He, too, has a dash of the fancy about him. He could lick the whole set of ragamuffins, if they rebelled. Thurtell's hair is in his breast-pin. What a well-made surtout he sports! and the kerseymere gaiters, and the belcher, and the hand in the coat-pocket—they are all in keeping. It is a painful pleasure to contemplate his prisoners. That old bandy-legged rough one with the three

weeks beard, has been a forecastle man; he seems indifferent to his fate. That miserable in the bandage has been trying to cut his throat, and detected. It seems as if he were the man for eight o'clock to-morrow; I believe the sailor suffers with him. The two at cribbage are ordered for to-morrow week; they may take out their game, ere they turn round to hear the news. This is equal to Hogarth's Correction-house, so far as it goes. That old pilferer in the corner appears to be very hazy for the time of day—the man is actually staring, as if he had never seen a warrant in his life before!

Soho! Spruce one, you are cleaned out at last, are you? (page 1)—not one rap? You may dig in your pockets if you please, but we understand the case. Your mouth is distressingly screwed. What a knowing cock there is in the eye of that gambler whose demi-profile is seen—His legs are firmly set down below the table, and good legs they are. This is a more genteel way than staring right on, like that somewhat sulky spark in the Angleseas. But the waiter! We know that face. I have seen these cunningly vacant, light, glimmering, good-for-nothing eyes many a time before now. What does he care—what need Tom care? He has decanted the claret, and he has the pops ready in the pantry if they be called for. England expects that every man shall do his duty.

The frontispiece to this volume—this beautiful volume, is a gross personal attack upon some portrait-painter in Wapping. I wonder Alken put it in, for it is quite inferior to the rest of the book. Fifty better caricatures have there been of similar subjects—and there might be a better than the best of them—but I won't name names.

In this work, as in all Alken's, there is a freedom of handling that is really delightful—and better chosen upon the whole his subjects could not have been. Yet I am not sure but I still give the preference—take the things overhead—to my older favourite "The Symptoms."

The shooting parties—the driving parties—the overturning parties—the drinking parties—the flirting parties, the fighting parties, in that series, are all and each of them nearly divine. Here, Ladies, take them among you—I am weary of speaking, and supper ought to be ready. It is a mere mistake to condemn suppers. All the inferior animals stuff immediately previous to sleeping, and why not man, whose stomach is so much smaller, more delicate, and more exquisite a piece of machinery? Besides, it is a well-known fact, that a sound human stomach acts upon a well-drest dish, with nearly the power of an eight-horse steam-engine; and this being the case, good heavens! why should one be afraid of a few trifling turkey-legs, a bottle of Buxton's brown-stout, a welsh rabbit, a brandy and water, and a few more such fooleries? I appeal to the common sense of my audience and of the world!

But stop—before we go to the next room, I must shew you the new print of the King, that Messrs Hurst & Robinson have just published. See, Ladies, here is the true thing at last. Never was a more correct, splendid, graceful likeness of any of the seed of Adam. Sir Thomas Laurence is a jewel. And the mezzotinto engraver of this is worthy of Laurence, and of Laurence's *subject*. Can praise go higher?—At last we have a good satisfying portrait of our Prince—and well should I like to see the face of another king or emperor either, that would stand being looked at beside this. A formal-looking man, albeit a fine, is the Autocrat of all the Russias. Prussia smacks of the serjeant in his air—and Louis le Bonhomme of the sturgeon. Ferdinand is more like a cat than a king, and yet there is something royal too in his wandering unsearchable eyes. He smokes far too much, and his mustachios are but poor things of their kind—quite singed with paper segars—I wonder the Queen, poor thing, can suffer it.

Here is really a princely portrait. I should have liked it better, however, had the George figured in place of the Fleece. What are all their foreign orders to the Garter, the glorious Garter, of Edward III.—the Garter which Harry V. wore at Agincourt—the Garter which bluff Harry VIII. wore at the field of the Cloth of Gold—which Charles I. wore at Naseby—prouder scene, at Carisbrooke—which Charles II. wore in the "glorious Gallery"—which William would have been killed if he had not sported at the Boyne—which George III. wore amidst his children, (his people were his children,) on the terrace of Windsor?

I wish our King would restore the old

way of wearing the blue ribbon round the neck, instead of under the arm. To me this way (originally French) appears not only much less convenient, but much less handsome. But why should we speak of these things? No Commoner has had the Garter since Sir Robert Walpole—and as for myself, I assure you, without joking, I am sensible that I have no calf, and in these cases, the less glare that is about one's leg the better for all concerned.

These elastic French garters that you ladies wear now-a-days, are very pretty things, by the way. Some of the designs of them are really ingenious—that fine people carries taste into every corner. I have recently seen landscapes on breakfast plates—and groups of figures on the garters of different ladies of my acquaintance, which I hesitate not to say, would not have appeared on canvas or on paper some fifty years ago, without attracting to the ingenious and elegant manufacturers of the articles a portion of consideration and applause, inferior only to that which we now bestow on the Muffin, or the *Mollet.* We are a singular, a capricious, a fastidious, an unintelligible people.—And now will your ladyship permit me to have the honour of Grandisonizing you into the next apartment?—Positively, you must buy a set of Alken's works—they are splendid things—no drawing-room is complete without them.

(M. M. *Exit.*)

LITTLE OR NOTHING.

DEAR SIR,

Safe from Coblentz ten days ago, but no time to write till now. Your Moselles will have arrived? Shipped on the 28th. Delicious!—Ask ODoherty else. Of a vintage *ultra* antediluvian. Friend of mine discovered em in the corner of a neglected cellar. Key lost (by tradition) in his great-grandfather's time. Have them bottled about a week hence. One glass, (just to taste,) from the ton. And about July—well iced! Byron himself should confess that such wine was worth living for.

Town rather livelier than when I left it—Came in on the 2d. Kentish road crowded with *late* members of parliament. Dover quite full—horrible place! Shocking, the inns! Amphibious wretches, the population, Ashore (from steam packet) at four in the morning. Fires out at The Ship. No beds! Think of it! Had to wait till a party got up—going off at six. Six came,—changed their minds (lazy!) wouldn't go! Woke the whole house with ringing the bells, however—took care they shouldn't sleep. Filthy breakfast! Bad butter—vile chops—eggs! I never got an egg properly boiled in my life! Royal Society ought to give a premium. Set off, starved and shuddering—Roads heavy—four horses. Ruined with the expense. Man wanted to take half. Fat—looked greasy. Thought ruin best. Got up to Pagliano's a Petrifaction! Worthy creature, the cook! Tossed me up such a "*Saumon, Tartare*"—"*Vol au veut.*"—"Maccaroni"—all light. Coffee—*liqueur*—no wine for fear of fever—went to bed quite thawed in body and mind; and walked round Leicester Square next morning, like "a giant refreshed!"

Got Maga as soon as I arrived. All good. Songs magnificent! Those two lines alone,

"The great Lord Mayor,
In civic chair," &c.

able to sell a quarto.

Parliament met just in time. Murder began to be "out of tune." They tried, I see, to make a move with Hunt's confession, but the dog had no genius in his lying. Prose article, I see, on Thurtell this month—put it home, if you love me. How the great beast does love to howl and wonder! The praises of his defence, too, poor creature! Written for him (of course, you know) every line—and the worst that ever was written, into the bargain.

But, talking of the worst that ever was written, you have seen the "Westminster Review!" It is too rich, is it not? Such a deal of it too. The Balaam crop must have been more abundant than usual; why, the Liberal has not been dead two months? I give 'em four numbers. The general opinion is three.

Skimmed Maturin's Albigenses.—Rather stuffy. The contortions with-

out the inspiration, as Canning told Folkstone. Maturin has done nothing (in the way of novel) equal to his House of Montorio and his Wild Irish Boy.

Peeped into the Pilot—(American)—seems to have point here and there about it. Read Hajji Baba; which I understand turns out to be Morier's. Hope will chuckle over your review of it.

Politics, not much novelty yet. Houses met on the 3d—warm weather to begin with. Opposition rather shy. Brougham let off the usual speech; but not quite with the usual talent. Everything wrong, of course—they, pretty souls! you know, are on the "wrong" side. But the best grievances will wear out in time.

Canning's reply as to our interference with the internal arrangement of Austria, was as spirited as it was sound. It made its way. Taxes and burthens not a great deal about yet. But Hume has letters from Ithaca! What may this portend! Tread-mill question coming. You must speak out, North—the women (there *are* good reasons) ought to be exempt;—let the men do double. Vagrant act, some talk upon last night; and it wants modification. I don't like making a victim here and there. Do the thing, or let it alone. Look at the state of Fleet Street—through which, after ten at night, a man cannot, with common decency, carry his wife or sisters. Mend this, and then we will come to the alleys and dark corners. On the West India question, not yet a word! These late facts seem to stick in the throats of the Emancipators! You should rouse their slumbering philanthropy in your next. I'll do it myself, if I can find time.

Went to the Opera on Saturday night. Are you mad for Rossini? *Zelmira* heavy, to the degree of going to sleep, I assure you. Not a tenth part as good as the Moses in Egypt. Almost as fatiguing as the *Otello*, or the *Donna del Lago*. Company weak. Camporese gone. Angrisani gone. Madame Colbran all nonsense. Ballet stupid. House "done up" in paltry taste. Don't like any of it. All nonsense to make a fuss about, so far. Catalani may do something;—but we want a tenor among the gentlemen.

Theatres I think we have agreed never to talk about. Monstrously dull! Dull as the last Number of the London Magazine; Colburn's I haven't had time to look at.

Phrenology flourishes. Went to a lecture yesterday on the subject. Facetious artist the Professor;—never saw a man misguide himself more ingeniously. Bit of a rogue, too—Doesn't trust to the "art," where *data* are to be had; and tells (like the gypsies) a pleasant story to all comers. Hoaxed him amazingly myself. Sure I had the organ of "oppositiveness." Shewed me Hume's head (in plaster) and found all qualities becoming a man most prominent in it. Near making a horrible mistake towards the end. Shewed us Dr Dodd's head, and Mrs M'Kinnon's—such skulls could only gravitate towards the gallows. Felt inspired with science myself; and was just going to point out the same peculiarity in a boy's head that stood near.—It was his son's!—Came away for fear of tempting Providence.

Nothing more I believe that I had to say—only take care of the Moselles. The very smell of those empty casks would intoxicate the whole presence of Cockaigne! Called in on Parson Irving since my return. He draws still; but the matter gets weaker and weaker. London horridly dirty, and M'Adamizing getting on very fast. So no more (at present,) from Yours,

P.——

London, Feb. 10.

ANN STAVERT AND AMOS BRADLEY.

Isaac Collins was the proprietor of a small farm in Lancashire, and having been from his youth of penurious habits, he was, at the age of sixty, possessed of considerable wealth. He had never been married, and had no near blood-relation alive, so that it was often talked of in the neighbourhood, what would become of his riches on the miser's death. It was generally agreed that they would fall to the King,—for Isaac, it was said, hated the very sight of a woman; and besides, who would marry a being so despicable and hateful? "Ay, forsooth, many a young and pretty maiden too would marry old Isaac, with his money bags," chuckled the hoary miser, when spitefully he heard the banters of his neighbours, and leered upon them with the glistening eyes of avarice and misanthropy. "Let youth, health, strength, and comeliness, go woo in vain; but I can charm the fairest witch in Lancashire into my chaff-bed and withered arms. What think ye of Ann Stavert of Fell-side?" and the dotard laughed in the mixed joy of his pride, his lust of gold, and the dregs of desire dulled by age, infirmity, and a stoney heart.

Ann Stavert was the most beautiful girl in all the country side. She was an only child; and her mother, who had long been a widow, was now reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty.—When first Isaac Collins the miser asked Ann in marriage, the souls of both mother and daughter recoiled in horror and disgust. But in less than a week afterwards, Ann had promised to marry him; and in a month she was his wife.

The fondness of the dotard now held a constant struggle with the avarice of the miser. Bold and beautiful, heartless and unprincipled, Ann Stavert drained the blood from his withered heart, as she coaxed, and wheedled, and kissed, and embraced him out of his long-gathered, and hidden stores of gold. The very chinks of the walls gave out their guineas; and his trembling hand dropped them into her lap, wrapt up in loathsome rags, that had long mouldered in impenetrable concealment. His old rheumy eyes gloated on the yellow glare of the gold, and then on the luxurious shape of her on whom he lavished it in agony; and then he kissed alternately the hard edges of the coin, and the warm lips of his wedded paramour. "Dost thou not love thine old kind Isaac?" and she pressed him with her bare soft snow-white arms, close to the heaving fulness of her bosom. The doting miser would thus fall asleep, grasping in his lean fingers a few yet unfilched pieces of coin, of which he dreamt along with the hot kisses that had cajoled him out of their too slippery brethren.

What happiness could Ann Stavert have in gold?—She was beautiful; and she was proud of her beauty. Now she could adorn her tall, commanding, and alluring person in garments which set off all its temptations,—could outshine all her rivals—and dazzle the eyes of a hundred lovers. She knew that her husband was an object of pity, contempt, and scorn; and she did not conceal that he was so to herself, more than to all others, as the glance of her bright and bold eyes met the faces of men at church or market. But she enjoyed their admiration and delight in her rich ripe loveliness, even while she leant it against the palsied side of old Isaac the miser. "And will he not soon die?" was a thought she feared not to let come questioning to her heart, for she loathed and abhorred the body that was half ready for the corruption of the grave.

But Isaac, though palsy-stricken, was tenacious of life. Now two strong passions kept his bloodless body above the ground. He drank existence from the breath of his young wife, and from that of his coffers. The very struggles of his avarice—the tear and wear of his soul bartering one kind of joy for another, both equally aimless and unnatural, seemed to lend a sort of shrivelled strength to the body they consumed;—and week after week, month after month, year after year, had Ann Stavert to cajole and to curse, till at last she fell down on her knees, and prayed to God that the old wretch might die; for her soul was sickened into angry despair, and she longed to see him in his shroud,—his coffin,—his grave.

Ann Stavert had sold her body for gold,—and the soul is often lost in such a bargain. She had strong passions—they had long slept, but at last they were kindled. She singled out from the many who admired her,

Amos Bradley, a tall stripling of 18; and she swore an oath within her soul, that she would deliver herself up to him, soul, body, and estate. Her eye spoke—and in the arms of Amos Bradley, she cursed with a more bitter soul her old palsied miser, and with more passionate prayer called upon her Maker to shorten his hated life. The passions of hatred and love wholly darkened her conscience; from the bed of disgust and horror, she flew to the bosom of desire and enjoyment; and when clasped in the embraces of guilt, she dared to think that God would forgive even the murder of her wretched and miserable husband.

The old man saw into her heart, with the craftiness of his half-extinguished intellect, and he hobbled out on his crutch into the night-darkness, a spy on their secret assignations. Blind and deaf to other things, here he both saw and heard, and knew in the decrepitude of his soul and body, that his wife was an adultress.—"Shall I drive her out of my house without a penny, except what she has stolen, or shall I put poison into her drink, and punish her for cheating the old man?" But as the miser was sitting in these cruel thoughts, with his dim red eyes fastened on the floor, his wife entered the room with her flushed visage, and sat down by his side. She looked up, and the fascination of that face in a moment changed him into willing and contented abasement. "Where wast thou, Ann? I thought I saw thee with that younker, Amos Bradley—thou dost not love Amos better than old Isaac? my pigeon, give me a kiss."—She kissed his loathsome lips with a shudder—as she thought of him whom she had just left, and his endearments that had searched her very soul.—"No, no, my kind Isaac—thou art not so old yet,—let us to bed;"—while the dotard knowing, and yet forgetting his wife's infidelity, with a leer rose up, and taking the rush-light which his penurious soul repined should be wasted, tottered into his bed-chamber, and with flashes of anger and vengeance dimly breaking through his decayed memory, and then lost again in the fascination of fondness and fear, he laid down his withered body on the bed from which it was never again to be lifted up in life.

She had left Amos Bradley in hiding, and now she returned to his arms. "Oh! Amos, the old villain has seen us in our joy, and he leered at me with the face of a devil. Perhaps his old lean fingers will strangle me in my sleep."—"Don't suffer him, Ann, to touch your bosom or neck again. You are mine now, and cursed be the slaver of his drivelling lips!"—"No, Amos, never shall the toad pollute my bosom again; but dost think he will kill me, Amos? He is cruel in his old age, and hates even when he hugs me. As the Lord liveth, Amos, for thy sake I will shed his blood! This knife shall go to his heart!"—"Ann, wilt thou marry me if we murder him."—"Yes, Amos, and thou shalt lie between my breasts for ever."—"Swear it then before God."—"I swear before God, as I hope for mercy at the day of Judgment."

They went together into the old man's room, and he saw them by the glimmer of the rush-light. There was death in their eyes; and the miser sat up, shaking with terror and palsy, and clasped his shrivelled hands in prayer. "Thou wilt not murder thine old kind Isaac—wilt thou, Ann? Take her, Amos, love and cherish her; I will not see it—but spare my life. There is a bag of guineas in the wall yonder, near that cobweb—dig it out, but save the old miser's life; Amos—Ann, I am afraid of hell." One held his throat, and the other struck him with the knife; but the hand that held the knife had trembled, and the feeble blow glanced off the ribs of the wretched old man. "I cannot strike again, Amos, but we must finish him, or we are dead people." The stripling took his grasp away from the throat, and the old grey head fell back on the pillow. The murderers stood still for a minute, and by the rush-light glimmering in the socket, they both saw that he was dead. "Don't stare upon me so ghastly, Amos, thank God there is no blood."—"Thank God!—did you say thank God?" A blast of rain dashed against the window, and the murderers started. "God preserve us, Amos!—did you hear voices? Hush, it is nothing. Nobody will suspect, and I will marry thee, my sweet Amos, and we shall be rich and happy." They lifted the body, and laid it down on the floor; and, once more renewing their vows of fidelity before God, they lay down in each other's arms till past midnight. Then Amos arose, and returned before dawning to his mother's house.

The next morning it was known

that Isaac the miser was dead; and many a careless or coarse jest was made on him and his widow. But during the day, the jesting was at an end; and dark looks and suppressed whispers told over all the parish that poor Isaac, of whom nobody knew any ill but that he was too fond of his money, had had foul usage at last, and that his fair wife best knew how he had died. The black finger gripes were on his neck, and a slight wound on his side near the heart. The prints of a man's feet, all unlike that of poor lame Isaac, were seen all round the house and barn; and his widow, when a knife stained at the point with blood, and exactly fitting the wound, was produced, fell down in a mortal swoon. A neighbour, who had been early afoot, had met Amos Bradley near the house of the dead man, and on awakening from her swoon, the wretched woman hearing his name, cried out, in desperation, "Have you got Amos among you?—Amos, Amos, they say we murdered him." An hour before midnight the crime had been perpetrated, and the sun had not reached his height, when Ann Stavert and Amos Bradley stood beside the corpse, and, borne down by conscious guilt, and fearful evidence of circumstances, looked for a short space on each other, and confessed that they were the murderers.

Amos Bradley was a mere boy, self-willed, and deplorably ignorant, but he had never dreamt of committing a cruel crime, till the night on which he grasped the old man's throat with a deadly purpose. He was tempted, and in a moment fell. Now, in the silence and darkness of his cell, his mind was wholly overpowered by a sense of guilt, and sunk almost into idiotcy. But Ann Stavert had long been familiar with horrid thoughts, and for a while her soul rebelled in a fit of unrelenting obduracy. Neither did the fear of death extinguish her guilty and burning passion. Nightly did she dream of him she had seduced to destruction, and awake from troubled and delusive raptures into the dreadful conviction of chains and approaching doom. Even in her cell she would have bared her bosom to him in passion unextinguishable till the day of execution. But the murderers were kept apart. He could not hear her loud and angry shrieks—she could not hear his low and miserable moans. Each cell held, unheard without, its own groans, and the clanking of its own heavy chains.

They stood at the bar together, and together they received sentence of death. He said nothing—but looked around him with a vacant stare. There was no expression in his countenance of any cruelty, or of any strong passion. His soul had died within him, and to the crowded court he was almost an object of compassion. But Ann Stavert stood at the bar with all her soul awake. "Then let me die.—Repent? Why should I repent? Because I murdered that loathsome wretch, and gave me to the youth I madly loved? Had it never been discovered, we should have been happy. Hear it, ye Judges of the land! I was happy in Amos's bosom the very hour of murder, although I saw the corpse lying on the floor by the moonlight. Hang me—give my body to dissection—but as it lived for years in loathing and abhorrence, so did it live for a few hours in joy and in heaven, and that was enough. And now I shall be told that my soul must sink down to hell. But God is just, and I am forgiven."

They were removed from the bar—he, silent, and seemingly insensible to his doom;—she, with hands clenched against the Judge who had pronounced sentence of death, and uttering blasphemies.

It is but a short time from Friday till Monday, but great changes have been wrought during it, short as it is, in the minds of those whose bodies have been in chains. Amos Bradley was visited by his mother; and at the sight of her his understanding, which had been nearly extinguished by the weight of woe, was gradually restored. He was reconciled to his deserved doom: and being made partially to understand the hopes and promises of the gospel by one who was indeed a Christian, the wretched and guilty boy seldom left his knees, and was a true penitent. But Ann Stavert, on the night of condemnation, was struck with sudden horror; and a fanatic being introduced into her cell, soon converted her into a frantic believer in the perfect remission of all her sins. She now joined in horrid union with the name of her poor dear Amos that of the Saviour of Mankind—kept con-

tinually repeating that she was made pure in his holy blood—and longed to be with him this night in paradise. The scaffold was erected before her husband's door; and as she and her miserable victim mounted its steps, there was a growl of thunder in heaven.—Amos Bradley knelt down and prayed—then kissed his mother, who was with him on the scaffold—and turning round, said, "Ann, how dost thou feel? It is possible God may forgive us; he may be merciful to us, although we shewed none to old Isaac." The wretched woman rushed forward to embrace him, but her arms were tied with cords, and her strength was gone. "This night, Amos, we shall be in Heaven." "Or hell, woman," uttered a hoarse voice. It was the Executioner, who bound her shrieking to the beam; and in a few minutes the crowd was dispersed, in tears, trembling, execration, and laughter.

LETTER ON ST DOMINGO.

[Now that Parliament is met, and that we are sure of soon having a mass of documents before us in relation to the West Indies, it may, perhaps, appear needless for us to do anything more about the subject in its present state.

We have, however, no doubt, that those of our readers who attended to what was said about St Domingo in the last of our papers on this controversy, will be pleased with the opportunity of perusing the following Letter, which was addressed very recently to a friend of ours, who had made some inquiries elsewhere without being able to obtain much satisfaction. The reader may depend on it, that what they read comes from a gentleman of the highest character for intelligence. His candour will make itself quite as visible. C. N.]

I sit down to give you the best sketch which I am able hastily to do of the republic of Hayti. It is with great difficulty that anything can be learned of its present state. All that we can know of it must come through the agents of the mercantile houses in this country or America, which trade with it, or through the captains of the British men-of-war which are occasionally sent there from Jamaica to ascertain what this black government are about, or for other political objects. I believe it would be unsafe for any traveller, whose purpose was curiosity and not commerce, to attempt to travel through St Domingo; and it is very probable that any conspicuous curiosity on the part of English or American Whites, suffered to reside in that country as commercial agents, would draw down upon them the displeasure of the government, and create such obstacles to their trade as would force them to quit the island. I have myself, through one of the gentlemen formerly resident there, as an agent to a house in London, attempted to get an official account of their exports. It was promised, evasive excuses were frequently made, but it was never given. The agents are confined to the towns, and the commanders of ships of war can see nothing else but these and a few of their inhabitants. Their opportunities, therefore, of knowing the state of the country, are very imperfect, and if they were better than they are, few gentlemen of the naval profession are qualified, by previous studies and habits, to give a judicious description of a singular people in a new situation. They have never published, or taken, as far as we know, a census of their population, and this circumstance excites suspicion that it is on the decrease.

An officer of His Majesty's ship the T——, which was sent to St Domingo, by the Admiral commanding at Jamaica, two or three years ago, has assured me that their numbers were diminishing. This I can very well imagine, for they are without medical assistance when sick; and when well, without prudent foresight. I have no doubt but that the persons in possession of the government and the troops lead a life of great comfort, but I think it probable, that the peasants are in a state of poverty and misery equally conspicuous. The negroes have very imperfect notions of justice to each other; and if I am to judge of the general conduct of their magistrates, by some stories of them which I have heard, such as the following, for ex-

ample, their notions of equity are different from ours. A juge de paix, before whom the right to a fowl was litigated by two persons, ordered it to be dressed for his own supper, as a certain way of putting an end to the dispute, which he lamented had taken place between two citizens, and ought not to be allowed to go any farther.

There are two parties in St Domingo, viz. those of the Mulattoes and the Blacks, between whom there is a decided antipathy. The Mulattoes are not supposed to be more than ten or fifteen thousand. The rest of the population are negroes. In the south, by their superior address, the Mulattoes made themselves masters of the government, and still retain it. But in the north, Christophe, who was a negro, succeeded in placing himself at the head of affairs, and after possessing himself of unlimited power, *put all the Mulattoes in his dominions to death, as persons who, from their colour, must be inimical to his authority.* The government of the tyrant, however, was so severe, that the Blacks of the north were glad to place themselves under the Mulattoes of the south. As there are now very few white men resident in Hayti, the Mulattoes must decrease in numbers. They will breed back again towards the original negro, and whenever they are much lessened, they must resign their power. It will then be seen whether the negro is capable, with the intellect apportioned by nature to that variety of the human race, to govern a country in anything like a civilized manner. Petion, Boyer, and the other Mulattoes that now govern the country, or have formerly done so, *have been educated at the cost of* THEIR WHITE PARENTS *in France.* The succeeding Mulattoes will not have received the advantages of an European education. They will therefore be more unfit for power than their predecessors, a circumstance which must contribute to throw the government into the hands of the Blacks.

The government is *nominally republican,* but really *despotic.* Though there is a legislature, the members of it *never meet* to do business. Every act of power is done by the President Boyer, or his Secretary Ingnac. Boyer's character I believe to be extremely respectable; and that of his predecessor, Petion, was remarkably so. This last, viz. Petion, is said to have starved himself to death, after having arranged everything for the succession of his aide-du-camp Boyer, on account of disappointment in not having been able to make a civilized and prosperous people of those of Hayti.

The military force is considerable, and is generally stated at from 20 to 25,000 men, under arms. Their navy consists of a few schooners ill-armed and ill-manned. At sea they may be said to be powerless; but on land, formidable.—Whoever is President, must keep up a large military force, or his authority would not last six months. With such means, it would be very difficult for the Haytians to attack a neighbouring island; but it would be equally dangerous for others to invade them. The nature of the country, and the climate of Hayti, would operate in their favour—even more powerfully than their muskets and bayonets. Upon being attacked by an European force they would abandon their towns, retire to their woods and mountains, where white troops could not follow them, and leave famine, the climate, and the yellow fever, to destroy slowly, but certainly, the battalions of their invaders.

To a gentleman who was in London last year, and who had resided some years in Hayti, as an agent to some British merchants, the following questions were put, and the following answers to them were received from him:—

1. Whether the population of St. Domingo have any religious instructors in the country? Answer—Schools, private and public, are established—indifferently well managed. Every parish has its church (Catholic); priests, white chiefly, but in some instances, of colour, are not wanting. A few years ago, Methodist missionaries were there; but they have been sent away.

2. What is the moral condition of the people? Answer—This question I beg to decline giving a written answer to, but *verbally I will state* it *to be the worst upon the face of the earth. Every moral tie or feeling is quite unknown in St Domingo.*

3. Whether marriages are solemnized among them? Answer—Yes, but not very generally. In this respect they are improving.

4. Whether the children are baptized? Answer—All

5. Whether there are any schools of instruction in the country? Answer—In all small boroughs, I believe, The open country contains only detached cottages at great intervals.

6. How are they employed? Whe-

ther the people work, or not, as they please; or whether they are apprenticed for a certain number of years to the possessor of the soil, and obliged to work under his authority? Answer —In the towns there is *some* industry; *in the country very little. There is no kind of exertion.*

7. If this is the case, has the master the power of punishment for idleness, misconduct, or other offence? Answer—None; and even the constituted authorities enforce little discipline, except in cases of great crimes, as murder, &c.

8. Is there any degree of civilization, or are the people savages under a half-civilized government? Answer—There is a great degree of civilization. There are no savages, and the government counts men of considerable talents and education among its members. They are generally a polite people.

The following is part of a letter, which I have been given to understand will be laid before the Colonial office:—

"The *example* of St Domingo, I consider to be conclusive also. Previous to the Revolution, that fine colony contained 800 sugar estates, 2800 coffee plantations, 700 cotton settlements, and 300 indigo works, producing 70 millions of French pounds of clayed sugar, 93 millions of Muscovado sugar, 68 millions of pounds of coffee, 6 millions of cotton, and 930,000 lbs. of indigo. See *Bryan Edwards's History of the West Indies, Vol. III.* p. 212. I send you the book. This colony was the pride of France, and the envy of all other nations. In the black hour of democratic rule, experiment was to be extended to it by the government of France. The Rights of Man were to place the mulattoes on a level with the whites, and the vacillating orders of men in the mother country, whose power was fully equalled by their presumption, who really knew nothing of the colonies, but undertook to regulate them, so managed, as to inflame the whites and mulattoes to open hostility. It is not to be wondered at that the slaves who were as well entitled by the code of the Rights of Man, to be free as the other classes of that island, seized the opportunity to procure, by revolt and massacre, their own liberation. After 30 years of freedom, Hayti shipped to the United States in 1822, (see the official statement of the exports and imports of that country, which I send you,) 8,394,393 lbs. of coffee, 24,241 lbs. of sugar; 22,982 lbs. of cotton; and 333 lbs. of indigo. About 1000 tons of coffee, I understand, are brought from Hayti by us to Europe. We have, I am told, about six small ships in the trade, averaging, perhaps, about 150 tons each, and the English and Americans now engross the miserable remains of the trade of that once flourishing country.

"The two quantities of coffee which I have mentioned, form an aggregate of less than 11 millions of lbs. The Haytians collect it by picking the berries from the old trees planted by the whites; and it is of so inferior a quality, that when other coffee is selling at L.5 per cwt., that of Hayti is not worth above L.3, 10s. I should trespass on your patience by a comparison of the cotton and indigo now and formerly produced. But it will perhaps be useful to observe as of peculiar importance to the inquiry now taking place, that the same country which exported, when cultivated by slaves, 70 millions of lbs. of clayed sugar, and 93 millions of Muscovado, exports by the industry of the same people, in a state of freedom, no more than 24,241 lbs. of Muscovado sugar, a quantity equal to 16 of our West India hogsheads, in place of 130,000 which she formerly made. No sugar is now sent to Europe from Hayti, because it cannot be used in England, and is unfit for the continent. Their whole export, therefore, must have gone to the United States."

At the colonial office, I am informed, an enquiry is taking place to ascertain whether free Africans or their descendants will not cultivate sugar in the West Indies without great loss to the proprietors of lands. If this should turn out to be impracticable, all measures leading to the emancipation of the slaves would become at least of doubtful policy, and would probably proceed no farther. A committee of the House of Commons, it is said, will soon be engaged on this and other West Indian points. If government will but try the experiment in some of the colonies, they will soon convince themselves and the nation, that the abolition of slavery would ruin the proprietors of estates, and annihilate all the advantages which Great Britain derives from these rich possessions. I am, &c. &c.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Elements of Discourse and Criterion of True and False Reasoning, as Preparation for Private Inquiries and Groundwork for Public Speaking; for the use (principally) of Candidates for the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Senate. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

Aids to Reflection, in a Series of Prudential, Moral, and Spiritual Aphorisms, extracted from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with Notes and interpolated Remarks. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

The Wanderings of Cain. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

The Posthumous Works of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley, Esq. are announced for publication in one volume.

The Deformed Transformed. A Drama. By the Right Honourable Lord Byron.

Scripture Topography: an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Names of Places mentioned in the Old and New Testament; accompanied with Historical and Descriptive Information derived from Ancient Writers and Modern Travellers.

Part I. of Elements of the History of Civil Government: being a View of the Rise and Progress of the various Political Institutions that have subsisted throughout the World, and an Account of the present State and distinguishing Features of the Governments now in Existence; by the late James Tyson, Esq., is now in the press.

No. I. of Original Views of the most interesting Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain. From drawings by J. P. Neale. The Engravings by J. Le Keux. With Historical Notices and Architectural Descriptions. The work will be published in Monthly Parts, each containing four highly finished Views, 4s. royal 8vo. A few copies will be printed, with proof impressions of the Plates, on India paper, royal 4to, 8s. Twelve Parts will form a Volume, and the whole will be completed in Six Volumes.

In a few days will be published, Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, Vol. I..

A Manual for the Treatment of Strictures in the Urethra; chiefly addressed to Students and Junior Practioners. By George Macilwain.

Memoirs of a Lady of Quality; containing Original Anecdotes of all the Courts of Europe, and of the most distinguished Individuals as connected with the History of the last Forty Years.

Mr Buckingham, author of "Travels in Palestine," has a volume of Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine, in the press.

Narrative of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the years 1821-22, including a Description of the Rhine Voyage in the middle of Autumn, and the Stupendous Scenery of the Alps in the depth of Winter. By Charles Tennant, Esq.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing Directions for his Studies and general Conduct. Designed and commenced by the late A. C. Buckland, author of Letters on Early Rising; and completed by W. H. Buckland.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs Frances Sheridan, Mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and Author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nourjahad," and "The Discovery;" with Remarks upon a late Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan; Criticism and Selections from the Works of Mrs Sheridan, and Biographical Anecdotes of her Family and Contemporaries. By her Grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu.

The History of the Roman Empire, from the accession of Augustus to the death of the younger Antoninus; by William Haygarth, Esq. A.M. is now in the press.

In the press, The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures Asserted, and Infidel Objections shewn to be unfounded, by New and Conclusive Evidence. In Six Lectures, by the Rev. S. Noble.

One Hundred Original Songs. By Allan Cunningham.

The Rev. T. Boys is about to publish Sacred Tactics; an Attempt to Develope and to Exhibit to the Eye, by Tabular Arrangements, a General Rule of Composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures.

Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, intended as an Introduction to the Systematical Study of the Principal Authors who have written on the Subject.

A work entitled, A History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, its Causes and Consequences, is now in the press.

An Introduction to Anatomy and Physiology; for the use of Medical Students and Men of Letters. By Thomas Sandwith, Esq., Surgeon. With Plates.

Memoirs of Rossini; containing Anecdotes of his Life and of his Musical Career to the present Period. By the Author of "The Lives of Haydn and Mozart."

Shortly will appear, An Essay descriptive of a New System of Navigation, by newly invented Charts and Instruments, by which the Longitude is found, kept, and always known. By W. S. Stevens, Author of Homographia, &c.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the Affections usually denominated Bilious; comprising an impartial Estimate of the Merits of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath; by George Darling, M.D., is in course of publication.

In the press, Prose Pictures: a Series of Descriptive Letters and Essays. By Edward Herbert, Esq. With Etchings, by George Cruikshank.

The several Treatises of the late James Baverstock, Esq. on the Brewery, collected into one volume, with Notes; together with an Introduction, containing a Biographical Sketch of the Author; a Paper on Specific Gravities, and on the various Hydrostatical Instruments which have been used in the Brewery. By his Son, J. H. Baverstock, F.S.A.

Six Etchings from Pen Drawings of Interesting Scenes in Italy and Switzerland. Drawn and Etched by William Cowen.

Christian Sentiments, selected from the Writings of Jeremy Taylor.

A Novel is in the press, entitled, Marston Moor, or the Queen's Page.

Dr Cox has in the press, Remarks on Acute Rheumatism, and the Importance of Blood-letting.

Mr Chatfield is about to publish, A Compendious View of the History of the Darker Ages.

The Twelfth Part of Views on the Southern Coast of England, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, and engraved by W. and G. Cooke, will soon appear.

A Romance, entitled, The Pirate of the Adriatic, has been announced.

Mr Blaquiere has in the press, A History of the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution.

A second volume of The Lady of the Manor, by Mrs Sherwood.

Mr Britton announces a Grammar of Antiquities.

A work is announced on the Antiquity of the Doctrine of the Quakers respecting Inspiration, with a Brief Review of that Society, and a Comparison between the Life and Opinions of the Friends and those of Early Christians.

Specimens of the Early French Poets, with Translations and Biographical and Critical Notices, are announced.

A Third Course of Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Calverton, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, is now in the press.

Mrs M. A. Rundell has a Sequel to her Grammar of Sacred History in the press.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, as translated into English Verse by W. Richardson, Esq., are now in the press.

Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign. Written by Himself. 2 vols. 12mo.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a second edition of a Treatise on Scrofula, explanatory of a Method for its complete Eradication; with Remarks on the frequent Failure of this Mode of Treatment in the hands of other Practitioners, and other important Additions. By William Farr, Surgeon, Author of a Treatise on Cancer.

We feel much pleasure in stating, that a History of Waterford, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, is preparing for the press, and may be expected early in the spring. We are the more anxious to see a work of this kind, as no history or survey of Waterford has been published since the time of Smith, upwards of seventy years since.

Count Pecchio has in the press a Diary of Political Events in Spain during the last year. This work, like his Letters on the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions, is interspersed with Anecdotes of Public Men, and on the Manners and Customs of the Peninsula.

In the press, and shortly will be published, Plantarum Scientia, or Botanist's Companion. A Catalogue of hardy Exotic and Indigenous Plants, arranged differently from any hitherto published. The work comprises an alphabetical arrangement, according to the monthly order of flowering. Following the generic names, are the classes and orders; and after each specific name are enumerated the native country, the height of growth, and the

colour of the flower;—particulars, it is presumed, not unworthy the notice of the Horticulturist.

Mr Wight, Bow-Street Reporter to the Morning Herald, has in the press, a Selection of One Hundred of the most Humorous and Entertaining of the Reports which have appeared in the Morning Herald in the last three years. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

On the 1st of February, 1824, will be published, the First Part (to be continued Quarterly, in Parts) of The Animal Kingdom, as arranged conformably with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier; with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed. The whole of the '*Regne Animal*' of the above celebrated Zoologist will be translated in this undertaking; but the Additions will be so considerable, as to give it the character of an original work.

Preparing for publication, in a small volume duodecimo, Paptism not Baptism, and Washing not Burial, in reply to Mr Ewing's Essay on Baptism; containing also an Address to the numerous Members of Pœdobaptist Churches, who hold Antipœdobaptist Sentiments. By F. A. Cox, A.M. of Hackney.

A Present for a Sunday School, or a Plain Address on the Fear of the Lord, adapted for the capacities of little children. By a Minister of the Established Church.

A second edition of Sabbaths at Home, by the Rev. Henry March, is in the press.

Sketches of Sermons, furnished by their respective Authors, vol. iv. 12mo.

Sermons by the late Rev. T. N. Toller; with a Memoir of the Author, by Robert Hall. 8vo. 10s.

In the press, in one large volume 8vo. an improved edition of Milburn's Oriental Commerce, or the East-India Trader's Complete Guide; containing a Geographical and Nautical Description of the Maritime Parts of India, China, and Neighbouring Countries, including the Eastern Islands, and an Account of their Trade, Productions, Coins, Weights and Measures; together with their Port Regulations, Charges, &c. Originally compiled by the late William Milburn, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's Service. Abridged, improved, and brought down to the present time, by Thomas Thornton.

The East-India Vade-Mecum, being a Complete Guide to Gentlemen proceeding to the East-Indies, in either the Civil, Military, or Naval Service, or on other Pursuits. Much improved from the work of the late Captain Williamson, being a condensed compilation of his and various other publications, and the result of personal observation. By Dr J. B. Gilchrist.

The Economy of the Eyes. Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight. Plain Rules which will enable all to judge exactly when, and what Spectacles are best calculated for their Eyes; and an Essay on Opera-Glasses, &c.. By William Kitchiner, M.D.

The Economy of the Eyes. Part II. Of the Illuminating and Magnifying Powers of Newtonian, Gregorian, and Cassegrainian Reflectors, and Achromatic Telescopes, from three inches to seven feet focus. By William Kitchiner, M.D.

Original Letters, chiefly illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters. Published from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S. Sec. S.A., are in the press.

A complete System of Plants. By William Jackson Hooker, F.R.A. and L.S. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, Member of the Wern. Soc. of Edinb., of the Imp. Acad. Naturæ Curiosorum, of the Royal Botanical Soc. of Ratisbon, of the Helvetic Soc. of Nat. Hist., &c.

This Work will contain descriptive characters of every species known to be cultivated or in existence throughout the globe; together with some General Remarks, Notices of their Uses, &c. arranged according to the Natural Orders, but accompanied with a Linnæan Index of references, and illustrated with numerous coloured figures from drawings made by the author.

Miss Benger is engaged on another Biographical Work, of which Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, forms the Subject.

The Account of Mr Bullock's Travels and Discoveries, in Mexico, will appear in a few months, under the title of "Six Months in Mexico."

Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Society of Friends. By Joseph John Gurney.

A Philosophical Treatise on Malting and Brewing. By George Adolphus Wigney.

The Perennial Calendar, and Companion to the Almanack; Illustrating the Events of every Day in the Year, as connected with History, Chronology, Botany, Natural History, Astronomy, Popular Customs, and Antiquities; with Useful Rules of Health, Observations on the Weather, an Explanation of the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, and other

Miscellaneous Useful Information. By Thomas Foster, F.L.S. M.B. &c. &c.

The Life of Thomas, Lord Erskine, with Observations on the Character of his Eloquence at the Bar and in Parliament, and Critical Notices of his Speeches and Writings, interspersed with private Anecdotes. By Henry Cooper, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. 8vo.

Eugenia; a Poem, by Mrs Wolferstan, is about to appear.

Warreniana, a volume of the class of "The Rejected Addresses," is preparing for the press.

Drs Von Spix and Von Martin's Travels in Brazil, during the years 1817-18-19-20, are now being translated from the German, for publication, in 8vo.

Mr Williams, Editor of the last edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, is about to publish a new edition of Milton's Poetical Works, with Notes, &c. &c.

No. I. of the Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academical Register.

Memoirs of the Life of Riego and his Family, including a History of Spain from the Restoration of Ferdinand to the present time. Illustrated by several portraits.

Mr Felix Bodin, Author of the "Presumé de l'Histoire de France," is about to publish, as a companion, a Resumé de l'Histoire d' Angleterre.

A Dissertation on the Gowrie Conspiracy, with an Examination of Logan of Restalrig's alleged participation; and embracing Biographical Memoirs of the ancient Families of Ruthven and Logan, by James Logan, will soon appear.

Duncombe's Trials Per Pais, or the Law of England concerning Juries, with a Preface on the Origin of Trial by Jury, the original Authorities cited, and the Passages from the Anglo-Saxon writers translated. By Daniel Alban Durtnall, Esq. Barrister at Law.

A Work entitled, "Letters to Young Ladies on their first entrance into the World," by Mrs Lanfear, is announced.

The Hermit in Italy; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the French of M. Jouy.

The three first Lays of a series of Patriotic Poems, tending to illustrate the Customs and Institutions of our Ancestors and their Invaders, during the reign of the (Roman) Emperor Claudius.

The Passover, a Sermon on the Paschal Types, and on the Analogy of the Paschal Feast of the Lord's Supper, with an Appendix. By the Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, A.M.

A History of Waterford, from the earliest period to the present time, is preparing for the press.

The Author of "Highways and Byeways" has another work nearly ready for publication.

A Practical German Grammar, being a new and easy method of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German language. By John Howbotham.

EDINBURGH.

The Inheritance. By the Author of "Marriage." 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Devil's Elixir, 2 vols. 12mo.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by Robert Dale Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

Critical Researches in Philology and Geography, in one volume 8vo. Among other articles in this work, there will be found a Review of Dr Lee's edition of Jones' Persian Grammar, and an examination of the various opinions that in modern times have been held respecting the source of the Ganges, and the correctness of Mr Lana's map of Thibet.

Preparing for publication, a Volume of Sermons, selected from the Manuscripts of the late Robert Boog, D.D. first Minister of the Abbey Parish of Paisley. Edited by Professor Mylne.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 0d. to 0s. 8d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 1s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.
Pork	0s. 3½d. to 0s. 6½d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	15s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 1s. 3d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*Feb.* 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...40s. 0d.	1st, ... 34s. 0d.	1st; ...27s. 0d.	1st, ...25s. 0d.	1st, ...25s. 0d.
2d, ...33s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d, ...23s. 0d.	2d, ...23s. 0d.
3d, ...29s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.

Average L. 1, 12*s.* 8*d.* 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 31.

Wheat, 62s. 1d.—Barley, 33s. 6d.—Oats, 35s. 7d.—Rye, 41s. 1d.—Beans, 38s. 7d.—Pease, 37s. 11d.

London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 2.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	68 to 72	Maple, new	— to —
Fine ditto . .	58 to 62	White pease .	42 to 44
Superfine ditto	64 to 68	Ditto, boilers .	46 to 48
Ditto, new . .	48 to 56	Small Beans, new	46 to 30
White, old .	54 to 82	Ditto, old . .	52 to 54
Fine ditto . .	60 to 67	Tick ditto, new	42 to 45
Superfine ditto	68 to 74	Ditto, old . .	44 to 48
Ditto, new .	56 to 58	Feed oats . .	25 to 28
Rye	42 to 46	Fine ditto . .	27 to 32
Barley, new .	34 to 36	Poland ditto .	26 to 29
Fine ditto . .	37 to 40	Fine ditto . .	30 to 32
Superfine ditto	42 to 44	Potato ditto .	26 to 30
Malt	56 to 60	Fine ditto . .	31 to 34
Fine	62 to 66	Scotch . . .	32 to 35
Hog Pease . .	38 to 42	Flour, per sack	60 to 65
Maple . . .	40 to 44	Ditto, seconds	58 to 62

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Must. White, .	7 to 10 0,	Hempseed .	— to — 0
— Brown, new	10 to 14 0	Linseed, crush.	— to — 0
Tares, per bsh.	9 to 10 0	— Fine . .	— to — 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	38 to 40 0	Rye Grass, .	26 to 38 0
Turnips, bsh.	11 to 16 0	Ribgrass, . .	26 to 40 0
— Red & green	10 to 14 0	Clover, red cwt.	36 to 76 0
— Yellow,	9 to 11 0	— White . . .	63 to 85 0
Caraway, cwt.	46 to 50 0	Coriander . .	8 to 11 0
Canary, per qr.	48 to 50 0	Trefoil	7 to 26 0

Rape Seed, per last, £26 to £51.

Liverpool, Feb. 3.

	s. d.		s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.			
Eng. new 10	9 to	12	0
Foreign . . 4	6 to	5	3
Waterford 9	3 to	9	9
Drogheda 0	0 to	0	0
Dublin 9	0 to	9	6
Scotch old 10	9 to	11	9
Irish Old . 9	3 to	10	8
Bonded . 3	0 to	5	3
Barley, per 60 lbs.			
Eng. . . . 5	6 to	6	6
Scotch . . 5	0 to	5	6
Irish . . 4	9 to	5	3
Oats, per 45 lb.			
Eng. new 4	0 to	4	3
Irish do. . 4	0 to	4	2
Scotch pota. 0	0 to	0	0
Rye, per qr. 40	0 to	45	0
Malt per b. 9	6 to	10	0
—Middling 8	6 to	9	0
Beans, per q.			
English . 50	0 to	56	0
Irish . . 48	0 to	52	0
Rapeseed, p.l.	£27 to	28	
Pease, grey 40	0 to	50	6
—White . 54	0 to	60	0
Flour, English,			
p. 240 lb. fine 54	0 to	60	0
Irish, 2ds 52	0 to	59	0

	s. d. s.
Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Sweet, U.S.	30 0 to 34 0
Do. in bond	— 0 to — 0
Sour free .	42 0 to 46 0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb	
English	36 0 to 40 0
Scotch . .	30 0 to 32 0
Irish . . .	20 0 to 34 0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 3 to 1 4

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s. d.
Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.
Belfast, new	86 0 to 87 0
Newry . .	80 0 to 81 0
Waterford .	76 0 to 77 0
Cork, pic. 2d,	78 0 to — 0
3d dry	74 0 to 75 0
Beef, p. tierce.	
— Mess	75 0 to 78 0
— p. barrel	48 0 to 50 0
Pork, p. bl.	
— Mess .	70 0 to 72 0
— Middl. .	65 0 to 68 0
Bacon, p. cwt.	
Short mids.	48 0 to 50 0
Sides . .	44 0 to 46 0
Hams, dry,	50 0 to 56 0
Green . .	42 0 to 44 0
Lard, rd, p.c.	50 0 to — 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d January 1824.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,	232½	223	234½	237½
3 per cent. reduced,	86⅝ 7	87⅝ 8⅛	88¼ ⅞	90⅛ ¼
3 per cent. consols,	—	86¾ 7⅞	87⅜ 8⅛	89⅜ ½
3½ per cent. consols,	99¾	99⅞	99⅞	100⅛
4 per cent. consols,	101	101⅞	101⅜	102⅞
New 4 per cent. consols,	—	105⅞	105⅞	105½
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	86¾	87⅞	89¼
India stock,	—	267½	269⅜	271
—— bonds,	84 pm.	82 pm.	87 pm.	84 pm.
Long Annuities,	22	22⅞	22⅜	22⅝
Exchequer bills,	53 51 pm	55 53 pm	56 58 pm	55 58 pm
Exchequer bills, sm.	53 51 pm	55 53 pm	56 58 pm	55 53 pm
Consols for acc.	87 33/32	88⅜ ¼ ⅞	87¾	89½ 90⅛ ½
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Feb. 2.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 5. Altona, 37 : 6. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 25 : 30. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35¾. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½, Palermo, 116. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. Dollars, 4s. 9¼d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *Feb.* 7.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	58 to	60	57	60	52	55	56	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	60	63	65	65	61	66
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	71	74	67	70
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	102	115	—	—	—	—	104	114
Powder ditto, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . .	92	104	89	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	83	86	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	84	90	80	81	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	35	52	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	28	30	27	28	24 6	27	27	28
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	60	70	—	—	40	70		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	110	72	90	71	87	60	84
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	150	90	110	88	104	94	114
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	75	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	86	95	71	85	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	98	110	86	100	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	70	72	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	8½	9	8½	0	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 6d	2s 8d	2s 3d	2s 4d	1s 11d	2s 2d	2s 0d	2s 2d
Brandy, ...	3 4	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 10	3 2
Geneva, ...	2 3	2 6	—	—	—	—	2 0	0 0
Grain Whisky, . .	5 4	5 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, . pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	27	31
Spanish White, . butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, . pipe	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£10	0	8 5	8 10	£8 0	0 0	£8 10	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 0	8 5	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 5	9 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	7 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	0 0	10 0	— 0	0 —
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	7s 6	9s 0	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 8	1 11
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	16 0	17 0
Archangel, ...	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	17 6	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	12	—	— 0	0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36	38	38	—	35	36	34 9	35 0
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	29	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	43	44	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40	41	—	—	39	40	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	55	57	—	—	—	—	£54	57
Dutch, ...	55	75	—	—	—	—	47	56
Irish, ...	45	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	88	93	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	15 10	15 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	42	43	—	—	—	—	40 6	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	42	—	40	—	38	—	44	—
Pot, . .	40	—	40	—	38	—	46	—
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	18	—	17 10	18 0	—	—	18	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¾	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 2½	3
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¼	0 3¾	0 5	4	5
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 3	3½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 7	0 9½	9	11
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 5	1 7	1 3	1 5	1 1½	1 9
Good, . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 11	1 0½	0 10	1 0	0 11	1 0½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	0 10	—	—
Pernambuco, . .	—	—	0 11	1 0½	0 11	0 11½	0 11½	1 11
Maranham,	—	—	0 10	0 11½	0 10½	0 11½	— —	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Jan. 1	M.33	29.109	M.41	W.	Showery
	A. 41	.107	A. 40		most of day.
2	M.35	28.999	M.42	W.	Mild, with
	A. 43	29.595	A. 43		sunshine.
3	M.34½	.915	M.43	SW.	Fresh morn.
	A. 40	.960	A. 42		sunshine day
4	M.37½	.996	M.42	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 42	.995	A. 42		fair.
5	M.38	.989	M.43	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 44	.890	A. 43		
6	M.37	.715	M.44	W.	Fair, with
	A. 42	.992	A. 40		sunshine.
7	M.29	.999	M.38	Cble.	Frosty, with
	A. 40	.925	A. 39		sunshine.
8	M.30½	.626	M.41	SW.	Fair & mild,
	A. 45	.558	A. 45		rather dull.
9	M.32	.725	M.47	W.	Ditto.
	A. 48	.745	A. 49		
10	M.41	.660	M.49	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 49	.930	A. 43		fair day.
11	M.29½	.996	M.40	W.	Ditto.
	A. 36	.995	A. 42		
12	M.35½	.945	M.42	W.	Fair, but dull
	A. 42	.945	A. 42		even. windy.
13	M.38	.999	M.42	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.999	A. 42		
14	M.36	.999	M.42	NW.	Foren. mild,
	A. 41	30.202	A. 38		aftern. cold.
15	M.24	.175	M.34	NW.	Keen frost,
	A. 29	.340	A. 35		with sunsh.
16	M.23	.350	M.32	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 29	.316	A. 35		
Jan. 17	M.23	30.192	M.35	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 35	29.999	A. 39		fresh day.
18	M.23	.996	M.41	S.	Dull, but fair
	A. 42	.954	A. 43		and fresh.
19	M.35	.855	M.40	NW.	Fresh, with
	A. 39	.918	A. 41		sunshine.
20	M.35	.707	M.40	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.535	A. 41		sunsh. day.
21	M.32	28.999	M.40	W.	Morn. rain,
	A. 39	.984	A. 40		day fair, suns
22	M.33	.785	M.39	Cble.	Dull, but fair
	A. 38	.492	A. 39		and mild.
23	M.31	.395	M.38	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 35	.914	A. 37		fair day.
24	M.31½	29.340	M.37	SW.	Fairday, dull
	A. 36	28.999	A. 42		rain at night.
25	M.45	29.275	M.45	SW.	Fair day, m.
	A. 56	.340	A. 46		rain night.
26	M.40½	.316	M.50	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 51	.320	A. 49		
27	M.38½	.215	M.48	NW.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 43	.307	A. 43		but cold.
28	M.31	28.990	M.41	Cble.	Foren. mild,
	A. 38	29.364	A. 39		aftern. cold.
29	M.28	.496	M.36	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 34	.717	A. 36		night fresh.
30	M.26	.625	M.36	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.464	A. 41		freshdaycold
31	M.37½	.418	M.43	SW.	Fair and
	A. 44	.450	A. 41		mild.

Average of Rain, .713 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Capt. Hall, 3 R. Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army 4 June 1814
4 Dr. Cor. St Quintin, Lt. by purch. vice Coney, 17 Dr. 8 Jan. 1824
H. S. Phillips, Cor. by purch. do.
11 Cor. Hare, Lt. by purch. vice Partridge, canc. 30 Oct. 1823
13 Lt. Stones, Capt. by purch. vice Crawford, ret. 25 Dec.
Cor. Strange, Lt. by purch. do.
C. Bigg, Cor. by purch. do.
5 F. Ens. Dodd, from 53 F. Ens. vice Brooke, 27 F. 8 Jan. 1824
10 Col. Sir R. Travers, Inspec. Field Officer of Mil. Ionian Island, Lt. Col. vice Stewart, h. p. do.
24 Ens. Buckley, from h. p. Ens. vice Frankland, 67 F. 25 Dec. 1823
27 —— Brooke, from 5 F. Lt. vice Drewe, African Colonial Corps 8 Jan. 1824
39 —— Burns, Lt. vice Baynes, African Colonial Corps do.
W. S. Coke, Ens. do.
40 Major Creagh, from 86 F. Maj. vice Stretton, h. p. 84 F. do.
Ens. Millar, Lt. vice Keayes, dead, 17 June, 1823
Ens. and Adj. M'Carthy, rank of Lt. 18 do.
A. M. Robinson, Ens. 1 Jan. 1824
52 Qua. Mast. Serj. J. Morgan, Qua. Mast. vice Campbell, ret. full pay do.
53 B. Knox, Ens. vice Dodd, 5 F. 8 do.
58 Lt. Beverhoudt, Adj. vice Morrison, res. Adj. only 1 do.
——Pack, from 60 F. Lt. vice O'Brien, h. p. 29 F. 8 do.
60 Lt. Adair, Capt. vice Purdon, African Colonial Corps 8 Jan.
—— Greaves, from h. p. 29 F. Lt. vice Pack, 58 F. do
63 Ens. Gibbons, Lt. vice Campbell. African Colonial Corps do.
—— Gordon, from 93 F. Ens. do.
67 Lt. Warburton, Adj. vice M'Pherson, dead 25 Dec. 1823
Ens. Frankland, from 24 F. Lt. do.
72 Lt. Logie, Capt. vice Nicolls, 2 W. I. R. 8 Jan. 1824
Ens. Adair, Lt. do.
W. H. Robinson, Ens. do.
86 Major Chamberlain, from h. p. 84 F. Maj. vice Creagh, 40 F. do.
90 Ens. Wilson, Lt. vice Dowson, African Colonial Corps do.
H. Massey, Ens. vice Sankey, dead, 7 do.
A. Mackenzie, do. vice Wilson 8 do.
93 Gent. Cadet A. R. Evans, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Gordon, 63 F. do.
94 J. Mackenzie, (late Colour Serj. in Rifle Brig.) Qua. Mast. 1 do.
95 Surg. Hodson, from h. p. Bourbon R. Surg. 25 Dec. 1823
As. Surg. Leonard, from h. p. Wagg. Tr. As. Surg. do.
Rifle Brig. Bt. Maj. Eeles, Maj. by purch. vice Ross, African Colonial Corps 8 Jan. 1824
1st Lt. Gosset, Capt. by purch. do.
2d Lt. Logan, 1st Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet J. St V. Saumarez, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. by purch. do.
1 W. I. R. Lt. Hemsworth, Capt. 25 Dec. 1823
Ens. Brannan, Lt. do.

Lt. Lewis, do. 26 do.
—— Wemyss, do. 27 do.
J Russel, Ens. 25 do.
A. Caddy, do. 26 do.
E. H. Finney, do. 27 do.
Bt. Maj. Nicolls, from 72 F. Maj. vice Grant, African Colonial Corps, 8 Jan. 1824
Lt. Macpherson, Capt. 25 Dec. 1823
Ens. Wells, Lt. do.
—— Sparks, do. 26 do.
—— Holt, do. 27 do.
R. M. Sutherland, Ens. 25 do.
P. Kettlewell, do. 26 do.
Ceylon R. 2d Lt. Skinner, 1st Lt. vice Auber, 59 F. 28 Jan. 1824
Gent. Cadet T. W. Rogers, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. 7 do.
—— J. R. Heylands, from do. do. 7 do.
Cape C. Col. Ross, from Rifle Brig. Lt. Col. Fraser, dead do.

Unattached.

Bt. Lt. Col. G. Fitz Clarence, from 6 Dr. Gds. Lt.'Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. Alexander, ret. 8 Jan. 1824

Staff.

Col. *Sir* C. Sutton, K.C.B. from h. p. Port. Serv. Insp. Field Officer of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice *Sir* R. Travers, 10 F. 8 Jan. 1824

Hospital Staff.

Dr Walters, h. p. As. Insp. of Hosp. Inspector by Brevet 19 July, 1821
Hosp. As. M'Christie, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice Christie, res. 25 Dec. 1823
Dr Murray, do. vice Wyllie, canc. do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Maj. Ellard, from 13 F. with Capt. Debnam 65 F.
Capt. Mildmay, from Coldst. Gds. with Capt. Hall, 34 F.
—— Richardson, from 63 F. with Capt. Marshall, 91 F.
Lieut. Cubitt, from 6 Dr. with Lieut. Snow, h. p. 4 Dr.
—— J. C. Cowell, from 1 F. with Lieut. Bennett, h. p. 24 F.
—— Morrison, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fenwick, h. p. 7 F.
—— Knight, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Champain, h. p. 22 F.
—— Marshall, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Young, h. p. 18 Dr.
Lieut. and Adj. Dunwoody, from 7 D. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Doyne, h. p. 18 Dr.
Cornet and Sub Lieut. Brett, from 2 Life Gds. with Cornet Williams, 16 Dr.
Ensign Reed, from 34 F. with Ens. Milner, h. p. 6 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj.-Gen. Alexander, late of 1 Gar. Bn.
Capt. Crawford, 13 Dr.
Surgeon Oliver, W. Norfolk Militia.
Hosp. Assistants, J. Christie.
C. Butler, h. p.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Partridge, 11 Dr.
Hosp. Assist. Wyllie.

Deaths.

General Dundas, Col. of 71 F. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, 16 Jan. 1824
Lieut.-Gen. *Sir* F. J. Wilder, from 35 F.
—— Barlow, of late Cheshire Fenc. Inf. at St Faith, near Winchester, 15 Nov. 1823
—— Nepean, of late Banff Fenc. Inf.
Lieut.-Col. Fraser, Cape Corps, 19 Oct. 1823
Maj. Ball, 85 F. Genoa.
Capt. Carey, 3 R. Vet. Bn. Galway, 24 Dec. 1823
—— Douglas, late 7 do. Jersey 17 Nov.
—— Chapman, R. Inv. Art. 9 Dec. 1823
—— Dexter, h. p. 3 F.
—— Amiel, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Chelsea, 14 Dec.
—— Brown, h. p. R. Mar. 26 Dec. 1822
—— W. Macdonald, h. p. 35 F. Oct. 1823
—— Land, Adj. of Wilts Mil. 12 Dec.
Lieut. Keaves, 47 F.
—— M'Pherson, Adj. of 67 F.
—— *Hon.* James De Courcy, of late Invalids, Lieut. Gov. of Gravesend and Tilbury, Kinsale 13 Jan. 1824
—— Atkinson, of late 7 Vet. Bn. Bristol, 17 Dec. 1823
—— Leslie, h. p. 27 F. 25 do.
—— Heelis, h. p. 29 F. 12 Nov.
—— Robertson, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Stromness, Orkney, 3 Dec.
—— Gregg, R. Mar. 23 Sept. 1822
—— Burrow, do.
—— Thomas, h. p. do 27 Nov.
—— Wightman, h. p. do. 7 Dec.
Ens. Sankey, 90 F. Cerigo, Mediterranean, 19 Sept. 1823
—— Miles, 1 W. I. R. Demarara, 23 Oct.
Paymast. Dewes, h. p. 28 F. Stubbington, Hants, 6 Nov.
Quar.-mast. M'Cann, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. 5 Nov.
Commissariat Dep. Dep. Com. Gen. De Bels. h. p.
Medical Dep. Staff Surg. Burmester, Jamaica,
—— Beaumont, h. p. Exeter 22 Jan. 1824
As. Surg. England, of late 5 R. Vet. Bn.
—— Faulkner, of late 1 R. Vet. Bn. Potton, Bedfordshire, 2 Dec. 1823
—— Robertson, h. p. 58 F. Jamaica 18 July
—— Barnett, h. p. Ordnance Med. Dep. at Calcutta 31 July

Erratum in last Month's List.

For Surgeon Oliver, West Norfolk Militia, *Dead*, *Read* Surg. Oliver West Norfolk Militia, *Resigned*.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Nov. 1823 and the 20th of Jan. 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, J. Castle-street, Houndsditch, jeweller.
Acton, P. Congleton, innkeeper.
Allum, T. W. Great Marlow, builder.
Appleton, J. Tottenham Court-road, cooper.
Appleyard, J. Catherine-street, Strand, bookseller.
Auger, E. George-and-Blue-Boar yard, Holborn, coach-master.
Avery, J. L. Macclesfield, hardwareman.
Bates, W. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.
Bauch, J. and M. J. Joseph Fox, Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, merchants.
Bailey, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Baines, B. Canterbury, bookseller.
Baylis, E. Painswick, Gloucestershire, wool-dealer.
Bishop, J. Warwick, grocer.
Blunt, W. Cornhill, optician.
Boshor, J. St Stephen's, Hertfordshire, dealer in cattle.
Brittain, J. Chatham, grocer.
Brookbridge, T. Knight's-court, Green-walk, coach and bedstead carver.
Bruggengate, G. A. T. and T. H. Payne, Fenchurch-buildings, merchants.
Bryant, W. Bristol, tailor.
Buchanan, J. and W. R. Ewing, Liverpool, insurance-brokers.
Buller, B. Statford-upon-Avon, corn-dealer.
Burry, H. Austin Friars, merchant.
Chambers, T. Liverpool, grocer.
Chambers, J. Gracechurch-street, tobacconist.
Champtaloup, J. Counter-street, Southwark, orange merchant.
Coates, J. Fore-street, Cripplegate, dealer.
Cooper, C. Marston Bigott, Somersetshire, edge-tool-maker.
Cork, J. Rochdale, ironmonger.
Cordingby, W. Russel-place, Bermondsey,

Coward, J. Castle-street, Leicester-fields, currier.
Crowshey, S. King-street, Westminster, cheesemonger.
Cross, R. Manchester, leather-factor.
Cutmore, J. Birchin-lane, jeweller.
Damms, G. Chesterfield, draper.
Davenport, J. Stockport Etchells, publican.
Davidson, J. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, stonemason,
Davies, J. Hereford, victualler.
Dawson, T. Houndsditch, whalebone-cutter.
Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, ironmonger.
Donkin, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.
Dorret, R. Rochester, linen-draper.
Dowling, W. King-street, Tower-hill, grocer.
Driver, A. P. College-wharf, Lambeth, flour-dealer.
Durant, J. Montagu Street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Dyson, J. Netherton, Yorkshire, clothier.
Ella, J. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant.
Ellaby, T. Emberton, Bucks, lace-merchant.
Eyre, W. Cockspur-street, Charing Cross, trunk-maker.
Farrier, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, wine-merchant.
Fasaner, D. Bath, fancy stationer.
Fell, W. Cloak-lane, merchant.
Flewett, J. Hillhampton, Worcestershire, farmer.
Ford, J. Little Dartmouth, Devon, lime-merchant.
Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, haberdasher.
Fox, T. Mosbrough, Derby-sythe, manufacturer.
Gibbs, C. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, iron-monger.
Gibbons, G. H. Finch-lane, Cornhill, merchant.
Glover, T. Derby, brush-manufacturer.
Gough, J. Little Tower-street, vintner.
Grace, R. Fenchurch-street, hatter.
Gray, T. Cambridgeshire, common brewer.
Grant, M. Clifton, Gloucestershire, lodging-house keeper.
Guidine, A. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, shop-keeper.
Hamilton, R. Stoke-upon-Trent, potter.
Harris, J. Kennington Cross, livery-stable keeper.
Harris, W. Sutton Valence, Kent, victualler.
Hassell, J. Little Guilford Street, Surrey, timber dealer.
Heavey, J. Shoreditch, cabinet-maker.
Henderson, J. Blackfriars-road, draper.
Henry, T. P. Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, flour-factor.
Hill, T. West Smithfield, grocer.
Hodge, H. Duval's-lane, Islington, brick-maker.
Hodges, J. Aldgate, blanket-warehouseman.
Hodgson, J. Newgate-street, linen-draper.
Holbrook, J. Derby, grocer.
Holland, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Hooper, J. Mitre,-court, Fleet-street, stationer.
Holmes, J. Carlisle, grocer.
Hood, J. Beeston, Nottingham, hosier.
Hopkins, T. Woolwich, carpenter.
Hosking, V. Walton, Bucks, builder.
Houdsan, J. Bulstroad-street, coal-merchant.
Hurst, W. Manchester, grocer.
Hutchinson, J. Little St Thomas Apostle, butter-factor.
Isaacs, J. Haverfordwest, draper.
James, J. and W. Seddon, Liverpool, ship-builder.
Jones, E. A. and W. H. Hackneyfields, brewers.
Jones, W. Dog-row, Mile-end, wheel-wright.
Joyce, L. Ceyford, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
King, T. Frederick's-place, Kensington-lane, merchants.
Langshaw, J. Latchford, Cheshire, timber-merchant.
Larbalestier, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Leeming, R. Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, silkman.
Lincoln, J, Norwich, miller.
Lowe, J. and W. Bridgford-mills, Staffordshire, miller.
Luton, W. Bristol, sadler.
Lyney, J. Limehouse, sail-maker.
Lyon, D. Bolton-le-Moors, timber-merchant.
Marsden, K. King-street, Portman-square, horse-dealer.
Mapley, J. Cheapside, glass-cutter.
Merrick, W. Bristol, flax-dresser.
Minchin, T. Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, dealer and chapman.
Mitchel, T. Oxford-street, Cannon-street road, grocer.
Moody, W. Leeds, joiner.
Moody, J. L. Clifton-street, Worship-street, silk-manufacturer.
Moon, J. Bristol, currier.
Morris, C. Fore-street, Cripplegate, victualler.
Mortimer, J. H. Lostwithiel, Cornwall, brandy-merchant.
Moses, S. Portsea, slop-seller.
Moss, W. G. Diamond-row, Camberwell, dealer.
Murday, R. Rochester, plumber.
Niven, C. Holborn-bridge, oil broker.
Olivant A. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, miller.
Oakes, H. Chelmsford, linen draper.
Ogden, J. Aldrick, Lancashire, grocer.
Palmer, C. Russell-street, Bermondsey, brewer.
Parker, H. Pilton, Somersetshire, victualler.
Peacock, J. Watford, paper-maker.
Peirce, T. and D. Williams, Merthyr Tidvil, Glamorganshire, bankers.
Penny, J, and T. Shepton Mallet, grocers.
Powell, J. G. Egham, dealer.
Pink, A. jun. Portsea, common brewer.
Pratt, J. Hatton-wall, pavior.
Preddey, R. Bristol, baker.
Price, J. Lower-street, Islington, coach-maker.
Ransom, J. Stoke, Newington, coach-maker.
Rankin, F. W. Langbourne, Chambers, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Rawlings, J. Mitton, Oxfordshire, druggist.
Reby, R. Radnor-street, City-road, tailor.
Redfern, W., T. Stevenson, and W. Blatherwick, Nottingham, hosiers.
Reeves, R. Stockports, shopkeeper.
Richardson, J. and J. Griston, Norwich, brick-layers.
Roberts, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
Robertson, J. Whitstable, Kent, coal-merchant.
Robinson, J. Burslem, potter.
Rogers, J. S. and J. Portsmouth, coach-makers.
Rowe, G. Chelsea, surgeon.
Sargent, J. Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, manufacturing chemist.
Saxby, J. R. Southwark, hop-merchant.
Sealey, B. and E. Nash, Red Lion-yard, Aldersgate-street, horse-dealers.
Sims, B. St Ann's lane, shoemaker.
Sims, G. F. Aldermanbury, chinaman.
Smite, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.
Shaw, J. Hull, clothier.
Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Emslie, Fenchurch-buildings, merchants.
Simes, W. Canonbury-tower, Islington, dealer.
Smith, W. St Clement, Worcestershire, brewer.
Spencer, J. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer.
Springweller, A. Duke-Street, Smithfield, cabinet-maker.
Stewart, J. Manchester, tailor.
Sutliffe, T. Windle-house, Howarth, Yorkshire, worked stuff manufacturer.
Symes, G. B. New Terrace, Camberwell-green, dealer and chapman.
Thomas, W. Regent-street, Piccadilly, stationer.
Thomas, J. Leicester, linen-draper.
Tomes, C. Lincoln's-inn-fields, scrivener.
Threlfall, J. Liverpool, banker.
Upton, J. Tadcaster, scrivener.
Vincent, C. Tarrant, Rushton, Dorsetshire, dealer and chapman.
Wade, D. P. Hadleigh, Suffolk, tanner.
Wadham, B. Poole, cooper.
Wagstaff, J. Worcester, saddler.
Walker, S. Ashton-under-Lyne, grocer.
Walker, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, clothier.
Watkins, W. L. Old Bailey, eating-house keeper
Weedon, G. Bath, brass-founder.
Weeks, T. Southampton, upholsterer.
Weller, T. Croydon, watchmaker.
Wharton, C. A. King's Arms, Maidenhead, wine-merchant.
Whalley, T. Chorley, Lancashire, manufacturer.
Whalley, C. Rivington, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, tea dealer.
Wilcox, W. Bristol, warehouse-keeper.
Wilson, E. Wellington-street, Strand, upholsterer.
Willey, J. Throgmorton street, coal-merchant.
Wood, W. Sanderson, and J. Sanderson, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, insurance-brokers.
Yeoman, B. Heyford Frome, Somersetshire, baker.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st December 1823 and 31st January 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Braid, Alexa nder, flesher in Paisley.
Cameron and Bisset, agents in Dundee, a dividend after 22d February.
Crawford, William and Andrew, plasterers in Glasgow.
Fisher, James, merchant, Auchtermuchty.
Geekie, Alexander, cattle-dealer, Coltward, Forfarshire.
Hart, John, manufacturer in Paisley.
Henniker, J. and L. merchants in Glasgow.
Graham, John, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow.
Gow, James, junior, merchant tailor in Glasgow.
Jamieson, Peter, and Company, clothiers in Glasgow; a first dividend on 21st February.
Kerr, William and Son, merchants in Leith; a dividend after 11th February.
Laidlaw, William, skinner in Dunse.
Macdonald, Wm. and Alex., merchants in Edinburgh; a dividend after 14th February.
Maclellan, Murdo, meal-monger in Tulloch.
M'Neil, James, baker, and lately brewer and distiller, Dumfries.
Munro, Alexander, grocer and fish-curer in St Andrews.
Munro, William, of Achany, cattle-dealer and partner of the Tain Brewery Company.
Neilson, George, joiner and builder in Edinburgh; a first dividend on 29th February.
Oddy, George, grocer and portioner in Tradestown of Glasgow; a dividend on 2d February.
Purdon, William, grain-merchant and cattle-dealer in Hyndlands, near Glasgow.
Sharp, Lauchlin and James, road contractors at Kinnaird.
Smith James and Sons, some time bankers and merchants in Brechin; a final dividend on 8th March.
Stevenson and Duff, merchants in Dunkeld; a dividend on 4th March, on the estate of John Duff. No dividend on the estate of the Company, or of James Stevenson.
Wyllies, Messrs R. and M. manufacturers in Glasgow.
The Dundee New Sugar Refining Company.
Tweeddale, John, vintner and mail-coach contractor in Montrose.
Watson, John, cloth-merchant in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Barber, Henry, brewer, and wine and spirit-merchant in Castle-Douglas; a first dividend after 5th January.
Brownlie, William, engineer smith, and patent axle-tree maker in Glasgow; a dividend after 20th January.
Fraser Newlands, James and Luke, jewellers and watch-makers in Glaseow; a second dividend 29th January.
Gardner, Thomas, carpet-merchant, Greenside-street, Edinburgh; a final dividend 2d February.
Hamilton, William, merchant in Glasgow; a final dividend 15th January.
Hunt, Robert, late merchant, Dunfermline; a dividend 29th January.
Menzies, Robert, distiller and maltman, Paisley a dividend 27th January.
Peacock, Robert and Sons, merchants in Paisley a dividend on 12th January.
Pollock, John, cotton-spinner, Greenhead, Glasgow; a dividend 2d January.
Robertson, William, innkeeper, late of the Salutation Inn, Perth; a first dividend 5th January.
Wright, Alexander, fish-curer and dealer in herrings in Banff; a dividend 23d January.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 21, 1823. Mrs Fraser of Ford, of a daughter.
30. At Springfield Lodge, Surrey, the lady of John Watson, Esq. of a daughter.
Jan. 1, 1824. In Albany Street, Lady Robert Kerr, of a son.
— At her father's house at Bedale, Yorkshire, the lady of Rear-Admiral Sir John P. Beresford, Bart. of a daughter.
3. At Fasnacloich, the lady of Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Culdares, of a son and heir.
4. The lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Oswald of Dunikeir, of a son.
— At 71, Great King Street, Mrs Kennedy, of a son.
5. At 2, Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Mrs Parker, of a daughter.
— Mrs Buchanan, Auchintorlie, of a daughter.
12. At Whitehill, Mrs Donald, of a son.
13. At Ardtorinish, Mrs Gregorson, of a daughter.
— At Irvine, the lady of Colonel S. M. Fullarton of Fullarton, of a son.
14. At the Manor House, Wood, Shropshire, the lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, of a daughter.
16. At Broughton Place, the lady of George Steed, Esq. of the Royal Dragoons, of a daughter.
17. At Eastbourne, Sussex, the lady of Sir C. Dalrymple, of a son.
18. The lady of H. G. Leslie of Denlugas, of a son.
— Mrs Morehead, wife of the Rev. Mr Morehead, of a son.
19. The lady of John Nicol, Esq. of Few, of a son and heir.
— At Laswade Hill, the lady of Captain R. B. Edwards, of a son and heir.
— At Stair House, the lady of Major Orr, of a son.
21. At George's Place, the lady of William Mackenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve, of a daughter.
22. In Dundas Street, Mrs Ivory, of a daughter.
— At Nenagh, Ireland, the lady of James Dempster, Esq. M.D. of a son.
— Mrs Weir, 14, Pitt Street, of a daughter.
23. In Grosvenor Place, London, the lady of Charles Drummond, Esq. of a son.
24. Mrs Lockhart, 25, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
26. At Castlecraig, the Right Hon. Lady Napier, of a daughter.
27. Mrs Smith, 13, Hope Street, of a daughter.
31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Alex. Hunter, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 26, 1823. At Syncapore, Alexander Morgan, Esq. to Maria Frederica, youngest daughter of Thomas Wilson King, Esq.
Aug. 15. At Madras, Lieutenant George Story, of the 19th Native infantry, to Hannah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Wotherspoon, Esq. Edinburgh.
Nov. 25. At Trinidad, Paymaster James Mackay, 1st West India regiment, to Catherine Jane Moore, widow of Dr John Moore, surgeon of the 8th (or king's) regiment, and daughter of Captain Maclauchlan, of the royal engineers.
Dec. 5. J. P. Robinson, Esq. of Camden Street, London, and Meltonby, Yorkshire, to Mary Ann, only daughter of John Scott, Esq. late of Edinburgh.
30. At Knocknalling, John Alexander, Esq. younger of Mackilston, to Barbara, third daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Knocknalling.
— At Newburgh, the Rev. John Jamieson Johnston, to Jane, second daughter of the late Rev. David Hepburn.
Jan. 1. At Edinburgh, John Carfrae, Esq. to Miss Isabella Park, second daughter, and on the 16th Jan. Robert Fyshe, Esq. of Galashiels, to

Miss Helen Park, eldest daughter of John Wilson, Esq. of Cumledge, Berwickshire.

5. At Pennycuick, Mr A. Thomson, gun-maker, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Mr John Henderson, farmer, Pennycuick.

7. At Shieldhall, William Montgomery, Esq. of Annick Lodge, to Susanna, youngest daughter of the late John Anderson, Esq. London.

9. At Edinburgh, James Usher, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Gray, minister of Broughton, Peebleshire.

12. At Burnside, Mr Robert Grieve, writer, Edinburgh, to Marion, eldest daughter of William Rollanl, Esq. of Burnside.

— At Paisley, Mr James Kerr, manufacturer, to Jane, only daughter of the late William Pinkerton, Esq.

14. At St Mary's Lambeth, Adam Wilson, of Finsbury Circus, Esq. to Martha Teresa, second daughter of Wilson Lesher, Esq.

— At London, Alexander Barnerman, Esq. of Aberdeen, to Margaret, second daughter of G. J. Guthrie, Esq. of Berkeley Street.

17. At London, Lieut.-Colonel Davis, M. P. to Augusta Anne, only child of the late Thomas Champion De Crespigny, Esq.

20. At Aberdeen, William Irvine, Esq. at Towie, to Harriet Ann Stuart, relict of the Rev. George Grant, late minister of Mortlach.

22. At Edinburgh, Lieut. William Hope Smith, of the 4th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, to Eliza, youngest daughter of John Wilson, Esq. of Cumledge, Berwickshire.

— At Eye, Herefordshire, Edmund Pollixfen Bastard, Esq. of Kitley, Devonshire, and M. P. for that county, to the Hon. Anne Jane Rodney, daughter of the late Lord Rodney.

— At Perth, Mr Mitchel, merchant, John's Street, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Pringle.

— Robert Fulton, Esq. Dubbyside, Fifeshire, to Helen, only daughter of the late Major J. Fotheringham of the Engineers on the Madras Establishment.

28. At Aberdeen, Major Henry James Phelps, of the 80th Regiment, to Mary, youngest daughter of R. Grant, Esq. of Drumminer.

— At Hillside, Leith Walk, J. S. Combe, Esq. M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Anne, daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. Leith.

30. At Leith, Mr J. M'Leod, merchant, Edinburgh, to Christina, fourth daughter of the late William Loudon, Esq. Kerse Hall.

31. In Christ Church, Cork, William Maginn, Esq. LL.D. to Ellen, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Bullen of Newmraket.

DEATHS.

June 15, 1822. At Ludanah, Ensign John M. M'Crae, of the Hon. East India Company's 17th regiment native infantry, Bengal establishment, third son of W. G. M'Crae, Esq.

Aug. 2. On board the ship Nearchus, in the river Guyaquil, South America, Mr William Duncan, second officer of that ship.

June 13, 1823. At Fort William, Calcutta, Major John Clelland Guthrie, 44th foot, son of the late Colonel John Guthrie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

13. Lost at sea, from on board the Hon. Company's ship Vansittart, Mr William Montague Duddingstone, only son of the late Rear-Admiral William Duddingstone.

Sept. 24. At Demerara, Francis Mackenzie Fairbairn, son of the late Mr Fairbairn of Berbice. His father and two brothers had fallen victims to the same climate within the last sixteen months.

Oct. 12. At May's Den, Island of Jamaica, Donald M'Lean, Esq.

19. At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Lieut.-Col. George Sackville Fraser, of the Cape corps, second son of the late Mr John Fraser, Rhives, Sutherlandshire.

28. At the Cape of Good Hope, E. S. Montagu, late Persian secretary to the government at Calcutta.

Nov. 2. At Demerara, Dr William Wallace, of Three Friends.

Dec. 11. At Siena, Mrs Janet Brodie, daughter of the late William Brodie, Esq. Amisfield Mains.

23. At Butterston, Lieut. Joseph Leslie.

26. At Kirkcaan, Alexander Reid, Esq.

27. At Crieff, Mr James Wilson, late merchant in Charlestown, South Carolina, eldest son of the late Mr James Wilson, maltster, Leith.

28. In Stafford Street, Mrs Margaret Borthwick, widow of Lieut.-colonel John Borthwick, of the 71st regiment.

— At Libberton Cottage, Jane Tod, wife of Lieut. Moxey, Royal Navy.

30. At Leith, Mr Alexander Goodlet, late of the Customs.

— At Torquay, Devon, Sarah, Viscountess Kilcoursie.

Jan. 1. 1824. At Edinburgh, Mr Allan Grant, messenger at arms.

— At his house, Canongate, Mrs Janet Brodie, wife of Duncan Cowan, Esq.

— Miss Emily Shirriff, second daughter of the late Lieut.-colonel Shirriff, of the Madras cavalry.

2. At Comiston, Daniel Collyer, Esq.

3. At Kirkaldy, Mr William Mitchell, cabinet-maker.

— At No. 108, Prince's Street, Richard Beckwith Craik, Esq. younger of Arbigland.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Hunter, late baker.

— At the Vicarage, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Euphemia, wife of the Rev. William M'Douall.

4. At Pisa, Mr James Brown, of St Vincent Street, Glasgow.

— At Glasgow, John Machen, Esq. in the 51st year of his age.

5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Davie of Brotherton.

— At Rotterdam, John Alexander, the infant son of James H. Turing, Esq.

— At Bath, Hugh Campbell, Esq. of Mayfield, in the county of Ayr, late captain in the 85th regiment.

6. At his house, in Upper Bedford Place, London, the lady of John Loch, Esq.

— At Thavies Inn, London, Horatius, second son of Alexander Fraser, Esq.

— At Avonbank, Mr Gavin Hamilton, senior of Avonbank, in the county of Lanark.

7. At Leith, Mr John Parker, agent, late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

— At Luddington House, Surry, Walter Irvine, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.

8. At Dumfries, Robert Jackson, Esq. Comptroller of Customs, and for many years editor and proprietor of the Dumfries Weekly Journal.

— At her father's house, 20, George's Street, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Jones, of the Theatre-Royal.

9. At her house, St James's Street, Leith Walk, Mrs Esther Annetonies, relict of the late Mr William Ker, goldsmith, Edinburgh.

10. At the house of the Duchess of Marlborough, Cumberland Gate, London, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Pennant.

— At Rothney, William Gordon, Esq. of Rothney, W. S.

— At Ayr, Captain William Niven, late surveyor of the Customs at Greenock. By fame he was reputed the son of that facetious and well-known character described in Roderick Random under the title of Strap.

At Burnham House, county of Kerry, Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Ventry.

— At Dalruzian, Thomas Rattray, Esq. aged 82.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Charles, youngest son of Robert Kerr of Chatto, Esq.

12. Suddenly, at London, at his banking-house, of an apoplectic fit, Joseph Marryat, Esq. M. P. for Sandwich, and chairman to the committee at Lloyd's.

— At No. 104, Laurieston Place, William, second son of Mr James Sanson.

— Mr William Auld, goldsmith, treasurer to the Trades' Maiden Hospital.

— In North Hanover Street, Miss Katherine Fleming.

— At Kittyfield, Roxburghshire, in the 90th year of his age, Mr David Minto, for about half a century farmer of Linglie, near Selkirk.

13. At Largs, Captain Patrick Carnegie, R. N. who fought under Rodney on the memorable 12th of April 1782.

— At Kinsale, the Hon. Governor de Courcey, brother to the late Lord Kinsale.

13. At Newhalls, near Edinburgh, Lady Home, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir George Home of Blackadder, Bart.

14. At Edinburgh, John, infant son of John Bruce, Esq. Heriot Hill.

— In Panton Square, London, John Ross, Esq. lieutenant-colonel, late of the 28th regiment.

— At Pittenweem, Major John Duddingstone, late of the 1st battalian Royal Scots.

13. At Colchester, John Thomson, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General to the forces, and late private secretary to the most noble the Governor-general of India.

— At Berrywell, Mrs Murray.

— At Leith, Mr John Durie, merchant.

15. At his house, Shandwick Place, General Francis Dundas, after a long and painful illness. General Dundas was colonel of the 71st regiment of light infantry and governor of Dumbarton castle.

17. In Stanhope Street, Mayfair, London, Bamber Gascoyne, Esq. aged 68, many years a representative in Parliament for Liverpool.

18. At Ramsgate, Captain Bowles Mitchell, R. N. in the 74th year of his age. He was the last surviving officer of those who accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Turnbull, formerly clothier, and late keeper of the mortality records of the city of Edinburgh.

20. At Richmond, James, Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and Dean of Durham, in the 81st year of his age. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son, James Mann, Viscount Broome, now Earl Cornwallis.

— At Edinburgh, James Bissett, Esq. Rear Admiral of the Red.

20. At Collou, in the county of Louth, the seat of the venerable Lord Oriel, Viscountess Ferrard, Baroness Oriel, the lady of that distinguished nobleman.

21. At Kelso, Mr Andrew Telfer, bookseller.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Lamb, Esq. late partner in the house of Robert Anderson and Co. Gibraltar.

22. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Henry D. Grant, Esq. second son of the late Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, Esq.

— At Moreham, very suddenly, Mr Thomas Henderson, in the 76th year of his age, and 45 years schoolmaster of that parish.

— In St Andrew's Square, Mrs Aitken, wife of Dr John Aitken, surgeon, Edinburgh.

23. At Boulogne, Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart, F.L.S. of Ashbourn Hall, in the county of Derby, in his 80th year.

25. At No. 2?, North Bridge, Edinburgh, Miss Foy.

— At Lauriestion Place, Mrs Janet Robertson, in the 85th year of her age.

— Mr Thomas Hodge, merchant, Newington.

— At her house, in Upper Seymour Street, London, on the 25th ult. Dame Judith Lauric, aged 74, widow of General Sir Robert Lauric, of Maxwelton, in the county of Dumfries, Bart.

27. At 25, Northumberland Street, the infant daughter of J. G. Lockhart, Esq. advocate.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Thomson, dyer.

— At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle, in the 71st year of her age.

28. At Leith, the Rev. Robert Dickson, D. D. who for 38 years discharged the ministerial duties in the parish of South Leith, respected and beloved by all ranks.

Jan. 5.—In Cork, of an organic disease of the heart, Jeremiah Daniel Murphy, Esq. son of D. Murphy, Esq., merchant in that city. This gentleman had only reached the age of eighteen years and a few months, but his acquirements were such as would betoken a far ampler period of existence. He spoke or wrote the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Irish languages, with the utmost fluency and precision; and was profoundly versed in their respective literatures. His acquirements in science were highly respectable; and he was graced by the possession of those gentlemanlike accomplishments, which form the ornament of the rank in which he was destined, if Heaven had spared his life, to have moved; while, unlike most lads of precocious acquirements, his manners were mild, engaging, retiring, and modest.

He had contributed occasionally to this Magazine. His perfect command over the Latin language was exemplified in the "*Adventus Regis*," No. 56; the "Rising of the North," No. 67; and other similar pieces, which we may now venture to say are complete models in their peculiar style. There are other papers also from his pen, which we have not now time to indicate, but all affording earnest of powers of composition, and depth of information, which we are sure would have been amply redeemed, if it had pleased Providence to have granted him a longer sojourn in this world.

O flos juvenum,
Spes læta patris,
Non certa tuæ
Data res patriæ,
Non mansuris
Ornate bonis,
Ostentatus,
Raptusque simul,
Solstitialis
Velut herba solet.

Flower of our youth! in thee are lost
A father's hopes, a country's boast,
With transient goods adorn'd! just shone,
And wither'd near as soon as blown,
Like flowerets of solsticial zone.

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LETTER FROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

There are two lodged together.—SHAKESPEARE.
Nec hospes ab hospite tutus.—OVID.

"An Englishman's house is his castle"—I grant it; but, for his lodging, a comparison remains to be found. An Englishman's house may be his castle; but that can only be where he consents to keep the whole of it. Of all earthly alliances and partnerships into which mortal man is capable of being trepanned, that which induces two interests to place themselves within four walls, is decidedly the most unholy. It so happens that, throughout my life, I have had occasion only for half a house, and, from motives of economy, have been unwilling to pay rent for a whole one; but—there can be, on earth, I find, no resting-place for him who is so unhappy as to want only "half a house!" In the course of the last eight years, I have occupied one hundred and forty-three different lodgings, running the gauntlet twice through all London and Westminster, and, oftener than I can remember, the "out-parishes" through! As two "removes" are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone 71 times and a half through the horrors of conflagration! And, in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled with a monster! But my voice shall be heard, as a voice upon the house-top, crying out until I find relief. I have been ten days already in the abode that I now write from, so I can't, in reason, look to stay more than three or four more. I hear people talk of "the grave" as a lodging (at worst) that a man is "sure of;" but, if there be one resurrection-man alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall be taken up again.

The first trial I endured when I came to London, was making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatim*, by every prescriptive form of "advertisements."

First, I was tried by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Times* all the year round. "Desirable circle"—"Airy situation"—"Limited number of guests"—Every attention"—and "no children."

Next, was the commanding—at the very "head and front" of *The Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the fashionable squares!"—"Two persons, to increase society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, at Mr Sams's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desirous to extend family circle"—"Flatters herself," &c.

Moonshine all together!

"Desirable circle"—A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapt up before my eyes. Little boy too in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst *item*—(on consideration)—in all my experience.

Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms," "two hundred guineas a-year," and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, Mr Editor, and I was six months at Mrs Tickletoby's preparatory school, and I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint! There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause to look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—their cutting up a fowl!—In the puniest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you side-bone, pinion, drumstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merrythought! and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted—and apocryphal—divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in speculation, never before existed!

I understand the meaning now of the Persian salutation—"May your shadow never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at Lady Skinflint's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery" (besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank")—an apothecary, who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about "discounts," and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing-bill, during the few days I was in his house: On quitting the which, I took courage, and resolved to become my own provider, and hired a "First Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"*Mutatio loci, non ingenii.*"

The *premier coup* of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit from an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have my "apartments" unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions of defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion! The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary to them. Demanded the "strictest references," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." Into this most unexceptionable abode I conveyed myself and my property. Sure I should stay for ever, and doubted whether I ought not to secure it at once for ten years instead of one. And, before I had been settled in the house three quarters of an hour, I found that the chimneys—every one of them! smoked from the top to the bottom!

There was guilt, Mr North, in the landlord's eye, the moment the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room. He made an effort to say something like "damp day;" but the "amen" stuck in his throat. He could not say "amen," Mr Editor, when I did cry "God bless us!" The whole building, from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexions of the family, and had concluded they were from the West Indies,—they were smoke-dried!—

"Blow high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing them to be humbug all the while. For a whole month it was "the wind;" but I saw "the wind" twice all round the compass, and found, blow which way it would, it still blew down my chimney.

Then we came to "Cures." First, there were alterations at the top—new chimney-pots, cowls, hovels—and all

Singed! you Beelzebub's bastard!—Curse the monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my gold spectacles!

Mr North, if you have compassion, hear a man of five-and-forty's prayer! I can't stay here!—where am I to go to?—If you should think—Thomas!—I must get into a hackney coach!—If you should think—Call me a hackney coach, sirrah—and ask the man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by the week.—If you should think, Mr North, that there is any chance of my doing well in Edinburgh—I shouldn't like to be above the fifth story, (I understand most of your houses run ten.)—A line, by return, would oblige "a constant reader." As I have no home, at present, except my hackney coach that I've sent for, I can't say exactly in what place of suffering your letter will find me; but, by addressing to the coffee-house in Rathbone Place, it will somewhere or other come to the hands of

Your very humble servant,
WRINKLETON FIDGET.

LA MARTINE'S POETRY.*

WE verily believe, that if the most spirited of periodicals were transplanted to Paris, our own, for instance, which, whatever be its faults, has, at least, more *vis vitæ* than any other we have heard or read of, and the censorship were repealed in its favour, it would nevertheless die a natural death before the end of three months. No matter what kind of a book an Englishman writes, there is always, at least, food for criticism in it; if not witty itself, it is the cause of wit in others; and even if it be nonsense, it is idea-stirring nonsense:—why, our very Cockneys have paradox, originality, oddity, in the midst of all their affectation and absurdity, that could have well filled our pages from the year of King Leigh's accession to this very hour. But we had more respectable fish to fry, than such sprats, and one or two turns in our pan dished them sufficiently. Now, unfortunately for the desired expansion of Ebonic principles, there are no such clever asses to be met with abroad. To Frenchmen, in particular, nature seems to have meted her gifts in a goldsmith's scales, and to have dealt out talents to the nation with all the *egalité* which it prayed for thirty years ago. And this not only in degree, but kind: for the physiognomies of French mind seem to us as similar and undistinguishable as their faces—nose, whisker, and moustache, to the end of the chapter. Perhaps this dead level, into which all mind subsides in that country, this general fusion of all that is original, into all that is common-place, is not to be altogether attributed to nature. Nor could books and papers produce it independently of her, for no more diverse and original set of men ever existed than ourselves, among whom the press is far more busy and effective than in any other nation of the world. Much less powerful would conversation be to produce it, than the press, the former exciting argument, provoking answers and difference of opinion, whereas the press is a deaf orator, all mouth and no ears, not admitting of instant rejoinder. Whatever be the cause, the fact is, that there is no Frenchman possessed of opinions singular or peculiarly his own; a Frenchman is, morally or intellectually speaking, never an individual, but one of a class—he exists collectively or not at all. Place him in solitude, isolate him; then the man breaks out, for he begins to think: but when once he begins to think, he ceases to be French, his nation disowns him—See their criticisms on Montesquieu, Rousseau, De Staël. He that is found guilty of a new idea, is a *romantic*, a fool, a foreigner; and the bold man, that commits a single induction, has *ipso facto* forfeited his birthright, and becomes expatriated.

When we lay the blame of such defects upon nature, we do it metaphorically—it is merely a mode of expressing that such and such things are so. For we hold it rational, in as much as possible, to exonerate *nature* from responsibility in mundane affairs, as we would *fate* from the same in supramundane concerns.

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* Nouvelles Meditations Poetiques, par Alphonse de la Martine. Paris, 1824.
La Mort de Socrate, par Alphonse de la Martine. Paris, 1824.

Wherefore, touching these Frenchmen, we think causes may be found in their habits and institutions sufficient to account for that respectable mediocrity that pervades all ranks and persons of the nation. One great cause certainly is the mode of education they prefer, which is that of being *taught* every thing, even criticism, rather than *learning* it of themselves. What do they do in their colleges?—read—No, they hear lectures. Instead of paying their crown for a volume, and studying and examining its arguments and philosophy in their closet, they pay twenty times the sum to hear the same substance delivered in a course of lectures, which, to go to hear, and come back from, cost more time than would be sufficient to have mastered the original questions in the pages of the philosopher who first started and discussed them. But study is their abhorrence; they run to pick up the skimmings of philosophy, mixed with the froth of modern cant, from some affected professor, such as Villemain or Lacretelle, who talk extempore for an hour to them, nominally on a fixed subject, but really *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, as the magazine cant of the day hath it. With a book in his hand, one can pause, think, contradict, write down his reasons for dissenting; but in listening to a man spouting for an hour without intermission, how is a man to examine, to reason, to be convinced? Education by lecture, then, we think, is one great cause of French mediocrity; it gives conversation, among a social people, the power of blending and assimilating all talents—to the dull it gives words and pointed expressions, while it anticipates and supersedes the original ideas of the talented.

A great many other qualities might be enumerated as causes of mediocrity with this nation; their contentedness and facility of being pleased; the number and prevalence of talentless but respectable works on criticism, such as La Harpe and our Blair; but these are effects as much as causes, it being a very just, though very unsatisfactory way of accounting for these things, to say, That dulness has been, and therefore will be. The same remark may extend to the assertion also, that the language is the great and most active cause of the cleverness, as well as of the mediocrity, which is spread so evenly over the surface of French literature and society.

Without having even read Hartley, who most likely has anticipated the assertion, our opinion is, that words fettered form the principal association of ideas, not perhaps the full sounds themselves; but the faint echoes which serve as objects of thought. The great axiom of association is, that the mind cannot pass from an *insensible* idea to another *insensible*, but through the intervention of a *sensible* one. Every object in the sphere of reflection is single, isolate, and unconnected even with its opposite, except through the sensible matters that are substituted for it—these are *words*, uttered words. This strain of argument we shall not follow up, inasmuch as it might frighten one-eighth of our readers, especially the followers of that dull school of philosophy, which flatters itself with having undermined materialism, by denying the existence of ideas, (these folk pun, not philosophise,) and the other seven-eighths, it would set slumbering in no time. Enough be it for us, that the proposition is experimentally true, at any rate with regard to Frenchmen, one of whom, nay, of whose mightiest philosophers, never went deeper in an idea than the little occult sound of the internal ear. Read any sentence of a French author, down from Montaigne exclusive, no matter what he be, poet or philosopher, epigrammatist or legislator, and you will see, that sounds, and sounds only, have ordered it. The whole French vocabulary is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a box of dominos, blank must follow blank, and a number its corresponding one. A dictionary of antitheses, alliterations, and other *affections* of words, one to another, would make any Frenchman that bought and read it an author; for as to their reasoning, it is but the show of such. Open a French volume of reasoning, Montesquieu himself, and pause at the first *parceque*, which would lead you to expect a rational cause for whatever is previously asserted; in nine cases out of ten, we venture to assert, the only mark of causation evident is in the commencing letter, or fine concluding cadence of the words. Why haven't the French a national tragedy? because the domino rules of its

verse prohibit such. "Comment," explains the author of *Racine et Shakespeare*, "comment peindre avec quelque vérité les catastrophes sanglantes narrées par Philippe de Comines, la chronique scandaleuse de Jean de Troyes, si le mot *pistolet* ne peut absolument pas entrer dans un vers tragique?"

But if the wings of genius are clipped by the restrictions and poverty of the French tongue, those of dulness are impeded by its facilities in no small degree. No one amongst us can have learned to speak or express himself in French, without perceiving how easy it is to shine in it, how naturally, and of itself, it runs into antithesis, and pointed apophthegm, and how very important and discovery-like a little common sense looks when so clothed. We have seen very dull Englishmen say very brilliant things in the Gallic tongue, and pass in society for the first time, *de n'avoir pas manqué d'esprit*. What is their poetry or philosophy with us?—below contempt, scarce worthy the translation of Aaron Hill. Look in our literature what books of criticism pass current with them; for as to works of *imagination, their* great property is, like the sun, to reflect the splendour on beholders, and to shed wherever the rays arise a portion of their enlivening quality. So taste is the reflection of genius, and springs up before it, created by the object it is to admire. The works of Scott and Byron have created, have forced a relishing taste among these French, which still struggles with their old, indigenous ideas; the *eclat* of our *romantic* literature, at variance with all their ideas, has literally bullied them into admiration. But in works of reason, which have not the power of those of imagination, we see the humble rank of talent they are contented to worship, and our humblest writers and decent compilers swell into importance as they pass the water.* Indeed so convinced are we, how much the intellectual exchange between the two countries, like that of money, is in our favour, that we would strongly advise some of our minor wits to transplant themselves to France, where, moreover, their political disquisitions, however wretched, would draw on them all the persecution necessary to establish and keep alive their little spark of fame. Who knows what honour might ensue to the nation from the exchange? besides the actual gain of losing bad English writers, we might reap the honour of having given birth to good French ones. Perhaps Hazlitt might turn out a Rousseau, and Lady Morgan a De Staël.

Such were the reflections that arose in our minds, on reverting again to existing French literature. Since our notice of their living poets in May last, M. De La Martine has published two little volumes; one of them a collection of Meditations; the other on the Death of Socrates. De La Vigne, who, we see, has been appointed librarian to the Duke of Orleans, is preparing new *Messeniennes* for the press, and has just brought out his long-talked-of comedy of the *Ecole des Vieillards*, at the theatre Français. It unites the powers of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars; and has been, we hear, successful; but as it is not yet published, we must defer an account of it till next number. As to Beranger, he has been writing a chanson or two; but as no publisher dare print them, their circulation is confined to the liberal circles in MS. M. Arnault, to be sure, and some inferior craftsmen, have, like folks of a similar stamp in our own country, written successful tragedies; that is, tragedies that linger the season, and live ten representations. No better than this class, indeed, are the former tragedies of De La Vigne; but the success of all can be accounted for, without attributing such to dramatic genius:

"On nous objectera le succès des *Vêpres Siciliennes*, du *Paria*, des *Machabées, de Regulus*," says the author of '*Racine et Shakespeare*,' already quoted, "ces pièces font beaucoup de plaisir; mais elles ne font pas un *plaisir dramatique*. Le public, qui ne jouit pas d'ailleurs d'une extrême liberté, aime à entendre reciter des sentimens généreux exprimés en beaux vers. Mais c'est là un plaisir *épique*, et non pas dramatique, &c."

We have already noticed, in the case of De La Vigne's Messeniennes, that

* See Chateaubriand's Preface to "Les Martyrs."

kind of poetry, which founds its spirit and success on fanning the flame of political sentiments, as a proof of the want of poetical spirit, at least of the true. And M. De La Vigne never quits the region of politics, that his poetry does not fall straight to common-place. La Martine depends on no such helps;—he is the lady's, the lover's, the sentimentalist's poet; religious in principle, though impartial in party matters. Although considered the ultra poet, he can admire Napoleon; and M. Cousins, and his independent fortune, enables him to follow his own ideas with impunity and without bias. The French critics declare, that the new Meditations are not so well written; that is, not so good French as the first; that they are growing terribly puerile in style; and they have scarce a writer of any talent whom they do not accuse of being ignorant of their native tongue. Bayle (De Hendhall) is said to write bad French, and M. Simond infamous: it is the fashion everywhere, indeed, to write bad French: (where can there be worse than in Quentin Durward? every French word or sentence in the preface is wrong, *qu'on appellent*, assiette for *plat*, &c.) They may answer with De Staël, to whom some one said, the French don't own your language for theirs: *Tant pis pour eux*, was the reply.

In the "Nouvelles Meditations Poetiques," the adieu to the sea is pretty; and "*Le Poete Mourant*" contains many beautiful passages; but the piece most interesting to our readers, is his Ode to Buonaparte. That witty amateur, impious writer, and wretched critic, M. De Hendhall, in his Life of Rossini, lately published, compares this ode of La Martine's with Byron's English, and Manzoni's Italian, on the same subject: he prefers Manzoni's—about the most wretched, flat, common-place ode that even Italy ever produced; unworthy, indeed, of Manzoni, the author of "*Carmagnolla.*" We give the better part of Martine's:

"Sur un écueil battu par la vague plaintive
Le nautonnier de loin voit blanchir sur la rive,
Un tombeau près du bord, par le flots déposé;
Le temps n'a pas encore bruni l'etroite pierre,
Et sous le vert tissu de la ronce et du lierre,
On distingue . . . un sceptre brisé!

"Ici gît . . . point de nom! . . . . demandez à la terre
Ce nom? il est inscrit en sanglant caractère,
Des bords du Tanaïs au sommet du Cédar,
Sur le bronze et le marbre, et sur le sein des braves,
Et jusque dans le cœur de ces troupeaux d'esclaves,
Qu'il fouloit tremblants sous son char.

"Depuis ces deux grands noms qu'un siècle au siècle annonce,
Jamais nom qu'ici bas toute langue prononce
Sur l'aile de la foudre aussi loin ne vola,
Jamais d'aucun mortel le pied qu'un souffle efface,
N' imprima sur la terre une plus forte trace,
Et ce pied s'est arrêté la!

"Il est la! . . . sous trois pas un enfant le mesure!
Son ombre ne rend pas même un léger murmure!
Le pied d'un ennemi foule en paix son cercueil!
Sur ce front foudroyant le moucheron bourdonne,
Et son ombre n'entend que le bruit monotone,
D'une vague contre un écueil!

"Ne crains pas, cependant, ombre encor inquiète,
Que je vienne outrager ta majesté muette!
Non, la lyre aux tombeaux n'a jamais insulté,
La mort fut de tout temps la'asile de la gloire
Rien ne doit jusqu' ici poursuivre une memoire.
Rien! . . . . excepté la vérité!

" Ta tombe et ton berceau sont couverts d'un nuage,
Mais pareil à l'éclair tu sortis d'un orage,
Tu foudroyas le monde avant d'avoir un nom !
Tel ce Nil dont Memphis boit les vagues fécondes,
Avant d'être nommé fait bouillonner ses ondes
Aux solitudes de Memnon.

" Les dieux étoient tombés, les trônes étoient vides,
La victoire te prit sur ses ailes rapides,
D'un peuple de Brutus la gloire te fit roi !
Ce siécle dont l'écume entraînoit dans sa course
Les mœurs, les rois, les dieux . . . refoulé vers sa source,
Recula d'un pas devant toi !

Tu combattis l'erreur sans regarder le nombre ;
Pareil au fier Jacob tu luttas contre un ombre !
Le fantôme croula sous le poids d'un mortel !
Et de tous ces grands noms profanateur sublime
Tu jouas avec eux, comme la main du crime
Avec les vases de l'autel.

* * * * * *

" Gloire ! honneur ! liberté ! ces mots que l'homme adore
Retentissoient pour toi comme l'airain sonore
Dont un stupide écho repète au loin le son !
De cette langue, en vain ton oreille frappée,
Ne comprit ici bas que le cri de l'epée,
Et le mâle accord du clairon !

" Superbe, et dédaignant ce que la terre admire
Tu ne demandois rien au monde, que l'empire !
Tu marchois ! . . . . tout obstacle étoit ton ennemi !
Ta volonté voloit comme ce trait rapide
Qui va frapper le but où le regard le guide,
Même à travers un cœur ami !

" Jamais, pour éclaircir ta royale tristesse
La coupe des festins ne te versa l'ivresse ;
Tes yeux d'une autre pourpre aimoient à s'enivrer !
Comme un soldat debout qui veille sous les armes,
Tu vis de la beauté le sourire ou les larmes,
Sans sourire et sans soupirer !

" Tu n'aimois que le bruit du fer, le cri d'alarmes !
L'eclat resplendissant de l'aube sur les armes !
Et ta main ne flattoit que ton léger coursier,
Quand les flots ondoyants de sa pâle criniere
Sillonnoient comme un vent, la sanglante poussière,
Et que ses pieds brisoient l'acier !

" Tu grandis sans plaisir, tu tombas sans murmure !
Rien d'humain ne battoit sous ton épaisse armure;
Sans haine et sans amour, tu vivois pour penser !
Comme l'aigle regnant dans un ciel solitaire,
Tu n'avois qu'un regard pour mesurer la terre
Et des serres pour l'embrasser !

The other poem of La Martine's, on the Death of Socrates, is a fall indeed, being but a wretched paraphrase of the Phædo of Plato, to which he seems to have been unfortunately tempted by Cousine's translation of the Greek philosopher, just published.

DELAVIGNE'S NEW COMEDY AND MESSENIENNES.*

I SAW Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, last night, in Casimir Delavigne's new comedy, at which my fair friends wept abundantly. It was the work of a month to engage a place, and of an hour to get in, and the piece has altogether made such a noise, that it is well worth yours and your reader's whiles hearing about it. The "*Ecole des Vieillards*," or the school for old men, as it is entitled, is founded on the very trite subject of an old gentleman with a young wife, who goes through the usual routine in such cases of expense, flirtation, &c. A certain duke, who, *à la Française*, lets lodgings to the new-married couple, gives some cause of jealousy to the husband, which, as the piece is a comedy, is of course cleared up. The three first acts of the play, and indeed the fifth, are remarkably stupid, but the fourth contains one or two scenes of passion, superior to anything of the kind, I have witnessed, even in French tragedy. I'll give you one short specimen;—the duke is hidden in a closet, and the husband, as soon as his wife disappears, calls him forth, gives vent to his passions, and challenges him.

Le Duc. "Cette lutte entre nous ne saurait être égale,
Danville. Entre nous votre injure a comblé l'intervalle;
L'aggresseur, quel qu'il soit, à combattre forcé,
Redescend par l'offense au rang de l'offensé.
Le Duc. De quel rang parlez vous? Si mon honneur balance,
C'est pour vos cheveux blancs qu'il se fait violence.
Danville. Vous auriez du les voir avant de m'outrager,
Vous ne le pouvez plus quand je veux les venger.
Le Duc. Je serais ridicule et vous seriez victime.
Danville. Le ridicule cesse où commence le crime,
Et vous le commetrez; c'est votre châtiment.
Ah! vous croyez, messieurs, qu'on peut impunément,
Masquant ses vils desseins d'un air de badinage,
Attenter à la paix, au bonheur d'un ménage.
On se croyait léger, on devient criminel:
La mort d'un honnête homme est un poids éternel.
Ou vainqueur, ou vaincu, moi, ce combat m'honore,
Il vous fletrit vaincu, mais vainqueur plus encore;
Votre honneur y mourra; Je sais trop qu'a Paris,
Le monde est sans pitié pour le sort des maris;
Mais dès que leur sang coule, on ne rit plus, on blâme,
Vous ridicule! non, non; vouz serez infâme!

Talma is greatly admired by the French in the character of Danville—I cannot agree with them. Not but that he acts it well, and represents no doubt to the life, a modern French gentleman, through the different emotions of rage, love, &c. which occur in the comedy. But thinking, as an Englishman must, the very original Frenchman monstrous ridiculous, when under the influence of their passions, the actor who imitates him must appear much more so. There is such a want of dignity and manhood in a Frenchman moved, that to sympathize with him is impossible. The wriggling and twisting, for it does not amount to agitation, of his head, legs, and arms, by which he endeavours to express his emotion, resembles far more the action of a monkey than a man. He is on wires—his rage is expressed by trembling, and his feeling by the fidgets. The awful calm of suppressed passion, or its momentous and passing burst, when it overpowers all check, are quite unknown to him. Such is the nation, and an actor cannot go elsewhere for a model, than to his countrymen, the

* L'Ecole des Vieillards, Comedie par M. Casimir Delavigne, Paris, 1823. Trois Messeniennes Nouvelles par la meme Auteur, Paris, 1824.

living types of nature, according to their acceptation and taste. And here is the great cause why the French have no national drama, none founded on modern manners and feelings; they feel and are convinced, that any representation of modern life, in fact, of Frenchmen as they are, could never by the best of comedians be made heroic, sublime, or anything but ridiculous; and hence it is, that their dramatic ideal is that of antiquity, of Greece and Rome. On those stilts a tragedian must give up the wrigglings, the tremblings, and the wiry action, on which he, being a Frenchman, forms his natural action—as Cæsar, or Achilles, he cannot condescend to the petty habits even of a French hero. This is the great excellence of Talma in tragedy—that he has little or none of the monkeyishness of his country. True, he has some, such as bringing his hand to the level of his face, and shaking it there like a dredging-box; his other great peculiarity, that of flinging his two united hands over his left shoulder, which seems so very odd to us, is not little, but rather a bold and free action. However, the great merit of Talma is, that of all French actors, he is the least a Frenchman on the stage. The same merit had Kemble (and Kean has not) in Roman character, of not being English; the actor of a classic character should be *abstract* in his manner, but nevertheless, this excellence is so far from being a beauty to us, that, as classic characters cannot be well played without it, so much do we dislike it, that we had rather never behold one of them upon the stage.

For the above reasons, both the French drama and comedians are abominable, when off their stilts—their ideal of poetry and acting is reduced to that of modern France. So that it is difficult to decide which is more stupid and ridiculous—a serious French comedy, or Talma in one. There is a pleasure, to be sure, to be derived from hearing *sound ethics* and liberal principles well declaimed from the stage. "Mais c'est là," observes the author of *Racine et Shakespeare*, "un plaisir épique, et non pas dramatique. Il n'y jamais ce degré d'illusion necessaire à une émotion profonde." The same author proceeds to state the reasons, which we have quoted in the preceding article, (p. 259,) why the French public crowd to hear and to admire plays, which, in any other part of the world, would set an audience asleep.

So much for this new comedy, in which, by the by, the acting of Mademoiselle Mars struck me much more than that of Talma. They never, I believe, acted before together. The conclusion, from seeing them so in this, is, that the comedian possesses far greater tragic powers than the tragedian does comic.

Mr Delavigne has, since the appearance of his comedy, published another volume of "Messeniennes"—*more last words*. And these last are the dullest of the three.

The first of this new Number is very poor, and is an address from Tyrteus to the Greeks. The second is the voyage of a young Greek, who traverses Europe in search of Liberty:—

"A Naple, il trouva son idole
Qui tremblait un glaive a la main;
Il vit Rome, et pas un Romain
Sur les débris du Capitole!

"A Vienne, il apprit dans les rangs
Des oppresseurs de l'Ausonie,
Que le succès change en tyrans
Les vainqueurs de la tyrannie.

"Il trouva les Anglais trop fiers;
Albion se dit magnanime;
Des noirs elle a brisé les fers,
Et ce sont les blancs qu'elle opprime."

The third is to Buonaparte. This has been a fair subject for emulation among the poets of Europe. You have before given an account of Mr La Martine's ode. Mr De Hendhall, in the rigmarol, impious, but witty life, which he has lately given of Rossini, compares Byron's Ode, that of La Martine, and an Italian one by Manzoni, the author of "Carmagnola," together, and gives the palm to Manzoni. M. De Hendhall is a blockhead in criticism, and Manzoni's ode about the dullest that ever Italy, that land of wretched versifiers, ever produced. Let me give you some extracts from Delavigne's. After an introduction, spirited enough, Buonaparte is represented, like Manfred, visited by three sister spirits, who are, it seems, his destinies at the three different periods of his life. They succeed one another, each addressing him:

" Pauvre et sans ornemens, belle de ses hauts faits,
La première semblait une vierge Romaine
Dont le ciel a bruni les traits.
Le front ceint d'un rameau de chêne,
Elle appuyait son bras sur un drapeau Français.
Il rappelait un jour d'éternelle mémoire ;
Trois couleurs rayonnaient sur ses lambeaux sacrés
Par la foudre noircis, poudreux et déchirés,
Mais déchirés par la victoire.

" Je t'ai connu soldat ; salut : te voilà roi.
De Marengo la terrible journée
Dans tes fastes, dit-elle, a pris place après moi ;
Salut ; je suis sa sœur ainée.

" Je te guidais au premier rang ;
Je protégeai ta course et dictai ta parole
Qui ramena des tiens le courage expirant,
Lorsque la mort te vit si grand,
Qu'elle te respecta sous les foudres d'Arcole.

" Tu changeas mon drapeau contre un sceptre d'airain :
Tremble, je vois pâlir ton étoile éclipsée.
La force est sans appui, du jour qu'elle est sans frein.
Adieu, ton règne expire et ta gloire est passée."

The second spirit,

——— " unissait aux palmes des déserts
Les dépouilles d'Alexandrie. '

" La dernière—ô pitie, des fers chargeaint ses bras !" &c.
Loin d'elle les trésors qui parent la conquête,
Et l'appareil des drapeaux prisonniers !
Mais des cyprès, beaux comme des lauriers,
De leur sombre couronne environnaient sa tête."

Such are his visions ! But asks and answers the poet, " Où s'est-il réveillé ?"

" Seul et sur un rocher d'où sa vie importune
Troublait encore les rois d'une terreur commune,
Du fond de son exil encor présent partout,
Grand comme son malheur, détrôné, mais debout
Sur les débris de sa fortune."

This, in any language, is fine poetry, nor can the poem of Byron himself, on the same subject, excel it.

JOHN HALL AND HIS WIFE.

A Sketch.

HAD I not been brought up at K——, I should probably have laughed, when, many years afterwards, I saw the sign of "the good woman,"—quasi, "the woman without a head." But "outstretched," as I had been, "upon the rack of this tough world," I had not forgotten the days of my childishness so much as to give into the ill-natured jeer of this misogynist of a tapster. I knew and felt it to be an outrageous libel upon the sex; I had seen with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears; and I hereby affirm, all assertions whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is, or rather was, (for "rest her soul, she is dead,") one *good woman* in the world.

Next door to the cottage where I was nurtured, and of which he was the landlord, lived John Hall and his wife. I shall not readily forget them, for besides, as I have already said, being our landlord, he was to me, the source of many a childish pleasure, and, at times, the awe-striking dispenser of many a childish fear. He was at once a sort of governor and benefactor. Although our houses were separate, the little garden in front was one, and when I was allowed to run or to pull a flower on the nether side of the row of "nasturtium," that separated his part from "ours," my felicity was complete. It was he who allotted me my little garden behind, who gave me bricks for my rabbit-house, and a cord for my swing; it was he whose voice struck terror into me when I had mis-aimed a stone, broken a rail, or left open a gate—but where am I wandering?

He, as I said, lived next door to us, with his wife, who was his second, (and well it was she was so, for who could have been second to her?) and an unmarried daughter by a former marriage; for Peggy Hall had no children living, as if fate and nature were determined

"to leave the world no copy."

To her daughter-in-law, however, she was kind—reasonably kind. I say "reasonably kind," because her kindness, here, however kind, was still nothing compared to that she bore for her husband, in whom she was wrapped, "shut up, in measureless content."

John was clerk of the parish; and besides, being now seventy years of age and no despicable stone-mason, he supplied all the parish with gravestones, epitaphs and all (such was his scholarship), and had amassed together by his crafts, money enough to make him architect and owner of a good many cottages in the village. He was thus, being a man of consequence, generally known by the name of "the captain", —as how? "marry tropically," being the commander of others, though not in a military sense. There was, however, an air of superior respectability about him—a sort of reverend authority in his face. He had been successful in life, and was looked up to by his neighbours, notwithstanding some certain deviations of the flesh and the devil, from which neither his prudence nor his semi-clerical capacity exempted him. John liked a "cheerful glass, albeit, not wisely, but too well." He was no hypocrite either; and the austerity which, in his countenance, concealed for the most part a vein of dry humour, arose more from that keenness which always looks steadily at the main chance, than from any feelings of the "rigidly righteous" sort. John never pretended to be of what Burns calls the "unco guid."

His wife was some years younger than he. She had been what, in the north, is called "a sonsie lass," and was of respectable parentage and education, as such things go in the country. She still retained, and did to the last, though the hue was broken on her cheek, that florid freshness which rustics admire so much—probably because they have it—and which the genteel think vulgar—probably because they have it not. Moreover, she was tall, and had "money in her purse." John had met with her, a gay widower, but "whose means were still in supposition." He came, saw, and conquered. Her envious friends opposed every bar to the match. Perhaps they were not over nice in the execution of this species of preventive service. Be it as it might,

"With love's light wings he did o'er-perch these walls,"

and one fine Sunday morning bore her off behind him on a pillion in triumph to Kirk-W——n. They went on and

prospered, and settled at last in the village of K——.

She was the paragon of wives—homely, unaffected—invaluable. Methinks I see her now; her unceasing care of the household affairs; her pride in the huge shelves of well-scoured pewter plates and dishes, whose brightness was an emblem of her virtues. How her eye followed her husband when he moved! how her ear drank in his words when he spoke! Even when busiest, and when not addressed, she would half pause, without absolutely stopping, at the sound of his voice. I know not how it was—but her manner of listening and attending to him was as different from the attention she bestowed upon other interlocutors, as one thing can be from another, and yet to every speaker she was most attentive. Had John uttered oracles as fast as he sometimes uttered oaths, (but this was *only* sometimes,) she could not have listened with more intense and enchained interest. He was the god of her idolatry—the focus, into which seemed to be condensed, in one bright ray, all her pleasures, her cares, her hopes, her fears, on this side the grave.

It was pleasant to see the old man on a Sabbath morning,—for then he was the greatest,—preparing to set out for the church (which was at some distance) where he performed his clerical duties. He had, latterly, grown stiff with age and rheumatism, and was unable to walk the whole distance there and back again. For this, indeed, when a funeral peculiarly large, or a wedding particularly riotous occurred, there might peradventure be sometimes more reasons than one. However, for his perfect ease, in any contingency, he kept a strong ass, which was tethered through the summer in a corner of the meadow, and in the winter shared the byre with the cow. I used sometimes to think that Peggy seemed as if she felt that Billy, meritorious animal as he was, did not move so stately as he might or ought to have done, considering what a freightage he bore. To have pleased her fond fancy, he should have curvetted like "Roan Barbary,"

"As proudly as he did disdain the ground."

His equipments were as nice as his master's, and as strictly attended to. There he stood at "the mount, with his well-stuffed saddle, and bridle clean and neat, waiting for the old man, with his black lappetted waistcoat, his dark-blue coat, with large black horn buttons, and his dark-grey worsted leggins, pulled up and strapped, and buckled comfortably round his thighs. His spur on one heel, his switch in his hand, and his venerable white hair neatly combed under his carefully-brushed low-crowned hat; his grandson waiting with a rose in his breast and another in his hand, chosen from the tall white-rose bush by the garden gate. His daughter Betty and his wife had alternately the felicity of attending him; but whether she went or staid, who so happy as Peggy on a Sunday morning! If she went, there was John,

"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,"

in his place of honour; if she staid, there was his repast to be provided when he returned. The pot was to be boiled and replenished with the joint of mutton and the dumplings, and the kale thickened with barley, cabbage, celery, carrots, and leeks, with the tiny leaves of the marigold and thyme floating on its tempting surface. There was ever a porringer ready for me, (when shall I fare so again?) when wearied, perhaps, with pursuing the butterflies all the hot summer forenoon through the garden, or escaping from an occasional dragon fly, which, to our childish fancies, (we called them "flying adders,") were next in terror to the Lambton worm, or that of Laidley. Her grandson was my first friend, and she was attached to me as his companion; nor will her homely but affectionate "weel's m'on thee!" ever away from my memory. Happy days!

John sometimes got home in good time, and sometimes not. If the firing of multitudinous guns over the bride's head announced a riotous wedding, the excitement was often continued till night. But after a common Sunday's duty they would generally go, on a fine summer afternoon, to sit in a sort of paddock or pleasure garden, which John had hedged off from the larger garden, in a corner of the field. It had a willow arbour, with a seat, and was planted with such flowers, herbs, and odoriferous shrubs, as our rude Northumbrian climate can be brought to tolerate. It was commonly known by the name of the "Captain's Folly;" and some envious tongues would not hesitate to hint, that it was indeed

something of a fool's paradise. To Peggy it was the third, nay, the seventh heaven, if there be seven. It was something beyond a paradise, inasmuch as she thought him who planted it more perfect than Adam was before he fell; for in Peggy's esteem John could not fall. She would give you a rose or a bit of sweet-brier out of it, as if it were the blessed amaranth that adorns the eternal bowers. There they would sometimes sit with their daughter, their grandson, and myself, and John, after telling who was and was not at church, worthy or unworthy of note, parishioners or strangers, would haply repeat the text, and *sol-fa* over the Psalms he had selected for the day—for John was vain of his knowledge and taste in Psalmody, which he thought unequalled, and his wife miraculous. He had been a musicant in his youth, and would still at times condescend to favour one with a tune on the old English flute. Peggy used sometimes to venture hesitatingly to ask him to play "Roslin Castle," (as he *used* to play it her,) with a full persuasion that it must strike every hearer, as it did her, with rapture, unsurpassed since the days of Corelli or Master Henry Lawes—though I protest, before heaven, that, with an indifferently fair natural ear, I never (through the many stops and pauses the old man was obliged to make) could piece out the tune. But then I was not his wife.

All John's evenings, however, were not spent in this way. He had a trick of what he called "going to the head of the town," a movement which, when it was effected, his wife, too, designated to all inquirers, by saying he was gone to the "head of the town." This "the *neighbours*" used to say, "Poor man, was his worst fault." Perhaps it might. I, for my part, never went into the question, and his wife never would admit that he had any fault—so the proof was lost upon her. There was nothing to build syllogisms upon. She, however, did not altogether, as one would say, *relish* the subject. She did not quarrel with it, but kept out of its way when she could. I well recollect, one day, when one of her gossips had been rash enough to shew a little scepticism as to the infallibility of some of John's conclusions, Peggy looked her gravely in the face, and said, with an air of more inquiry than she usually thought of manifesting on this head, "Isobel Bolam," (a short pause,) "dinna ye think John Hall's a (laying a long emphasis on the epithet) wise man?" —"Ay," quoth Isobel, "when he doesna get *to the head of the town.*"—They did not look quite straight at each other for many a day after. The place was, in truth, a sore one; for John, like many more, was most subject to tantrums when in liquor, and, to her, upon such occasions, was not always over gentle. It was in vain, certainly. Had he loved a quarrel better than Petruchio, "now dinnot be angered, John Hall," was the *ne plus ultra* of what she reckoned constitutional remonstrance.

John preserved to the last his decision, his superiority, and his literary vanity; for of this last he had "enough with over measure," and his wife pampered it as she did his musical genius. He had a library; it was the pride of the whole house. I ought to remember the contents, for I dare say I read it through ten times—as a boy reads. There were sundry volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, the Ladies' Magazine, and the Town and Country Magazine, (with, *O tempora!* the *tete a tetes* between Admiral this and Lady that;) there was a Gazetteer, a Gardener's Dictionary, an odd volume of Derham's Physico-Theology, an old treatise on Mensuration, the Beauties of England and Wales, the Spectator wanting a volume, the Guardian entire, Joseph Andrews, a MS. collection of the receipts of the celebrated itinerant physician, Doctor Burrough, (his picture, without a shirt, for the doctor never wore one, and what was rather more remarkable, seldom took money as a fee, hung on the window,) a Guide to the Altar, the Whole Duty of Man, the Holy Bible, and a treatise on Freemasonry, (for John bragged of being a freemason, though I have heard some doubts thrown upon his title,) I think completed the catalogue. Had it been the Alexandrian, it could not have been more thought of. The last time I saw John he catechized me, as usual, in my learning, and especially my Latin. His knowledge of the dead languages was in part derived from the sentences he used to put on gravestones, and I think "*dormit, non mortua est,*" was the scrap that generally came most pat to his memory,

though far be it from me to say that this was the extent of his classical learning. As I had about as much Latin as he, the examinations, for the most part, passed off as smoothly and satisfactorily as such things are wont to do, and equally to the amusement of the bystanders. The old man's Praxis, however, was too ominous. Shortly after this his wife died, and he did not survive her long. His natural strength of mind prevented his much shewing the effect of the shock; but it was observed, that from that time forward he was drawing with an accelerated velocity towards the place of his rest. He died gently, and rather suddenly, having risen from bed, and not quite finished putting on his clothes. "Betty," said he to his daughter, "I think I cannot be long." She was supporting him. He laid his head on her shoulder, and the old man's spirit departed softly and willingly, without a struggle or a pang. *Requiescat!* T. D.

SONNETS.

I.

There is a runnel creeps across a fell,
  Far, noteless, poor,—unheeded as the tear
  That steals down Misery's cheek.—No summits near
To catch the eye; no mountain-heights to tell,
That it too, on a time, can foam and swell:
  But under brechins green it wanders clear;
  Now mossy,—now 'mid the grey stones severe;
All unadorn'd, save by the heather-bell.
There have I wander'd many a musing hour,
  Till evening deepen'd on the quiet sky;
And when the breeze blew, mark'd the daisy cower,
  And dip into the stream that rippled by.
Oh! Nature, thou canst never lose thy power,
  Still full and all-sufficient for the eye.

II.

Brinkburn—if Time shall spare me—as the weed
  Cowering to earth doth cheat the mower's blade—
  Shall I not smile, once more to thread this glade,
And seek thy waters, murmuring in their speed?
Here have I drunk of happiness indeed;
  And straying here, as heretofore I stray'd,
  Sure I shall meet with Pleasure, or her shade,
Haunting, like me, the long-loved spot. 'Twill breed
Perchance remembrances that bear a sting;
  A pensive joy, that hath some kin to woe:
Yet, if the unexpected drops that spring
  At sight of thee, be sweeter in their flow
Than aught of bliss that other scenes can bring,
  Why should I pause, or wish this were not so?

T. D.

Ireland.

Ireland again receives its full share of the attention of Parliament, and we are exceedingly glad of it. There is perhaps little to please, and much to offend us, in the measures and motions which respect the sister kingdom; but they, nevertheless, keep the eyes and hearts of the people of England directed towards her, and we regard this as an advantage of very great importance. After what has been already written and said, any detailed discussion of Irish affairs is out of the question; but there are several portions of them, which may be very profitably dwelt upon in the present state of public feeling. On some of these, we will briefly touch, without any regard to order and connection, and without being at all ambitious of displaying originality. If we think fit to repeat, what has been said a thousand times already, we shall not scruple to do it, justified as we shall be, by the maxim of the ancient,—"That can never be said too often, which can never be said often enough."

It is the curse of Ireland that its name calls into operation almost every species of party feeling. Great state questions, in general, only bring into collision the affections and antipathies of the Whig and the Tory, and this is often enough quite sufficient to render what is true, wise, and expedient, perfectly invisible; but the state of this unhappy country can never be discussed, without involving, in fierce conflict, the Protestants and the Catholics—the enemies of the Established Church, and its friends—the supporters of what is called Catholic Emancipation, and its opponents—and we know not how many other hostile bodies, as well as the two great political parties of the empire. The consequences, alas! are, that in the discussion, the *first* object is to gain a triumph for certain men, to establish certain abstract doctrines, or to destroy, or defend, certain general laws and institutions, and the termination of Ireland's miseries and atrocities is the *last*. Public wisdom is seduced to leave the real evils of Ireland and their remedies unthought of, that it may occupy itself with the fictitious ones which passion, prejudice, and interest lay before it.

We can only account by this, for the extraordinary fact, that one system of discussion is followed with regard to England, and a directly opposite one with respect to the sister country. Here, we keep the leading interests and classes distinct—there, we jumble them all into a whole. If distress and disorder prevail in England, we ask where they prevail; we ascertain whether it is the agricultural, the manufacturing, or the commercial class, that is suffering; we go to the cause at once, and shape our remedy according to its suggestions: but if a single class in Ireland be distressed and guilty, we instantly assume that the nation at large is so, and, instead of applying practical remedies to partial evils, we resort to theory in all haste, to legislate for the whole population. Ireland is almost invariably spoken of as though the whole people were wretched and criminal; and almost every measure is declaimed against as useless, that is not calculated to bear upon every class alike. We shall in this article act differently. We fight not for office—we have no Catholic bill to carry—we seek not to overthrow, or plunder, the Established Church—and we have no system of conciliation to uphold and eulogize; we are therefore at liberty to speak the words of truth and common sense, and to look at Ireland as we would look at England.

In the first place, then, which of the various classes of the people of Ireland needs relief and reformation? The peasantry alone. The manufacturing and trading classes,—the inhabitants of cities and towns, are well-principled and peaceable; and they are in a state of competence, and even prosperity. The small land occupiers and the husbandry labourers, are the *only* portion of the Irish people whose sufferings and crimes call for the interference of Parliament.

Having thus distinctly placed before us that *part* of the population of Ireland whose condition and conduct *alone* demand consideration, we must now inquire into the nature of this condition and conduct, in order that we may be enabled to suggest the proper remedies. We shall, throughout, only reason upon those facts which are notorious, and which are admitted by all parties; and one of those facts

is,—the peasantry of Ireland are in a state of deplorable penury—are scarcely half employed—are barbarous, depraved, disaffected, and rebellious—and are composed almost exclusively of blind, fanatical Catholics.

With regard to the penury of the Irish peasantry, it is not accidental,—it has not been produced by fluctuations of prices, although these have no doubt greatly aggravated it. It existed before high prices were known, it continued when they were obtained, and it remains when they can be obtained no longer—and, amidst all its fluctuations, it never can rise even to poverty. Now, what causes this penury with regard to the occupiers of land? Oppressive taxes? No! There are scarcely any taxes demanded. Bad soil? No, the soil is very fertile. The expense of cultivation? No, this is extremely low. The want of a market? No, Ireland possesses a far better market for agricultural produce, than most parts of the continent. Are the people of expensive habits? No, they are remarkable for being almost less so than any other people. Here, then, is an agricultural population, distressed in the utmost degree, in the midst of all the legitimate sources of agricultural wealth! The solution of this extraordinary problem is not difficult. Does not the occupier raise a large surplus beyond his necessary expenditure? Yes. What becomes of it? The whole, save a small fraction, goes into the pockets of the landlord. Would not the retention of a portion of this surplus proportionably increase the income, in the popular sense of the word, of the occupier; and is not the want of adequate income the cause of penury in Ireland, as well as elsewhere? Undoubtedly. When nearly all that is demanded of the occupier is demanded by the landlord, is not his penury owing to the landlord, if that be demanded which leaves him only potatoes for food, and rags for clothing? Certainly, if cause and effect continue to be what they were formerly.

Nothing has appeared more wonderful to the *disinterested*, than the silence which has been observed respecting rents, during the discussion of the affairs of Ireland. The tithes have been declaimed against without ceasing, not merely as the cause of disaffection, but as the cause of want: the pecuniary inability of the Irish to pay them, has been insisted on, until scarcely any one, save an Irish clergyman, has dared to deny it; but it seems to have been taken for granted that rents could not be exorbitant. The tithes are not a tax—they are not an addition to, but in effect a small fractional part of, the rent—they vary in value with the variations in the price of produce; and they cannot in law exceed, and they do not in fact reach, what the land can easily pay. Yet it was the tithes that chiefly ruined the Irish occupier! The same course was pursued with regard to the taxes, during the late agricultural distress of this country. It was the taxes—principally the taxes—that ruined the English farmer. Our landholders maintained this, might and main, in Parliament; but what did they do then? In that princely, real English spirit which distinguishes them, they instantly set to work to ascertain what their tenants could pay, and they struck off fifteen, twenty, thirty, or forty per cent of rent immediately. They did not demand what the law made their own, and they did not even take what had been raised for them by debt and privation. They remitted what was due, and they returned what was given. The taxes remained to the occupier very nearly the same, and the markets did not, for a considerable time afterwards, advance, yet the complaints of the farmers in a great measure ceased. In Ireland, matters were different: Many of the landholders, no doubt, did reduce their rents, but then the reduction was scarcely felt by those whose need was the greatest. The English landholder is the sole landlord of all the occupiers of his land, and he lowered the rents of all, according to their necessities. The Irish landholder is the landlord of only a portion of those who till his estate, and whatever he might reduce to these, the sub-tenant had no hope of procuring anything beyond his potatoe. Rents in Ireland, taking the difference of markets and other circumstances into consideration, are very far above what they are in England; they are such as an English farmer could not possibly pay, and still we are not to think that exorbitant rents have the chief hand, or any hand at all, in distressing the Irish occupiers! This is the case, even in the nineteenth cen-

tury! As an experiment, let the rents of a single parish in Ireland be reduced to the fair level of English rents, and Parliament will speedily discover what would bestow on the Irish peasantry comparative competence.

Until rents are thus lowered, the Irish peasantry must, without the operation of any other cause, be in a state of penury; and so long as the middlemen exist, the rents will remain as excessive as they now are. He who takes land to re-let it for profit, is exactly like him who buys goods to re-sell them for profit; he expects not merely a certain per centage, but the very utmost farthing that can be obtained. He has the sub-tenant constantly under his eye, he sees his crops, he knows exactly what he gets for his produce, and he takes care to keep him screwed up to the last penny that can be extracted. The writer of this article has seen much of the rustic population of England, and in every instance that has come within his knowledge of a cottage and ground being included in the *take* of, and re-let by a farmer, the rent was invariably from twenty to forty per cent higher, than that of similar cottages rented from the same landholder, but let directly by himself. While it is thus the constant and only aim of the jobber to extract the very utmost farthing, all things conspire to throw it into his hands. The land is divided into such small portions, that it can be entered upon almost without capital; and from this, and the density of the population, competitors are innumerable. The baleful influence of the jobbers is felt by the whole of the occupiers. They make letting by competition, that is, by virtual auction, to be the common mode of letting; and extravagantly high rents, to be the only ones known. They establish a system which the smaller proprietors are glad to follow, which the larger ones are almost pushed into, and which therefore extends over the whole of the land. Those therefore who do not take their land of the jobbers, have their rents governed in effect by those which the jobbers exact. During the war, competition rose to an amazing height among our English farmers; and had the land been in the hands of jobbers, they would, we firmly believe, even then have been distressed. We knew at that time not a few who rented good-sized farms of proprietors, who, jobber-like, always insisted upon the highest penny. The tenants naturally, although most frugal and industrious men, and although produce was so extravagantly high, were, to use the farmers' expression, always "overset;" the day of payment constantly arrived before the sum was provided, and at the very first fall of prices, they sunk into ruin. We believe that half the worth of the mass of the English landholders, and half the national benefits that flow from them, are unknown to the country. Interest, which is omnipotent with all other classes, was powerless with them; they would not tolerate competition, although it offered to double their incomes. We could name some of them who spurned farmers from their presence, who sought them, to offer thirty or forty per cent of rent more for their land, than their tenants were paying, and who did not raise their rents at all in consequence of the offer. It is true, they advanced their rents as produce advanced in price, but never in proportion. When leases expired, they would not hear of competition; and a moderate advance was made upon the old rent to the old tenant, which still left him in plentiful circumstances. If they accidentally wanted a new tenant, surrounded as they were by competitors, the farm was almost always procured through interest, or character, and at a much lower rent than might have been obtained for it, if it had been let to the highest bidder. We speak of course of the great body, and willingly admit that exceptions were numerous, particularly among the smaller proprietors. The English occupiers would then have ruined themselves by competition, but for the prohibition of their landlords, and they would even do it at this moment, if not prevented by the same cause. But Ireland!—poor Ireland—has not such landlords; the poor Irish occupier must have no land to till, and nothing to eat, if he will not agree to pay the utmost penny for the soil, that human effort and privation can extract from it.

More yet remains;—The English landlord prides himself on having a respectable tenantry, and on having his land well cultivated. If a tenant be slovenly, or idle, he is reprimanded and shamed into reformation; if he

be of bad character, he is discharged. This is not confined to the larger occupiers, but it extends to the cottagers. The character and conduct of a man cannot be concealed in a village, as in a town; and if the landlord be but little on his estate himself, his steward is frequently there, and it is an important part of the steward's duty to keep himself well acquainted with the character and conduct of the tenants. With regard to the system of culture, this is in general expressly laid down by the landlord in the lease, or agreement. We hold it to be an undeniable truth, that THE LANDHOLDERS OF ALMOST ANY COUNTRY MAY HAVE WHAT KIND OF A POPULATION THEY PLEASE—A HAPPY, OR A DISTRESSED, ONE; A MORAL AND ORDERLY, OR A DEPRAVED AND TURBULENT, ONE—UPON THEIR ESTATES; and the English landholders, by their princely and wise conduct, have provided themselves with one of the best kind. Their tenants are not only respectable and even wealthy, but they are intelligent, active, and industrious, and they are the most moral and upright class in the community. No class in the state can vie with them, for warmth of heart and purity of life—for hospitality and benevolence—for scorn of petty chicanery and fraud—for confidence in, and brotherly kindness to each other—in a word, for all the sterling old English feelings and virtues. We testify to what we have seen. We have known them—we have known the inhabitants of towns and cities too—we have seen not a little of those who rank very far above them in society, and we are proud to offer our humble tribute to their superiority. These farmers stand at the head of village society, and they have nearly all the rest of it under their control; we therefore need not trace the character of their labourers. Now, what is the case, in this respect, in Ireland? The jobber feels no interest in the character of his tenant and his mode of cultivation, beyond what is inspired by solicitude for the rent. Many cases may be supposed, in which he would perhaps prompt, or at any rate connive at, and conceal, his tenant's crimes. If we mistake not, Sir John Newport stated last session in Parliament, that, in some parts of Ireland, the landlords encouraged illicit distillation. We hope, for the honour of the landholders, that he ought to have said jobbers; but be this as it may, it is unquestionable, that those who could be blind and base enough to do this, would equally encourage resistance to the payment of tithes, taxes, and everything else, save exorbitant rents. The jobber must naturally nurse the rage against tithes and all other payments, save that due to himself—he must naturally connive at guilt, which enables him to receive, or to increase, his rent—and his influence, the only influence, save that of the Catholic priest, which is felt by the occupier, must naturally be exercised to distress, degrade, and brutalize the occupier. In England, knowledge flows from the upper classes through the medium of the farmer upon the plough-boy; in Ireland, the jobbers form a chasm, which prevents the peasantry from learning anything from their betters that they ought to learn. The effects harmonize exactly with the laws of nature. While the estates of the English landholders are peopled with such inhabitants as we have described, those of the Irish landholders are peopled with savages, beggars, rebels, rogues, and murderers.

We are well aware that the Englishman and Irishman are extremely different in personal disposition, and that this difference is altogether in favour of the Englishman; but, allowing for this, we are very certain that the Irish system would produce the same fruits in England, and that the English system would produce, in a very great degree, the same fruits in Ireland.

We ought perhaps to mention the Poor Laws, as one of the causes of English superiority, so far as respects husbandry labourers. These laws, by keeping this part of the people under surveillance and control, when without masters, and by preserving them from incitement to theft, the degradation of begging, and the baleful effects which either successful or unsuccessful begging is sure to produce, are invaluable. We know what has been said against these laws—we defend not their abuses and defects—but we will say, Woe to England when they shall be abolished, even though English labourers be previously taught to exchange beef and bacon for the potatoe only!

One effect which exorbitantly high

rents are sure to produce is, to lessen the demand for, and the remuneration of, labour. The occupier must pay the precise sum for the land, he knows not how to raise it, and he sets to work to reduce the amount of his other payments as much as possible. He banters down the tithes to the lowest figure—abandons consumption—discharges his hired servants, and, with his children, labours in their stead—and, if he cannot do without labourers, he grinds them down to the lowest farthing, without any regard to their necessities. The price of labour is only partially regulated by the quantity at market. Servants are not hired by auction. If the master's circumstances be good, he gives cheerfully to his labourers what he thinks they need for the support of their families, although numbers may be out of employment, and would perhaps take much less than he gives to gain it. In the latter part of the war, husbandry wages continued to be exceedingly high, although there were constantly many labourers out of employment. If the master's circumstances be bad, he keeps labour much below its natural value. Such rents, moreover, operate very powerfully against good cultivation, by binding the occupier down to the least possible expense in labour, utensils, the keep of horses, manure, &c. &c.; they are, in a word, a curse to the whole of agricultural society, for they rob and starve not only the occupier, but his servants, his tradesmen, and every one within the sphere of his influence; including even the poor brutes which drag his plough.

We have dwelt the longer on this hackneyed topic, because it is one which Parliament will not dwell upon, and because it is one of the highest importance. In our poor judgment, *nothing but a reduction of rents to a moderate standard, can rescue a very large portion of the Irish peasantry from the extreme of indigence; and nothing but the annihilation of the jobbers can compass such a reduction.* If it would not give employment to numbers who now need it, it would greatly benefit the occupiers, and these, in Ireland, comprehend a very large portion of the rustic population. The surplus—those who have not land, and cannot be employed—ought undoubtedly to be conveyed by government to such parts of the empire as need inhabitants.

But although the reduction of rents in Ireland to the level of those in England, would bestow on the occupiers a decent competence, compared with what they now enjoy, it would do nothing more, so long as land is divided as at present. It would give them the necessaries, but not the comforts, of life. This, however, would be a great, a very great point accomplished. The man who in England occupies ten, twenty, thirty, or less than fifty acres of land, not in the immediate vicinity of a town, may, in the farmer's phrase, contrive to live, but he can do nothing more, however moderate his rent may be. The smallness of the quantity of land which the Irish occupier holds, must, under any circumstances, prevent him from accumulating capital, and becoming a consumer in anything but the plainest food and clothing. But this is far from being the worst. Its direct and natural tendency is to make him lazy and vicious, for an idle population can scarcely avoid being a vicious one. It gives him no consideration in his own eyes, or in those of others; it will not employ him more than half his time, it makes him too much a master to be willing to become a servant, and it thus gives him a very large portion of leisure, which is almost sure to be employed in the contraction of depraved habits. This moreover keeps society in the worst possible form. In England, the respectable intelligent farmers keep the whole agricultural population below them effectually under surveillance and control. In Ireland there are no such farmers; all are nearly equal; nearly all are independent, are in the lowest state of ignorance and penury, and are only kept in order by laws, which know not how to find functionaries to execute them, and which, as late events have abundantly shewn, are equally at a loss how to prevent crime, and punish the perpetrators of it.

Turning our backs therefore on the whole host of sçavants and speculators, of newspaper editors, and review writers, of projectors and partizans, and speaking only to plain practical men, who have lived amidst, and are well acquainted with, the agricultural population of England, we will ask them these

plain questions. When taxes are low, markets are tolerable, soil is good, the expense of cultivation is small, and the occupiers live at the least cost, will not land pay tithes, afford a fair rent to the landlord, and still leave a sufficiency of necessaries to the cultivator? If this be the case with regard to Ireland, could not the owner of an estate in that country place those who live on it in comfortable circumstances at his pleasure, and still draw a fair revenue from it? Ought he not to do this? Could not the owner of a parish in Ireland purge it, if he chose, of rogues and murderers, and, by converting its inhabitants into a due admixture of decent farmers and husbandry labourers, render it as orderly, and as easy to govern, as an English country village? Ought he not to do it, when the government would render him all the assistance in its power, by providing for any surplus population? If, taking into the calculation the difference of markets, &c. rents were as high in this country as they are in Ireland; and if estates were let to jobbers to be parcelled out in small fragments to the highest bidders, would not our agricultural population be speedily as much distressed as that of Ireland; and would it not be driven to feed on the potatoe? If the answers be in the affirmative, do not they, without seeking for a single additional cause, clearly indicate what produces the distress of Ireland, and what would remove it? For let it ever be remembered, that although this distress is spoken of, as if it covered every class, it is the state of the agricultural population ONLY that bewilders and occupies our statesmen.

Now, when Ministers, Parliament, and the nation at large, are intently occupied in devising means for bettering the condition of the Irish agricultural population, what are the great mass of the Irish landholders—the men who alone can relieve the extreme penury of the greater part of the population—doing? Common sense, speaking only from conjecture, would say—Labouring day and night on their estates—prying into the character and circumstances of their tenants, great and small—expelling those of notoriously bad name and habits—encouraging the growth of good feelings and conduct—reducing their rents to a fair standard—preparing the means for ridding themselves of middle-men, and enlarging the size of their farms, as rapidly as may be practicable—providing themselves with good stewards at a fixed salary, after the English fashion, to act for them in their occasional absence—labouring to procure from the proper quarters a sufficiency of religious teachers—forming themselves into associations for promoting good systems of cultivation, household management, &c. &c. Alas! alas! if the Irish landholders would only occupy themselves in this manner, we should hear but little of the crimes and misery of Ireland. But these men—we speak of the great mass, and render the highest praise to the individuals who are struggling singly—are either doing nothing, or what is much worse. They are constantly *absent* from their estates, and this of itself constitutes a charge of a heinous nature: they are either silent and inactive, or they are only abusing the government, and ringing the changes on the tithes, the Orangemen, emancipation, and Irish perfection of character. And this is the case with them, when their estates are in the hands of jobbers, who labour to sponge from the great body of those who live on them, even the bread of life—whose tenants are called upon for rents which will not leave them common necessaries—and whose estates are peopled by rebels, robbers, and murderers! When we contrast what these men do, with what they might do, with what can only be done by themselves at last, and with what it is their sacred duty to God and man to do, we cannot find words to express our sense of their conduct. We turn in scorn from them to our English landholders, and our feelings for the latter become almost adoration.

We shall no doubt be told of debts and mortgages, but what then? We regard it to be proved—indisputably proved—that estates in Ireland will yield a fair rent, without robbing those who live on them of common necessaries; and if this rent will not satisfy the extravagance of the landlord, is this extravagance to justify him in taking the bread which his tenants should eat? Who will answer us?

Although so much has been already said respecting the tithes, still, as the Irish landlords ascribe so much of the

misery of their tenantry to them, as we believe that they really do add something to this misery; and as we have never seen them discussed according to our wishes, in the most material part of their operation, we will advert to them as briefly as possible, without apology.

The title of the Church to Tithes is as clear as a title can possibly be. The land was by law subject to them before it came into the possession of the present owners: when it was purchased by these owners, or their ancestors, the value of the tithes was accurately calculated, and the amount of the purchase money reduced accordingly: the sum they gave was only sufficient to procure a rent that would enable the occupier to pay tithes, and they never expected to receive more than such a rent. Whenever an occupier takes land subject to tithes, he calculates their value to a penny, and he carefully proportions his offer to the landlord to this value. It has been admitted on all hands, that *the rent and tithes jointly*, of land subject to the latter, seldom equal the *rent alone* of land that is tithe-free.

Now, it must be glaringly obvious to every man of common sense, that if the landlord demand a rent which will not permit the occupier to pay tithes, he demands what is monstrously unjust. The Church, as a third party, had nothing to do with, and is in no shape bound by, his contract; those from whom he bought, or inherited, had no more right to touch the interest of this third party, than himself, and, in strict equity of bargain, he has no right to rent at all, until the Church has received its due. And it must be equally clear, that if the gross charge upon titheable land be below, rather than above that upon tithe-free land, the tithes cannot justly, or naturally, be a burden upon the occupier; and that they can only be rendered so by the misconduct of himself or the clergyman.

With regard to the Clergy, all parties bear testimony to their moderation. We have it in evidence from Sir John Newport and others, that they are so far from receiving more than their right, that what they receive falls greatly below it. We have it in evidence, which no one attempts to contradict, that the litigation in which they are involved, arises not from their rapacity or unaccommodating disposition, but from its being their only alternative to procure a portion only of what they are entitled to. The frequency of tithe-suits, their ruinous expense, and the rapacity of proctors, are used as the chief argument against tithes. But what constitutes their source? What causes the law to be resorted to, and affords the proctor the means of exercising his rapacity? If the inability of the clergyman to procure his just right—what the land, if justly let, can pay—without the aid of the law, be an argument for the abolition of tithes, then the inability of the landlord to procure his rent, and of the money lender to procure his interest, without the aid of the law, is an argument for the abolition of rents and the interest of money. If the occupier be really without the means of paying the tithes, what strips him of them, but his own extravagance, or the extortion of the landlord? and ought either of these to render the robbery of the clergyman just and necessary? If he be able to pay them, and refuse from litigious motives, from hatred of the Protestant church, or from the most false and criminal notions respecting property, is this a sufficient reason for calling the tithes an oppressive burden, or a burden of any kind, upon the Irish occupier?

It is demonstrably clear, that if the landlord and clergyman merely seek their right, and the occupier is desirous of rendering to each his due, the tithes cannot be a cause of dissatisfaction and injury, and the occupiers of titheable, cannot be in a worse situation, than those of tithe-free, land. And it is equally clear, that the mischiefs which are ascribed to the tithes in Ireland, flow mainly from the bad feelings of the peasantry. We will glance at these feelings, to ascertain how far they are susceptible of change.

Although the buyer of land subject to tithes, only, in strict truth, buys and pays for nine-tenths of it, he nevertheless exercises many of the rights of ownership over the whole, and is universally called the sole owner. The tenant treats with him alone for the occupation, and regards him as his only landlord. The rent is agreed upon before the tenant obtains possession, and if it be not paid, or if he refuse to pay such an advance as the landlord may afterwards make, he is

expelled from the land forthwith. The only right of ownership that the clergyman can exercise is, to claim a certain portion of the land's produce; he cannot say a word in the choice of the tenant—the precise amount of his claim has to be fixed after this tenant obtains possession, and however dishonest and refractory he may prove, he cannot remove him. When the clergyman can thus interfere no farther with the occupier, than to claim his tithes, and when the landlord is regarded as the sole owner, the tithes are looked upon as merely a direct tax, and with all the dislike with which direct taxes are ever regarded. It matters not that the full value of the tithes are subtracted from the rent—the tenant still regards them as an impost; and if their amount, either in money or produce, have to be settled annually, he thinks neither of honesty nor anything else, except beating down the clergyman to the lowest penny. This is human nature; and, in truth, he would have the same struggle with his landlord, if his rent varied yearly, and he could not be discharged. The farmers combine, and are perhaps countenanced by the landlord, and the clergyman has the whole parish to contend with, single-handed. If he once bring them into court, there is nothing but ill blood and strife afterwards. This is the case in England, as well as Ireland, where the tithes are not compounded for by an arrangement which needs no alteration for years.

In Ireland, however, the tithes are regarded, not merely with the dislike which people in general entertain towards direct taxes, but with abhorrence, as forming a burden of the most unjust and iniquitous description. The Irish Catholic has not only to pay tithes, but he has to pay them to a Protestant clergyman—to a man whom he regards as a usurper, receiving them to the direct robbery of the Catholic pastor. Here is the grand source of that inveterate hostility to tithes which pervades the Irish peasantry. The English dissenter never pays the church-rates, without sullenly intimating to the collector, that it is exceedingly unjust to compel him to assist in supporting a church to which he does not belong; and it may be easily supposed, how this feeling operates on the Irishman, when he has to pay those tithes to another church, which he honestly believes to be the just property of his own. Convince him that, in real truth, the tithes do not come out of his pocket—that they are paid by the land—that he would have to pay the amount of them to the landlord, if the Church did not claim it—and that the landlord virtually puts money into his hands to pay them with—still his hatred of the tithes must continue. It is a matter of conscience with him, as well as of money; for they are still paid to the Protestant Church, instead of his own. The Catholic clergy regard the tithes as a right, of which they have been unjustly dispossessed; the tithes form the chief instrument by which they can keep up the hatred of their flocks towards the Protestant Church; and it may be fairly assumed, that their unlimited influence will be unsparingly exercised to maintain that hostility to the payment of tithes which at present exists.

Forgetting Ireland for the moment, and looking only at human nature, we do not think that anything could operate more perniciously in any community, than the compulsive payment of tithes by the people, to a Church hostile to, and, in their eyes, the usurper of the rights and emoluments of, their own. If the Catholics were by any means to obtain the ascendancy, and the church property in England, it would be almost impossible to compel the Protestant occupiers to pay tithes to the Ministers; and if land were as extensively subject to tithes here, as in Ireland, there would be as much difficulty experienced in collecting, and as great an outcry raised against them, as are to be found in the sister kingdom. We firmly believe, that however unprovoked and criminal the animosity against them might be, nothing could remove it, so long as the people remained attached to their Church, and under the influence of its Ministers. An animosity like this, flowing from religious hatred, and having no regard for law or justice—arising, not from overcharge, or inability to pay, but from the belief that the whole demand is iniquitous—cannot fail of having the most deplorable consequences among men so barbarous, inflammable, and vindictive, as the Irish peasantry. It must produce eternal litigation, alike injurious to the

Church and the tithe payers; and it must exasperate the people against the Protestant Church and its members, not even excepting the Protestant rulers.

We therefore arrive at this conclusion:—The tithes are the clear and necessary right of the Church—in their legal and just operation, they are paid by the land, without injuring in the least the landlord or the tenant—the conduct of the Irish clergy, in collecting them, is distinguished by justice and moderation—the opposition to the payment of them, which pervades the Irish peasantry, is unprovoked and unjustifiable—and all the injury that accrues to the tithe payers, from the collection of the tithes, must be charged upon their own bad feelings and conduct. Nevertheless, the aversion of the Irish Catholics to pay tithes to the Protestant Church, however unsanctioned by law and equity, is founded upon human nature, and would prevail to a great extent in any nation that might be circumstanced as Ireland is; it is incapable of being eradicated, or softened down into harmlessness—it inflicts very great injuries on the Church, as well as on the tithe payers—it exasperates the Irish people against the Protestant Church, the members of this church, and the Protestant government, and tends materially to keep them in a state of turbulence and disaffection; therefore, any change of shape or commutation of tithes, that would remove it, without diminishing in the smallest degree the Church revenues, would be, on national grounds, in the highest degree desirable.

An attempt is now making to give to the tithes the shape of rent, rather than that of a tax or rate; but we fear its success will be neither general nor permanent. The difficulties of accomplishing such a change in Ireland seem to be unconquerable. The number of the occupiers, their poverty and ignorance, their bad spirit, subserviency to their religious teachers, and the motives from which their hostility to the tithes originates, forbid hope. We have, moreover, a very great dislike to the principle on which this attempt stands. We are quite sure, that if mutual interest will not lead parties into satisfactory arrangement, nothing else can; and it is only an arrangement satisfactory to both that can produce benefit. Commutation would be the only efficacious and durable remedy, and we cannot join in the opinion that it would be impracticable or inexpedient. In considering it, it is necessary to ascertain distinctly the principles upon which, and the parties by whom, it ought to be accomplished.

The clamour which has so long raged against the tithes, has constantly assumed, that the abolition or commutation of them would relieve the tenant, not from the law costs into which his litigious spirit and criminal opinions plunge him, but from a certain sum of unavoidable charge; that, if the tithes were no longer collected, his annual payments would be diminished by their amount. This is not madness, for madness never utters anything so entirely devoid of sense—it is downright idiotcy. The Church and the Landlord, so far as regards our present inquiry, are co-proprietors of the land, and they divide the revenue that arises from it. If the tithes were diminished, the rent would be proportionably increased; and if they were wholly abolished, the tenant would be instantly called upon for additional rent fully equal to their amount.

If, therefore, Government were to strip the Church of tithes, what would be the consequence? The tithes are not salaries paid by the state, or by the occupiers of the soil—they form the interest of an immense mass of solid, tangible property—the rent of an extensive portion of land. If Government, therefore, were to use them as a fund, it must either collect them as usual, or sell them to others who would do it; and in either case, unless they were sold to the landlord, the occupier would lose by the change. Were it to abolish the tithes altogether, without drawing one penny from it into the exchequer—were an act of Parliament to be immediately passed, declaring that the tithes should be no more collected, neither by the clergy nor any one else, it could not annihilate or diminish the property; and the interest of it—the tithes in effect, though not in name—would still be demanded and received of the occupier. If the capital sum and interest which compose the tithes remained, they would, of course, be enjoyed by some one, and they would be enjoyed *exclusively* by the landlord: the tenant

would have to pay quite as much for his land as at present; and no possible ingenuity could frame the nominal abolition in a manner that would operate more favourably towards him. The landlord would receive, for every ten thousand pounds worth of land that he might possess, one thousand pounds worth more, *as a gift*, and to which he would have no more right than the Caffre of Southern Africa. We repeat our denial of his right. He, or his ancestor, bought the land subject to tithes, and with the expectation that it would be subject to them for ever; the sum paid was less than the full value, by the worth of them, and he has no more right to them than he has to the crown of England.

When, therefore, the tithes are to the Church, not a salary paid by the state, or individuals, but the interest of a mass of real convertible property, would the Church be unwilling, or unable, to sell this property, and vest the produce in the purchase of land? And would it be unjust, or inexpedient, to permit it to do this, looking at its own interests, and those of the nation?

If the Church were suffered to act for itself in the business as a principal, subject only to such regulations as might be essentially necessary, its willingness cannot be doubted, without supposing it to be enamoured of loss, injury, contention, and hatred. With regard to ability, that must depend on the landlords—yes, on the landlords. They, and they alone, must purchase, or the tithes must, in name and reality, be collected from their tenants for ever. That it would be their pecuniary interest to do this, seems indisputable. From the losses which the Church now sustains, in litigation and inability to recover its right, a sale might be made, that would add to its revenue, and still give to the landholder a most profitable bargain. The very lowest estimated value might be taken, the buyer might draw six or seven per cent from his purchase money, and still the Church be a gainer. If it be pleaded that the landholders have not money, and could not borrow it, would it not be wise and safe, in the present circumstances of the country, for the Government to lend them money at a lower rate of interest for the purpose, when the object in view would be, not the profit of the Church or the landlord, but that of the nation? It is not for us to sketch the details of such a plan. Commissioners might be appointed by the Church, in its collective capacity, on the one side, and by the landlords on the other, with instructions that would almost preclude the chance of disagreement—their decisions might be subjected to all necessary revision—commutation might be limited to a certain number of parishes per annum—the money lent might be placed under the control of a certain number of English country gentlemen, as trustees—it might be lent for a fixed number of years, &c. &c.

We are aware that very high authorities on both sides of the House of Lords, have declared themselves to be repugnant to the conversion of the Church into a land proprietor; they, however, did not state the grounds of their repugnance, and we, in our ignorance, are unable to discover them. As far as we know, all the enclosure acts of latter times, have given the Church land in exchange for tithes. To give it, in exchange for a portion of the produce of a number of acres, as many acres as will yield the same quantity of produce, seems to be the surest way possible of preserving its revenues from augmentation, as well as diminution. Her possessions cannot be increased, and it seems to be impossible for her ever to obtain a weight in the state, capable of being perverted into the means of injuring it. To give the clergyman tithes instead of land, in order to make him dependent on, and bring him in contact with, his flock, is, in the present day, a monstrous contradiction of the principles of nature. It is giving the school-boy authority over his teacher, that he may the more willingly profit by his instructions. In this country, the Church is a great land proprietor—in very many parishes, its sole income is derived from its own land, and the most salutary consequences flow from it. The clergy discharge their duties with exemplary diligence, and the utmost harmony prevails between them and their parishioners; while in those places where tithes are paid, the pastor and the flock are generally at variance; he, from the strife, discharges his duty coldly and heartlessly; and they, in malice, forsake him, and follow the dissenter. But the question must be determined by balancing the evils against the benefits, and we be-

lieve no public measure of magnitude could be conceived, that would be so perfectly unobjectionable on the score of evil, and so highly desirable on that of benefit; and that would, moreover, be so easily practicable.

The case, in two words, is this:—A has property which it is his interest to sell—it is B's interest to buy this property, and, from the circumstances in which it is placed, a sale may be made on terms mutually advantageous to both. It is the interest of C that the sale should take place, and he possesses abundant means for enabling A and B to complete it. The tithe payers would be greatly benefited by it, and no class would be injured or inconvenienced by it whatever. We do not know what more could be said in its favour.

The landholders of Ireland have ever been the loudest in declaiming against the tithes; they have called them the curse of their country, and called again and again for commutation. Let them now stand forward, for they must take the lead in the matter, but let their conduct be what it ought to be. Let them hold public meetings, form themselves into a well connected body, and then address Parliament and the nation as follows:—We believe that the payment of tithes, by our Catholic tenantry to the Protestant Church, is productive of great evils; we believe that it subjects this Church to great vexations and losses—that it engenders feelings in the peasantry, which lead them into ruinous conduct, and, which, however criminal, must exist, so long as the tithes are collected—and that it operates powerfully to prevent the spread of genuine religion and good sentiments towards the government. We believe that nothing can be a remedy, except a just commutation; and that no such commutation can be carried into effect, unless we become the purchasers of the tithes. If the Church, whose sacred property these are, be willing to sell at a moderate price, we are willing to buy, provided the country will lend money on mortgage, to such of us as need it, for compassing the purchase. Let them do this, and we shall be grievously mistaken if the Church and the country do not eagerly accept their offer.

We will here say one word on another point connected with the Church. It has been again and again confidently asserted, that the revenue it draws from Ireland, impoverishes the country. This is evidently founded on the monstrous blunder which we have already noticed, of supposing, that were it annihilated, its possessions would drop gratuitously into the pockets of the peasantry; and that these possessions are not real property, but a tax which is levied generally on the country. We repeat, what must be obvious to every one, that were the clergy exterminated, their revenues would still have to be paid, either to the government, the landlord, or any person who might purchase them These revenues are just as much a tax, as the rent of land is, and clergy, or no clergy, they must still be collected, so long as the land possesses proprietors and occupiers. As a class of society and consumers, the clergy need not defenders.

Having pointed out what we believe to be the only remedy for the extreme indigence of the Irish occupiers, we must now speak of those members of the agricultural class, who do not occupy, and who cannot procure employment. That there is a great redundancy of population, and that it cannot be effectually acted upon by the capabilities of Ireland, seems to be unquestionable; but we cannot agree with those, who appear to think, that this redundancy is an evil not to be overcome. We have immense territories which need peopling, and we think no principle can be more clear than this, that, if the population be redundant in one part of the empire, it is the duty of Government, if it possess the means, to remove the excess to such other parts as need inhabitants. That Government possesses ample means for removing the surplus population of Ireland, needs no proof. If even so much as one million, or even two millions, were, for a term, annually expended in settling the surplus population of Ireland in Canada, and New South Wales, we are quite sure that, independently of the incalculable benefits which it would yield to the sister kingdom, it would be most profitable to the empire at large, as a mere money speculation. It would, by enabling the landlords to increase the size of their farms, and by giving to labour its due value, make those consumers, and, of course, tax payers, who now

scarcely deserve the name, and the sum thus advanced, would be speedily repaid with abundant interest, in the shape of additional Irish revenue. This, however, if done at all, should be done upon principle and system. The population is not stationary, but keeps annually increasing; and therefore, to effect a reduction, a number beyond the annual increase of the agricultural portion, must be taken off. It should be done in concert with the landlords, and it should only operate on a prescribed district at once. The owners of a certain number of parishes should agree with so many of their small tenants, to give up their leases and emigrate, as would enable them duly to increase the size of their farms, and rid their estates of all but necessary labourers; and ships should be in readiness to convey the surplus inhabitants away. This, assuming that rents would be moderate, would place these parishes in a state of permanent competence and good order; for their future increase of inhabitants would probably be absorbed by the manufactories, sea-ports, &c. &c. as in England. But if emigration be confined to a comparatively small number,—if those who avail themselves of it, be taken indiscriminately from the whole population at once, and if the landlords do not use it as an instrument for changing the form which society at present wears on their estates, then we fear that it will only be felt as a public expense.

One word with regard to Absentees. If they will only do what we have recommended, and spend a single month in the year on their estates, we will not quarrel with them for expending the bulk of their incomes *out* of Ireland, provided it be chiefly expended in England. If Irish corn, cattle, butter, linens, poplins, &c. come to our markets, their incomes will, to a considerable extent, return to the country that yields them. They may be as much absent from their estates, and expend as much of their incomes in London, &c. as the English landlords; what we chiefly wish them to do, is, to imitate the English landlords in the letting of their land, and the treatment of their tenantry.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the suggesting of the necessary measures for removing the penury and distress of the Irish peasantry, and for giving society its proper form among them. We will now say something on the means of giving them good feelings and habits—of rendering them estimable members of society, and good subjects.

The peasantry of Ireland are not only grossly ignorant in almost everything that they ought to know, but they are exceedingly learned in almost everything that they ought not to know. To the crimes of mere barbarism, they add those of civilized turpitude—they are religious fanatics, and political revolutionists, as well as savages. We must, therefore, not only give them good instruction, but we must cut off, as far as possible, all their sources of evil instruction. The Whigs protest that their bad feelings arise from past and present mal-government. This, like almost everything else that is made the subject of Whig asseveration, is manifestly false. What say Captain Rock's manifestoes, to which, in spite of all the Whig oaths in the world, we shall apply for knowledge respecting the feelings of the Irish peasantry? They complain not of laws and acts of government; they clamour not for reform, or the removal of the Catholic disabilities; they explicitly declare, that—the abolition of tithes and rents altogether, both of which belong almost exclusively to the Protestants—the extermination of the Protestants, because they are heretics—the destruction of the government, because it is an English and a Protestant one, and the establishment of another, independent, and exclusively Catholic—are the sole objects of the accomplished commander, from whom they emanate. It has been said by the eminent head of the Ministry, that the conspiracy of the Rockites is one against property; but against whose property do they conspire? They are not general robbers, taking any kind of property whatever, and plundering all men indiscriminately. Theirs is a conspiracy, with regard to property, against tithes and rents alone, and, of course, against the property of the Protestants alone. It has been said, to prove that they make no distinction, that they have, in one or two instances, robbed and butchered Catholics; but we cannot be convinced by it. Does not a Whig, when he supports the Ministry, render himself the especial object of the vengeance of his for-

saken brethren? And, when these Catholics were active supporters of the laws, were they not sure to become as obnoxious to the Rockites, as the Protestants? Is there any man living who will say, that, if the rents and tithes belonged to Catholics, the peasantry would utter a single murmur against the payment of them? It is roundly asserted, that the Protestants provoke the Catholic peasantry to their present conduct, by oppression and insult, but where are the proofs? The Catholics hold the chief share of the Irish press—they have a number of Opposition members in the House of Commons—and they have Earl Grey in the one House, and Mr Brougham in the other, as official organs, ready to say anything in the way of complaint that they please, and still no *proofs* of Protestant oppression are brought forward. The Protestants, no doubt, hold the power in Ireland, and so do the Tories in England. The Protestants there, are truly enough full of party spirit; and the Tories here have their share of it. But would the Whigs be justified, by the Tory preponderance and party spirit, in declaring that they were oppressed and enslaved, and in becoming incendiaries and assassins? If not, who shall excuse the Irish Catholics, by maligning the Irish Protestants? Accounts are at this very time reaching us almost weekly, that the Catholic ministers, by the aid of mob force, violate the laws and usurp the rights of the Protestant clergy. This is indeed insult and oppression; but who are the guilty? and who are the sufferers? If the calumniated Protestants were what they are represented to be, our ears would not be shocked by intelligence like this. Passing by everything else, it is possible that one part of the lower orders of a country may insult and maltreat the other part; but this cannot be the case among the Irish peasantry, when they consist almost exclusively of Catholics.

It is established by convincing proofs on the one side, and the absence of all proofs on the other, that the Protestants do not tyrannize over the Catholics—that if they be inflamed with party spirit, the Catholics are equally so—and that, while this spirit only leads the former into such excesses as parties in this country are constantly guilty of towards each other, it leads the latter into the commission of the most appalling crimes. It is proved by everything else, as well as by the declarations of Captain Rock, that the peasantry are led to commit their dreadful atrocities by their religion. Their cry is not—redress for wrongs, or revenge for past, or present, injuries! but—exclusive power for Catholicism, and destruction to the Protestants, because they are Protestants! Whatever they may have suffered from the Protestants, they now suffer nothing; the generation that suffered is no more; that which exists has only existed to receive, and still, like the Puritans of old, they carry on a religious war of aggression, usurpation, and extermination. We must examine their crimes in detail, to be fully aware of their frightful enormity. Their horrible burnings, houghings, and assassinations, have not been the work of a few weeks of phrenzy, but of years of cool-blooded system,—they have not been confined to a few particular spots, but have spread over a very large extent of country—they have not been prompted by the inflamed passions of a few individuals, but they have taken place in fulfilment of the deliberately-chosen plan of the whole body of the disaffected, and, therefore, they have been in effect the deeds of a very great portion of the whole Irish peasantry—and the victims have been, not alien enemies, but children of the same soil, innocent men, whose only offence was, the exercise of a clear right, and some of them great benefactors to this peasantry. These terrible and sickening atrocities have been perpetrated in the name of religion! The perpetrators of them have been furious fanatics, abundantly supplied with religious teachers of their own persuasion, and the blind and devoted slaves of these teachers!!

Now, is there any man living, who, in looking at the brutal ignorance and hellish crimes—the fierce fanaticism and the slavery to their church, of the Irish peasantry, can lay his hand upon his heart and say, that there is not something fearfully wrong and dangerous, either in the doctrines of this church, or in its discipline and conduct? Granting that the last generation, and previous ones, of Catholics were oppressed by the Protestants, how happens it, that, when the oppressed and the oppressors are now

mouldering in the dust—when those who now live of both religions, consist only of the benefactors and the benefited—how happens it, that the Irish peasantry thirst as ardently now for the extermination of the Protestants, as they ever did in the worst times of Protestant oppression? What keeps alive this dreadful, this devilish, animosity, when they now suffer nothing from the Protestants, scarcely ever come in contact with, or see one, and are so completely under the control of their priests? Allowing that, from the infirmity of human nature, difference of religious opinion may make bodies of men detest each other, what makes, speaking alone of the lower classes, the conduct of the Catholics to be so much more criminal than that of the Protestants? What makes the lower classes of the Catholics, so much more ignorant and wicked than those of the Protestants? And why, when the Irish peasantry are plentifully supplied with Catholic priests who have unlimited control over them, are they sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and depravity?

These are searching questions, and touch the very vitals of the Catholic Church of Ireland. We know full well, what contempt and mockery are cast upon those who speak of this church anything but eulogy, both in Parliament and elsewhere; but for this we care not. It is the poor, blind, guilty, and miserable Irish peasant, and not us who write, who must suffer from the refusal of Parliament to be told of this Church's misconduct. We may be called bigots, and we know not what—told that our words ought to have been spoken some hundred years ago—and informed that the Romish Church has abjured its monstrous doctrines and pretensions, and abandoned its spiritual and civil despotism. We shall only deign to reply to this, by pointing to the PRESENT "Miracles," to the PRESENT proclaimed belief of the Catholic Church and Catholic Board of Ireland in them, and to the PRESENT state of the Irish Catholic peasantry. To those who love truth and reason, we will speak; and we will say nothing that we do not conscientiously believe to be truth and reason.

A great part of the nation is at this very moment declaiming against the Catholic Church of Spain and Portugal, as the source of the most terrible evils to these countries—very many are vituperating the Protestant Missionaries, as men who are producing great mischief in the colonies—not many years since, the Edinburgh Review made a tremendous attack on the Protestant Dissenters of almost all denominations, on the ground that they were inflicting fearful injuries on the country—and the Whigs have been for some time, and are at this hour, making war upon the Established Church and its clergy, from the belief, as they say, that these are doing harm to the State. Now all this proves, what, in good truth, needs no proof whatever, that it is believed by all parties to be possible for a Church, or a body of religious teachers, to plunge those whom they lead, into great evils: it proves likewise, what has been so often proved by history before, that even the Romish Church is capable of being the parent of the most grievous ills to individuals and nations; and it proves, moreover, that the doctrines of a Church may be harmless and even pure, and yet its discipline and the conduct of its functionaries may be highly mischievous and dangerous.

Upon this ground we take our stand. Speaking here as politicians alone, we will put out of sight the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and speak only of its conduct, and the effects which it produces in Ireland. Now the peasantry are savagely ignorant, and as savagely wicked; although their priests, from the peculiarity of their duties and powers, are continually coming in contact with, and have despotic authority over them, in regard to religious conduct. This is of itself quite sufficient to prove their Church utterly worthless as a teacher of religion. But does this Church content itself with being merely worthless? The peasantry are prohibited from reading the Scriptures without note and comment, sound expositions of Christianity, and almost all works whatever, calculated to dispel their mental darkness, and correct their depravity. They are prohibited from entering any place of worship save their own, from becoming familiar, and intermarrying, with Protestants, and they are restricted from inquiry and discussion. Now, who issue the prohibition? Who are those who thus

dare to usurp so large a share of the sovereign power—thus exercise authority which the Government itself does not possess, for the purpose of depriving so large a portion of our fellow-subjects of their legal rights and privileges, and sinking them to the lowest stages of blindness, guilt, and slavery? The Catholic Priesthood! The prohibition is not merely one of terms—it is not rendered effective merely by threats of future perdition—it is effectually enforced by means of what is, in reality, a grievous penal punishment, of what amounts to the loss of character and bread, if not of life. It is in vain that Ireland boasts of possessing the liberty of the press—this priesthood exercises a censorship over the press with regard to the lower orders, which completely suppresses almost everything that ought to circulate. It is in vain that Ireland boasts of living under the British constitution—a tyranny, which laughs alike at laws and rulers, and triumphantly maintains its system of espionage and terror, keeps the great body of the people in the most abject state of mental and bodily bondage. It is in vain that the Protestant Clergy seek to impart to the people good feelings and conduct—the Catholic Church declares, they shall not be heard. And it is in vain that the Government, Parliament, all political parties, and the whole British nation, call in one voice for the instruction and liberation of the Irish peasantry—the omnipotent Catholic Church responds in triumph—They shall not be instructed, they shall not be set free, they shall remain what they are!

We are well aware, that this terrible power is secured to this Church by law; but we may be permitted to say, that it ought not to be possessed by any Church, or any body whatever, when all men agree, that it ought not to be possessed by the Government itself. We may be permitted to say, that if anything but a Church—any combination of laymen, even the Church of England, were to possess this power, it would be immediately consumed by public indignation, although its organization, functionaries, creed, and conduct, might be exactly the same. So much for the instrumentality of the Catholic Church in producing the peasantry's deplorable ignorance and consequent depravity; we will now inquire, how far it is instrumental in producing their hatred of the Protestants and disaffection.

Looking at the thousand and one religious bodies which compose the people of England, he must be blind indeed, who cannot see that it is the constant endeavour of the leaders of each, to prejudice their followers against all the others—who cannot see, that it is their interest, and even duty as honest men, to do it, on the principle on which conscientious Whigs and Tories labour to bring each other into disrepute—and who cannot see, that this *must* be the case so long as these bodies endure. The press perhaps is not quite so much jaded with theological controversy as formerly, and Ministers of different persuasions may perhaps exchange gracious bows with each other; but dissenting pulpits—and in good truth what else can they do?—are still engaged in an interminable war. Granting that the doctrine alone is attacked—Can you excite prejudice against the doctrine, without exciting prejudice against those who profess it? Can you teach the religious man to abhor atheism, without diminishing his esteem for the atheist; and can you fill the Catholic with hatred of Protestantism, and yet prevail on him to be the Protestant's friend? If you can accomplish this with bodies of men, you can leap over the Moon, and do anything whatever, that the Eastern enchanters were in the practice of doing. Perhaps the rich and intelligent, who form the contemptible minority of each body, are not worked up into a much stronger feeling than compassionate dislike of the other bodies; but the ignorant and passionate, who form the overwhelming majorities, are inflamed with animosity towards all who differ from them. At this very moment, the members of the religious sects among the lower and middling classes, are railing against each other as furiously as ever. Two individuals, and it is only barely possible, may argue and dispute—may be rivals—and may endeavour to make proselytes among each other's followers, without ceasing to be lukewarm friends, but, with bodies, it is utterly impossible.

The Catholic Ministers are, not only acted upon by the same natural laws, which act upon the Ministers of other religious bodies, to compel them to

teach their flocks to despise other creeds, and consequently the followers of other creeds, but they are acted upon to do it, by almost every other motive that can influence the heart of man. The Protestant bodies found their different creeds upon ambiguous and controverted texts of scripture, which divide in opinion, not merely the ignorant, but men of splendid talent and learning: they have nothing to conceal, they teach nothing that is capable of being refuted by physical proof, and their members may see and hear what they please, without being in much danger of being induced to change their religion. But the Catholic Church stands upon falsehood, imposture, ignorance, and credulity. It has by its legends and superstitions, its relics and pretended miracles, its glaring falsifications of scripture, and its monstrous assumption of the attributes of the Deity, placed itself in such fierce hostility with the Bible and common sense, that nothing but the barbarous ignorance of its followers can save it from ruin; and the thread of life of this ignorance consists in hatred of the Protestants. Reconcile the Irish Catholics with the Protestants—suffer the former to converse freely with the latter, to read their books, and hear their clergy—and they will be brought into a blaze of knowledge and feelings, of facts and demonstrations, which must inevitably, either reduce their church into an impotent sect, or destroy it altogether. If the Irish Catholic Church have any regard whatever for its own existence, it must make it its grand object, to keep the hatred of its flock towards the Protestants at the highest point possible. Again, the Protestant sects never sustained any loss from the Established Church; in their war against it, they have constantly disclaimed all wish for its temporal possessions, and have merely insisted that there ought to be no national church whatever. But the Catholic Church once was, what the Church of England now is—it regards the latter as a sacrilegious usurper, by whom it has been discrowned and stripped of its possessions—it holds its title to these possessions to be still sacred—and, animated by its interpretation of the prophecies, it looks forward with confidence to the moment, when it shall regain them, and again become the established church of the empire. The Church of England and the Catholic one, are, in the religious world, what the Tories and Whigs are, in the political one; they war, not merely on account of opinions, but for splendid dignities and emoluments; and the victory must be decided by a majority in followers. So long as the great body of the Irish people remain blind, disaffected fanatics, so long will they virtually have no other temporal head than their Church, and it must be this head—it must be an *imperium in imperio*, its followers must be a distinct people, hostile to all others, and obeying nothing but itself, save from compulsion—or it must cease to be mighty for the attainment of its wishes, and even to hope. The esteem of its followers for the Protestant ruler, would be fraught with the extreme of danger, for it would give to this ruler powerful influence, which he would use to enlighten them, and consequently to destroy Catholicism. Our Protestant sects have nothing whatever to gain by disaffection. They neutralize each other's political power for anything but general defence. Every one of them well knows that, were it to attempt to procure any peculiar aggrandizement in the state, all the others would join the Established Church and the Government in resisting it; and every one of them well knows, that no state necessity, and no wish on the part of Government exist, for stripping them of followers. But the Catholic Church of Ireland is followed by nearly the whole of the people; and so long as it keeps them disaffected, or, to use a softer word, in a state of dislike, to the Government, it is the most powerful political body in the country, when political power is essential for its existence. Imperious state necessity, and the Government and Parliament, call for the proper instruction of the people, but it dare not instruct them, and it dare not suffer them to be instructed. It is therefore involved in a conflict with public good and the general government, on a question which affects its own life; and it is only the disloyalty of the people which enables it to retain paramount authority over them, and thereby to overawe the government, bind up the hands of the Protestant clergy, and remain in security. Admitting that, as many intelligent men continue to be Catholics,

the people of Ireland might be properly instructed and yet not change their religion,—still the probability is, that many of them would change it; and the certainty is, that if they did not, Catholicism would be wholly changed, the main chains which their Church has fixed on their hearts would be broken, the clergy would be reduced into mere spiritual advisers, and the Church would lose the greater portion of its power and hopes.

We say then, that the Catholic Clergy of Ireland are acted upon by the most powerful motives that can influence the human heart, to keep the animosity of their flocks towards the Protestants at the highest point, and to fan their dislike to the government; and they would be the veriest dolts in existence, if they could not accomplish this by the tremendous powers which they possess for the purpose, and the peculiar circumstances in which the people of Ireland are placed. Their Church subjects its members to the most perfect form of discipline that could be devised, for obtaining despotic authority over them. It rivets its fetters on their passions, wrings from them their thoughts, keeps its eyes on every footstep, pries incessantly into their dwellings, holds over their heads the terrors of excommunication, and thus obtains power over them that the King himself does not possess. It is impossible for an ignorant, superstitious, credulous Catholic,—and all ignorant men are superstitious and credulous,—to be other than the abject slave of his priest. While the priests possess this power, those of them, who officiate among the peasantry, are, as well as the peasantry, grossly ignorant; and, in proportion as a religious teacher and his hearers are ignorant, in the same proportion will his appeals to their worst passions against other religious bodies be outrageous and successful. The peasantry are taught to regard the Protestants, not only as believers in a false religion, who cannot escape perdition, but as the robbers of the Catholic priesthood and the former Catholic landholders. While they are taught this, they are called upon by the Protestant Clergy for tithes, and by Protestant landlords for rents, which human effort cannot extract from the soil. On the other hand, the Government makes it a matter of policy to do nothing, and to discourage everything, that may be obnoxious to the Catholics on the score of religion; the Protestant clergy are therefore rendered powerless, and the Catholic ones meet with scarcely anything to interfere with their efforts and triumph.

The proofs of all this are to be found in Ireland, in the most astounding and monstrous forms and combinations. The peasantry are commanded, exhorted, supplicated, tempted, and bribed by the Government, to become free, and receive instruction, and still they hug their chains, and spurn from them knowledge. They dwell under a form of government which is the boast of human wisdom, and in the very focus of mental and bodily exaltation, and still they are more turbulent, depraved, barbarous, and wretched, than any other people in Europe. They have formed themselves into a gigantic confederacy for committing the most horrible crimes against their neighbours and their country, against God and man—and still they are furious religious fanatics, and profess to do it for the cause of religion. The people and Parliament of England are unceasingly anxious to do almost anything, to make almost any sacrifice, to conciliate and benefit them. With regard to public burdens, they enjoy immunities which are unknown in England and Scotland. The general government is almost constantly occupied in framing schemes for their advantage—and their own government, in a fit of drunken folly, has publicly insulted and disgusted the Protestants, as a body—to please them, has kissed their gory hands, knelt at their feet, and offered them its honour, duty, and reason, as a sacrifice to propitiate their favour;—and still they hate England, the English government, the Irish government, and the Protestants.—They are still disaffected and rebellious.

We maintain it to be proved—indisputably proved—by what we have said, that the ignorant portion of the Catholics—if their forefathers had never been injured by the Protestants, and if the latter now felt no party animosity towards them whatever—would still hate the Protestants as cordially as they now do; and that, so long as they remain as they are, and their Church remains what it is, their hatred will not lose one iota of its inten-

sity. We say that this *must* be the case, if Irishmen be like other men. We have laboured this point the more, because it is one of the very highest importance. To discover the source of the peasantry's hostility to the Protestants, and the Protestant government, and the means of removing it, would be, in our poor judgment, to discover a cure for the greatest portion of Ireland's evils. We have likewise laboured it the more, because it is the point on which almost all sides seem determined to be deluded.

Let us not be mistaken. We do not charge the Romish Church of Ireland with wanton misconduct; we do not even say that it does anything whatever that we should not ourselves do, were we members of it, and directing its affairs, without regard to anything else. Its power, and even existence, are unhappily bound up in the blindness and disaffection of the people, and they must perish together; it is therefore compelled, in self-preservation, to exert its gigantic means to keep the people blind and disaffected.

Now, is there one impartial and enlightened man in the empire, who will say that this ought to continue—that the most strenuous efforts ought not to be made to remedy it? Is there one now, among those who so loudly and justly insist on the instruction of the Irish in sound, social, moral, and religious principles, who can look at the past, and believe that these will ever be taught them by the Catholic Church—who is not aware that it is the clear interest of this Church to keep such principles from them? Does the virtuous and eminent head of the Ministry, who so lately declared in Parliament that his anxious wish was to give to the Irish, English feelings and habits, believe that he can give them these, without *previously* giving them English knowledge and religion? And is there one man, of any party, who will deny that THE CONVERSION OF THE IRISH TO THE PROTESTANT RELIGION, would be the most invaluable benefit that could be gained, both by themselves and the empire at large? We say no! And yet what is the fact? The attempts of the Protestant clergy to make converts, are systematically discouraged. The encouraging of "proselytism" from the Catholic religion, has been made matter of grave charge against the government, in Parliament, and government has anxiously laboured to prove itself guiltless of the crime of having given such encouragement! A proposition was actually made to Ministers in the last session, to encourage the Irish Protestants to leave their country!! The *avowed* system is, to extend not merely the same protection, but the same encouragement, to the Catholic as to the Protestant church; and the system *in practice* is, to give the confidence and the preference to the latter. Protestantism is never mentioned in Parliament with reference to Ireland, except to be vilified, and Catholicism is never mentioned except to be eulogised!!! The Irish Protestant government has publicly insulted and cast off its Protestant supporters, on account of their religion, and has thrown itself, not into the arms of the Catholics, for they scorned its embrace, but at their feet!!! We are inventing nothing. "We are not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." We are not relating what passed some thousands of years since, but the history of the present hour.

The grand principle of all this is confessedly Conciliation. The Catholic Church is to be cajoled by sweet words into its ruin—the Catholic priests are to be softened by panegyric, until they make their flocks religious and loyal, and voluntarily strip themselves of power; and nothing is on any account to be done that this Church and its clergy disapprove of. If a mistaken, vicious, and ruinous system of policy could be adopted with regard to Ireland, this is that system. In what chapter of the book of human nature do you learn that this can be accomplished by such means—that a people, so brutishly ignorant as the peasantry, will ever be taught by their priests to regard the Protestants with anything but detestation, when these priests are jealous in the last degree of even one of them becoming a Protestant? In your enlightened England, party spirit pervades the whole community, and among the lower classes, party spirit and personal enmity are the same. What then can you expect from the Irish peasantry, when you suffer their party leaders to be their sole teachers? Do you suppose that the peasantry will become better informed, and less violent in party matters, without your exertions? Look at the

past. For ages has your free press laboured to reach them—your freedom strove to burst the barriers that separate them from it. Your genius, learning, and wisdom, blazed around them, and the example of England endeavoured to force upon them light and happiness, and they are still what they were when these ages commenced.

One word touching the remaining Catholic disabilities. It is admitted on all hands, that their removal could only benefit a small number of the *rich* Catholics; and it is clear, that their existence has the smallest share possible, if any, in producing the present feelings of the poorer ones. Captain Rock never mentions them; and the Catholic Association, however it may affect to call for their removal, always abuses every plan that is formed for the purpose; and it has had for years, a number of other inflammatory claims ready to put forth in lieu of them, in order that it may be enabled to pursue its present conduct, and that the feelings and conduct of the people may be preserved from change. If these disabilities were removed, the conduct of the Church, from what we have stated, would continue the same; and therefore the conduct and sentiments of the ignorant part of the people would undergo no alteration. We say that the removal of these disabilities would be a curse to Ireland. It would, by introducing a number of Catholics into the Ministry and Parliament, effectually consolidate the power of the Catholic Church in that unhappy country, and shield it from all attacks whatever; and it would therefore secure to the people an eternity of their present ignorance, depravity, party madness, slavery, and wretchedness.

The Government ought unquestionably, both now and at all times, to act on the principle of conciliation to the utmost point that may be consistent with its duty; and it, as unquestionably, ought never to sacrifice its duty to conciliation. Now it is the duty, the sacred, even the highest, duty of the Government, with regard to Ireland, to procure for the Irish people the practical enjoyment of the liberty of the press, to remove all the obstructions that stand between them and the acquisition of sound knowledge, and to release them from any tyranny that may keep them from the possession of British freedom. It is the highest duty of the Government to make them, if possible, enlightened, honest, virtuous, peaceable, free, and loyal men. If the Catholic Church will permit its followers to read any works whatever, except seditious and immoral ones—if it will freely permit their intermarriage, and association, with Protestants—if it will grant them liberty of conscience, and the right of free inquiry and discussion—if it will expunge from its books of education all that is in effect treason towards a Protestant government—if it will change its grievous penal punishment of excommunication, into simple expulsion—and if it will confine its power to the inculcation of just principles, then let it be conciliated. But if it persist in usurping so tremendous a portion of the sovereign authority, and using it to deprive the people of their rights, and keep them in the lowest stage of ignorance, bondage, and debasement, then, if the Government conciliate it, remain neutral between it and the Protestant one, and even do not use every effort to change its followers into Protestants, the Government abandons the most sacred of its duties. We quarrel not with the Catholic Church on the number of its sacraments, its opinions on transubstantiation, or even its monopoly of heaven; the question is not one of religious speculation, but of national freedom and happiness. The chartered rights, weal, and happiness of the Irish people, are involved in fierce hostility with the interests of their Church, and to remain neutral is a crime; to take the part of the Church is a greater crime, and to contend for the people is alone duty.

The present system of conciliating the Catholic Church, has, up to this hour, yielded its natural fruits, that is, the very reverse of what it was meant to yield. The products of Marquis Wellesley's marvellous experiment are, the resurrection of the Catholic Board, and the greatest possible portion of party madness between Catholics and Protestants. And what hope does the future offer us? Governments and corporate bodies will sometimes, like individuals, commit suicide, and the Catholic Church of Ireland may be guilty of self-destruction; but if it be not, the fruits of this system must remain unchanged. If this

Church could with safety to itself allow the people of Ireland the free use of the Scriptures, and other works necessary for their instruction—remit its system of espionage and tyranny—and permit them to become friendly to the Protestants and the Protestant government, we will give it the credit of believing that it would, but it cannot. The alternative before it is—the continuance of the Irish in their present blindness, bondage, and disaffection, or its destruction, as everything, but a contemptible sect. What its choice will be, may be easily imagined, more especially when the government can offer nothing in the shape of bribe, or otherwise, to bias it. It is not to be expected, that the people either will, or can, enlighten, emancipate, and reform themselves; and therefore they must remain what they now are, or be changed by our instrumentality.

We vie with each other in ascribing a very large share of our freedom and greatness to the Reformation. It is clear to all men living, that a Reformation would be equally beneficial to Ireland, and still we must not assist her in obtaining one. Were a Luther at this moment to arise in that unhappy country, we fear that not only the Broughams and Humes, but much greater men, would anxiously discountenance him. The universal cry and rule in England is, freedom of discussion and proselytism. Whig, Tory, and Radical,—Churchman, Methodist, and Calvinist, may say what they please of each other's creed, and make what converts they please from each other's followers. It is even deemed meritorious in an adherent of the government, to bring over a Whig, or to reclaim a Radical; and the Whigs have made gigantic efforts to procure permission for Carlile to carry off our Church and Chapel congregations to his Temple of Deism: but the Protestant Clergy of Ireland must not be permitted to attack the errors of the Romish Church, or attempt to lead the blind and depraved peasant to Protestantism. We pronounce this, upon our conscience, to be the worst of all systems. The one, simple reason for it, that it would exasperate, and make the state of Ireland still worse, is not more worthless, than despicable. The Catholics are as much exasperated against the Protestants under the conciliatory system, as they ever were, and they will continue to be so, so long as their Church is anxious to retain its power and existence. But can anything be achieved without risk? Granting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of exasperation and turbulence, is there no other possibility connected with the matter? Are the days of change in religious opinions for ever past, and has truth lost its influence and invincibility? When men flock in crowds to the creeds of Deism and Jacobinism, is it impossible for the Irish to be taught—not to believe in a new God, a new Saviour, and a new Bible—but to purge their present religion of its glaring errors and impurities? Were proper efforts made, the probability is, that the great body of the people might be led to embrace Protestantism, and to become good men and good subjects; if no such efforts be made, the certainty is, that they will continue in their present state of blindness, superstition, depravity, and disaffection.

We should scarcely express ourselves so warmly on this point, if we were not quite sure that the present system flowed mainly from causes of the most indefensible nature. Nearly the whole press of the country—Whig, Tory, Radical—has been, for months, directing its thunders against the Catholic Church of Spain and Portugal, and depicting in the most frightful colours the ignorance and slavery in which it keeps its followers; but this press is religiously silent respecting that Catholic Church which exists in our own bosom, exercises the same tyranny, and keeps one-third of our population in the same ignorance and slavery, and, moreover, in a state of hatred to their fellow-subjects and rulers. The Whigs have been for years heaping all the abuse upon the Church of England and its Ministers that language could supply, and they have been at the same time the furious defenders of the Catholic Church and clergy of Ireland. We are eternally boasting of our liberty, calling the people of other countries slaves, fabricating for them schemes of freedom which they will not accept, and bewailing their slavery, as though we should break our hearts over it, and still we cannot attempt to remove, or even see, the slavery of Ireland. Some of the causes of these astounding in-

consistencies, are sufficiently apparent. The Whigs and Radicals, half the Irish government, and half the Ministry and its supporters, are advocates of what is called Catholic Emancipation. They must, to carry their measure, eulogise and fight for the Catholicism of Ireland. To open the doors of office to a small number of the *rich* Catholics, they must endeavour to give to the vast mass of the *poor* ones a perpetuity of blindness and bondage, which, when looked at in Spain and Portugal, thrill them with horror. And those who oppose the measure, rendered powerless for anything but defence, by the hostility of colleagues and connections, and fearful of rendering the state of Ireland still worse by inveighing against what they cannot remedy, are silent on one of the most crying evils in which that wretched country is involved.

When we thus, putting religious feelings out of the question, believe that the Catholic Church of Ireland usurps a very large portion of that authority over the people, which belongs only to the Government—that by the exercise of this authority, it deprives them of some of their most valuable constitutional rights and privileges, and keeps them in a state of strife, barbarism, and actual, if not nominal, slavery—and that, if it were called an Orange Association, a Pitt Club, a Catholic Board, or anything else but a Church, although its constitution, functionaries, creed, and practice, should be the same, it would be at once put down by acclamation as an intolerable nuisance—when we believe this, we are compelled to believe likewise, that it is the highest duty of the government to promote to the utmost the spread of Protestantism in Ireland. We would carry the principle of toleration—the liberty for every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, to the utmost point—much farther than the Whigs and Radicals, the braggadocios of "civil and religious liberty," carry them: We would carry them to the Irish peasant; he should be permitted to read the Scriptures, sound expositions of Christianity, and all works whatever, not prohibited by law; and he should be permitted to enter *any* church or chapel, and to hear *any* minister whatever, without being subjected to interrogatories, and what amounts to a heavy penal punishment, or to any restraint of any kind: We would root up religious tyrannies, and more especially civil tyrannies, disguised and strengthened by the sacred name of religion.

While it is the highest duty of the Government to promote to the utmost the spread of Protestantism in Ireland, the most effectual means that could be adopted, are happily those, which law, wisdom, and moderation, would prescribe. As the preparatory step, let the tithes, if possible, be commuted; and let that assemblage of patricidal fools, who call themselves the Catholic Association, and who exist only to fill the people with hatred of the Protestants and England, be silenced. Let every parish be provided, not nominally, but really, with a Protestant Minister and place of worship, that is now without; and let the most ample means be provided for protecting the clergyman and his flock in the exercise of their religion, and more especially for protecting the proselyte from injury on account of his proselytism. As the rest must depend almost wholly on the clergy, the most particular care must be used in their selection. One of their qualifications we shall insist on at some length, because, without it, all other ones would be comparatively useless, and because at present scarcely any attention is paid to it whatever.

In selecting the clergy, interest must be entirely disregarded. They must be, not only men of great sanctity of life, devout, learned, active, zealous, discreet, kind, charitable and generous, but they must be EXCELLENT ORATORS. We would reject any one for badness of oratory alone, let his other qualifications be what they might. A bad orator might by chance retain those who already belonged to his Church, but he would never make converts. If this qualification were a little more attended to in our English clergy, we are quite certain that our churches would not be so often forsaken for the chapels as they are; and the inattention that is shewn to it, is to us perfectly incomprehensible. None but those who are duly qualified ought to possess public trusts, and no man can be said to be duly qualified for the pulpit, who is not a good orator. It is not necessary for us to dilate on the mighty influence which eloquent speakers possess

over the mass of mankind; and we trust we need not prove that this influence is as triumphant in the church, as in the senate, or the court of justice. We do not say that the Irish clergy should be first-rate orators, for, however desirable it might be, a sufficient number of such orators could not be found; what we should chiefly insist on would be, the most brilliant diction that the understandings of the hearers would bear, and impressive delivery. Brougham is a cipher to Charles Phillips, in regard to influence over juries; and yet what is Charles Phillips to Brougham, in regard to learning and capacity? The congregations which throng after Irving, and what are called popular preachers, although the sermons of these preachers are generally less palatable to the passions, less in harmony with the Scriptures, and less powerful in argument, than those of unpopular ones, abundantly prove what might be accomplished by flowery, impressive preachers in Ireland. The lower orders have quite as much of this "itch of the ears," as their betters. We conscientiously believe that a Protestant clergyman, possessing the oratorical powers, not of Mr Canning, nor Mr Brougham, but of Mr Phillips only, would speedily fill his church with Catholics in any part of Ireland; and that a sufficient number of such clergymen would in no long period of time give a death-blow to Catholicism in that country. From the natural eloquence of the Irishman and the wealth of the Irish Church, it could be no difficult matter to find a sufficient number of young Irishmen to educate for the purpose; and these might be combined with a judicious selection from the great body of the English Clergy.

But while eloquence should be a *sine qua non*, the conduct of the clergy should be exactly calculated to give the utmost effect to it. Their religion, at the outset at least, should be chiefly delivered from the pulpit, and out of it they should be indefatigable in endeavouring to endear themselves to their Catholic parishioners by familiarity, and acts of assistance, sympathy and generosity. There would be the influence of a Protestant government and Protestant landlords to aid such a clergy, and if they failed of success, it would be at least against all the laws of foresight and calculation.

One invaluable benefit such a clergy would be sure to produce, if they did not make a single convert. They would kindle such a blaze as would at any rate consume the worst parts of Catholicism. They would create such a competition for hearers, such a spirit of examination in the people, such endeavours on the part of the Catholic Church to meet them with equal talent, and such willingness in this church tc conciliate its flock by concessions, as would infallibly effect a very complete reform in the Catholicism of the Irish peasantry. If they accomplished this, they would accomplish a very large share of all that we desire. We wrangle not for names and forms. Let the Catholic Church endure as long as Ireland endures, and let its followers be as numerous as they are at present; only let it abandon its tyranny, cease to interfere with civil rights and duties, and be merely, what it ought to be,—a teacher of the Christian religion.

To these, as the most important topics, we have directed our whole space; there are two, or three others, however, which we cannot pass entirely in silence.

The law in Ireland, which incites the landlord to subdivide his land as much as possible, and to make the labourer nearly independent of both master and himself, in order to multiply votes, has been reprobated by both sides of Parliament, as an instrument which contributes very largely to the evils of that country. Now, when this is the case, and the nation at large is anxious to support Parliament in anything that has the benefit of Ireland in view, why is no attempt made to change this law, which is thus left without defenders? The question presses itself the more forcibly upon us, because the law is, in principle, highly absurd, unjust, and dangerous; and because it might be easily altered, so as to become an excitement to the landlord to increase the size of his farms. With regard to *occupiers*, let the votes be taken from the petty ones, and given to those who occupy not less than fifty acres. The tenant of fifty acres, might give 1 vote, —of 100 acres, 3,—of 150 acres, 5,— —of 200 acres, 8—&c.

The maledictions which are heaped upon the poor potatoe are wholly un-

justifiable. Effect is here plainly attacked, instead of cause. The unfortunate Irishman has the alternative before him—a potatoe, or nothing; he wisely chooses the potatoe, and for this he is abused. Give him an income that will allow him to place beef, bacon, and bread loaves on his table, and we have no doubt that he will speedily become as expert in consuming them as the Englishman.

The idleness of the Irish has become almost proverbial. Now, it may be true that they are by nature more idle than the inhabitants of other countries, but we are by no means sure that it is so; and we even fear, that the inhabitants of any other country would be as idle as they are, if placed in the same circumstances. Industry is an acquired, not natural quality; and the circumstances of the Irish actually prohibit them from becoming industrious. A very few years since, work was exceedingly scarce in England—the labourers came in a mass upon their parishes—the poor-rates became intolerable—and those who had to pay them protested that the poor-laws were the greatest of abominations. It was then roundly asserted on all hands, that our English labourers had become intolerably idle, —that they would not work; in fact, everything was said of them that is now said of the people of Ireland; although the fact was staring every one in the face, that work could not be had. But what followed? The times improved, work became reasonably plentiful; and behold! the labourers all at once returned to their industry. The Irishman is called idle, although it is notorious that he cannot procure employment, and that those who need labour in that country, can always have it for infinitely less than its just value. The man will not be industrious, unless he has been disciplined to constant labour from childhood, and unless he be constantly acted upon by the prospect of adequate profit, or the authority of a master, as a stimulus. Give the Irishman plenty of work, and an efficient master from infancy, and we think we shall not then hear much of his laziness.

We must of course applaud the measures that have been taken for improving the administration of the laws; but it must never be forgotten, that in Ireland, as in England, the people must be intelligent, vigilant, and virtuous themselves, or public functionaries will never be kept to the discharge of their duty, and the laws will never be administered with purity. We must speak favourably of the projects respecting mines, fisheries, &c., but still we must pronounce them to be of minor importance. It is impossible for them, however successful they may be, to have any material effect in benefiting the condition of the great mass of the Irish peasantry.

To sum up, therefore, in one word. —The landjobbers of Ireland must be annihilated, and land must be no longer let by competition—rents must be reduced to the level of English ones—the farms must be increased in size, until the agricultural population shall consist chiefly of intelligent, respectable farmers and their labourers—the surplus population must be drained off—the tithes must be commuted, or so far changed in shape, that the ignorant Catholic may not feel that he has to pay them to the Protestant Church—and the great body of the people must be reconciled to Protestantism; or, at the very least, so far enlightened, touching the errors and abuses of their Church, as to throw off the grinding tyranny which it now exercises over them, in mind, body, and property. This must be done, or Ireland must continue to be a poor, wretched, distracted, barbarous, depraved, and disaffected country. The Catholic disabilities may be removed, and an hundred O'Connells may declaim in the House of Commons—every public trust in the country may be given to the Catholics—Hume and the Edinburgh Review may despoil the church, until the landlords divide all its possessions—and Brougham and Burdett may exterminate the Orangemen to a man; and the fruits will only be—the evils of Ireland will be rendered insupportable and irremediable. We detest state quackery, and if the *vis naturæ* would heal these evils, we would even be content to leave them to it; but it will not. If things be left as they are, population must still increase—the land must be still farther subdivided—the jobbers, from increased competition, will push up rents still higher—employment must become still more scarce; and the peasantry must sink to the lowest point of penury, ignorance, idleness,

and depravity, if they have not already reached it. We must proceed upon mathematical principles, and proportion the power to the effect that it is meant to accomplish. The evils that we have pointed out are demonstrable; their existence is scarcely denied by any one, and we would, without deigning to clap a single bandage on the surface, carry our knife to the root at once. We recommend, no doubt, great measures; but they are barely proportioned, in magnitude, to the evils which, in our poor judgment, will yield to nothing else, and we are perfectly convinced that they are practicable—that all parties concerned possess ample means for carrying them into effect, if the will be not wanting. For the willingness of England and the Church, so far as they are interested, we will venture to answer; but who shall answer for the landholders of Ireland?

To these landholders, we will once more address ourselves. We will tell them, that they are, in a very great degree, morally accountable to God and their country, for the good conduct and well-being of those who live on their estates—that the terrible mischiefs which the jobbers entail on their humbler tenants, flow primarily from themselves—and that a very large portion of the distress, ignorance, depravity, turbulence, and guilt of Ireland, lies at their door. We call upon them to shew themselves as a body, to follow the splendid example which has been so lately set them by the English landholders, and to say, WE AND OUR OCCUPIERS ARE ONE, AND WE WILL STAND OR FALL TOGETHER. Let every man take his own estate in hand, and let them at once begin the great, magnificent, and glorious work, of giving food and clothing, peace and purity, and freedom and happiness to their country. Parliament and the British nation will go hand in hand with them, to furnish assistance, and sweep away difficulties, and, at the last, to confer those honours on them which the completion of their noble undertaking will deserve. If they will still do as they have done, we most devoutly hope, that, at any rate, the fearful mass of infamy which the present state of the peasantry of Ireland *must* fix in some quarter, will at last fall where it ought, and operate in the proper manner.

To Government, Parliament, and the Nation at large, we need not say much in the way of excitement; and yet the singular characteristics of the question respecting Ireland, and the vast importance of this question, do not seem to be very generally comprehended. We are eternally burning incense to liberty, and throwing sarcasms on what we are pleased to call the slavery of other nations. We call foreign governments, despotisms, execrate them, and make the bondage of their subjects a matter of misery to ourselves. With what sleepless solicitude have we watched the progress of events in the Peninsula, Greece, and South America! How laboriously have we toiled to render to the inhabitants of these parts counsel and assistance! And how ceaseless and bitter are our groans over the present condition of Spain and Portugal! Yet the great mass of the people of Ireland—one-third of ourselves—are actually at this moment subject to a slavery, different, perhaps, in name and form, from that of other countries, but as harsh in its operation, and as destructive in its consequences, as that of any. This immense portion of us is deprived of the freedom of the press, the liberty of conscience, and the right of free inquiry and discussion, not by mere injunction and threat, but by positive punishment, which amounts to the loss of character and bread, if not of existence; and it is ground to powder by tyrannical, bloodsucking sub-landlords, on the one hand, and a rapacious, despotic, blinding, and disaffected Catholic priesthood, on the other. In our rage against the NAME of slavery, we are, like madmen, placing the whole of our West Indian possessions in imminent present danger, and rendering their ultimate loss to us certain, merely that we may promise to the well-fed, well-used negro—the negro whose situation, with regard to substantial well-being, is at least an hundred fold better than that of the poor Irishman—that freedom, which we declare he is now utterly unfit to possess, and which, till his whole feelings and habits are changed by Christianity and civilization, it is certain he never can possess, without perverting it into the means of his own ruin. And yet we are so enamoured of the REALITY of slavery, that the Irish land-jobber, in comparison of whom, the West India

planter is humanity itself, is not to be spoken against; and the appalling mental, and bodily bondage, which the Romish Church spreads and perpetuates in the very vitals of the state, is not to be molested on any account. We boast of our constitution and laws —of our security in person and possession—and yet the loyal and well-principled country inhabitants of Ireland are continually exposed to robbery and butchery. We can shudder over the idols of the Hindoo, but the darker idolatry of the Irishman must be religiously respected; we must deluge the whole earth with Bibles and Prayer-Books, Ireland only excepted; and, while we regard it as a duty to endeavour to make proselytes to our religion everywhere—while we are even, at great expense, providing religious instruction for the negroes, merely to make a Quixotic attempt to prepare them for freedom—we make it a matter of state policy to discourage attempts to teach the genuine truths of Christianity to the barbarous Irish peasantry, although they have actually incorporated pillage, devastation, and butchery, with their system of religion. If the Attorney-General, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, prosecute a blasphemous work, the wrath of the whole nation is to be directed against them; but not a finger must be raised against those who prohibit the great body of the people of Ireland from reading the Scriptures, and almost all other useful publications. And while the state of Ireland is discussed without ceasing—while almost every day teems with projects for the benefit of that wretched country, the only bold, comprehensive, and decisive measure that is proposed, viz. Emancipation,—is bottomed upon disputed abstract principles—is confessedly incapable of removing the evils of Ireland, and is demonstrably calculated to render the Romish Church still more powerful and active, and to aggravate and perpetuate the terrible mischiefs which this Church showers upon the great mass of the Irish people.* Shame alone, and not inability, restrains us from doubling the length of this appalling catalogue of inconsistencies; and yet, in committing them, we scorn the commands of interest, as well as those of character and duty. Here is a population of seven millions, which we have under a monopoly; it at present consumes comparatively nothing, and, by a little exertion, we might raise it to the rank of our best consumers;—here is a large portion of the empire, which at present pays comparatively nothing into the Treasury, we might, by a little exertion, make it pay additional millions annually,—and we seem loth to make this exertion, although we are constantly sighing for increase of trade, and lamenting the amount of our debt, and the weight of our taxes!

We—"Fly from petty tyrants to the throne"—we turn with scorn from party leaders—men who can only think and speak of the crimes and sufferings of Ireland, to make them subservient to their own wretched ambition, and we address ourselves to the sober, disinterested, practical, sterling good sense of our country. The principal evils under which Ireland groans are visible, clearly defined, and even, with regard to their existence, free from controversy. We say that they are susceptible of remedy—that they may be not only palliated, but effectually removed. We say that the jobbers *can* be destroyed—that rents *can* be reduced—that farms *can* be increased in size—that the surplus population *can* be drained off—that tithes *can* be commuted—and that the great body of the Irish people *can* be taught the genuine principles and practice of Christianity; and we say, moreover, that this *can never be done* by the system that is at present pursued. Can no Irish landlords be found among those who so loudly bewail the sufferings of their country, to stand forward and call their brethren together, to enlist them in the good cause? And can no honest, independent Member of Parliament be met with, to speak the

* "Excommunication had been one means whereby the Druids maintained their hierocracy; and it has been thought that, among nations of Keltic origin, the clergy, as succeeding to their influence, established more easily the portentous tyranny which they exercised, not over the minds of men alone, but in all temporal concerns. Every community must possess the right of expelling those members who will not conform to its regulations: the Church, therefore, must have power to excommunicate a refractory member, as the State has to outlaw a bad subject, who will

words of truth and common sense with regard to Ireland, and to propose plain, simple, natural, practical remedies for those evils, which, by the admission of all, really do exist and need remedy? If such men there be, let them shew themselves, and they will neither lack support, nor fail of triumph. A more favourable moment for their efforts could not be chosen; England, not this party, or that, but England as a nation, is most anxious to do almost anything for Ireland; and we must shut our eyes to her past achievements—to her wealth, wisdom, might, and greatness—to believe, that she cannot with her nod banish the ills of her criminal and distressed sister. Away then with this disgusting clamour against the Established Church and its clergy, Orangemen and Protestantism; and this vile cant concerning Conciliation, Catholic disabilities, and Catholicism! Let the Broughams, and Humes, and Burdetts, and O'Connells, be silenced by public indignation; and let nothing be said or done respecting Ireland, that is not meant for the good of Ireland. Let things be called by their right names—the wants of nature be supplied with the aliment that nature

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not answer to the laws. But there is reason to believe that no heathen priests ever abused this power so prodigiously as the Roman clergy; nor even if the ceremonies were borrowed, as is not improbable, from heathen superstition, could they originally have been so revolting, so horrible, as when a Christian minister called upon the Redeemer of mankind, to fulfil execrations which the Devil himself might seem to have inspired. In the forms of malediction appointed for this blasphemous service, a curse was pronounced against the obnoxious persons in soul and body, and in all their limbs and joints and members, every part being specified with a bitterness which seemed to delight in dwelling on the sufferings that it imprecated. They were curst with pleonastic specification, at home and abroad, in their goings out and their comings in, in towns and in castles, in fields and in meadows, in streets and in public ways, by land and by water, sleeping and waking, standing and sitting and lying, eating and drinking, in their food and in their excrement, speaking or holding their peace, by day and by night, and every hour, in all places and at all times, everywhere and always. The heavens were adjured to be as brass to them, and the earth as iron; the one to reject their bodies, and the other their souls. God was invoked, in this accursed service, to afflict them with hunger and thirst, with poverty and want, with cold and with fever, with scabs and ulcers and itch, with blindness and madness—to eject them from their homes, and consume their substance—to make their wives widows, and their children orphans and beggars; all things belonging to them were cursed, the dog which guarded them, and the cock which wakened them. None was to compassionate their sufferings, nor to relieve or visit them in sickness. Prayers and benedictions, instead of availing them, were to operate as farther curses. Finally, their dead bodies were to be cast aside for dogs and wolves, and their souls to be eternally tormented with Korah, Dathan and Abiram, Judas and Pilate, Ananias and Sapphira, Nero and Decius, and Herod, and Julian, and Simon Magus, in fire everlasting.

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"If the individual, upon whom such curses were imprecated, felt only an apprehension that it was possible they might be efficient, the mere thought of such a possibility might have brought about one of the maledictions, by driving him mad. But the reasonable doubt which the subject himself must have entertained, and endeavoured to strengthen, was opposed by the general belief, and by the conduct of all about him; for whosoever associated with one thus marked for perdition, and delivered over judicially to the Devil and his angels, placed himself thereby under the same tremendous penalties. The condition of a leper was more tolerable than that of an excommunicated person. The leper, though excluded from the community, was still within the pale of the Church and of human charity: they who avoided his dangerous presence, assisted him with alms; and he had companions enough in affliction to form a society of their own—a miserable one indeed, but still a society, in which the sense of suffering was alleviated by resignation, the comforts of religion, and the prospect of death and of the life to come. But the excommunicated man was cut off from consolation and hope; it remained for him only to despair and die, or to obtain absolution by entire submission to the Church."

SOUTHEY'S *Book of the Church*, vol. I. p. 189.

prescribes—and let the hideous blot upon our fame, the mighty drawback upon our power, and the fearful ulcer upon our vitals, which Ireland now forms, exist no longer. Those who shall liberate and christianize Ireland—who shall give her freedom for slavery, knowledge for ignorance, industry for idleness, innocence for guilt, loyalty for disaffection, and prosperity for want, will achieve a more splendid triumph, than has yet been achieved in this age of splendid triumphs; and will take precedence of all the benefactors, of the present times, to the British empire. We say again, that this is *practicable*—we say again, that it is *practicable*—once more we say that it is PRACTICABLE.

Y. Y. Y.

ON MOONLIGHT.

From the Swedish of Ingelrain.

I.

STILL that same aspect—placid, cold, and bright!—
Oh, how dost thou reproach us for the hours
That in delusive pleasures took their flight,
For time that vain anxiety devours—
For life consumed by many a poisonous blight,
That might have yielded else immortal flowers!—
What sad reproof thy pallid gleams impart!
How speaks thy solemn silence to the heart!

II.

Though changeful, yet unchanged—thou art the same,
While we scarce call to mind what once we were!
Some praise the mildness of thy lambent flame,
And falsely deem thy quietude to share;
Far different homage rather shouldst thou claim—
Even MOCKERY lurks amid that chilling glare;
And thou art placid—calm—from trouble free—
The storm clouds ride aloft—but vex not thee!

III.

Yes—there are SCORN and MOCKERY in that gaze!—
Thou tell'st of hopes that will revive no more—
Of sunny hours and aye-departed days—
Of beauteous forms that smiled and bloom'd of yore!
Well—be it mine, beneath thy silvery rays,
To brood on recollection's mournful store;
Let visions triumph o'er this present scene,
And that shall seem to be, which once has been! *

G.

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* This fragment is the commencement of a poem in 100 stanzas, containing remembrances from the author's own life.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

Class V.

THE LASSES.

Great have been the conquests, and grievous the deray wrought in the human heart by some of these mountain nymphs. The confusion that particular ones have sometimes occasioned for a year or two almost exceeds credibility. Every young man in the bounds was sure either to be in love with her, or believed himself to be so; and as all these would be running on a Friday's evening to woo her, of course the pride and vanity of the fair was raised to such a height that she would rarely yield a preference to any, but was sure to put them all off with gibes and jeers. This shyness, instead of allaying, never fails to increase the fervour of the flame; an emulation, if not a rivalship, is excited among the younkers, until the getting a single word exchanged with the reigning beauty becomes a matter of thrilling interest to many a tender-hearted swain; but, generally speaking, none of these admired beauties are married till they settle into the more quiet vale of life, and the current of admiration has turned toward others. Then do they betake themselves to sober reflection, listen to the most rational, though not the most youthful of their lovers, and sit down, contented through life to share the toils, sorrows, and joys of the married life, and the humble cot.

I am not now writing of ladies, nor of "farmers' bonny daughters;" but merely of country maidens, such as ewe-milkers, hay-workers, har'st-shearers, the healthy and comely daughters of shepherds, hinds, country tradesmen, and small tenants; in short, all the rosy, romping, and light-hearted dames that handle the sickle, the hoe, the hay-raik, and the fleece. And of these I can say, to their credit, that there is rarely an instance happens of a celebrated beauty among them turning out a bad, or even an indifferent wife. Whether it is owing to the circumstance of their never marrying very young, (for a youthful marriage of a pair who have nought but their experience and a good name to depend on for the support of a family, is far from being a prudent, or highly commendable step,) or whether it be that these belles having had too much experience in the follies and flippancies of youthful love, and youthful lovers, make their choice at last on principles of reason, suffice it, that the axiom is a true one. But there is another reason which must not be lost sight of. That class of young men never flock about, or make love to a girl who is not noted for activity as well as beauty. Cleverness is always the first recommendation; and consequently, when such a one chooses to marry, it is natural to suppose that her good qualities will then be exerted to the utmost, which before were only occasionally called into exercise. Experience is indeed the great teacher among the labouring class, and her maxims are carried down from father to son in all their pristine strength. Seldom are they violated in anything, and never in this. No young man will court a beautiful daw, unless he be either a booby, or a rake, who does it for some selfish purpose, not to be mentioned nor thought of in the annals of virtuous love.

In detailing the ravages of country beauty, I will be obliged to take fictitious or bynames to illustrate true stories, on account of many circumstances that have occurred at periods subsequent to the incidents related. Not the least of these is the great change that time has effected in every one of those pinks of rustic admiration. How would it look if ODoherty or yourself, at your annual visit here, were to desire me to introduce you to one of these by her name and sirname, and I were to take you to see a reverend grannie; or at best, a russet dame far advanced in life, with wrinkles instead of roses, and looks of maternal concern instead of the dimpling smile, and glance of liquid beauty? Ah, no, dear sir! let us not watch the loveliest of all earthly flowers till it becomes degraded in our eyes by a decay which it was born to undergo. Let it be a dream in our philosophy that it still remains in all its prime, and that so it will remain

in some purer clime through all the vicissitudes of future ages.

As I have not been an eye-witness to many of the scenes I mean to detail, I judge it best to give them as the relation of the first person, in the same manner as they have been rehearsed to me, whether that person chanced to be the principal or not. Without this mode I might make a more perfect arrangement in my little love stories, but could not give them any degree of the interest they appeared to me to possess, or define the characters by letting them speak for themselves.

"Wat, what was the matter wi' you, that ye never keepit your face to the minister the last Sabbath day? Yon's an unco unreverend gate in a kirk, man. I hae seen you keep a good ee on the preacher, an' take good tent o' what was gaun too; and troth I'm wae to see ye altered to the waur."

"I kenna how I might chance to be lookin', but I hope I was listening as weel as you, or ony that was there. Heighow! It's a weary warld this!"

"What has made it siccan a weary warld to poor Wat? I'm sure it wasna about the ills o' life that the minister was preachin' that day, that has gart ye change sae sair? Now, Wat, I tentit ye weel a' the day, an' I'll be in your debt for a toop lamb at Michaelsmass, gin ye'll just tell me ae distinct sentence o' the sermon on Sabbath last."

"Hout, Jock, man! ye ken I dinna want to make a jest about ony saucred or religious thing; an' as for your paulie toop lamb, what care I for it?"

"Ye needna think to win aff that gate, callant. Just confess the truth, that ye never yet heard a word the good man said, for that baith your heart an' your ee was fixed on some object in the contrair direction. An' I may be mistaen, but I think I could guess what it was."

"Whisht, lad, an' let us alane o' your sinfu' surmeeses. I might turn my back on the minister during the time o' the prayer, but that was for getting a lean on the seat, an' what ill was in that?"

"Ay, an' ye might likewise hirsel yoursel up to the corner o' the seat a' the time o' baith the sermons, an' lean your head on your hand, an' look through your fingers too. Can ye deny this? Or that your een were fixed the hale day on ae particular place?"

"Aweel, I winna gie a friend the lee to his face. But an ye had lookit as weel at a' the rest as at me, ye wad hae seen that a' the men in the kirk were lookin' the same gate."

"An' a' at the same object too? An' a' as deeply interested in it as you? Isna that what ye're thinkin? Ah, Wat, Wat! love winna hide! I saw a pair o' slae-black een that threw some gayan saucy disdainfu' looks up the kirk, an' I soon saw the havoc they were makin', an' had made, i' your simple honest heart. Wow, man! but I fear me you are in a bad predickiment."

"Ay, ay. Between twa friends, Jock, there never was a lad in sic a predickiment as I am. I needna keep ought frae you; but for the life that's i' your bouk dinna let a pater about it escape frae atween your lips. I wadna that it were kend how deeply I am in love, an' how little it is like to be requited, for the hale warld. But I am this day as miserable a man as breathes the breath o' life. For I like yon lass as man never likit another, an' a' that I get is scorn, an' gibes, an' mockery in return. O Jock, I wish I was dead in an honest natural way, an' that my burial day were the morn!"

"Weel, after a', I daresay that is the best way o' winding up a hopeless love scene. But only it ought surely to be the last resource. Now, will ye be candid, and tell me gin ye hae tried all lawful endeavours to preserve your ain life, as the commandment requires us to do, ye ken? Hae ye courtit the lass as a man ought to hae courtit her who is in every respect her equal?"

"Oh, yes, I have! I have told her a' my love, an' a' my sufferings; but it has been only to be mockit, an' sent about my business."

"An' ye wad whine, an' make wry faces, as you are doing just now? Na, na, Wat, that's no the gate o't;—a maid maun just be wooed in the same spirit that she shews, an' when she shews sauciness, there's naething for it but taking a step higher than her in the same humour, letting her always ken, an' always see, that you are naturally her superior, an' that you are even stooping from your dignity when you condescend to ask her to become your equal. If she refuse to be your

joe at the fair, never either whine or look disappointed, but be sure to wale the bonniest lass in the market, an' lead her to the same party where your saucy dame is. Take her to the top o' the dance, the top o' the table at dinner, an' laugh, an' sing; an' aye between whisper your bonny partner; an' if your ain lass disna happen to be unco weel buckled, it is ten to ane she will find an opportunity of offering you her company afore night. If she look angry or affronted at your attentions to others, you are sure o' her. They are queer creatures the lasses, Wat, an' I rather dread ye haena muckle skill or experience in their bits o' wily gates. For, to tell you the truth, there's naething pleases me sae weel as to see them begin to pout, an' prim their bits o' gabs, an' look sulky out frae the wick o' the ee, an' gar ilka feather an' flower-knot quiver wi' their angry capers. O the dear, sweet jewels! When I see ane o' them in sic a key, I could just take her a' in my arms!"

"If you had ever loved as I do, Jock, ye wad hae found little comfort in their offence. For my part, every disdainfu' word that yon dear, lovely lassie says, goes to my heart like a red-hot spindle. My life is bound up in her favour. It is only in it that I can live, move, or breathe; an' whenever she says a severe or cutting word to me, I feel as if ane o' my members were torn away, and am glad to escape as lang as I am onything ava; for I find, if I war to remain, a few mae siccan sentences wad soon annihilate me."

"O sic balderdash! In three months' time I shall take in hand to bring her to your ain terms, if you will take my advice. When I speak o' *your ain terms*, mind I take it for granted that you will never propose ony that are not strictly honourable."

"That you may rely on. I would sooner think of wranging my own flesh an' blood than suffer a thought to waver about my heart to her prejudice. But, O man, speak; for ye are garring a' the blood in my veins rin up to my head, as gin it war a thousand ants running races."

"Weel, Wat, in the first place, I propose to gang down yonder a night by mysel', an' speak baith to her father an' her, to find how the land lies; an' after that we can gang down baith thegether, an' gie her a fair broadside. The deil's in't, if we sanna bring her to reason."

Wat scratched his head, and pulled the grass (that was quite blameless in the affair) furiously up by the roots, but made no answer. On being urged to declare his sentiments, he said, "I dinna ken about that way o' ganging down your lane; I wish you maunna stick by the auld fisher's rule, 'Every man for his ain hand.' That I ken weel, that nae man alive can see her, an' speak to her, and no be in love wi' her."

"It is a good thing in love affairs, Wat, that there are hardly two in the world wha think the same way."

"Ay, but this is a particular case, for a' the men in the country think the same gate here, an' rin the same gate to the wooing. It is impossible to win near the house on a Friday night without rinning your head against that of some rival, like twa toops fightin' about a ewe. Na, na, John, this plan o' gangin' down by yoursel' winna do. An' now when I think on't, ye had better no gang down ava, for if we gang down friends, we'll come up enemies, an' that wadna be a very agreeable catastroff."

"Now shame fa' me gin ever I heard sic nonsense! To think that a' the warld see wi' your een! Hear ye, Wat.—I wadna gie that snap o' my fingers for her. I never saw her till Sunday last, when I came to your kirk ance errand for that purpose, an' I wadna ken her again gin I war to meet her here come out to the glen wi' your whey—what ails you, fool, that you're dightin' your een?"

"Come out to the glen wi' *my* whey! Ah, man! the words gaed through me like the stang of a bumbee. Come out to the glen wi' my whey! Gude forgie my sin, what is the reason I canna thole that thought? That were a consummation devoutly to be wussed, as the soloquy in the Collection says. I fear I'll never see that blessed an' lovely sight! But, Jock, take my advice; stay at hame, an' gangna near her, gin ye wad enjoy ony peace o' conscience."

"Ye ken naething about the women, Wat, an' as little about me. If I gang near her, it will only be to humble her a wee, by mocking at her influence among the young men, an' bringing her to reason, for your sake. Jock the Jewel wadna say '*wae's me!*'

for the best lass's frown in a' the kingdom o' Britain. Whatever some o' them might do for his, that's no his right to say."

Jock the Jewel went down in all his might and high experience to put everything to rights between his friend Wat and the bonny Snaw-fleck, as this spink of a mountain damsel was called, for every girl in the whole parish was named after one of the birds of the air; and every man, too, young and old, had his by-name, by which we shall distinguish them all for the present. The Snaw-fleck's father was called Tod-Lowrie, (the fox;) his eldest daughter, the Eagle; the second, the Sea-maw; and his only son was denominated the Foumart, (polecat;) from a notable hunt he once had with one of these creatures in the middle of the night, in a strange house; and it was the worst name I ever heard for a young man. Our disconsolate lover was called Window Wat, on account of his bashful nature, and, as they alleged, for hanging always about the windows when he went a-courting, and never venturing in. It was a good while after this first rencounter before the two shepherds met again with that convenience so as to resume their love affairs. But at length an occasion offered, and then—— But we must suffer every man to tell his own tale, else the sport will be spoilt.

"Weel, Wat, hae ye been ony mair down at Lowrie's Lodge, sin' I saw you?"

"An' if I hae, I hae been little the better o' you. I heard that you were there before me, an' sinsyne too."

"Now, Wat, that's mere jealousy an' suspicion, for ye didna see the lass to ken whether I was there or not. I ken ye wad be hingin' about the window-soles as usual, keekin' in, feastin' your een, seein' other woosters beikin' their shins at the ingle, but for a' that durstna venture ben. Come, I dinna like siccan sackless gates as thae. I *was* down, I'se no deny't, but I gaed to wark in a different manner. Unco cauldrife wark that o' standin' peengin' about windows, man. Come, tell me a' your expedition, an' I'll tell you mine, like friends, ye ken."

"Mine's no ill to tell. I gaed down that night after I saw you, e'en though Wednesday be the widower's night; there were more there than I, but I was fear'd ye had got there afore me, and then, wi' your great skill o' the ways o' women, ye might hae left me nae chance at a'. I was there, but I might as weel hae staid at hame, for there were sae mony o' the out-wale wallietragle kind o' wooers there, like mysel, a' them that canna win forret on a Friday night, that I got the back o' the hallan to keep; but there's ae good thing about the auld Tod's house, they never ditt up their windows. Ane sees aye what's gaun on within doors. They leave a' their actions open to the ee o' God an' man, yon family, an' I often think it is nae ill sign o' them. Auld Tod-Lowrie himsel sometimes looks at the window in a kind o' considering mood, as if doubtful that at that moment he is both overheard and overseen; but, or it is lang, he cocks up his bonnet and cracks as crouse as ever, as if he thought again, 'There's aye ae ee that sees me at a' times, an' a ear that hears me, an' when that's the case, what need I care for a' the birkies o' the land!' I like that open independent way that the family has. But O, they are surely sair harassed wi' wooers."

"The wooers are the very joy o' their hearts, excepting the Foumart's; he hates them a' unless they can tell him hunders o' lies about battles, bogles, an' awfu' murders, an' persecutions. An' the leaving o' the windows open too is not without an aim. The Eagle's beginning to weary for a husband; an' if ye'll notice how dink she dresses hersel ilka night, an' jinks away at the muckle wheel as she war spinning for a wager. They hae found out that they are often seen at night yon lasses; and though they hae to work the foulest work o' the bit farm a' the day when naebody sees them, at night they are a' dressed up like pet-ewes for a market, an' ilka ane is acting a part. The Eagle is yerkin' on at the wheel, and now and then gi'en a smirk wi' her face to the window. The Snaw-fleck sits busy in the neuk, as sleek as a kinnen, and the auld clocker fornent her, admirin' an' misca'in' her a' the time. The white Seamaw flees up an' down the house, but an' ben, ae while i' the spense, ane i' the awmrie, an' then to the door wi' a soap-suds. Then the Foumart, he sits knitting his stocking, an' quarrelling wi' the hale tot o' them. The feint a haed he minds but sheer ill nature. If there be a good body i' the house, the auld

Tod is the ane. He is a gayan honest, downright carle, the Tod."

"It is hardly the nature o' a tod to be sae; an' there's no ae bit o' your description that I gang in wi'! It is a fine, douse family.

'But O the Snaw-fleck!
The bonny bonny Snaw-fleck!
She is the bird for me, O!'"

"If love wad make you a poeter, Wat, I wad say it had wrought miracles. Ony mair about the bonny Snaw-fleck, eh? I wonder how you can make glowin' love-sangs stan'in' at a cauld window—No the way that, man. Tell me plainly, did ye ever get a word o' the bonny lass ava?"

"Hey how me!—I can hardly say that I did; an' yet I hae been three times there sin' I saw you."

"An' gat your travel for your pains a' the times?"

"No sae bad as that, neither. I had the pleasure o' seeing her, bonny, braw, innocent, an' happy, busy working her mother's wark. I saw her smile at her brother's crabbit words, and I saw the approving glances beam frae the twa auld focks' een. When her father made family-worship, she took her Bible, and followed devoutly wi' her ee the words o' holy writ, as the old man read them; and her voice in singing the psalm was as mellow an' as sweet as the flute playing afar off. Ye may believe me, Jock, when I saw her lift up her lovely face in sweet devotion, I stood on the outside o' the window, an' grat like a bairn. It was mair than my heart could thole; an' gin it warna for shame, I wad gang every night to enjoy the same heavenly vision."

"As I'm a Christian man, Wat, I believe love *has* made a poeter of you. Ye winna believe me, man, that very woman is acting her part. Do you think she didna ken that ye saw her, an' was makin' a' thae fine murgeons to throw glamour in your een, an' gar you trow she was an angel? I managed otherwise; but it is best to tell a' plain out, like friends, ye ken. Weel, down I goes to Lowrie's Lodge, an', like you, keeks in at the window, and the first thing I saw was the auld Tod toving out tobacco-reek like a moorburn. The hale biggin was sae choke fu' o' the vapour, it was like a dark mist, an' I could see naething through it but his ain braid bonnet moving up and down like the tap o' the smith's bellows, at every poogh he gave. At length he handit by the pipe to the auld wife, and the reek soon turned mair moderate. I could then see the lasses a dressed out like dolls, and several young boobies o' hinds, threshers, an' thrum-cutters, sitting gashin' and glowrin' amang them. I shall soon set your backs to the wa', thinks I, if I could get ony possible means o' introduction. It wasna lang till ane offered; out comes a lass wi' a cog o' warm water, an' she gars it a' clash on me. 'Thanks t'ye for your kindness, my woman,' says I. 'Ye canna say I hae gi'en ye a cauld reception,' says she. 'But wha the widdy are ye standin' like a thief i' the mirk for?' 'Maybe kenn'd fo'k, gin it war daylight,' quo' I. 'Ye had better come in by, an' see gin candle-light winna beet the mister,' says she. 'Thanks t'ye,' says I; 'but I wad rather hae you to come *out by*, an' try gin stern-light winna do!' 'Catch me doing that,' cried she, and bounced into the house again.

"I then laid my lug close to the window, an' heard ane askin' wha that was she was speakin' to? 'I dinna ken him,' quo' she; 'but I trow I hae gi'en him a mark to ken him by; I hae gi'en him a balsam o' boiling water.'

"'I wish ye may hae peeled a' the hide aff his shins,' quo' the Foumart, an' he mudged and leugh; 'haste ye, dame, rin awa out an' lay a plaister o' lime and linseed-oil to the lad's trams,' continued he.

"'I can tell ye wha it is,' said ane o' the hamlet wooers; 'it will be Jock the Jewel comed down frae the moors, for I saw him waiting about the chop an' the smiddy till the darkness came on. If ye hae disabled him, lady seabird, the wind will blaw nae mair out o' the west.'

"I durstna trust them wi' my character and me in hearing; sae, without mair ado, I gangs bauldly ben.—'Gude e'en to ye, kimmers a' in a ring,' says I.

"'Gude-e'en t'ye, honest lad,' quo' the Eagle. 'How does your cauld constitution an' our potatoe-broo sort?'

"'Thanks t'ye, bonny lass,' says I. 'I hae gotten a right sair skelloch; but I wish I warna woundit nae deeper somewhere else than i' the shin-banes, I might shoot a flyin' erne for a' that's come an' gane yet.'

"'That's weel answered, lad,' quo' the Tod. 'Keep her down, for she's unco glib o' the gab, especially to strangers.'

"'You will never touch a feather o' her wing, lad,' quo' she. 'But if ye could——I'll say nae mair.'

"'Na, na, Mistress Eagle, ye soar o'er high for me,' says I. 'I'll bring down nae sky-cleaving harpies to pick the e'en out o' my sheep, an' my ain into the bargain, maybe. I see a bit bonny norlan' bird in the nook here, that I would rather woo to my little hamely nest. The Eagle maun to her eiry; or, as the auld ballant says—

'Gasp and speel to her yermit riven,
Amid the mists an' the rains of heaven.'

It is the innocent, thrifty, little Snaw-fleck that will suit me, wi' the white wings an' the blue body. She's pleased wi' the hardest and hameliest fare; a pickin o' the seeds o' the pipe bent is a feast to her.'"

"Now, by the faith o' my body, Jewel, that wasna fair. Was that preparing' the way for your friend's success?"

"Naething but sheer banter, man; like friends, ye ken. But ye sall hear. The Snaw-fleck's a braw beast,' said I, 'but the Eagle's a waster and a destroyer.'

"'She's true to her mate, though,' said the dame; 'but the tither is a bird o' passage, and mate to the hale flock.'

"I was a wee startled at this observe, when I thought of the number of wooers that were rinning after the bonny Snaw-fleck. However, I didna like to yield to the jocular and haughty Eagle; and I added, that I wad take my chance o' the wee Snaw-bird, for though she war ane of a flock, that flock was an honest ane. This pleased them a'; and the auld slee Tod, he spak up an' said, he hadna the pleasure o' being acquaint wi' me, but he hoped he shouldna hae it in his power to say sae again. Only there was ae thing he beggit to remind me o', before I went any farther, and that was, that the law of Padanaram was established in his family, an' he could by no means give a younger daughter in marriage before one that was elder.

"'I think you will maybe keep them for a gay while, then,' said the Foumart. 'But if the Sea-gull wad stay at hame, I carena if the rest were at Bamph. She's the only usefu' body I see about the house.'

"'Haud the tongue o' thee, thou illfa'red, cat's-witted serf,' said the auld wife. 'I'm sure ony o' them's worth a faggald o' thee. An' that lad, gin I dinna forecast aglee, wad do credit to ony kin.'

"'He's rather ower weel giftit o' gab,' quo' the menseless thing. That remark threw a damp on my spirits a' the night after, an' I rather lost ground than gained ony mair. The ill-hued weazel-blawn thing of a brother, never missed an opportunity of gieing me a yerk wi' his ill-scrapit tongue, an' the Eagle was aye gieing hints about the virtues o' potatoe-broo—how it improved the voice for singin', an' gae ane a chance o' some advancement in the dominions o' the Grand Turk. I didna ken what she meant, but some o' the rest did, for they leugh as they had been kittled; and the mirth and humour turned outrageous, aye seemingly at my expense. The auld Tod chewed tobacco an' threw his mouth, lookit whiles at ane and whiles at another, an' seemed to enjoy the joke as muckle as ony o' them. As for the bonny Snaw-bird, she never leugh aboon her breath, but sat as mim an' as sleek as a moudie. There were some very pretty smiles an' dimples gawn, but nae gaffawing. She is really a fine lass."

"There it goes now! I tauld you how it wad be! I tell you, Jewel, the deil a bit o' this is fair play."

"Ane may tell what he thinks—like a friend, ye ken. Weel—to make a lang tale short—I couldna help seeing a' the forenight that she had an ee to me. I couldna help *that*, ye ken. Gat mony a sweet blink an' smile thrawn o'er the fire to me—couldna help that either, ye ken—never lost that a friend gets. At length a' the douce wooers drew off ane by ane—saw it was needless to dispute the point wi' me that night. Ane had to gang hame to supper his horses, another to fodder the kye, and another had to be hame afore his master took the book, else he had to gang supperless to bed. I sat still—needless to lose a good boon for lack o' asking. The potatoes were poured an' champit—naebody bade me bide supper, but I sat still; an' the auld wife she slippit away to the awmrie, an'

brought a knoll o' butter like ane's nieve, an' slippit that into the potatoe pot hidling ways, but the fine flavour that filled the house soon outed the secret. I drew in my seat wi' the rest, resolved to hae my share o' the cheap, healthfu', and delightfu' meal, an' I maun say that I never enjoyed ane a' my life wi' mair satisfaction. I saw that I had a hearty welcome frae them a' but the Foumart, an' I loot him girn an' snivel as muckle as he liket. Weel, I saw it was turning late, and there was a necessity for proceeding to business, else the books an' the prayers wad be on. Sae I draws to my plaid an' staff, an' I looks round to the lasses; but in the meantime I dropt half a wink to the Snaw-fleck, an' I says, 'Weel, wha o' you bonny lasses sets me the length o' the townhead yett the night?'

"'The feint a ane o' them,' quo' the Foumart wi' a girn.

"'The townhead yett the night, honest lad?' quo' the wife. 'Be my certy, thou's no gaun nae siccan a gate. Dis thou think thou can gang to the muirs the night? Nay, nay, thou shalt take share of a bed wi' our son till it be day, for the night's dark an' the road's eiry."

"'He needna stay unless he likes,' quo' the Foumart. 'Let the chap tak his wull, an' gang his gates.'

"'Haud thy ill-faur'd tongue,' said the wife. I sat down again, an' we grew a' unco silent. At length the Eagle rose an' flew to the door. It wadna do—I wadna follow; sat aye still, and threw another straight wink to the bonny Snaw-fleck, but the shy shirling sat snug in her corner, an' wadna move. At length the Eagle comes gliding in, an' in a moment, or ever I kend what I was doing, claps down a wee table at my left hand, an' the big Bible an' psalm-book on't. I never gat sic a stound, an' really thought I wad drap down through the floor; an' when I saw the lasses shading their faces wi' their hands, I grew waur.

"'What ails thee, honest lad, that thou looks sae baugh?' said the auld wife. 'Sure thou's no ashamed to praise thy Maker? for an thou be, I shall be ashamed o' thee. It is an auld family custom we hae, aye to gie a stranger the honour o' being our leader in this bit e'ening duty; an' gin he refuse that, we dinna countenance him ony mair.'

"That was a yerker! I now fand I was fairly in the mire. For the saul o' me I durstna take the book; for though I had a good deal o' good words, an' blads o' scripture, an' religious rhames, a' by heart, I didna ken how I might gar them compluther. An' as I took this to be a sort o' test to try a wooer's abilities, I could easily see that my hough was fairly i' the sheep crook, an' that what wi' sticking the psalm, bungling the prayer, potatoe-broo an' a' thegither, I was like to come badly off. Sae I says, 'Goodwife, I'm obliged t'ye for the honour ye hae offered me; an' sae far frae being ashamed o' my Maker's service, I rejoice in it; but I hae mony reasons for declining the honour. In the first place, war I to take the task out o' the goodman's hand, it wad be like the youngest scholar o' the school pretending to teach his master; an' war I to stay here a' night, it wad be principally for the purpose of enjoying his family worship frae his ain lips. But the truth is, an' that's my great reason, I *can not* stay a' night. I want just ae single word o' this bonny lass, an' then I maun take the road, for I'm far o'er late already.'

"'I bide by my text, young man,' says the Tod; 'the law of Padan-aram is the law of this house.'

"'An', by the troth o' me, thou'lt find it nae bad law for thee, honest lad,' said the wife; 'our eldest will mak the *best* wife for thee—tak thou my word for that.'

"'I am thinkin' I wad,' said the Eagle; 'an' I dinna ken but I might hae taen him too, if it hadna been—an accident.' Here she brak aff, an' a' the house set up a giggle of a laugh, an' the goodman turned his quid an' joined in it. I forced on a good face, an' added, 'Ah! the Eagle! the Eagle's a deil's bird—she's no for me. I want just a single word wi' this dink chicken; but it isna on my ain account—it is a word frae a friend, an' I'm bound in honour to deliver it.'

"'That is spoken sae like an honest man, an' a disinterested ane,' quo' the Tod, 'that I winna refuse the boon. Gae your ways ben to our little ben-end, an' say what ye hae to say, for I dinna suffer my bairns to gang out i' the dark wi' strangers.'

"'Come away, then, hinny,' says I. She rose wi' slow an' ill will, for I saw she wad rather I had been to speak for mysel'; an' as I perceived this, as soon as I got her ben the house, an' the door fairly steekit, I says till her, says I, 'Now, bonny lassie, I never saw your face afore but ance, an' that day I gaed mony fit to see't. I came here the night ance errand to speak a word for a friend, but really'—Here she interrupted me as soon as she heard *but really.*

"'Could your friend no speak his word himself?' said she.

"'As you say,' says I; 'that is good sense—I ca' that good, sound common sense; for a man does always his own turn best; an' therefore I maun tell you, that I am fairly fa'en in love wi' you mysel', an' am determined to hae ye for my ain, cost what it will.'"

At this part of the story, Wat sprung to his feet—"Did you say sae, sirrah?" said he. "If ye did, ye are a fause loun, an' a villain, an' I am determined to hae pennyworths o' *you*, cost what it will."

"Hout, fych fie, Wat, man! dinna be a fool. Sit down, an' let us listen to reason, like friends, ye ken. Ye sall hear, man—ye sall hear."

"I winna hear another word, Jewel. Up to your feet; either single-stick or dry nieves, ony o' them ye like. Ye gat the lass ben the house on the credit o' my name, an' that was the use ye made o't! Ye dinna ken how near my heart, an' how near my life, ye war edging then, an' I'll break every bane in your bouk for it; only ye shall hae fair play, to smash mine, gin ye can. Up, I say; for yon was a deed I winna brook."

"Perhaps I was wrang, but I'll tell the truth. Sit down an' ye shall hear—an' then, gin we maun fight, there's time enough for it after. If I had thought I acted wrang, I wadna hae tauld it sae plain out; but when twa folks think the saam gate, it isna a good sign. 'I'm in love wi' you, an' am determined to hae you,' says I.

"'I winna hear a single word frae ane that's betraying his friend,' said she;—'not one word, after your avowal to my father. If he hae ony private word, say it—an' if no, good night.'"

"Did she say that, the dear soul? Heaven bless her bonny face!"

"'I did promise to a particular friend o' mine to speak a kind word for him,' said I. 'He is unco blate an' modest, but there's no a better lad; an' I never saw ane as deeply an' distractedly in love; for though I feel I *do* love, it is with reason and moderation.'"

"There again!" cried Wat, who had begun to hold out his hand—"There again! I'm distracted, but you are a reasonable being!"

"Not a word of yourself,' said she. 'Who is this friend of yours? And has he any more to say by you? Not one word more of yourself—at least not to-night.'

"At least not to-night!" repeated Wat again and again—"Did she say that? I dinna like the addition ava."

"That was what she said; an' naething could be plainer than that she was inviting me back; but as I was tied down, I was obliged to say something about you. 'Ye ken Window Wat?' says I. 'He is o'er sight and judgment in love wi' you, an' he comes here ance or twice every week, just for the pleasure o' seeing you through the window. He's a gay queer compost—for though he is a' soul, yet he wants spirit.'"

"Did ye ca' me a compost? That was rather a queer term for a wooer, begging your pardon," says Wat.

"'I hae seen the lad sometimes,' says she. 'If he came here to see me, he certainly need not be sae muckle ashamed of his errand as not to shew his face. I think him a main saft ane.'

"'Ye're quite i' the wrang, lass,' says I. 'Wat's a great dab. He's an arithmeticker, a stronomer, a historian, and a grand poeter, an' has made braw sangs about yoursel'. What think ye o' being made a wife to sic a hero as him? Od help ye, it will raise ye as high as the moon.'"

"I'll tell ye what it is, Jock the Jewel. The neist time ye gang to court, court for yoursel', for a' that ye hae said about me is downright mockery, an' it strikes me that you are baith a selfish knave and a gommeril. Sae good e'en t'ye for the present. I owe you a good turn for your kind offices down bye. I'll speak for mysel in future, and do ye the same—*like friends, ye ken*—that's a' I say."

"If I speak for mysel', I ken wha will hae but a poor chance," cried Jock after him.

The next time our two shepherds met, where was it but in the identical smithy adjoining to Lowrie's Lodge, and that at six o'clock on a December evening. The smith smelt a rat, looked exceedingly wise, and when he heard the two swains begin to cut and sneer at one another, it was delicate food for Vulcan. He puffed and blew at the bellows, and thumped at the stithy, and always between put in a disjointed word or two.—"Mae hunters! mae hunters for the Tod's bairns—hem, phoogh, phoogh—will be worried now!—phoogh"—thump, thump—"will be run down now—hem!"

"Are ye gaun far this way the night, Jewel, an ane may spier?"

"Far enough for you, Wat, I'm thinkin'. How has the praying been coming on this while bygane?"

"What d'ye mean, Mr Jewel? If ye will speak, let it no be in riddles. Rather speak nonsense, as ye used to do."

"I'm speakin' in nae riddles, lad. I wat weel a' the country side kens that ye hae been gaun learnin' prayers aff Hervey's Meditations, an' crooning them o'er to yoursel' in every cleuch o' the glen, a' to tame a young shefox wi'."

"An' that ye hae been lying under the hands o' the moor doctor for a month, an' submitting to an operation, frae the effects o' somebody's potatoe-broo—isna that as weel kent?"

"Till't, lads, till't!" cried the smith—"that's the right way o' ganging to wark—phoogh!"—clink, clink—"pepper away!"—clink, clink—"soon be baith as het as nailstrings—phoogh!"

The potatoe-broo rather settled Jock's sarcasm, for he had suffered some inconvenience from the effects of it, and the circumstance had turned the laugh against him among his companions in a very particular manner. After all, his right ankle only was blistered a little by the burning; but, according to the country gossips, matters were bad enough, and it proved a sore thorn in Jock's side. It was not long after this till he glided from the smithy like a thing that had vanished, and after that Wat sat in the fidgets for fear his rival had effected a previous engagement with the Snow-fleck. The smith perceiving it, seized him in good humour, and turned him out at the door. "Nae time to stay now, lad—nae time to wait here now. The hunt will be up, and the young Tod holed, if ye dinna make a' the better speed." Then, as Wat vanished down the way, the smith imitated the sound of the fox-hounds and the cries of the huntsmen. "Will be run down now, thae young Tods—heavy metal laid on now—we'll have a scalding heat some night, an the track keep warm," said the smith, as he fell to the big bellows with both hands.

When Wat arrived at Lowrie's Lodge, he first came in contact with one wooer, and then another, hanging about the corners of the house; but finding that none of them was his neighbour and avowed rival, he hasted to his old quiet station at the back window, not the window where the Jewel stood when he met with his mischance, but one right opposite to it. There he saw the three bonniest birds of the air surrounded with admirers, and the Jewel sitting cheek by cheek with the lovely Snow-bird. The unbidden tears sprung to Wat's eyes, but it was not for jealousy, but from the most tender affection, as well as intense admiration, that they had their source. The other wooers that were lingering without, joined him at the window; and Wat feeling this an incumbrance, and eager to mar his rival's success, actually plucked up courage, and strode in amongst them all. This was a great effort indeed, and it was the first time he had ever dared such a piece of desperate temerity. But the efforts of that eventful night, and the consequences that followed, must needs be reserved for another Number.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.—CHAPTER TENTH.*

All hands were below, and snug seated around,
And the service was read with decorum,
When the low hollow wail of the squall's strengthening sound,
Roused the ear of the reading Captain Oram:
He listened a moment, then shut the Prayer-Book,—
"We'll take prayers for a day *ad valorem*,"
Cried he, with his stern and determinate look
"So jump up, my hearts, from the boy to the cook;
Make her snug," said the brave Captain Oram;
"Reef away!" cried the bawling Jerry Oram.

THE next day being Sunday, and the day of muster, moreover, was ushered in with all the pomp that scrubbers, sand, and holystones, could give it. The weather was very unsettled and squally, but as it kept free from rain, everything proceeded in the usual prompt manner to further the execution of the Captain's orders. It was not, however, without the greatest exertion that the decks could be dried up, the hammocks stowed, and the breakfast piped at the usual hour; for the second Lieutenant, who had the morning watch, and who, like most young officers, was very fond of *carrying on her*, having rather mechanically set to work, as soon as he came on deck, in making *all sail* as usual, without bestowing a single thought on the very doubtful state of the weather, had met with so many interruptions in the necessity he found himself under of shortening it again, as to be compelled to call in the assistance first of the idlers, and then of all hands, to save his distance, and come within time.

At length the *word* was passed, and the ship's company, after taking a hurried breakfast, were bustling, cleaning, and rigging for divisions and mustering clothes, when a passing squall, which had blown hard for some time before, acquired such a degree of violence, as to compel the officer on deck once more to pipe *All hands reef topsails!* when certainly such another assemblage immediately hurried on deck as has seldom been witnessed, in any exigence of the service, executing duty. All were bare-headed; some half-shaved; others stripped to the buff—and there were not a few, whose long, bushy, and highly prized hair, wantonly sporting at liberty in the wind, put them in jeopardy of becoming unwilling victims to the pendulous fate of the renowned Nicol Jarvie. Just as they stood, however, they reefed the topsails; and, flurried and breathless, returned as fast as they could to the deck, to resume the now execrated task of decoring their persons and arranging their clothes previous to the approaching inspection.

Notwithstanding every exertion they could make, however, numbers were only half dressed when the Boatswain's pipe trilled for divisions. Captain Switchem, who had been waiting with no small impatience, appeared directly at the top of the companion; and the petty officers having at length succeeded in scolding and frightening the numerous lag-behinds on deck, and reporting all present, he immediately commenced a scrutiny into the linens and inner garments of his crew, both on them and off them, and displayed an ability in detecting the numerous petty frauds resorted to by the slothful in eluding his order, and a dexterity in handling and reviewing the various articles, which Dennis Mahony afterwards swore would have done honour to e'er a regular drilled washerwoman in the county of Kerry.

Having gone through this necessary but very unpopular piece of discipline, he ordered the people to stow their bags on the booms; then turning to his first Lieutenant, said, with something as near a smile as he could make it, "Pretty fairish, Fyke, all things considered; for, to say truth, the poor devils haven't had too much justice done them either. However, they must thank you, Doeboy, for that; who apparently are formed of such high-flying materials, as never to be happy but when you are tearing through it with the rapidity of a rocket. By mine honour, I shan't pretend even to hint at what consequences may not ensue when our returns are made, for the immense consumpt of both canvass and cordage for this vessel. 'Tis a matter which has cost me much vexation, and it grieves

* Continued from Vol. XIV. p. 282.

me not the less that I have had already so much occasion to take the notice I've now done of this ridiculous whim of yours."

"I don't exactly comprehend your meaning, sir," replied his second Lieutenant, reddening; "but of this I can assure you, that, by *my* honour, the weather was excellent for this season when I made sail; and as it was so, I really can't see how I should be so very disagreeably reflected on."

"Pshaw! Doeboy, nonsense!—sheer commonplace, my good sir," cried Captain Switchem, with unusual animation. "Is not my meaning plain as a pike-staff, when, added to what I daily see with my own eyes, my Boatswain informs me his expenditure is excessive, and his store-room absolutely getting empty;—and all this, too, because my third in command must ever be clapping on more canvass than my vessel is able to carry.—Pshaw! again I repeat it, 'twould chafe the very soul of good humour to hear such reasonable and *very* gentle hints misnomered disagreeable reflections."

"You are getting warm, sir," replied the second Lieutenant, "on what is certainly a very trifling matter. I merely wished to remark, that I considered myself as acting in strict obedience to your orders when I made sail this morning—I hadn't the smallest intention of giving offence."

"Lieutenant Doeboy," said the Captain, gravely, "I cheerfully acquit you of any intention to offend me. You are as yet but a young officer, but you have ability; and, with the exception of this unhappy whim, which you are for ever indulging, but of which I hope you will soon see the folly, I will frankly own I have no cause of quarrel with you, whatever. In thus stating my complaints, I mean no more offence than you have done; though, I confess, I think it my duty, as your senior officer, to caution you on a matter which may possibly hereafter prove a serious bar to your professional advancement. Regarding obeying *my* orders, you certainly did so, had the weather been moderate—for I wish to keep my people on the alert in all fair seasons, or when duty calls for it—but this you well know was not the case this morning. I was not on deck to be sure—but I was as wide awake then as I am now, and I heard your whole proceedings. Come, come, Lieutenant Doeboy, I *will* not be interrupted; for again I repeat it, I mean no more by this but friendly caution.—Can you stand there, and seriously tell me, that the morning was *excellent*, or even *tolerable*, when three minutes did not elapse by my chronometer between your hauling aboard your fore and main tacks, and your clewing them up again?—Nonsense, Mr Doeboy; I won't believe it."

The second Lieutenant, a high-spirited sprig of quality, had in vain endeavoured, during this petty castigation, to break in upon his Captain's volubility, but without success. As soon, therefore, as the Captain ceased speaking, he evidently betrayed such strong emotions of being only restrained by those invincible barriers which the experience of ages has placed betwixt the commander and commanded of the Navy, from pushing matters to a greater extremity, that Lieutenant Fyke instantly interfered, by inquiring of his Captain, what he meant to make of the crew, who, having stowed their bags, were now standing forward on the deck, huddled together in a mass of confusion and wonderment.

Captain Switchem took the hint in an instant. "Thank ye, thank ye, my good Fyke," said he, shaking his first Lieutenant cordially by the hand,—then extending the other to his second, he continued, "A truce to disagreeables, Doeboy. Believe me, I mean all for your good.—Let us rather recollect, gentlemen, that we have more important duty on our hands at present.—Hark ye, young Minikin, jump forward and order the Gunner and Carpenter to get the Church ready with all speed. I think we shall have prayers to-day, Fyke—'twill keep the people alive;—for I can assure you both, gents, the weather appears both surly and suspicious to my eye; and in that case 'twill be best to use some endeavour to keep them from crawling and slugging below.—Fyke, take you the look-out, and young Finafore shall attend you. Be so good as hurry the Carpenter, and let me know when you're ready."

Mr Fyke, an old experienced aquatic, gave a silent nod of assent as his Captain and second Lieutenant retired. Then walking slowly forward to the main hatchway, he said, "Are you all ready below there?"

"In a moment, sir," replied the

bustling Carpenter.—" Come, come, men, bear a hand—Place the match-tubs at equal distances as I tould you, and thwart them with them there planks—ay, so now, so.—Now, signal-man, do you place your bundle of flags on that there small table, and chuck the union over 'em—'twill make as stylish a desk as e'er a parson's in England—Steward, d'ye hear there, chairs for the gentlemen."

" Are you ready yet?" again asked the Lieutenant, impatiently.

" All ready, sir?" replied the Carpenter, redoubling his exertions, intermingled with many bear-a-hands and execrations on the awkwardness of his attendants, which it is needless to repeat.

" Forward, there," bawled the first Lieutenant to all hands, " toll the bell. Come, my lads, down, all of you, to prayers. —Boatswain's-mate, see them all down directly."

" Ay, ay, your honour," cried Bird, walking forward.—" D'ye hear there, all of you?" continued he, raising his hoarse voice a note or two higher than its usual growl; " down you go to prayers, man and mother's son on you. Come, move along, move along, my hearties!—Blast my toplights! what mongrel cur is that there, who grins and jeers so lustily—mayhap he thinks he hasn't need of prayers, the whore-son!—D'ye here there, old Shetland, will you clap a stopper on that old muzzle of yours, and make less noise, if you please? Can't you recollect, all of you, that you are going to prayers? —Come, heave ahead, forward there —D—n the fellows, they ought to walk one after other as mim and as sulky as old Betty Martin at a funeral."

" Ay, by my soul, Bird, and you're right there, boy!" cried Dennis, turning round to him with a smile,—" for then we'd be as wise as the dead was, you know, when he sung as they carried him to church:—

" Farewell to the Land of Purratoes, my dear!
Where I go I don't know, love;—but, troth, never fear
That your Pat shall lack whisky, butter-milk, or good cheer,
With a Parson in front, and Ould Nick in his rear,"

and so forth—Och, county Kerry for ever! say I.—But come, mateys, after all, let's have no grinning forward there, seeing it gives such great offence to our sweet-spoken officer here; —rather hoist your half-masters, and haul out your beautiful mugs to their full stretch, like the good folks ashore you know, dears—who walk with their daylights fixed fast on their toes, for all the world as thof they were going for sartain to the Old Fellow, neck and crop."

" Come, come, Mahony, shut up and belay, if you please," growled the croaking Bird—" or mayhap worse may befall you.—Move along, men—Heave ahead there!—Come now, take your seats, and let's have no grinning—for, mind me, the officers will be here in a twinkling."

The entrance of Captain Switchem, followed by his officers, put an end to farther discourse; who, having had the splendid Prayer-Book placed before him in the humblest and handsomest manner Mr Fudgeforit could think of, immediately commenced reading the Morning Service, in a voice at once clear, grave, and impressive. Notwithstanding this great advantage, however, in addressing a people, and in prompting them to the noblest service of humanity—notwithstanding an occasional glance from his keen eyes, as though endeavouring to penetrate the phalanx around him, and keep all on the alert—truth compels us to state *our* honest belief, that a great portion of his praise-worthy labour was absolutely thrown away. Whether this arose from the fatigues of the morning, from the uncommon snug and comfortable manner in which they were seated, or from the unusual circumstance of hearing only the vibrations of a *single* voice striking their dull ears, we shall not pretend to say; certain it is, that a very short time elapsed indeed, before the well-meaning reader had as many sleepers as listeners seated around him. Of this, however, he remained in happy ignorance; and, proceeding onward, had got pretty nearly through the confessional, when Master Pinafore suddenly appeared at his elbow, hat in hand.

" Dearly beloved brother," whispered Dennis to Edward, with the most laughable solemnity, " do pull up your trowsers, and stand by to be moved to divers and sundry places to save your soul alive.—By the powers, Ned, now I listen, but there's a fresh hand at the bellows, boy;—and, soul

of me,"—looking round and pointing to the sleepers,—" but we've a smart and a lively ship's company,—haven't we now, dear?—Och, and the devil, what a kicking of cripples we shall have here directly!"

The various squalls which had hitherto passed, seemed, from the result, as well as from the shortness and frequency of their attack, to have been only the light troops of a passing army, loose, straggling, and unconnected; but those which now approached, like the solid columns of the main body, raged with a fury and a violence absolutely appalling. Captain Switchem stopped reading; heard the boy's whisper; hesitated; listened a few moments, then shut the Prayer-Book, and hurried on deck. Immediately afterwards the shrill whistle blew, and the Church was instantly transformed into a scene of the utmost confusion and disorder. For the petty officers, who had hitherto sat with the utmost composure, no sooner heard the well-known pipe, than they sprung to their feet with their wonted zeal, and opened full cry on the sleeping and unsuspecting auditors, who, tumbling and floundering over the temporary benches, afforded infinite mirth to the few who had refrained from the indulgence.

" Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled our old friend Gilbert, " fa the deyvil e'er saw the like o' this?—A Kirk! forgie us a', it's onything but that, I wyte—It's far liker Luckie Taylor's changehouse on Lerwick key, whan a' the Greenlandmen are daft wi' drinking.—Come, lads, up ye gang there, up ye gang—it's just a bit squall, that wull soon blaw by.—Fa wad think o' cawing yon a Kirk yet, after a'? Hech, sirs, how this warld changes! though weel I wot it's far frae to the better."

" Come, come, my old boy, heave ahead, if you please, and don't stand preaching there," cried a topman, hurrying past Gilbert; " we've had plenty of that there gear already, 'twould appear, for all the good it has done.—My eye!" continued he, on reaching the deck, " how tearingly it blows!"

" Saul, that it does wi' a vengeance!"—said Gilbert. " Gude faith, lads, ye'll hae your ain job o't, I doubt, or a' be done.—Forgie us, this is terrible!—Wa'd it not been as wise-like, now, think ye, to have been snoddin and making the poor thing a' snug, instead o' sitting and clavering, and praying, and sleeping below at their nonsense, whan a' thing on deck is fairly gaun gyte?—Hech, sirs! but wilfu' folk are unco folk after a'!—They will to Cupar, and they maun to Cupar, in spite o' a' I say.—But Lord's sake, Jamie Sinclair! Hear ye me, Jamie, my man!—Jamie Sinclair!"—

" Well, well, old chap, what's got to say?" said the captain of the top from the rigging; " Come out with it smartly, short and sweet."

" Gudesake, callant, clap on your spilling lines as soon as ye get up, or, saul o' me, but the sail will flee in ribbons and flinders the moment it is squared, ye may tak my word for't."

" Oho, my old ship, is that all?" replied Sinclair. " Why, my old blade, these toplights of yours are sure and sartain not worth the keeping, and should be returned for old stores, seeing that both the spilling lines and preventer braces have been on now—ay—as good as four hours ago,"—and away he sprung aloft.

After a severe conflict with the outrageous canvass, a close reef was at length effected, and the topgallant-yards sent on deck. When, the squalls still continuing with unabated fury, the first Lieutenant thundered from the deck—" Fore and main tops, there,—strike topgallant masts!"

" Ay, ay, sir," bawled the captains, cutting away the seizing of the mast ropes,—" Hoist away!"

" Look out aloft, then," cried the officer on deck. " Come, my lads, bouse away; bouse, there, bouse!"

" Cross-trees, there," cried the captain of the top; " you, Mahony, look out there for the fid."

" For sartain, my darling, and I will," cried Dennis, hammering away on it with a huge marlin-spike, " as soon as it is moveable.—By the powers, Ned, there he goes, dear!—On deck there, avast hoisting!—high enough!—high enough!—Take that fox, Davis, and make the fid fast to the neck of the shroud, there's a dear, while I pass this piece of sennet round the heel of the mast."

" Is the fid out?" again resounded from the deck.

" Is your grandmother out?" muttered Dennis impatiently.—" Have you got it made fast, Ned?"

" Fast and firm," said our hero.

" Then lower away!" sung out Den-

nis to the deck, descending at the same time to lash the heel of it to the topmast.

The masts were accordingly lowered, the rigging hauled hand tight, and the topmen at length reached the deck, after a considerable time spent in the most arduous exertion; the striking contrast of which, in a comfortable point of view, tended speedily to recal their exhausted and somewhat subdued spirits.

"Well, my dearly beloved Father Gibbie, what's the news, dear?" cried the volatile Dennis, joyfully leaping on deck:—"Whether is it to be prayers again or pase soup?—for as for being moved about in divers and sundry places any longer, soul of me, but I've got a gutsful of that there already, boy."

"News, Denny!"—cried a topman,—"Why 'tis to call aft Jack in the Dust directly, and pipe *Splice the main-brace*, to be sure. An't that it, Gibbie?"

"Gae wa, gae wa, ye haverel—what for suld it be splice the mainbrace;—for a wee gliff o' a bit passing squall that wull be ower ye'vennow?—Na, na, bonny lad! Gude faith, were ye to mainbrace awa in that daft-like fashion in thir rumbling and thrawart seas, ye'd no brace lang, I wyte."

"Seas, old boy!" interjected another topman, "why they're the devil's own seas, I believe—I wish from the bottom of my soul, we were once more fairly out of 'em."

"And far wald ye be pleased to cruise nae, braw lad?" cried Gilbert, somewhat nettled at what he considered a sarcasm on his native seas;—"just takkin't for grantit, ye ken, that ye had your ain wull, like."

"By my troth, now, Father Gibbie, but I'll be after answering that for him, dear!" cried Dennis; "for Soulsby, you must know, is quite a goose in the uptake, and twenty to one if he knows what you mane, at all, at all—Now I can tell you all about it—faith can I,—just in a rap. If Soulsby had his wish, dear, he would cruise in the never a place but the neighbourhood of Tynecastle;—for there, d'ye see, the girls are all beautifully powdered, both above and below, with the lovely flour of sea-coal. From Tynecastle, honey, he would like a run now and then to the muddled waters of the filthy Thames, in the course of which he would have a glorious opportunity of tearing his topsails in pieces, carrying away a topmast or so, and capsizing in style an ould crazy coal sloop or two—and then in the comely, clanely wharfs of Wapping, dear—think of that, my ould boy—amid coalheavers and strong scented girls, and long pipes, and fiddles, and grog to the mast head—Och, soul of me! who'd be like Soulsby, sure!"

At this moment such a heavy sea broke over the weather-bow, as not only put a period to Mahony's wit, but, after capsizing him and the most of his merry fraternity, rolled them aft before it, in sweet confusion, as far as the main-mast.

"Fa the deyvil is that at the wheel, Denny?" cried Gilbert, recovering himself, and rising slowly. "Saul o' me, but he's a genus, and should be sent for!"

"Who is at the wheel, say you, Gibbie?" returned Dennis, looking aft somewhat sternly; "why, who the devil could it be else, think you, but that huge blubber-headed sea-calf of a countryman of yours, big Lawrenson? By the powers, boy, if I haven't half a mind, now, to go aft directly and kick him away from it.—But there's a time coming——"

"Whisht, Denny; whisht, my man," cried Gilbert, in a subdued tone;—"dinna be gaun to tak an ill-will at puir Lawrie, for a bit accident that will happen to the best o' us. Losh, man, ye've nae notion at a' what a thrawn limmer the hooker is, when she likes. I've seen me mony a time just at my wit's-end with her; bobbing and bowting her nose in the water, for a' the world like a demented—and I've heard you say as meikle yoursel'. Sae dinna be gaun to blame puir Lawrie, honest lad, who I'm sure you'll confess to be an excellent timoneer, and ane wha'll play tricks on nae living.—But maybe ye're angry, lad, 'cause your doup's wet. It's no that pleasant, I confess, Denny, for I feel it mysel', to be wet thereabouts; but, guide us, man, ye can gang below and shift yoursel', as I sall do, and all is right again. Deil a-care-o'-me cares for a wetting now-a-days;—just look at thae Osnaburgs I've on, for instance,—them I put on this day clean and clear,—saul! but they're as ready for the scrub-brush as ever."

"D—n your Osnaburgs, and scrubber too, honey," cried Mahony, peevish-

ly: "it's neither the wetting nor the soiling, nor the trowsers either, that Dennis cares for—no, the devil an inch on them, at all, at all. It's the sin, and the shame, and the abomination of a great bulky fellow like Lawrenson being unable to keep his day-lights open like other people while he's on duty—but must be after napping, like a lubber, at such a place as the wheel; wetting, and abusing, and murdering what it costs a poor fellow so much confounded botheration and trouble to kape anything decentish—That's the matter, Gibbie, if you must have it."

"I canna say I understand ye a'thegither, Denny, lad," cried Gilbert, wondering.

"How the blazes *should* you, or how the devil *can* you, Gibbie, when the never a morsel of you's willing!" retorted Dennis, impatiently. "By the powers of Moll Kelly, but I'm after believing, boy, 'twill be beat into your cannister in a twinkling, whether you will or not, when once you come to overhaul the clothes-bag you scrubbed but yestermorn so nicely—when you once come to *shift* yourself as you call it—faith, and it will be a Shetland *shift*, I suppose—Ay, you may stare, my old blade—it's your own dearly-beloved and well-filled clothes-bag that I mane; and it lies up there, honey, [*pointing to the booms*] as well as my own, sure—that's some comfort, however—and I sincerely hope, darling, that by this time it will be equally well soaked with salt water."

"Forgie us, Denny, that's a mischanter that ne'er entered my poor auld scap," cried Gilbert, in great trepidation, as for the first time he beheld the unsheltered state of the ship's wardrobe. "Gude guide us, man, fat shall be done! [*scratching his head*] something of a surety we maun do directly—quite aff hand, in a manner—or a' our claise will be completely spoilt.—Uh, Lord's sake! that's terrible; a' our gude things gaun heels-ower-head to the wuddie, and ne'er a ane to halt them.—Just haud ye there a minute;"——

So saying, he immediately ran aft on the quarter-deck to the first Lieutenant, who, all things made snug, now stood carelessly chatting to the young gentlemen abaft the wheel, and having made his usual clumsy obeisance, suddenly burst out with a "Lord s sake, your honour, just turn round and look at our claise-bags on the booms there—Devil tak me, gif they're no waur now o' this day's ploy, than e'er they were afore."

"Well, Gibbie, I see all the bags on the booms," replied the first Lieutenant, with the most provoking calmness—"what of them, my old lad?"

"Hech me!" cried Gilbert, in a tone of amazement,—"does your honour really no see—you that has sic a gleg e'e at a' thing else, too!—Forgie us, Maister Fyke, d'ye no see that they're a' just perfectly dreeping; and that the whole tot o' our jackets, and trowsers, and clean sarks, and a' ither matters, forbye our sape and tobacco, will just be a' in a kirn through-ither by this time, and as wet as muck?—Eh, sir, hae some pity, and let's tak them below; for, weel I wot, muckle and nae little trouble we had before we got them sae clean as they are.—At ony event, sir, I maun be sae bauld as tell ye, that gif ye dinna pipe them down on a suddenty, the deil a dry steek will ane o' us hae to change anither—"

"Which certainly would be a great pity, indeed, my good old fellow, when it can be so easily prevented," said the first Lieutenant, interrupting him.—"Go forward, and send Bird to me directly."

"Od, sir, gif ye've nae objections to an auld chiel like me, I'll save Tam Bird and your honour ony mair fash about the matter. I'se warrant I'll rair and rout as loud as Tam, for as auld as I'm."

"Be smart, then, my old boy," cried Lieutenant Fyke, smiling, "and let me hear you roar it out lustily."

Gilbert replied not, but, after giving the signal to Dennis and his companions, gained the booms with an agility which he seldom displayed, as speedily clutched his bag, then leaping with it on the deck, and applying his forefingers to his mouth, he made the decks ring again with a cheering whistle, singing out most gallantly, "*Hey, callants! down wi' a' your bags, boys!*" and disappeared in a twinkling, to the infinite amusement of the officers on deck.

As each individual vied with his fellows in the eager desire of conveying his moveables to a place of greater security from the weather than the one they then occupied, the bags quickly vanished from the booms. Dinner was then piped; and the weather still con-

tinuing doubtful, with occasional squalls, no farther duty was required that afternoon than the usual relief to the mast-head and the wheel. This fortunate circumstance affording all hands an ample opportunity of employing the passing time according to their own hearts, a very few, in imitation of the thrifty Gilbert, were to be seen busying themselves in overhauling and examining the exact extent of the damage their clothes had sustained from the spray,—others, dulled and worn out from the fatigues of the morning, gladly huddled together for repose —while all the more active and buoyant spirits knotted jovially together for mirth and conversation, in the course of which many bitter sarcasms and coarse anecdotes were narrated of skipper-parsons, ship-churches, and their services, the which, as merging on a topic far too serious and sublime for the rough but honest grasp of our narrative, we beg leave to omit. We shall therefore close this chapter with the concluding sentence of a speech of Mahony's, which we think quite in point, and conclusive on the subject:—"Oho, my honeys, and that's all you know, is it? Faith, and you may safely take Dennis's word for it, seated as you all are around me here comfortably on your own good bottoms, enjoying a jolly *lazy*, that it's never Father Church but old Father Badweather, who makes your real comfortable Sunday at sea—sure sartain and it is, dears."

Chapter XI.

There is one thing, my mate, that I mortally hate,
And I care not how soon for it Satan may send—
'Tis the horrible sting of a cat in full swing
O'er a poor wight—seized fast to a grating on end.

When Edward went on deck the following morning, he was agreeably surprised to find not only the weather highly improved, but the vessel, reinstated in all her usual gear, gliding smoothly and swiftly through a rippling sea, which danced and sparkled to the brilliant sunbeams of a beautiful morning.

Having relieved himself of his hammock, he was sauntering slowly forward, no doubt somewhat gratified at the labour he had escaped, by the industry or the impatience of the officer of the watch, when, in passing the fore rigging, he observed a topman, with whom he was familiar, coming running downwards, who, leaping on deck, exhibited a face of considerable exhaustion.

"Hilloah, shipmate," exclaimed Edward, laying hold of this half-winded marine voltigeur, "whither away so fast?—Zounds, man, halt and take breath, can't you?—You've had a tight-laced spell enough of it this morning already, and certainly may now take things a little more coolly."

"Coolly, say'st thou, Ned?" cried the topman in a tone of wonder, "Lord, Lord, how people does talk! —Dost see who's got the watch, lad? dost not see that d—d fiery-faced fellow, the Spread Eagle, yonder, strutting the quarter-deck like a little admiral, and keeping all the afterguard at their points as stiff as mustard, whilst all the while he is bothering and worrying the very soul out of poor old Evans, their captain.—Coolly, indeed, matey!—i'faith, thee'rt a good 'un."

"Why, Sedley, you needn't be so very smart, either, in mistaking what one says to you.—I see no one on the quarter-deck but Master Swipey, the master's mate; and surely, surely they'd never trust him with the hooker for a watch, I'd think."

"Well, Ned, I must e'en tell you you are completely out, for all your learning and writing of logs; and you can chalk down that there as something more you've learnt since you turned out, my hearty; for you must know it's just yonder self-same Mr Swipey who *has* got the watch, and, sure enough, the devil's own watch he has made on't. Dang it, man, I'm just the boy that can tell you, that we haven't had a dog's life on't ever since we were turned up; for what with his getting up of topgallant masts—then the yards and gear—then unreefing the topsails, and pulling, and hauling, and bouse, bouse, bousing, and niggling at every d—d brace in the hooker, he has been kicking us this whole blessed morning from hell to Hackney."

"That I've little doubt on, Joe; you've done too much in such a short time to have had much pleasure in it. But, hang me, if I can help being surprised at their giving of him a watch

of all the officers in the ship—a fellow who is hardly ever sober, and who I am certain, were he a common jack, would never have his shank-painters clear of the grimmets."

"Phew, phew! my lad of wax! you're away before the wind without either warrant or compass; for as for that there matter of sobriety, and all such rigmarole stuff, there may be some difference of opinion, you knows. I loves a drop myself dearly, and never shall deny it, and mayhap that's one cause why I may also love those merry-hearted wags as does the same; but what then? Here I am, will boldly say it, that barring the time when one's a little overhazy, or in a d—d trembleation way, (hardly able to squint at a rattlin, you knows, far less to foot it,) I shan't walk behind e'er a lad of my size on board in the way of my duty. No, I'll be d—d if I would, my soul, and that there I'm telling you is God's truth. But, as that is not the matter, and shoving all that there bother aside, my heart, even going for to suppose this here Master Swipey as eternally stupid as an oyster, you knows as well as I do as how he's the real trueless son of some of your great rich gentlefolks on shore, and that, you know, makes one vast difference; and I hears positive say as how he's to be made Liftenant as soon as we go in, and that makes another. But besides all that, my heart, and the best reason of all you'll be thinking, you must know he keeps watch by the Skipper's own given orders, for Doeboy continues as sulky as ever, and Stowwell, the master, is in the doctor's list. Now, fairly speaking, my mate, how many more reasons would'st have?—You can't deny that Swipey knows his duty."

"His duty!" cried Edward, sneeringly;—"I'll tell you what, Joe, if this same duty lies in drinking grog till all is blue, and he can neither distinguish 'tween friend or foe, but will kick and cuff, and level with the deck every unfortunate man or boy who comes athwart his bows, then I'll grant him the praise of saying that there's not such another officer for ability as I know on in the service."

"Well, well, Davis, take your own way on't; for, dang it, you're too much of a lawyer for me to prate with. For my own part, d'ye see, I'll only say this, my lad, and I've had ten years more on't than you, that I thinks there are hundreds and hundreds of far worse fellows than Master Swipey in the service, and my poor shoulders could testifik the same, could they but give it mouth. That he's a seaman every inch on him no one can deny, for he is both brave, generous, and hearty; and then I am certain he is no niggard of his grog, nor one who will wince from lending a fellow a hand on occasions. In short, barring his fondness for larking and mischief when he is malty, and this ugly morning's cry-out of Crockfort——'

"Crockfort!" cried Edward, interrupting this apologist, "Crockfort, the barber: why, what of him, Sedley?"

"Oh, is that all you know about it?" cried the topman in surprise; "Dang it, han't you heard that there news yet since you turned out?"

"No, not a syllable; for you're the first I've spoke to."

"Bah, bah, Ned; that will never go down. I knows well enough you're a quietish sort of a chap, but what then? you've your ears as well as your neighbours, and I'll be bound to say can make as good a use on 'em. Come, come, confess and be hung at once. Tell me seriously now, han't you heard all about my poor towny, Jackey Crockfort?"

"Not a syllable, upon my soul," cried our hero, gravely. "But what of him, pray?"

"Oh, nothing remarkably mighty—he's only in limbo, that's all," cried Sedley, coolly, "as fast, my boy, as if the devil had him, or the ship's darbies can make him; and I han't a doubt but, poor devil, he'll catch it from Tom Bird's best cats before many hours go by."

"The blazes he will!—Zounds, what has he been doing, Joe?"

"That's far too long a yarn for me to spin at present, mate; for you hear these watchmates of mine get impatient already.—D—n your bawling throats, you lubbers, I'll be with you in a moment.—Your in luck, however, I see, Ned; for yonder is your old countryman, Gibbie, getting relieved from his spell at the wheel, and he can tell you all about it far better than I, if he's in the right vein, and you can come handsomely over him."

"On deck, there!" cried a voice from the top. "You, Sedley, are you going to bring them there thimbles today?"

"Ay, ay," cried Sedley, looking aloft, and immediately sprang from our hero's side, and disappeared down the hatchway in search of the Boatswain's yeoman.

Edward's curiosity was now so sufficiently raised, that he failed not to be at some pains in endeavouring to come *countryman* over Gilbert the moment they came in contact; and speedily succeeded in cajoling the garrulous old man into excellent humour. "Tuts, lad," he began, "is't the barber body ye're making a' thir inquiries anent? I can tell ye a' about that story fine, as I hae nae meikle ado at present,—and first, I maun fairly confess to ye, that ne'er a thing the creature's done, in the scaith way, but just gotten itsel fou."

"Why, Gibbie, if that's all the ill he has done, I am glad of it," cried Edward; "for Joe Sedley made me believe it was something more serious. As it is, poor fellow, I am sorry for him, for he must suffer dreadfully both in body and mind,—particularly, you know, when he thinks of behaving so very improperly as to compel Mr Swipey to put him in irons."

"Whisht, whisht, callant, ye're speaking downright havers, and hae a wrang set o' the story a'thegither. I plainly see ye neither comprehend nor ken onything at a' about the matter. —Losh forgie me! wha ever heard o' a barber suffering in body and mind! —But ye ken nae better, my man, and I winna jeer at you enow. Ye may take my word for't, however, that Joseph Sedley tald ye sterling truth whan he ca'd it a serious matter; and I tell you the like whan I ca'd not only a serious but a fell stupid yin. Forgie us, man, just bethink ye for a moment, that were ye to be left sae graceless as to be tempted to try your hand at thieving, wad ye be sic a gomeril as to be the first to tell on yoursel? Na, faith ye; ye come frae the wrang side o' the Tweed for sic foolery; and yet this was what Crockfort did, the doited body; —for it first gangs, ye maun ken, the daring rogue, and nibbles a gude blowout o' Mr Swipey's mess-grog, and syne gets itself so stupid, in the pouring o't down its ain muzzle, as to be the very first to tell the haill ship's company wha was the thief.—Uh! thae Englishers, though they think there's naebody like them, they're no half up—a Scotsman has mair wit in his little pirley, after a', than they've in their haill buke, for a' their puffing and blasting.—Aweel, devil take me, Davis, if I wasna like to rive my auld sides wi' laughing whan the poor donnart creature was brought upon the quarter-deck this morning—Lord, man, he looked sae wild, and spake sae muckle, slapping his breast and his brow, and cutting as mony cantrips as ony puggie in a' Bartlemy fair. It was my first trick at the wheel, ye maun ken, though I've ne'er been relieved till this moment, and Master Swipey was bustling, and running, and roaring himsel hearse, getting a' thing in order, whan, a' in a moment, up springs a thing full flaucht ower the main hatchway moulding, just a' in a moment, an' it doitered and it flichtered, and it stotted and stammered, a' ower the quarter-deck—drave Mr Swipey this way, and auld Thomas, the quarter-master, that—and before we could lay salt to its tail, we were sae surprised—it's down the hatch again, and aff wi' itsel.—But bide ye a bit; —Ye ken weel eneuch what Master Swipey is—my certy, no a chield that'll stand nonsense frae ony yin, be he man, or be he devil. Sae what does he do, think ye, but leaves a' thing to gae hither and yont, and away he rins after this prankster himsel. Gude faith, he wasna lang o' lugging him on deck, and wha should he turn out to be but the dance-in-my-lufe shaving body Crockfort, as drunk as Chloe. Aweel, ye see, mony a question Master Swipey put till him anent whar he got the liquor, but ne'er an answer Crockfort returned, but banned, and kicked, and raired, just like a perfect heathen; so when he saw it was just an affpit o' time to be bothering wi' him ony langer, he ordered him to be lashed to the boom wi' the signal halliards, until he sobered a little, and syne returned to the wark as if naething had happened. Weel, after a', deil a bit o' me thinks that Master Swipey, hellicate as he is, wad hae gane ony farther in the matter, than just fastening him as he did to prevent him frae doing himsel a mischief, had he not discovered shortly after that the key o' his liquor case was a-missing. After finding a' his pouches ower and ower again, a thought seemed to strike him, and down he ran below. What he missed I'll no say; but the upshot o' the matter was, that he came up again in a minute just like a raging devil, yoked on the barber, and I

verily believe wad hae gien him a lump o' his death, had he not been halted by the sudden appearance of the Skipper himsel, in his night gown, who, seeing poor Crockfort, and hearing o' his thievery, immediately ordered the serjeant o' marines to put him in irons, and retired to his cabin. That's the story, Edward, and there the poor devil will likely remain until after divisions, whan ye'll learn a' the rest o' the history yoursel; for, my certy, had the Skipper fifty other faults, he's no yin that puts aff muckle time wi' thae matters."

"But do you really think that he'll flog the poor fellow, Gibbie?"

"Do I think it, you haverel! troth, I am sure o't; for, not to speak o' the doited creature filling itsel fou, which is yin o' the Skipper's deadly sins,—he is guilty o' stealing, and that's anither—ay, and what maks the business the uglier, he is guilty o' a fair breach o' trust; for, ye ken, the gashing body was the servant, and steward, and barber, and baker o' the young gentlemen's mess, for which Mr Swipey catered, and of course had opportunities of doing mair mischief than ony yin's aware of. Flag him, say'st thou! my certy, he may depend upon that, saul o' me, baith hot and hearty. I wadna be surprised though they gae him the round five dozen. But really, poor devil, I'm sorry for him after a', although the bit cocking morsel wadna shave me the ither day; for a' the ills that's happened ever since we came out will be clapped on his back—and then, gude guide us! there's the thief's cat in Tam's bulky paws playing buff on your shoulders.—Uh! I declare, it maks my flesh a' creep even to think on't."

"Is there much difference between it and the common cat, Gibbie?"

"Difference, callant, say'st thou!—There's just this difference, I trow, that though the common yin be ill and ill enough, yet, saul o' me, it's a mere flea-bite to the thief's cat; for, ye see, no to speak o' its additional length, which maks an unskeellie fallow some times hit ye ower baith the neck and face, it has an additional tier o' knots, and the ends o' the tails are whipt. Losh, man, I've seen—Eh—is't that time already—O weel behaved, honest Tam, blaw awa', like a brave lad!"

The breakfast pipe brought honest Gilbert's conversation to an abrupt close; for no sooner did he see the silver call produced, than protesting, by his gude faith, that a man of his years required regular provender, and plenty of it, and that four hours of the wheel in a morning might well make a sound stomach ravenous, he disappeared down the fore hatchway.

There were ever two ways of telling a story, and Edward had ample occasion to hear this verified long before breakfast was over. For while one party, with Gilbert, condemned the unfortunate scratcher of chins—not for getting drunk,—but for purloining the key of his master's liquor case;—another, more numerous, more zealous, and more noisy, as boldly asserted that the story was all a bamm—that the precious Master Swipey loved it too well himself ever to have any grog in reserve to steal—and that, for their parts, they firmly believed that the whole was a mean rascally scheme to enable him to get a fresh supply from the Purser.

But, be that as it may, it was impossible for Edward not to perceive that business was going forward which made Gilbert's assertion perfectly correct; for while he observed Tom Bird and his assistant busied in examining the state of their cats, he could also mark the quarter-masters as they silently stole one by one into the Boatswain's store room to prepare their seizings.

At length the eventful hour was sounded on the bell, divisions were piped, and all hands stood shortly in goodly array.—The most death-like silence prevailed, every eye being fixed by universal consent on the procedure of the quarter-deck, when, contrary to common practice, Mr Fudgeforit made his appearance first, placed a volume on the capstan, and immediately retired, giving place to Captain Switchem and his first Lieutenant, who now appeared, with hangers girt on thigh, in proper fighting costume.

After making his usual scrutiny into the cleanliness of his crew and their decks, the Captain made a halt at the capstan; and, with what he meant to be his sternest voice, commanded all hands aft, the carpenter to rigg out his grating, and the serjeant of marines to produce his prisoner.

The poor barber, stupified and crestfallen with the effects of the liquor and fear together, speedily made his appearance, with a marine at each elbow,

armed with a rusty cutlass, and was placed in the centre of a circle made by the crew, right in front of the Captain and other officers.

"So, you poor miserable-looking good-for-nothing devil," exclaimed Captain Switchem, with a most brilliant display of teeth, "you must get drunk, must you—and you love it so well that you will even steal for it. Very good, Mister Crockfort, very pretty work, indeed, and mighty well deserving its reward. There is drunkenness for one thing—and there is theft—and by Gad, sir, both of the very worst description—hem—all very good, to be sure.—I believe, my lads, I've told you repeatedly already, that I never will forgive either of these crimes, even when singly committed; now, here is a rascal who dares me to a proof of my words, by committing both at one and the same time, aggravated most heinously by an open and a daring breach of that trust his master reposed in him—I am glad, however, I have caught him—he shall feel, and all of you shall see, that I am not to be trifled with, but can as readily perform as make a promise.—Quartermasters, seize him up—Strip, you drunken scoundrel!—strip in an instant!"

Surrounded by so numerous an attendance, the unfortunate shaver was stripped to the buff, and stood lashed to the grating, in a few moments. He now began to whimper, and "Oh! my dear good sir, pardon me!—God bless your honour, just this one time!—Dear, dear, Mr Fyke, Heaven bless you, do speak a good word for me!" were all he could articulate 'mid the suffocating heavings of his throbbing heart. But Captain Switchem was inexorable, and the barber's fearful plaints seemed to serve no other purpose than that of adding fuel to his rising fury. Displaying his well-formed teeth with a prominence that could only be exceeded by an angry cur, he smiled, or rather exultingly grinned, over this unfortunate lover of alcohol, with what appeared to our hero to be the ferocity of a fiend—"Boatswain's-mate!" he exclaimed, "Where's Bird?—ay—here, Bird, take your station, sir, and stand by to bang that rascal soundly. You've the thief's cat—ay, just so—Now let me see you acquit yourself like a man; and let the scoundrel feel what it is that a thief and a drunkard deserves.—Hark ye, Fudgeforit, hand me the Articles of War—D'ye hear, sir—come, quick, quick!"

"Off hats!" bawled the first Lieutenant.

"Any officer, mariner, or soldier," read Captain Switchem, combining two articles in one, "who shall be guilty of drunkenness when on duty, or shall steal and purloin any stores committed to his charge, shall suffer death——D'ye hear that, you rascal?—shall suffer *death*, or such other punishment as *they* or *he* shall be deemed worthy to deserve—D'ye hear that, I say, you drunken thieving blackguard? Don't you hear, that were you worth my labour, or the value of a halter, I could run you up this minute to the yard's arm?—But I'll take another way with you—Boatswain's-mate, go on,—D—n your puling—there was none of that in your head when you were robbing your master.—Serjeant, attend to your glass, and mind me, you see it *stiffly* run out;—and you, Bird, mind what I say, I'll have no feints nor shuffling—do you your duty, and do it well, or God pity you."

After such repeated exhortations, it need hardly be doubted that Tom Bird gave his first lash in the most stylish mode of nautical costume, and that with such hearty good will, as to call forth a succession of shrieks from the hapless sufferer.

"One!" sung the serjeant of marines, and turned his quarter minute glass.

Bird, after threading the tails of his cat through his fingers, now watched the glass in the serjeant's hand with their ends in his left, then making them spin round his head, while he whirled on his heel, he gave his second lash, echoed as before by the fearful yells of the barber, now completely alive to the horrors of his situation.

"Two!" cried the serjeant, as cool as a cucumber, again turning his glass.

But enough of this;—for, true it is, that though we are anxious to be impartial historians, we confess we shrink with horror from this Thurtell-like guzzling in blood. Not that we wish to appear *sentimental*, or make the slightest pretension to the possession of those very delicate and tremblingly alive feelings so much the rage in the dandy school of the present day. Far from it. We thank God we are made of commoner and firmer metal—ge-

nuine home-spun gear—that can both take and lose a trifle of what is called the *claret* on occasions without wincing—and that never had nor ever will have the smallest objection to see it flow, however liberally, when it flows in fair and honest even-handed fighting, either in the cause of honour, or the more glorious one of King and Country. We would rather be understood to make it from a mingled feeling of the utmost hatred and detestation; because, in all our experience, we know to a certainty it never made a bad man good, but *vice versa*—because it is an old tottering wreck of the days of barbarism, now, thank God, nearly exploded, whose utter ruin we would gladly accelerate—and, lastly, because in every shape, and in all its bearings, we think it a cool, cowardly, contemptible waste of human blood, which might be spent to far better purpose in other and equally degrading situations.

We will, therefore, gladly leave it to the imagination of our readers to form an idea of the unfortunate barber at the conclusion of his third dozen—his back, as it were, invested with a cross-belt of the deepest crimson—bleeding, breathless, speechless, almost giving up the ghost.—"But, courage, my lad!—there is a vast deal sometimes shouldered in betwixt the cup and the lip,"——so sung the

"Sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"

and never was it more forcibly exemplified than on the present occasion, to the infinite satisfaction of all hands.

Captain Switchem, naturally a severe disciplinarian, seemed seriously determined to have his five dozen out of the scoundrel, as he termed his half-senseless delinquent, when, just as he had pronounced the words, "Another, boatswain's-mate!" to commence his fourth dozen, the man at the mast head sung out, "On deck there!"

"Hilloah!" echoed Captain Switchem.

"A sail to windward!" replied the lookout.

"What does she look like?" rejoined the captain.—"Young Pinafore, jump for my glass."

"A ship, or a brig at the least—She is square rigged!" bawled down the lookout.

"Point to her, my lad!" cried the Captain, leaping on the forecastle, glass in hand.

The man stretched out his arm in the desired direction, the Captain's optics caught the object, and that instant the feast of blood was at an end.

"Hark'ee, Fyke," cried the Captain, hurrying aft, "make sail, if you please, and that with as much speed as you can.—Master Fireball, get your gear in readiness.—Come, come, hurry that scoundrel below; and do you, Doctor, go look after him.—You carpenters, away with your trumpery.—Fudge-forit, take this hanger and these things below.—Quarter-master, how lies her head?—ay—that's a good boy—north-west and by north—steady, steady, my lad—keep her full—steady, there's a good fellow!"—Such were now the exclamations of Captain Switchem, whose whole thoughts appeared to run in a fresh channel from this fortunate occurrence, and the poor barber seemed completely forgotten.

By the able directions of Lieutenant Fyke, and the most strenuous exertions of her lively ship's company, the Tottumfog was speedily put to her utmost stretch, under every inch of canvass she could carry: and no long period of time elapsed before she made it evidently appear, that she gained ground rapidly on her chase, which was now to be plainly seen from the deck, bearing away under a heavy press of sail. In this situation we will leave them, and call a halt, referring such of our readers as please, for a particular detail of their meeting, to our Twelfth Chapter.

S.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. NO. LXXVIII. ARTICLES I. AND IX.

The State of Europe, and the Holy Alliance.

ENGLAND is an inexhaustible source of wonders. If the philosopher wish to know what stupendous miracles human nature is capable of accomplishing, and to what amazing heights of virtue it can ascend, he must look at England;—if he wish to know the utmost extent of folly that it can display, and the lowest depth of profligacy that it can sink to, he must still look at England. If he wish to know how glorious splendid talents can become, and how guilty and infamous they can make themselves—how devoutly merit can be worshipped, and how unrelentingly it can be immolated—how wisely earthly blessings can be used, and how foolishly they can be abused—how nicely truth and honour can be scrutinized, and how blindly falsehood and infamy can be followed—and how far knowledge and ignorance, sagacity and foolishness, worth and worthlessness, and purity and wickedness, can exist together, he must find the knowledge in our extraordinary country.

The Edinburgh Review ostensibly exists as one of the supreme censors of the British press. Its avowed object is to sit in judgment upon the literature of the country—to take cognizance of every work that is published, worthy of notice, not merely with regard to its literary execution, but also with respect to the opinions which it inculcates, moral and political. It thus plainly tells the world, whether the world will believe it or not, that the press ought not to be free, that the people are not capable of judging for themselves, and that the country ought to be guided by it, in determining what works ought to circulate, what principles ought to be taught, and what creeds ought to be believed in. It proclaims itself to be an exclusive director of public opinion, which in this country directs or drives before it everything else; and it likewise proclaims itself to be the inquisitor general of the literary race, anxious and able to protect and cover with glory all who shall write what it wishes to be written; and equally anxious and able to break on the wheel all who shall dare to publish—not what is contrary to truth and wisdom—but what it decides ought not to be published. The familiars and other functionaries of this inquisition are nameless and irresponsible; and its victims, to whatever extent they may be robbed and tortured, are left altogether without means of redress.

That such a tribunal should dispense justice, or anything but the grossest injustice, is morally impossible. One rival, or else one friend, is to decide upon the merits of another. Brougham must be the judge of Canning's oratory—Byron, of Southey's poetry—Jeffrey, of Brougham's politics. All must be done upon this principle; and, of course, personal hostility or friendship must have the chief hand in drawing up the sentence, more especially when the name is concealed, and the sentence goes forth to the world as that of a body. That such a tribunal should produce anything but the worst consequences, is impossible. The railings of jealousy, envy, and hatred; the falsehoods of mercenary ambition, and the ravings of drunken fanaticism, assume the garb of sober truth and impartiality, and go forth to mankind as the judgments of a court, disinterested, upright, and unerring. The doctrines of this tribunal are before the eyes of all, and however false and baleful they may be, writers know, that if they dare to dispute, and do not conform to them, their works must be in a great degree suppressed, and their feelings placed under the harrow. Whatever, therefore, conscience may say, interest and terror compel a large portion of the writing world to propagate the doctrines of this tribunal, or to remain silent; and the liberty of the press becomes only a name, or the means of establishing a literary tyranny of the worst kind. Speak of a government censorship!—Such a censorship would be a blessing to authors, compared with that which is exercised by a Review like this.

We rail against censorships—protest that the liberty of the press is one of our greatest blessings—lavish the

most sickening praises on literary genius—clamour for the pure administration of justice—execrate all invaders of individual rights—and still we tolerate, and even reverence, these Reviews! This is one of the remarkable things that are to be met with in this country.

The Edinburgh Review was established by, and is wholly in the hands of, men who proclaim themselves to be the exclusive champions of the liberty of the press, and who declaim every hour of their lives against the Attorney General, the laws against libel, and all who would enforce these laws; and yet, at the very moment when they are doing this, these canting, hypocritical wretches are crushing some struggling son of genius—suppressing his work—torturing him—blasting his fair fame—snatching away the bread from the lips of his starving family—and destroying his hopes, merely because he dares to differ from them in religious and political opinions. This is not done in a corner, but the declamation and the foul crime are displayed to the world by the very same sheet of paper! Yet the Edinburgh Review is still endured, and its writers are still thought by some to be the friends of the liberty of the press, and even to be honest men. This is another of the wonderful things that are to be found in England.

The Edinburgh Review, during the late terrible war, was the unprincipled apologist and champion of the enemies of England. It fought not merely against the ministry, but against the nation, in that momentous contest for national existence. It avowed principles and feelings wholly alien to everything English, and actually loathsome to the English heart. Every assertion, argument, and prediction, that it ventured to put forth, was decisively refuted to the conviction of all men living, and it was overwhelmed with scorn and ignominy; yet this Review still exists! This is another of the singular things that may be observed in this country.

The Edinburgh Review calls itself a champion of national freedom, a philanthropist, a defender of the rights of mankind; and yet, since the peace, it has been the brazen-faced eulogist of Buonaparte. It has extenuated, and even justified his deeds of blood and rapine—his robberies and usurpations—the grinding tyranny which he established, and his relentless war against all that can elevate and bless human nature. It has allied itself with the Rump of the French Jacobins—laboured to light up civil war in every country in Europe—zealously fanned the discontent and disaffection at home—and ceaselessly attacked some of our most sacred constitutional principles, and best national institutions; yet it is still read, and, according to report, is even countenanced by certain British peers and senators. This is another of the amazing wonders which England exhibits.

The Edinburgh Review calls itself a censor of the British press—a pure and impartial judge—the scourge of every man who may dare to make the press subservient to his personal animosity, his party interests, or anything but the cause of truth and justice; yet it is a blushless, lawless, furious, fanatical party publication, and it constantly sacrifices everything, belonging either to itself or others, to the interests of its party. The bloodhounds of faction have lately gathered round the Lord Chancellor—a man eminent, almost above all others, for splendid talents, prodigious learning, spotless virtue, length and importance of public services, and everything else that can give pre-eminence—a man who, almost above all others, ought to have his last hours gilded by the united homage of all parties, and the affection and reverence of the nation at large. This attack is understood to have originated in feelings which men of honour cannot act upon. The Edinburgh Review has opened its columns to the *personal enemies* of this spotless and venerable nobleman; it has become the minister of cool-blooded private pique and revenge, to deprive the country of his services, to deprive him of his country's esteem, and to bind him, in the last moments of his existence, on the blood-stained altar of party malignity and madness; yet this Review has still, not merely one reader, but some hundreds! This is another of the astonishing things that are to be met with in England.

It is because this Review, contrary to every feeling which ought to influence English bosoms, is still read in some quarters, that we notice the two articles of the last number, which

are specified at the head of this paper. They are, in effect, both on one subject; they relate to matters which involve the best interests both of this country and of all Europe, and they will enable us to give such farther illustration of the character and tendency of the work, as will, we would fain hope, induce every honest and public-spirited man to cast it from him for ever.

Our readers, we are sure, will well remember the soul-stirring moments which concluded the war. For the honour of our country, we fervently trust that there is scarcely a man in it, whose breast does not yet throb with transport when he dwells upon the enthusiasm, not more fervid and universal, than holy—the efforts not more gigantic than virtuous—the triumphs alike stupendous and spotless—and the rapture equally boundless and pure, of that glorious and hallowed period. It seemed to be indeed the Millennium. The tyranny which had so long filled a quarter of the globe with blood, and tears, and devastation, and misery, was crushed; and the foul principles which had engendered it, and by which it had scourged all nations, were trampled in the dust. Extinguished countries—razed altars—destroyed thrones—proscribed creeds, and banished dynasties, sprung, as by the command of Omnipotence, from the blazing fragments of this tyranny, to carry peace where it was sighed for, and to fill Europe with unmingled happiness. Sublime were the triumphs of the arm, but far more sublime were the triumphs of the heart; the armies, battles, and victories, though surpassing all that the earth had ever seen, still exceeded not the admitted capabilities of mankind; but the gigantic array of virtue and wisdom—the magnificent show of everything that proves the heavenly origin of man—surpassed all that mankind was thought capable of displaying. Religion was led back to her temple, not by priests, but by laymen; not by kings, but by people; not by one country, but by all Europe; and all nations prostrated themselves before her, to solemnly abjure the creed of the French Revolution, and to declare that the world could only be rendered happy by practising her precepts. Public faith and individual probity were recalled, and re-invested with their lost reputation and authority—injuries were repaid with bounties—vengeance only sought to enrich and bless its object—ambition, cupidity, and the kindred passions, seemed to be deprived of existence—and Europe only presented a splendid overflow of glory, virtue, and joy. Even the Buonapartean Whigs, with the Liberal Edinburgh Review dangling at their skirts, borne down and swept involuntarily away by the tide, were among the loudest, in lauding all that was done, and in chaunting the praise of the British Ministers and the Continental Monarchs—the dethroners of Buonaparte, and proscribers of liberal opinions. Never before did the world exhibit, and never perhaps will it again exhibit, a spectacle so grand and affecting. Two hundred millions of men were seen linked together in the bonds of brotherly affection, rivalling each other in the display of godlike actions, and partaking, in common, of felicity. One individual only of the number was, at Elba, enslaved and wretched—cursing the scene before him—and employing every moment that he could snatch from agony and frenzy, in framing schemes for again involving Europe in blood and horrors.

Our readers, we are sure, well remember the ground on which the High Allied Powers went, from first to last, at that memorable epoch. They never for a moment separated the tyranny and crimes of Buonaparte, from the principles which had produced them: their war was throughout directed, as much against the one, as the other. In their proclamations, they again and again traced the deeds of the tyrant to their source; and proved, both by deduction, and by pointing to the experience of thirty years, that a government founded on the revolutionary principles on which that of Buonaparte stood, could only exist to be a curse to the world. They inscribed the most opposite ones on their banners; their rallying cry was—Old feelings, opinions, and institutions!—the very objects that Liberalism had been so long labouring to destroy—and this alone marshalled millions around them. In the decisive hour of victory, they called on Europe to renounce revolutionary opinions for

ever, and it solemnly bound itself to obey them; they pledged themselves never to tolerate such opinions, and the pledge was hailed by universal acclamations, as the only thing wanting to make the triumph complete and the fruits enduring. The greater part of the enthusiasm was in truth levelled against these opinions; nothing elicited so much general transport as the restoration of something that they had overthrown, or the destruction of something that they had raised; and be it remembered, that this was prompted, not by speculation, but by the fulness of terrible experiment. The English people, almost to a man, shared in this feeling. At that moment, there was scarcely an individual in the nation who durst say a syllable in favour of "liberal opinions," or who did not load them with execrations. The revolutionists crept trembling into holes and corners to avoid public scorn, until there did not seem to be one left in existence in Europe.

Our readers will bear this in mind, because the steps which the Allied Powers have lately taken against revolutionary doctrines, have been represented to be a foul violation of the pledges which they gave at the peace. In taking these steps, they have only redeemed these pledges. Their conduct has been perfectly consistent with the declarations which they then made, and which were then eagerly acquiesced in by all men—with the feelings which then animated Europe, when it was perhaps better able to feel justly on such matters than at present. If these doctrines have now obtained a certain degree of favour, and if England have been induced to regard them with benignity, the Continental Powers cannot at any rate be charged with breach of faith on this point; and it is even a matter of doubt, whether the praise for wisdom belongs to them, or to those who have changed their opinions.

The Continental Monarchs then spontaneously, solemnly, and distinctly admitted their power to be a trust —they spontaneously admitted that popular institutions, adapted to the character and needs of their subjects, were necessary; and all their words and deeds evinced a sincere wish to give rational and practical liberty to all Europe. They gave freedom to France and Holland; the King of Prussia promised a constitution to his people, and the Emperor of Russia very greatly ameliorated the condition of a large portion of his subjects. The glorious work was actually begun, and went forward with a rapidity that could scarcely have been expected from its peril and magnitude. That the Sovereigns religiously intended to finish, cannot be doubted, unless we believe that they were absolutely insane when they promised and made a beginning. Never since "the foundations of the world were laid," was the world illuminated with such dazzling hopes, and overhung with such transcendent blessings as at that moment! Never had there been, from the beginning of time, and never will there again be, before its end, an hour so richly fraught with all that the needs of mankind call for, and so auspicious for its beneficial dispensations. Kings and subjects were brothers; ministers were reverenced as honest men, and all was love and unanimity. Liberty was not to be won, but given; it was not to receive its form from fools and madmen, but from those who were skilled in its nature and operation; it was not to sweep away all existing government, that it might stand upon the ruins; but it was to take the existing government as its foundation and bulwark; and those who were to give, and those who were to receive, had alike, from an age of flame and torture, derived every variety of instruction necessary for enabling them to fabricate and use properly. The trebly accursed French Revolution, smote, crushed, and trampled upon until scarcely a vestige seemed to remain, still retained sufficient power to snatch away the treasures from the hands of the recipients, and to fill the splendid prospect with the clouds of strife, madness, and disappointment. It was not when this revolution burst forth and shook every kingdom to its centre; neither was it when it became a despotism of bayonets, and laid the whole continent in chains, that its most withering curse fell upon the world. It was at this hour, when its expiring energies blasted the liberty that was falling upon every continental nation, and goaded the slumbering

chain and rod into perpetual exercise, that its baleful influence spread the most widely, penetrated the most deeply, destroyed the most extensively, and gave the most deadly blow to the best interests of mankind.

A few months, a very few months, sufficed to shew that men, professing the fundamental principles of this revolution, were yet tolerably numerous in France, and some other parts of Europe. France had obtained a representative form of government; her Opposition was composed chiefly of these men, and among them were to be found some of the old hackneyed revolutionary leaders. The principles of the revolution, therefore, after all the destruction and misery they had produced—the defeats and hatred they had met with—the gigantic and costly efforts that had been made to put them down—were thus strangely elevated into a kind of constitutional creed, and became even the legal system of faith of one of the two great parties into which France was unavoidably split by her freedom. They of course wore a new name, and this was quite sufficient to make them pass for new things with the ignorant of the continent, ay, and with certain of the knowing of England. They were industriously taught in France, they spread rapidly in the adjoining countries, they, and those who taught them, were incessantly eulogized by the Whigs and Whig press of this country, and they therefore once more divided the people of Europe. Buonaparte regained the French throne, was again expelled, and this worked up party feelings everywhere to the highest point of madness. This took place at the moment when the Continental Sovereigns had promised to remodel their fabrics of government on the basis of popular freedom, and had even begun the work.

The precise circumstances in which these Sovereigns were consequently placed were these. France was so little to be depended upon, that they were compelled to quarter large armies upon her to keep her from revolution; and Germany, Italy, Spain, &c. were very deeply infected with the pestilential principles, from the horrible fruits of which, Europe had only just been delivered. A powerful portion of every people, and almost the only portion that felt strongly on political matters, were clamouring for radical, political, and social changes,—not for those which the Sovereigns contemplated, but for others wholly different, and they spared no effort to obtain them by force. If the Liberals, the Constitutionalists, or whatever may be their proper name, had been actuated by the creed of the English Tories, the French Royalists, or our genuine Whigs; and had been men of wealth, intelligence, and fair personal character, the Sovereigns might have gone on successfully with the work of liberty, though they must have encountered great and manifold dangers: but the creed of these persons was substantially that of the old Jacobins. It consisted of quenchless animosity against Royalty, Aristocracy, and Christianity, in the abstract—of eternal invectives against Kings, Ministers, Nobles, and Priests, merely because they were these. It called for the destruction of all old feelings and institutions, merely because they were old; and it declared all existing dynasties and statesmen to be incapable of governing, for no other reason, than because they had already governed. Everything was to be changed and reversed; not merely forms of government, but forms of society—not merely civil, but ecclesiastical institutions, —religious, as well as political, feelings,—and habits and opinions of private, as well as of public, life. Scorning the principle of qualification, it adopted one of exclusion which nothing could evade; it declared all reigning Sovereigns and their Ministers, all Nobles and teachers of religion, all existing public functionaries, to be incapable of embracing it, and of being intrusted with power under it; and it placed them in a state of hopeless proscription. It addressed itself exclusively to the poor, the ignorant, the credulous, the silly, and the depraved: these alone were declared to be capable of receiving it, and of being blessed by it; they were to be rendered deists and democrats, and fired with an inextinguishable hatred against their rulers, their religious instructors, and all above them. Its hostility was not confined to absolute governments. The governments of England and France were as much abused by it, as those of Austria and Russia; and it made no distinction whatever between the supporters of

arbitrary power, and the English Tories and the French Royalists.

That this creed was this in spirit and tendency, will be denied by no man living who has attentively studied it, as it has been put forth from time to time in the last seven years. It was the creed of the French Revolution, in some parts slightly modified, in others differently coloured, to conciliate and allure, but still substantially the same for operation and products.

The personal character of those who conduct the affairs of a nation is a matter of very high importance, even if the form of government be settled. An ignorant, imbecile, and unprincipled ministry might involve this country in ruin, without once offending against the laws and constitution. The servant of the state, as well as the menial of the family, must be honest, industrious, and duly qualified for discharging his duties in the best manner. But personal character is of the very last importance in those who undertake to frame and establish new forms of government. All government is for a moment destroyed—the whole community is convulsed, and one portion of it is arrayed against the other—the character of omnipotence which time has given to rulers is destroyed in the eyes of all, and speculative politics become the rage even with ploughmen—the new institutions require a considerable time to produce practical good, and in the interval they jar with national habits and prejudices, and seem to the ignorant to be only evils—those who lead in the change have necessarily, for a considerable period, the nation at their mercy—they are without check, or restraint; the power cannot be taken from them, whatever may be their conduct; neither perhaps, if practicable, could it be done, without involving the country in complete ruin. None but men possessing the very utmost share of knowledge, experience, wisdom, integrity, energy, patriotism, and ability, that men can possess, ought to be suffered to attempt to establish in a country a new form of government, whatever may be the defects of the old one. But the continental constitutionalists were destitute, not of one, but of every qualification. They were not men of rank, wealth, and influence, looking with scorn upon politics as a trade; but they were needy, political, and military adventurers, notoriously disappointed men, and this threw a cloud of suspicion over their motives which nothing could dispel. They were persons of the most slender capacity—profoundly ignorant—the slaves of passion—and, so far as their public and private lives were known, of great profligacy. They were avowedly deists and democrats—practisers of the "liberal opinions," which have of late been so fully explained to us by various publications, sent into the world by themselves. Such were the leaders—men, whom the most charitable could not suspect of honesty, and who could not have managed the affairs of a country village, without plunging them in ruin.

The followers were the poor, profligate, ambitious, turbulent, romantic, portion — the scum — of the upper classes; blind and perjured armies, and an ignorant, deluded, senseless populace.

We shall not be charged with exaggeration. The revolutionary leaders of France, Spain, Naples, Portugal, &c. have been fully placed before the eyes of all men, and keeping them perfectly distinct from those who after their success were unavoidably drawn into their train, there never was such a tremendous mass of poverty, ignorance, inexperience, romance, profligacy, imbecility, and folly exhibited to the wonder of the world. They consisted of precisely that portion of mankind which ought never on any account to be suffered to make changes in forms of government, or the constitution of society. The "Constitutionalists" of France were the dolts and knaves of her revolution, and the minions of Buonaparte; the weathercocks who, though veering about every day of their lives, could never once look at public freedom, or the good of mankind. They were not to amend the Charter and remove the Ministers; they were not even to be content with changing the constitution altogether: oh no! they were to banish the reigning branch of the Royal Family, take the sovereignty entirely into their hands, and make any man whatever king, who might submit to be their slave. Those of Spain established a constitution which nothing whatever but the power of

Heaven could have put, and kept, in motion. It had not been set up an hour, before it virtually tumbled into ruins. The King became a prisoner and a tool — the revolutionists became despots—political clubs became judges and juries—and the reign of pure tyranny began. This constitution was demonstrated to be incapable of working, it was in effect set aside by its authors, and yet when France, asked for such alterations in it *only* as all men saw were necessary, such as England recommended, such as nearly the whole Spanish people called for, and such as the Constitutionalists themselves indirectly admitted ought to be made, these persons obstinately refused to make the least alteration, although they knew that the refusal would draw upon them the whole power of France, when they were utterly destitute of means for withstanding it. The alterations which France asked, and England recommended, and the Spanish people called for, would have saved Spain from civil war, from a war with France, from the re-establishment of an absolute monarchy, and from utter ruin ;—they would have given to Spain a really free constitution, and genuine liberty. But then they would have removed the revolutionists from power ; and Spain, and everything else, was to be sacrificed to their ambition and cupidity. The war commenced, and they exhibited throughout, such a destitution of energy, wisdom, ability, and principle, as was never exhibited by any set of men before. In Naples the Constitutionalists destroyed the form of government, and then they discovered that they had not prepared another to replace it with ! In the midst of this awkward discovery, they remembered the Spanish constitution —the impracticable Spanish constitution—and they immediately proclaimed it, although not a copy of it could be found, and not one of them was even tolerably acquainted with its provisions and nature. Of the Portuguese Constitutionalists, it is enough to say, that they took Jeremy Bentham for their guide, and maintained a close correspondence with him—that they commenced with taking the most effectual steps for separating the Brazils from Portugal, with insulting Austria, disgusting England, &c. These were the persons who were to establish new forms of government, and re-model society throughout Europe—who were to take upon themselves the dominion over two hundred millions of people—who were, in effect, to become the guides and sovereigns of nearly the whole universe ! ! ! Yet in this enlightened age, these persons could find some men to be their friends, and honest men to be their apologists !

'The creed, plans, and conduct, of the Constitutionalists necessarily arrayed the Nobility, the Clergy, the rich, the religious, the experienced, and the wise of every country against them. Compromise between them and the continental governments was utterly impracticable. Their demands would admit of no abatement ; and these demands were clearly seen to involve the virtual dethronement of the monarch, the dismissal of his ministers, and the ruin of his dominions. Looking merely at national will, the whole of the wealth and intelligence, and the numerical majority, were flatly opposed to the Constitutionalists. The Governments therefore, whether they looked at their own existence, the good of those whom they governed, legitimate national will, or the interests of the world at large, had no alternative, but vigorous resistance. It was impossible for them to proceed with the work of gradual and rational freedom, for their hands were fully occupied in keeping down the revolutionists ; and it would have been ruin to have proceeded with it, if they had possessed the means. It would have doubled the excitement and fanaticism which everywhere existed : it would have given the colour of truth and justice to the clamour of the revolutionists, and would have thrown so much additional power into the hands of these persons, as would have rendered them irresistible. Genuine liberty was thus lost to the present generation when it was just within its reach, and this was not the worst. Society was in many parts so violently convulsed, and its component parts were so unnaturally disunited and inflamed against each other, that nothing but the chain could hold it together. The subject was refractory, therefore the forgotten scourge resumed its activity, and what had long been practical liberty, became harsh slavery. All this must be charged exclusively upon the Constitutionalists.

Such has been the state of things

almost ever since the peace; the Continental Governments and the Constitutionalists have been warring against each other for nearly the whole of the intervening period. If the latter had consisted of the wealth, intelligence, talent, and integrity of the respective states—of men, religious, enlightened, and honourable; having no wish for office and emolument; anxious to protect rather than injure religion and public morals; and merely desiring to reform obvious abuses, and to obtain institutions clearly necessary for general good, we should have been among their warmest supporters; and we are much mistaken if they would have been, or could have been, resisted. But when they were what we have stated—When the lust of power and profit was obviously their chief motive—when they wished not only to effect a radical change in civil institutions, but to reverse the relation in which the different classes of society stand towards each other, to trample upon religion, and to alter altogether the feelings and habits of mankind; and when the forms of government which they sought to establish were demonstrably incapable of enduring, and of producing anything but evils and ruin—we had no choice left, but to become their bitter enemies, or to turn out of doors our reason and principles. The question was not, ought the absolute governments of the continent to remain unchanged?—But it was, ought they to be changed for such as the Liberals would raise in their stead? and we could not hesitate. To remain neutral was impossible. The Liberals made the circle of their hostility so excessively wide, that it included all the best interests of mankind, and it completely embraced England. They fought as much against our constitutional, religious, and other principles, as against anything that they sought to destroy; they called our King, Ministers, and Tories, tyrants; and he must be blind indeed who cannot see, that if they had obtained possession of the continental thrones, ours would have been placed in the most imminent danger.

With that blundering stupidity which they displayed throughout, instead of making, as they easily might have done, the cause of the Allied Monarchs, the cause of despotism alone, and thus leaving it almost without defenders; they jumbled it up with all that is dear to humanity, and made it the cause of God and man. The consequences they are now bitterly deploring. It fills us with shame and sorrow to have to record the facts, that there are persons in this land of liberty, so miserably ignorant of the nature of liberty, as to believe that these Liberals were capable of establishing it, and that their wretched constitutions were capable of yielding it; that there are persons in this glorious nation so hostile to all that is true in feeling and principle, and to all the highest interests of mankind, as to be the eulogists and champions of these Liberals. The Whigs are these persons; and of course the Edinburgh Review has put forth its whole energies against the Allied Sovereigns. Against these Sovereigns, the two Articles which we are about to notice are directed; and we have therefore thought it proper to preface our remarks with this plain statement.

The first is declamatory, somewhat frothy, and not a little profuse in assumption and mis-statement. It exhibits occasional gleams of candour, a great deal of childish prejudice, much visionary theory, and no logic at all: in its flights after hypothesis, philosophy, and eloquence, it makes admissions which are far more than sufficient to strangle it wholly as a piece of reasoning. It is, however, when we remember what the Review has in late years been, respectable as a literary effort, and even gentlemanly as a morsel of party vituperation. The second is a disgrace even to the Edinburgh Review. It is the veriest piece of common-place that ever dunce scrawled upon paper. It contains nothing that has not been given to the world ten thousand times before, by the Morning Chronicles and Black Dwarfs, in ten thousand times better language. It is so deplorably wretched in spirit and literary execution, that we cannot divest ourselves of the belief, that it has been written by some newspaper editor, whom the decline of Radicalism has thrown out of bread; and that charity has blindly admitted it, without being aware of the blot that it would cast upon the remnant of the Review's reputation. In spite of the *historical* air which is laboriously thrown over it, and the tenderness with which the "great man" "Napoleon," is spoken of, we will not—we cannot—believe

that it has been written by a Member of the House of Commons, and a person concerned with the education of our youth. The feelings are so thoroughly un-English, and the diction is such miserable English, that we can scarcely believe it to have been written by an Englishman of any class.

The following are some of the *facts* of these articles. The first, speaking of the conduct which the Allied Sovereigns pursued after the peace, states,

1. "Their charters were revoked—their promises broken—their amnesties violated—the most offensive pretensions were openly put forward—the most revolting prejudices countenanced—the smaller states were relentlessly sacrificed—and the greater ones, made more formidable by their union, assumed a tone of dictation unknown in the history of the world—and used it to proclaim the most slavish doctrines, and to announce their purpose to maintain them at the point of the sword."

2. "Upon this system they have since acted—and, so far as they have gone, they have been successful. Arbitrary government is now maintained *all over* the continent of Europe more openly in theory, and more rigorously in practice, than it was before the French Revolution was heard of; and political freedom is more jealously proscribed, and liberal opinions more vindictively repressed, than in any period of modern history. After the speculations and experience of thirty-five years, we seem at least as far from political improvement, as we were at the beginning."

3. "It is a fact, no less certain than lamentable, that the governments of continental Europe are at this moment more truly arbitrary in principle and practice, than they ever were before."

4. "France heading a crusade against national independence, and announcing a creed of unqualified despotism."

From the second article—

5. "The conspiracy of the sovereigns against the improvement of mankind. That we have a right thus to describe the league, is amply demonstrated by its whole proceedings. To prevent the establishment of free governments, and not only of democracies, but of limited monarchies, has been its avowed object ever since its active operations commenced."

6. "When indeed the fortune of that *great man* (Buonaparte) left him, and, through the exertions of their subjects, the Allies regained their independence, nothing in the history of human rapacity and meanness, ever surpassed their unprincipled adoption of the very worst parts of his conduct to foreign and independent nations."

7. "While the people (of Italy) in general are oppressed by severe exactions, insulted by a barbarous soldiery, and deprived even of the benefits of a good police - - - - - - the more refined classes, the nobles, the lawyers, the men of letters, are exposed to a persecution that knows no bounds for supposed political offences."

8. "The detestable project of military persecution for political opinions, of preventing by main force all improvement in the condition of mankind, and perpetuating slavery and ignorance, and every form of pernicious and antiquated abuse; of establishing arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet, and violently hewing down all free institutions, in order to secure the tranquillity of armed tyrants, under the hollow pretext of maintaining the peace of the world,—has for the present succeeded."

9. "The hatred of her yoke (the yoke of France in Spain) can only be equalled by the determination to destroy the government she has established *against the wishes of the people*. If her armies are withdrawn, there is an end of the despotism of Ferdinand; and if they remain, they half occupy, and half govern, some small districts of a large country, all the rest of which is divided between rebellion and anarchy."

10. "That on the continent of Europe they (the Allies) are determined to leave nothing like a popular constitution, is manifest."

Now, is there any honest man in the country, Whig or Tory, who will say, that these can be called exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or that they can be called anything whatever, but *gross, foul, rank, base, and wicked* UNTRUTHS? We say no! What then are we to think of those who have written them? If they be not garretteers, living out of the world, and never seeing a newspaper, not even a weekly sheet of sedition and blasphemy;—if they call themselves gentlemen, and move in the intelligent circles,—can

we regard them with anything but scorn and disgust, without admitting falsehood to be blameless, and the liars of society to be estimable people? The Edinburgh Review is a censor of the British Press;—it affects to preside over our literature, to chastise literary delinquency, and to hunt down writers who endeavour to impose upon, and delude the world. Itself, and the party to which it belongs, declare themselves to be the *exclusive* friends of truth and knowledge—the *exclusive* friends to the instruction of the ignorant. When their professions are compared with the extracts from the work that we have given, could shameless profligacy be carried farther? Does not the publication of such villainous stuff constitute as base an attempt to impose upon and delude the ignorant, as could be made?—Lift up your voices, ye Broughams, and cry aloud for schools and schoolmasters! teach every ploughman and mechanic in the nation to read;—write and put into their hands such articles as these, and we shall speedily have a population, knowing in everything but knowledge, and admirably fitted for doing everything that the profligate, the demagogue, and the traitor may wish it to do.

France was two several times in the hands of the Allied Monarchs. At the last time she was completely at their mercy; and she had been guilty of conduct, which even called for severe treatment, and which made it a matter of doubt, whether any other than a government practically absolute could govern her. The present Monarch was placed upon the throne—her army was disbanded, and she was left wholly without one—the Allies occupied her with a mighty army—the great mass of her population were perfectly indifferent to liberty—a large portion of the people were actually inclined to make the King absolute, and the comparatively few who called for liberty, were notoriously the old Revolutionists and the Buonapartists, men disaffected to the reigning Monarch—a dynasty had just been expelled, and those who wished for its re-establishment were numerous, wealthy, and formidable. In addition to all this, France stood in the centre of the continent; she was the most active and powerful of the continental nations, and it was to be confidently expected, that if she obtained a free form of government, it would beget a wish in the neighbouring countries for an equal measure of freedom. Now, if the Allied Monarchs had been anxious to put down, "not only democracies, but limited monarchies;"—if they had wished to "establish arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet," they would assuredly have placed France under an absolute government. There was nothing to prevent it, there was everything to tempt them to do it, and there were very many things which seemed to call for it as a matter of necessity. But what did they do? They gave to France a limited monarchy, which seemed to her the utmost measure of liberty that she could be safely entrusted with; and they even gave her, as a matter of choice, Liberals for Ministers. France is now nominally and practically free, and her freedom she owes wholly to the generosity of "the Holy Alliance." Here are between thirty and forty millions of people whose chains were struck off by the "Despots"—where are the millions, the thousands, the hundreds, the tens, who have been set free by the "Constitutionalists?"

But Spain is the grand theme with the Liberals;—well then, what are the real facts of the case with regard to Spain? He who will say that the revolution of that country was the deed of the nation, will say anything whatever that falsehood may dictate. It was the work of a few demagogues and fanatics, and the army; the nation at large had scarcely any hand in accomplishing it; the wealth and intelligence were opposed to it, and the populace cheered it for its novelty, without understanding anything of its nature. The Continental Governments viewed it with alarm and dislike; alarm, on account of the frightful example which it was establishing for ignorant armies to take upon themselves the exercise of the sovereign power; and dislike, on account of the principles and character of its authors. Yet they, although with very great reluctance, recognized the government which it formed; and, if the Constitutionalists had been in the least degree qualified by honesty and ability, to discharge the duties they had taken upon themselves, they would never have been disturbed. But they were crackbrained theorists and vision-

aries, who knew nothing of common sense and human nature, and who were just as well fitted for ruling the dog-star as a kingdom. Their creed, too, was a false one, destructive in the last degree to the bonds of union of a community, and more discordant with the character of the Spaniards, than with that of any other people. Everything was in their favour at the commencement. The army was devoted to them, the people everywhere cheerfully submitted, they filled, without difficulty, every petty office in the kingdom with their creatures, and the influential classes fell into their train and associated themselves with them. Circumstances seemed to render it impossible for them to avoid consolidating their triumph, and yet they strangely contrived to avoid doing anything, save what was calculated to undo it. Instead of removing the cloud of suspicion which enveloped their principles and character in the eyes of Spain and Europe, they did everything in their power to convert it to certainty. They publicly identified themselves with old Bentham and the European Revolutionists in creed; and the astonished world saw, for the first time, a monarchical government eternally propagating republican principles, and proclaiming its determination to be guided by nothing else. Instead of conciliating other governments, they exasperated them. They would not listen to their suggestions, remedy what was justly obnoxious, follow the conduct of those of England and France, and conform to the rules which were necessary for the good of all; but, on the contrary, they openly expressed their dislike of them, and, while it was notorious that no real freedom of the press existed, their public prints teemed with abuse of other governments, not excepting that of England, and with the most anarchical doctrines. Instead of giving to the Aristocracy its due dignity and power, they kept it in its state of proscription; and while the Spaniards were not merely religious men, but bigots, slavishly devoted to their priests, they were at no pains to conceal that they were Deists, their papers made eternal war on the church, and they made it manifest to all, by their measures, that they had the overthrow of the church in contemplation. They thus drew upon themselves the hatred, not only of the influential classes, but of the great body of the people, and the measure of this hatred was filled up by their wild, senseless, partial, and wicked system of governing. They were openly dictated to by clubs of blind, brainless fanatics. Their newspapers, written by themselves, daily circulated doctrines levelled against the foundations of society. They placed themselves in a state of hostility with the great mass of the nation, administered the functions of government accordingly, and it was clearly seen, that the great object of almost all their measures was, their own benefit as a faction, without any reference to public weal. Their minions oppressed all who disliked them, with impunity—they committed many atrocious acts of tyranny, which were demonstrably a sacrifice of public good to their own dirty personal interests—and while they were everlastingly crying—The Constitution!—the dear Constitution! it was known to the whole world that they had themselves abrogated this constitution, that it no longer existed except in name; that they had in effect deposed the King, and made him a close prisoner, and a tool, and that their rule was far more despotic than that of the old government. All Europe was astounded by their prodigious ignorance and incapacity; their appalling madness and criminality; and they became the laughing-stock of sensible men of all parties for the former, and the objects of general abhorrence for the latter. Spain detested them—they had blown up the flame of faction to a height which had consumed the power of the laws and the bonds of society—civil war commenced—they already spoke of a republic—the deposition of the King, and the butchery of whole classes—the country was in the first stages of ruin, and everything they did was calculated to make this ruin complete.

Our readers will find all this confirmed, if they will turn to our public prints for the period which preceded the announcement, that the Allied Powers meant to interfere with the affairs of Spain. They will find that it was then the opinion of all parties, that the existing Spanish government could not stand,—that all men believed the ruling party to be copying the French Revolution, and that a

full repetition of the French Revolution in Spain was inevitable. Without justifying at all the interference of France, we will say, as a fact—as a fact which no earthly power can impeach—that if Spain had been left to herself, she had no other prospect before her, so far as human foresight could extend, than a train of the most bitter horrors that can visit a nation.

For nearly three years the Constitutionalists held the power in Spain without being attacked by the Allies; and we repeat, that if they had possessed the most moderate share of honesty and ability, they never would and they never could have been attacked. If it had been one of the possibilities of nature, for unprincipled men to govern honestly—for imbecile men to govern wisely—for a form of government to be a monarchy and a pure democracy at the same moment—for a captive King to love captivity, and to be without adherents in the midst of a loyal people—for the Aristocracy of a kingdom to reconcile itself to proscription—and for a band of low-born, nameless, poverty-stricken deists and democrats to be obeyed by a population of bigots in religion, and zealots for royalty, the Constitutionalists had been at this moment the rulers of Spain. But it was not. They brought their country into ruin, they ranged Spain herself with the Allies against them, and they supplied the Allies with the most plausible pretexts for attacking them. The Sovereigns called for the liberation of their ally the King, and all the world knew that his Ministers had no right to make him a prisoner;—they called for such alterations in the form and practice of the Constitution, as would reconcile it with the principles of social order and good government, and the intelligent of every party admitted that these alterations were necessary. But the Constitutionalists treated every call with disdain. It has been said, even by those who justified the attack of Austria upon Naples, that the attack of France upon Spain was a violation of the law of nations,—but what were the naked features of this violation? It was ardently desired, and even solicited by the King, and not merely by the King, but by nearly the whole people of Spain—it was welcomed by Spain as an act of the kindest friendship. The attack was meant to serve Spain, by delivering her from the tyranny of those who had placed her in bondage and ruin;—it was made not upon the nation, but upon the government; and not upon an old government, ruling by a good title; but upon a new one, which acquired its power by usurpation, and held it against the national will. In its general character, it was an attack upon the creed of the French Revolution, and upon the men who sought to practise it. From the conduct of the republican government of France, and of the government of Buonaparte, the Allied Monarchs laid it down as an indisputable principle, that no government which stood upon Jacobinism—which was composed of men who acted upon that compound of irreligion, selfishness, turbulence, and profligacy, which "Liberal opinions" form—could be bound by treaties, could be taught to respect the rights of other nations, could be restrained from continually attempting to stir up rebellion in other States, and could exist as anything but a curse to those whom it governed;—and therefore that no such government could with safety be tolerated in Europe. Upon this principle they acted, when they put down the Spanish Liberals; after first giving these persons ample opportunity for shewing to the world what they really were, and for convincing the most incredulous that they could only use their power for involving Spain in calamities. France distinctly charged the Spanish government with aiding and encouraging the disaffected part of her population, when plot after plot was exploding among them, intended to compass a revolution, and if this were true, it formed a just ground of war; the Spanish government denied it, but, judging from character in the absence of proof, we are compelled to decide in favour of the assertions of France.

But it is not the alleged violation of national law considered in the abstract, it is the object which it was meant to accomplish, that fills the Edinburgh Review with fury against the Allies. Now what was this object? "To announce a creed of unqualified despotism."—"To prevent the establishment of free governments, and not only of democracies, but of limited monarchies."—"To prevent by main force all improvement in the condition

of mankind, perpetuate slavery and ignorance, and every form of pernicious and antiquated abuse; to establish arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet, and violently hew down all free institutions." So says the blushless and profligate Edinburgh Review! That there is a single individual in our high-minded country, who calls himself an Englishman and a gentleman, and still proves himself to be so thoroughly destitute of the feelings which ought to actuate both, as to send into the world assertions like these, is to us a matter of amazement and sorrow. Is there one man in Great Britain, who has read the newspapers for the last two years, who does not know, that France—on this occasion the organ of the Allies—strictly confined herself to asking for such alterations ONLY in the Constitution, as would have brought it to a close resemblance to those of France and England;—to such alterations ONLY as would have made that Constitution, which was practically laid aside, the source of genuine freedom to Spain, if Spain wished for freedom, without changing its character in the least, as a closely limited monarchy? Is there any one so grossly ignorant as not to know, that the alterations which the Allies through France called for, were such as the English Ministers strongly recommended the Spanish government to make, not merely as concessions to the Allies, but as things essential for the good of Spain herself? And is there any one so ignorant as not to know, that these alterations were imperiously necessary for the establishment of Spanish liberty? If the calls of the Allies and the recommendation of England had been listened to, Spain at this moment would have had a limited monarchy; and, so far as institutions give freedom, she would have been nearly as free as this country. From the demands which France at the first made, she never swerved, either in the hour of danger, or in that of complete and final victory. She constantly throughout expressed herself to be as inimical to the re-establishment of the old despotism, as to the continuance of the new one; and to be anxious for the establishment of popular institutions, and for the limiting of the power of the Sovereign to the farthest point consistent with prudence and safety.

It is universally notorious that she was sincere;—it is universally notorious that from the hour of the King's liberation, her influence and that of the Allies have been strenuously exerted to obtain a limited monarchy, a popular form of government, for Spain;—and it is universally notorious, that it is not France, it is not the Allies, it is not even Ferdinand himself, that prevents Spain from obtaining popular institutions and freedom; but it is the overwhelming mass of the Spanish people, who are worked up to frenzy, and who will hear of nothing but an absolute King. So much for the foul falsehood, that the Allies "announced a creed of unqualified despotism," and laboured to prevent the establishment, "not only of democracies, but of limited monarchies." And what did France remove in Spain? A constitution which the whole world condemned as being false in principle and incapable of motion, which had been shamelessly set aside by its authors, which was detested by Spain, and which had produced, and was capable of producing, nothing but evils;—a set of men who had made a prisoner of the King, who had wantonly set at nought the laws and constitution, whose tyranny was more oppressive than that of the old despotism, whose principles were hostile to all good government and to the existence of society, and who had involved their country in civil war and ruin. These constituted the freedom that France "hewed down" in Spain, and the Spanish people reverenced her as a saviour for the deed! Well will it be for the peace, prosperity, happiness, and liberty of the world, if such freedom be always "hewed down."

We have shewn to the conviction of all men whom plain facts can convince, that the Allies have put down a tyranny in France, and have established in that country a limited monarchy and freedom:—that they have expelled a set of rulers from Spain, who trampled upon the constitution and laws, and who had enslaved and ruined their country; and that they have been prevented against their wishes from giving a limited monarchy and freedom to Spain, by the Spanish people alone. We will now turn our eyes to their conduct in their own territories.

"The people (of Italy) in general are oppressed by severe exactions, in-

sulted by a barbarous soldiery, and deprived even of the benefits of a good police."

"The detestable project of military persecution for political opinions, *of preventing by main force all improvement in the condition of mankind, and perpetuating* SLAVERY AND IGNORANCE AND EVERY FORM OF PERNICIOUS AND ANTIQUATED ABUSE; of establishing arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet, and violently hewing down all free institutions, in order to secure the tranquillity of armed tyrants, under the hollow pretext of maintaining the peace of the world,—has for the present succeeded."

"The *conspiracy* of the sovereigns *against the improvement of mankind.*" "Those who have declared war upon the constitutional system—have by an inevitable consequence *proscribed all improvement, and decreed the perpetual reign of popular ignorance and debasement.*"

So speaks the Edinburgh Review; we will not ourselves supply the refutation; it shall be furnished by an authority, to which the Review itself will reverentially bow.

"They (the Allied Sovereigns) will endeavour to rectify those gross errors in their interior administration, which are a source at once of weakness and discontent.—They will not only seek to improve the economical part of their government, and to amend the laws and usages by which the wealth and industry of the people are affected, but they will seek to conciliate their good will, by mitigating all those grievances from which they themselves derive no advantage. They will construct roads and canals—and encourage agriculture and manufactures, and reform the laws of trade—and abolish local and subordinate oppressions—and endow seminaries of education, and inculcate a reverence for religion, and patronize academies of art."

"Economical improvements—more protection to private rights—melioration in municipal laws—less discontent among the lower people—more luxury—are what we must expect to see more and more conspicuously."

"*No man can look indeed to their* (the Allied Sovereigns) *recent proceedings, without seeing that such* IS *their plan of policy.* France is full of schools, and engineers, and financiers—and gives up the proudest of her palaces to dignify the display of her most homely manufactures. In Germany, new towns and villages, and cotton-spinning establishments, rise everywhere, and other trades are encouraged. In Russia, Alexander is establishing schools for his peasantry, and mitigating the severity of their feudal servitude; and making factories for his merchants. Even Austria is making efforts to conciliate and multiply the lower classes, by regulations for the improvement of agriculture and manufactures, and large and judicious expenditure *even in Italy*, upon works of public utility, roads, canals, and all the enginery of irrigation. The policy, in short, is manifest, and is beginning to take effect."

Our readers will naturally feel much curiosity to know what authority this is, which thus lauds so extravagantly, the "Despots" and "Conspirators,"—which thus boldly declares, that they have digested, and are vigorously acting upon, a comprehensive plan for *improving the condition* of their subjects—for removing *pernicious and antiquated abuse*, and banishing *ignorance*—for protecting private rights—and for diffusing knowledge, wealth, and even luxury. From compassion for the Edinburgh Review, we cannot name this new authority. The New Times? say our readers. No. The Quarterly Review? No. Some of the sons of corruption in the House of Commons? No. We can hold out no longer. This authority is—is—the Edinburgh Review itself!! Not a number ten years old, five years old, one year old, three months old, but the very identical number, and the very identical articles, from which we have extracted the foul and false abuse of the Continental Monarchs!!! Was there ever before seen such a combination of profligacy and drivelling—such an astounding example of self-refutation and self-degradation? After this, who will read the political articles of the Edinburgh Review, except for the purpose of enlivening himself with a volley of laughter, or furnishing himself with a jest for the amusement of his friends?

Something very nearly as good yet remains to be told. The Edinburgh Review has discovered, that certain of the fundamental doctrines which itself and the friends of liberty have been so long inculcating as the very

essence of truth, are false! They have been all along protesting that tyranny and knowledge could not exist together—that ignorance was the corner-stone of despotism—and that to educate a people, was in effect to give them freedom. What gigantic efforts have not Brougham and the Edinburgh Review made for procuring education for the lower orders of this country, in order that they might be preserved from becoming the tools and slaves of the "corrupt" and "tyrannical faction" which manages public affairs! Well, the Edinburgh Review has discovered that all this has been wrong—quite wrong. It states, "The great strength and hope of freedom was formerly the progressive information and improvement of the body of the people—but the new policy of despotism has taught it to pervert what has hitherto been regarded as the best aliment and protection of liberty, into the main instrument of her destruction." "Religion and EDUCATION, in the paternal hands of such governments, (despotic ones,) are *known to be the best of all engines for the* DISSEMINATION OF UNIVERSAL SERVILITY!!" Education, one of the best of all engines for the dissemination of universal servility!! This is capital—nothing upon earth but the Edinburgh Review could have produced anything so highly finished, and so truly unique. We shall now, we are pretty sure, see Mr Brougham before the end of the session, introducing a bill into Parliament for destroying the liberty of the press, and for shutting up all schools throughout the country.

Something remains yet that is excessively excellent. Having shewn that by means of "civilization and intelligence," the Continental Governments have become more arbitrary than ever: —that by the instrumentality of "the progressive information and improvement of the body of the people," they are destroying liberty,—and that "education is, in the hands of such governments, one of the best of all engines for the dissemination of universal servility:"—having shewn likewise that the Allied Sovereigns are the worst of tyrants; and are leagued together to prevent all improvement in the condition of mankind, "to destroy liberty now and for ever, and to establish and maintain arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet:"—having shewn all this, the Review proceeds to shew, that "the civilization and intelligence," and "the progressive information and improvement,' and the "education," which now blow from the East, will speedily blow from the West—which now so strangely take it into their heads to destroy liberty, and to ally themselves with despotism, will before long give the Monarchs the "go by," qualify the people for the possession of political rights, and render them anxious and omnipotent for obtaining them. And it shews, moreover, that, although these Monarchs are such tyrants, and are so resolutely determined to maintain arbitrary power at the point of the bayonet, "it is not absolutely romantic to hope, that the habit of doing justice in part, may reconcile them to doing it entirely,—that they may come by degrees to yield to the spirit and intelligence of the times altogether!" In a word, the Edinburgh Review actually professes to believe, that the present system of the "Holy Alliance," the "Despots," the "Conspirators," is making "improvements," which are "a great good in themselves," and which "add manifestly to the mass of human comfort and happiness;" and, moreover, that this system is exceedingly likely to establish constitutions and liberty throughout the continent, where they do not already exist, by the mutual consent of monarchs and subjects!!!

The Review gallops along at a prodigious rate on this subject, and very clearly and triumphantly proves, that such will be the fruits of this system of the Allies. It then suddenly discovers the predicament into which it has got itself, pulls up with all haste, and fairly owns, that from what it has said people may well ask,—"If despotism is growing so wise, how is it really worse than constitutional government? If nations are secured in their civil rights, of what substantial value are political ones? *and why predict and* PROVOKE *revolutions, with all their* RISKS *and* HORRORS, *for the sake of a* NAME *and a* CHIMERA?" Admirable! The Review admits, that its description of the system of government which the Allies have adopted, may reasonably make people doubt, whether it be not equal to the "constitutional system," whether a constitution

be anything more than "a name and a chimera," and whether revolutions be at all necessary and desirable! Oh, wonderful Allies! who could have dreamed of hearing this of ye from the Edinburgh Review!

Now, after this, how stands the question generally with respect to the Continental Monarchs? At the peace, they spontaneously admitted that popular institutions, and a just degree of political freedom, were needed by their subjects, they promised to grant these, they lost not a moment in entering upon the fulfilment of their promises, but, at the same time, they solemnly declared that, from the experience of the past, they never would tolerate the revolutionary principles which had so long desolated Europe. They had no sooner commenced the work of freedom, than they were compelled to abandon it, by being attacked on all sides by revolutionists professing these principles; who did not wish to cooperate with them, or to receive freedom at their hands, but who wished to obtain virtually, if not nominally, possession of their thrones, and to rule in their stead. Upon these revolutionists they made war, agreeably to their declaration, but they revoked not their promises in favour of rational liberty. They gave a limited monarchy, and the fullest practicable share of freedom to France; and they were prevented from giving the same to Spain, by the Spanish people alone. These are matters, not of assertion, but of history; and the proofs are before the world. With regard to their conduct to their own subjects, the splendid eulogy which the Edinburgh Review has passed upon it, renders eulogy from us unnecessary. The Review admits that they are doing everything in their power to promote the instruction, benefit, and happiness of their subjects, with the single exception, of withholding from them political rights and privileges. We fully agree with the Review in the conviction, that the system which these Monarchs are now pursuing in their dominions, must inevitably end in the establishment of constitutions and constitutional liberty. We conscientiously believe that the Ministers of these Monarchs—men who in point of knowledge and talent will bear comparison with any statesmen of any age—cannot possibly expect, and do not even wish, that this system should have any other termination. We even think it possible, that, if the Liberals remain speechless and motionless, the middle-aged Reviewer himself may live to see Prussia and Austria, if not Russia itself, governed by constitutions.

After this, what must be thought of the vulgar and wretched abuse which has been so profusely heaped upon these Monarchs, not only out of Parliament, but by one individual at least in it? We defend not their absolute authority, although we know that it has undergone no other change since it came into their hands, except that of being rendered infinitely more mild and beneficent; and we wish from our souls that they were all constitutional Sovereigns like our own. But were we to shrink from defending them from the fiendish aspersions which are cast upon them, we should be traitors to the cause of our country and mankind—to that cause, which it is the highest pride of our lives to fight for, and our best gratification to see flourish.

We are the enthusiastic friends of national liberty; but are we from this to believe that every band of stupid demagogues who bawl "Liberty!" are capable of establishing it in a nation which has never known it—that every form of government will yield liberty which binds behind him the hands of the Sovereign? Are we to believe that liberty can be raised upon the ruins of religion and public morals—of civil obedience, and all the principles that hold society together? Are we to believe that institutions alone will give liberty, without reference to the character of the rulers, or the people? We are not, thank Heaven! such egregious idiots. We may be told until doomsday that the ignorant, brainless, profligate, fanatical deists and democrats of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, were qualified for establishing new forms of government in their respective countries — that they were qualified for being the rulers of these countries—that the constitutions which they fabricated were capable of yielding liberty and of enduring—that their creed was calculated for generating and nurturing liberty—and that the people of Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. are—putting out of view their present state of excitement—in a proper state for receiving popular institutions and

freedom,—we may be told all this until doomsday, and we will never believe it. In spite of the delusion which seems to have spread even beyond the Whigs, we still think, that Constitutionalists and constitutions must be judged of by the very same rules, by which other men and other things are judged of.

The universal cry is, "Constitutions and popular freedom for all Europe!" But not one question is asked touching the condition of the people of Europe. This is the conduct, not even of lunatics, of pot-house newsmongers, but actually of persons who call themselves statesmen! Englishmen, ay, and intelligent Englishmen too, seem to think, that we owe our liberty wholly to our institutions. If this be the case, why do you speak of *preparing* your Slaves for liberty?—Why is preparation necessary for them, if be unnecessary for the ignorant nations of the continent? And why do you make instruction in religion the chief part of this preparation, when you countenance men who profess to give liberty to the ignorant people of the continent, by destroying religion? If institutions alone are needed, why are not the people of Ireland free and happy?—Why does not the republic of Hayti spread freedom and happiness? The bubble has been pretty severely dealt with by the people of Spain, Portugal, and Italy; and it will, ere long, be finally kicked out of the world, by those of South America.

If the people of the continent are ever to become free, they must be previously prepared for it. Liberty cannot be given them, and they cannot retain it for a moment, unless they first undergo such preparation. The senseless, mercenary, and anarchical doctrines of the Liberals must be carefully kept from them; and they must be well instructed in sound principles; they must be rendered highly moral and religious. A wealthy, intelligent, honourable, virtuous, active, and spirited middle class must be created in every country. All this must first be done, or it will not be possible for human power to establish liberty among them that will endure. The Allied Monarchs are taking the proper steps—they are doing exactly what ought to be done in preparing their subjects for liberty—and their present system, if Liberalism can only be kept on its back, must inevitably end in the establishment of constitutions throughout Europe. To these Monarchs, mankind already owes an immense debt; and we trust this debt will be doubled, before they leave the world for ever. We believe that they have done as much for mankind since the peace, as they did previously to, and at, the peace. We believe that if it had not been for their firmness and exertions, the continent of Europe would at this moment have been overspread with infidelity and anarchy—with crime, blood, and suffering. They will one day receive that praise for this which is now withheld, and we think they will receive more magnificent praise still. We think that to them will at last belong the praise of establishing constitutions in their dominions, adapted to the genius, habits, and circumstances of their subjects, and capable of yielding the greatest measure attainable of genuine liberty. They are exactly the men for doing this. It is, after all, almost hopeless to attempt to establish a *new* constitution—a set of *new* institutions, *strange* to the people at large—if the Monarch be not qualified by heart and acquirements to take a leading part in giving them operation. They are thus qualified. They are kind, benevolent, honourable, experienced, and intelligent;—in private life, they are gentlemen and philanthropists;—in public life, they are men of business and statesmen. From what human nature is, Europe is not likely to be again, for centuries, governed by Sovereigns, so admirably qualified for giving her constitutional liberty; and therefore, for the sake of Europe, we most anxiously hope that she will receive it at their hands. The world calls upon them to do this at the proper season, as a matter necessary, alike for its happiness, and the completion of their own glory; and if they obey the call, the world will number them to the end of time, among the best and the greatest of its benefactors.

Y. Y. Y.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.*

This is a book abounding in pleasant scenes, good sayings, and witty dialogues, evidently written by "a gentleman about town." There is an air of *savoir vivre* about it, which marks it as the composition of a man who has moved in all the varied circles which he describes—an air which cannot be picked up by the uninitiated, no matter with what assurance they may affect it. As the author says in one of his tales, when discussing a rather different and an infinitely more important matter than book-making, viz.—dinner-giving—when the affair falls into the hands of plebeians, the practised eye detects the imposition with half a twinkle.

"At such dinners," quoth he, "there is always some mistake, some little blunder, which neither the master nor mistress of the house can hope to rectify on any future occasion, not being conscious of anything wrong: for instance, the butlers stand looking at each other, in attitudes, with dishes in their hands, waiting for signals, and hesitating where to put them down; then there is always a dreadful uncertainty about the wine; Lunel is detected in a long-necked bottle up to his chin in an ice-pail, presuming to do duty for St Peray, *absent without leave;* the claret is frozen hard, the hock left lukewarm, and common red port put down upon the table, as if people were to drink it; the fish is generally doubtful; the *entrées* cold, and the *soufflets* flat and heavy; while the want of regularity in the dinner, pervades even the guests, and one has, perhaps, to sit opposite to two or three odd-looking persons, (connections of the family who must be asked,) with coarse neckcloths, and great red hands,—with gold rings upon the fingers,—people who go the horrid lengths of eating with their knives, and calling for porter. In short, there is always some drawback, some terrible qualifier in the affair, which it would be difficult distinctly to define, but which invariably give the *air bourgeoise* to all the attempts of upstart wealth, to imitate the tone and manner of the aristocracy of our country."

So in most novels you see the unfortunate sonnetteer bursting forth in the middle of drawing-rooms, and putting phrases of the pot-house into the mouths of lords and ladies, and knights of the Garter. Instead of the Attic wit of the west, we are regaled with the wit of the attics in the east. Our dear friend Hogg, admirable in delineating a shepherd ravenous after fat flesh, does not shine when chaperoning princesses through the mazes of a court; nor does the excellent Pierce Egan, in his Life in London, though perfectly at home in Tom Cribb's parlour, the Cadgers in the Back Slums, the Condemned Hold in Newgate, or the gin shops in the various regions of the metropolis, in all of which he displays the finished hand of a practised connoisseur, show off to equal advantage, when he thinks proper to introduce us to the quadrilles of Almack's,—to say nothing of the splendours of Carlton-house; and to conclude the "triumvirate,"† as the dear lady herself would say—Lady Morgan, unimpeachable in her pictures of Irish flunkies, waiting-maids, governantes, faded blue-stockings, and all that and those, betrays a most fidgety uneasiness, when she wants to figure forth as the companion of her Grace the Duchess of ———, Madame La Comtesse de ———, or his Highness Prince Rustyfusty. You are always inclined to say "you are not waiting, my dear; bless my heart, what could have put it into the chambermaid's head to answer the drawing-room bell!"

We ourselves, who do not put up for high life, being plain, easy-going, honest people, and no way belonging to a nation of gentlemen, have nevertheless tact enough to know a hawk from a hand-saw. In our own line, we are infallible, and we should be rum customers to any impostor. It would be hard for any one to pass himself off on us as a poet either of the Lakes, or the punch bowls, he not

* Sayings and Doings; a Series of Sketches from Life. Three vols. Henry Colburn, London. 1824.

† Lady M., in an interesting work of hers, name unknown, describes an interview which she had with a gentleman driving his pig to market. They had a highly interesting conversation, in the course of which, she informs us the accomplished "triumvirate," viz. pig, pig-boy, and poetess, "entered Belfast."

being duly qualified in the capacity assumed. No shabby-genteel could persuade us he was the Duke of Northumberland, or the Earl of Fife. A gentleman of the press might try to delude us into the belief that he was guard to a mail-coach, but we should unkennel him *instanter*. It is not more than a year since, that a fellow whom we met on the Edinburgh waggon, from the White Horse, Cripplegate, as we were returning, trout-laden, from a fishing excursion, to Walton-Hall, introduced himself to us, on the strength of a poodle upper benjamin, as Mr John Thurtell, son of Mr Alderman Thurtell, (old Mr Coke's chief friend in Norwich,) and a sporting character; but before three minutes' conversation had taken place, we nosed him as the prime contributor to the New Monthly, coming down to write sketches of society and manners of Edinburgh for that agreeable miscellany. He had assumed Jack Thurtell's name, in hopes of getting into good company, and shewed us letters to a Mrs M'Koull, or M'Kolloch, or M'Milligan, or some such name, somewhere in the Cowgate. It would not do—we cut the connection—and gave the trouts to be dressed on our arrival, without asking him to pick a bone, though we saw the poor devil's mouth watering after them, evidently considering them to be the most desirable article that he could pick up on his tour.

But, as we said in the beginning of this critique, Sayings and Doings are from the hand of one who has seen the life he is describing. The plan of the stories is good; though he announces it rather too pompously, and does not stick very closely to it, after all. He professes to take a proverb, as the French farce-mongers are wont to do, and to work upon its illustration. Thus his first tale takes its cue from "Too much of one thing is good for nothing"—his second from, "All is not gold that glitters"—and the third and fourth from two other aphorisms equally pithy and venerable. To be sure, he is anything but a textual preacher, but this is a matter of infinitely little consequence. As novels and nouvellettes go at present, the story is not particularly valuable, and so the author of these sketches seems indeed to think, by not giving us anything in that way worth analysis.

The first story, for instance, may be told in half a dozen lines. Mr Burton marries Miss Gatcombe, a plain, good girl—lives happy with her—gets a huge property by the death of her uncle, Mr Danvers—wastes it in electioneering, and doing the magnifico—has the grace to keep his own comparatively small original income, to which he goes back quite contented—kisses his wife and children—talks twaddle—and if he does not live happy, why, quoth Mr Newberry, that you and I may. It is in detached characters and scenes that the author shines. The old uncle, and some electioneering manœuvres, are the most amusing bits about this story. Read, for example, the following, and say whether this world ever grinned over more exquisite farce. We wish we could copy ten pages more: but the whole thing will undoubtedly be *Terry*-fied. So let this suffice:—

"The old gentleman was a mannerist and an egotist—self-opiniated, obstinate, positive, and eternally differing with every body round him—his temper was soured by ill health; while, unfortunately for his associates, his immense fortune gave him, at least he thought it did, the power and authority to display all its little varieties in their full natural vigour.

"He was the meanest and most liberal man alive, the gentlest and the most passionate, alternately wise and weak, harsh and kind, bountiful and avaricious, just as his constitution felt the effects of the weather, or of society—he was, in short, an oddity, and had proved himself through life constant but to one object alone—his own aggrandizement: in this he had succeeded to his heart's content; and had at seventy-four, amassed sufficient wealth to make him always extremely uneasy, and at times perfectly wretched.

"When it is recollected that Mrs Burton was his only existing relative, that he was far advanced in years, infirm, and almost alone in the world, and that he had sought her out, and addressed a kind and affectionate letter to her, it may be easily supposed that she was not a little flattered and pleased by the event. She communicated to the dear partner of all her joys the unexpected incident. He entered immediately into her feelings, saw with her the prospects which the affections of this old gentleman opened to their view, and, without a moment's delay, resolved, as she had indeed suggested, that an invitation should be dispatched to Mr Danvers, to visit Sandown Cottage.

"The days which passed after this request was, with all due formality, sealed

with the Burton arms, addressed and conveyed to the post, were consumed in a sort of feverish anxiety. Mary had never known her uncle, never, of course, seen him, and the only thing intended to bear a resemblance to his person with which her eyes had been gratified, was a full-sized miniature, painted when he was twenty-one years of age, by a second-rate artist, representing him with his hair extremely well powdered, rolled in large curls over his ears, and tied behind with pink ribbands,—his cheeks blooming like the rose,—his solitaire gracefully twining round his neck, and falling over his shoulders, well contrasted with a French grey coat, edged with silver, and adorned with salmon-coloured frogs; a sprig of jessamine sprang from his button-hole, and a diagonal patch of court-plaster rested upon his off-cheek: by this record of his appearance, Mrs Burton had regulated her notions of his attractions: and whenever she heard her rich uncle Danvers spoken of, and his wealth descanted upon, she sighed with the Countess's page, 'he is so handsome, Susan!'

"In four days, however, the anxious couple received the following letter in reply to their invitation, which, as it is perhaps characteristic, I have transcribed *verbatim et literatim* from the original.

"'Ibbotson's Hotel, Vere Street,
Cavendish Square, April —, ——.

"'MY DEAR NIECE,

"'I duly received yours, dated the 5th inst. and have to acknowledge same. You might have spared your compliments, because, as the proverb says, 'Old birds are not caught with chaff.'—It will please me very much to go and see you and your husband: hope you have made a suitable match; at the same time, cannot help observing that I never heard the name of Burton, except as relating to strong ale, which I do not drink, because it makes me bilious. I cannot get to you yet, because I have promised my old friend General M'Cartridge to accompany him to Cheltenham, to drink the waters, which are recommended to me. I will perhaps go to you from Cheltenham the end of May, but I never promise, because I hate breaking a promise once made; and if I should find Cheltenham very pleasant, perhaps I shall not go to see you at all.

"'I thank you for your attention certainly, but I hate to be under obligation; I have therefore directed my agent to send you down, with great care, my two adjutants, which I have brought home with vast trouble, together with the largest rattle-snake ever imported alive into England. I meant them as presents to the Royal Society, but they have no place to keep them in, and therefore I want you to take care of them, as you tell me you have space about your house.

"'My kitmagar and a couple of coolies, or rather beasties, who have attended me to England, will look after them and keep them clean. The fact, that one of the adjutants is a cock, is satisfactory, and I am not without hopes of securing a breed of them to this country. I consider them a treasure, and I know by confiding them to you, I shall secure good treatment for them. You will allow the men to remain with them till farther advice from your affectionate uncle,

FRUMPTON DANVERS.

"'P.S. I am in hopes of being able to add two or three bucks from Cashmire to the collection.'

"'Bucks and adjutants, my dear?' exclaimed Mrs Burton, looking at her husband, and laying down the letter.

"'Goats and rattlesnakes, my love,' replied Burton, taking it up, and beginning mechanically to re-read it.—'Why, my angel, has your uncle got a menagerie?'

"'I am sure I do not know, Mr Burton,' said his wife, quite alarmed at the approaching invasion of their quiet retreat by a selection from the plagues of the universe.—'What an extraordinary fancy!'

"'Yes, Mary,' said Burton, 'it is certainly eccentric; but he is *your* uncle, my angel, and if he proposed to turn my paddock into play-grounds for a brace of elephants, I should consider it quite my duty to endeavour to accommodate myself to his wishes; the adjutants shall have the coach-house to themselves, and we will send the carriages down to the inn;—as for the rattle-snake—'

"'Hideous monster!' exclaimed Mary, 'Curious pet,' said Burton, 'we must take care of him at all events, or he will fascinate little Emma's canary birds, and eat up Fanny's lap-dog.'

"'Do you know I dread that animal more than all?' said Mrs Burton.

"'And in your situation, Mary,' said Burton,—by which we are to infer, that the said Mary was shortly expected to afford him a *third pledge* of affection—'What is to be done, dearest?'

"'But really, now, Tom, what *are* adjutants; and why put them into the coach-house?' asked Mary.

"'They are birds,' said Burton.

"'Birds!' exclaimed the astonished lady, who had made up her mind to a couple of well-dressed officers with an

epaulette and strap a-piece; 'if they are only birds, why not have their cage put either into our bed-chamber, or into the dressing-room?'

"'Dressing-room! cage!' exclaimed Burton; 'why, my dear girl, they are fourteen feet high, if they are an inch, as ravenous as tigers, and kick like donkies.'

"'Dear, dear!' murmured the affectionate Mary, 'and the poor children, what will become of them?'

"'Never mind, my little woman,' said the kind husband; 'we shall soon get used to them, and at all events, if we are doing our duty to an old and respected relation of yours, I shall be satisfied.'

"All, however, that had been anticipated, did by no means equal the reality of the arrival of these hideous animals: in less than five days appeared in a caravan, the enormous brace of birds, the coiling snake, seven Cashmire goats, a Cape jackass, imagined by Mr Danvers to be a zebra, because so called by Mr Vilette, four monkies 'of sorts,' and a couple of grey parrots, with shrill voices and *excellent lungs*.

"Such a scene was never represented at Sandown cottage as was enacted on this extraordinary day; for strange as were the adjutants, horrible as was the snake, odious as were the monkies, uncouth as were the goats, and noisy as were the parrots,—the kitmagars, and coolies, superintended by Mr Rice, the nabob's own man, were, to the quiet European establishment assembled, more horrible, more strange, more odious, more uncouth, and more noisy.

"First the birds were to be fed—a rabbit or two were to be caught for the rattle-snake—failing of which, a fine fowl ready prepared for an excellent *entrée* at dinner was hastily applied to the purpose. A charming portion of bread and milk just ready for Miss Fanny's supper was whipped up for the parrots; the zebra took fright at the goats, and broke loose into the kitchen-garden, while one of the monkies in search of provender, skipped over the head of a maid-servant, who was standing at the hall-door with the younger daughter of the family in her arms, and having nearly knocked down both nurse and child, whisked up stairs, and hid itself under one of the beds in the nursery.

"Such screamings, such pokings and scratchings with brooms and brushes, such squallings of children, such roarings of gardeners and keepers, such agonies of the terrified mother, such horrors of the agitated husband, such squallings of babes, such chattering of servants, in Malabar, Hindostanee, Cingalese, and every other jumbled language of the east, never were seen or heard; and it was near nine o'clock before Jackoo was secured, on the pinnacle of the best bed-room chimney-pot, and carried down to his proper lodging, amongst the other beauties of nature, or that peace was restored in the house, or dinner ready for the family."

The opponent of the hero at an election is quite as well drawn—nay, far better, for *he* is from the life. He is just the Knight of the Shire who represents the whole crew of bawling Whig patriots. The author, out of kindness, has suppressed some particulars, which would complete the picture, and which we would have inserted, were we writing the story, viz. lying, meanness, skulking, cowardice, bullying, shuffling, oppression, and stupidity,—all the main features of the Don Whig. What is it that a poet of our own says of that vagabond party?—

Sure I know in my heart
That Whigs ever have been
Tyrannic or turnspit,
Malignant or mean;
THEY WERE AND ARE SCOUNDRELS
IN EVERY SENSE,
AND SCOUNDRELS THEY WILL BE
A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

And of this party is Sir Oliver Freeman.

"Danvers was proposed, and, as was expected, an opposition candidate started in the person of Sir Oliver Freeman, whose barouche was left far behind himself, and who was literally carried into the town-hall upon the shoulders of the people.

"Sir Oliver was a patriot; and after Mr Danvers had been nominated and seconded amidst the most violent hootings and hissings, the worthy baronet's name was received with cheers, only equalled by those which had followed Danvers's health the night before, under his own roof.

"Sir Oliver Freeman was, as I have just said, a patriot—an emancipator of Roman Catholics, and a slave-trade abolitionist. He had disinherited his eldest son for marrying a Papist, and separated from his wife on account of the overbearing violence of his temper.

"He deprecated the return to cash-payments, and, while gold was scarce, refused to receive anything but guineas in payment of his rents. He advocated the cause of the Christian Greeks, and subscribed to Hone; he wept at agricultural distress, and never lowered his rents. He cried for the repeal of the Six Acts,

and prosecuted poachers with the utmost rigour of the law; he was a saint, and had carried an address to Brandenburgh. He heard family prayers twice every day, and had a daughter by the wife of a noble Earl, his neighbour; which daughter the said noble Earl recognized and acknowledged, though by no means doubtful of her origin.

"He moreover spent much of his time in endeavouring to improve the condition of poor prisoners, and introduced the tread-mill into the county gaol; he subscribed for the Irish rebels, and convicted poor women at quarter-sessions of the horrible crime of mendicity; was president of a branch Bible society, and seduced his wife's housemaids; was a staunch advocate for parliamentary reform, and sat ten years for a rotten borough; made speeches against tithes, being one of the greatest lay-impropriators in the kingdom; talked of the glorious sovereignty of the people, and never missed a levee or a drawing-room in his life.

"Thus qualified, Sir Oliver Freeman stood forward a son of freedom, who, on this special occasion, had declared he would *spend fifty thousand pounds* to maintain the *independence* of his native county."

It so happens, that this first tale is our principal favourite; and as it contains specimens of all the author's best powers, we shall venture to make our quotations almost entirely from it. Nothing, we think, can be better than the *contrasts* under which he exhibits his couple. Hogarth's two nameless prints are not better fancied than these two dinners given to Mr and Mrs Burton Danvers—one *before*, and the other *after* their elevation. Here is the *Before*:—

"Previous to their departure for London, the Duchess invited the Burtons to dinner; the invitation was accepted and the party made. Not a soul except the apothecary of the neighbouring town was there; the dinner was served up magnificently at seven o'clock; it lasted till twenty minutes after eight; the champagne needed nothing colder to chill it than the company; the daughters spoke only to their brothers, the brothers only to their parents; Burton was placed on the right of the Duchess, Kilman the apothecary on her left: the whole of her Grace's conversation was directed to the latter, and turned upon the nature of infection, in a dissertation on the relative dangers of typhus and scarlet fever, which was concluded by an assurance on the part of her Grace, that she would endeavour to prevail upon Doctor Somebody from London to come down and settle in the neighbourhood—a piece of information which was received by her medical hearer with as much composure as a man could muster while listening to intelligence likely to overturn his practice and ruin his family.

"The Duke drank wine with Mrs Burton, and condescended to inquire after her little one; his Grace then entered into a lengthened dissertation with his second son upon the mode of proceeding he intended to adopt in visiting Oxford the next morning; and concluded the dialogue by an elaborate panegyric upon his own character, that of his children, his horses, his wines, and his servants.

"After a brief sitting, the ladies retired, and coffee being shortly brought to the dinner-table, the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room, which they found occupied only by her Grace and Mrs Burton: the Lady Elizabeth having retired with a head-ach, and the Lady Jane having accompanied her as nurse.

"About this period a small French clock on the chimney-piece struck ten: never were sounds so silvery sweet on mortal ear as those to Mrs Burton. Her misery had been complete; for, in addition to the simple horror of a *tete-à-tete* with the Duchess—a thing in itself sufficient to have frozen a salamander—her Grace had selected as a subject for conversation the science of craniology, the name of which, thanks to her unsophistication, had never reached Mary's ears; and the puzzle she was in to make out what it was, to what body it referred, to what part of a body, or what the organs were, to which her Grace kept perpetually alluding, may better be conceived than imagined. The Duchess voted Mary a simpleton; Mary set her Grace down for a bore; and Mary, with all her simplicity, was the nearer the mark of the two.

"Who, after retiring from a party blazing in all the splendour of feathers, finery, dress, diamonds, gewgaws, and gaiety, has not felt the exquisite charm of the quiet repose of home? Who has not experienced the joy of casting off restraint, and throwing one's self into one's own comfortable chair by one's own fireside, and thanking one's stars that the trouble of pleasure is over? If we all have felt that, we may easily imagine the sensations of our domesticated couple, when they found themselves relieved from the horrid restraint of Milford Park—the bolt uprightness with which Mary

sat upon the hard shining sky-blue silk sofa with the Duchess, was abandoned for the disembarrassed lounge on her own ottoman; and the cold, formal, half-whispered conversation, of which little was to be heard sounding through the spacious saloon, save the sibilations of the s's's which occurred in the course of it, metamorphosed into comfortable chat, replete with *piquant* remarks upon their dear friends, and interlarded here and there with sundry little coaxings and kissings, to which, although married nearly a year and half, Mr Burton considered himself still entitled.

"This domestic *tete-à-tete* concluded with the comfortable resolution, that they were much happier than the Duke and Duchess; that nothing could induce them, with all contingencies to boot, to change lots; and they retired to rest, congratulating themselves that the day was over, and the events of it not likely soon to recur."

Here again is the *After*—or rather we should say part of it, for the whole evening is quite as delightful. We are no longer Mr and Mrs Burton, but Mr and Mrs Burton Danvers, so please you; with somewhere about ten millions in the bank, and elsewhere, just come to us.

"The Duke's dinner was splendid in the extreme; but the company, instead of being confined to a family party, aided by a country apothecary, as it was on the last visit of our hero and heroine, consisted of two cabinet ministers and their ladies, a leash of earls, a countess and two daughters, one English baron, two Irish ditto, a judge and daughter, a full general; together with a small selection of younger scions of noble stock, in and out of Parliament, and a couple of established wits to entertain the company.

"The poor, dear, mild, innocent Mary, felt oppressed, as if she were all flattened down upon her chair, and had no right to be in the room; and when the Earl of Harrogate, who sat next her at dinner, asked her by way of starting a conversation, whether she preferred Ronzi di Bengis to Camporese, her apprehension grew into perfect alarm, for never having heard of either of these personages or things, whichever they might be, which his Lordship named, it appeared to her somewhat difficult to decide. This, if she had been used to good society, would have been nothing. As it was, her answer was less happy than might be imagined; for the question having been put to her in the midst of a prevailing discussion between the Duke and a flighty Countess, upon the comparative merits of Silleri and St Peray, the unsophisticated woman concluded that her neighbour wished to ascertain her opinion of some other wines, with the names of which she happened to be unacquainted, and in order to do what she thought right, she replied to his inquiry on the comparative excellence of the two opera-singers, by saying, 'Whichever you choose, my Lord!'

"His Lordship set Mrs Danvers down either for a wag, or one of the most complying persons upon earth. However, he determined to renew the attack, and ascertain more of the character of his fair friend, and therefore, turning again to her, inquired if she 'liked the Opera?'

"This question, which passed with her for changing the subject, was a great relief. She answered in the affirmative; and it was truth that she *did* like it, for its novelty, having visited the King's theatre but twice in her life.

"'So do I,' said the Earl; 'but I am seldom able *to make it out*.'

"'Nor I,' said poor Mrs Danvers; 'and it is certainly a great drawback to one's pleasure.'

"'What, Ma'am, not going?' said the Earl, still fancying his fair friend a wag.

"'No, my Lord; not understanding what they say; not being able *to make it out*.'

"'Oh,' said his Lordship, with an affected gravity, which shewed that he had *made her out*, and which would have been instant death to a person more skilled in the ways of the world.

"From this embarrassment, she was agreeably relieved by her left-hand neighbour, who began a dissertation upon the relative wit of the French and English, and contended with much force and gaiety for the superiority of the former.

"'For instance,' said his Lordship, 'I remember a French loyalist shewing me the statue of Buonaparte resting on a triumphal car, in the Place de Carousel: but hating the man, he pointed to the figure, and said, with incomparable archness, 'Voilà Bonaparte; *le Char-l'attend!*' The same man, on my remarking the letter N used as a decoration for the public buildings in Paris, said, "Oui, Monsieur, nous avons à présent les *N-mis partout*." These,' added the gay narrator, 'I establish in opposition to any English puns I ever heard; and I appeal to my neighbour, Mrs Danvers, to decide between the jokes of my admirable friends (the wits) at the bottom of the table, and those which my French acquaintance

sported to me spontaneously, and without effort or consideration.'

"This was the climax of poor Mary's misery; for, in addition to the diffidence she naturally felt at her first entrance into *real* society, she laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing the French language, or, if knowing anything of it, assuredly not enough to decide upon, or even entirely to comprehend, the double meaning of the jests.

"She coloured, and fidgeted, and thought herself fainting. Burton, who sat opposite to her, heard what was going on, and saw her agitation,—he was quite as miserable as herself. Any attempt to extricate her would have risked an exposure; but, as good fortune would have it, just as Mr Trash was puzzling his brains either to make an extempore joke, or exert his available memory, by quoting one from the well-known authority of Mr Joseph Miller, the Duchess, who had no taste for the buffoonery of her husband's retainers, gave the welcome signal of retreat to the drawing-room."

One little specimen of our author's style of sketching the locale of a story. In a very different style to be sure from the opening of St Ronan's Well, (the best opening by the way, since that of the Antiquary,) but still in its own style complete, perfect, unsurpassable is this opening of "The Friend of the Family."

"My country-town is situated in a valley; it is watered by a river, the river is crossed by a bridge, over which passes the high London road. In the centre of the main street stands an old 'Town Hall,' supported by rustic columns without capitals, which columns are ordinarily covered with notices of sales, advertisements of linen-drapery, promises of wealth and glory to aspiring young heroes willing to enlist for the East Indies, and notices of Quarter Sessions, and of Acts of Parliament intended to be applied for.

"This Town-Hall is ornamented with a clock, which does not go, surmounted by a rusty weathercock; opposite to the clock, and moreover on the shady side of the building, is placed a sun-dial, whose gnomon is distorted, and whose face is adorned with a quaint apothegm.

"On one side of the street, somewhat retired from it, stands the church: a neatly trimmed walk leads from the street diagonally to its door, across a cemetery undulating with rustic graves, where sleep the 'pride of former days,' remembered only by the brief and pithy poems which adorn their grave-stones, or in the hearts of those who loved, and who are destined, after a little more of trouble, to follow them.

"Beyond the church-yard, and accessible by another road, you just see the parsonage, a white and ancient house, having three pointed gables, with towers of chimneys in the intervening valleys of roof. The gardens are prettily laid out, and the river, which you cross on entering the town, (not navigable) runs through them, and looks black in its clearness as it ripples under the thick and tangled foliage of the intermingling trees.

"Nearly opposite to the church, somewhat conspicuously placed, stands bolt upright, in all its London pertness, a house, which, at the time I commence my narrative, belonged to Mr Amos Ford, attorney-at-law, and (consequently) gentleman. The door, illustrated by a brass knocker of considerable size, confined towards its knob by a staple, was so contrived as effectually to secure it from the depredations of itinerant wags, who occasionally carry their suburban jests far out of the bills of mortality.

"At the corner of the market-place is THE shop, where *everybody* buys *everything*, —full of flannels, and lace, and tapes, and bonnets, and toys, and trinkets, looking dark, and smelling fustily. On the first floor over it, at the time of which I speak, lodged Captain Hogmore, an officer on the recruiting service, who might be seen every day, Sundays excepted, from ten till two, seated at a table covered with dusty green baize, whereon stood a furred decanter and a squat tumbler, wherein to pour, and whereout of to drink, some milky-looking water contained in the bottle, by way of refreshment from his else intermitting labours upon the German flute.

"Towards the extremity of the town there stood an 'Academy for young gentlemen, by the Rev. R. Birch and Assistants;' next door to which was 'Mrs Tickle's Establishment for young Ladies.' This, however, does not say much for the *locality*; for it rarely occurs (*why*, I leave to the saints and sages of this era of enlightenment to decide) that one sees a school for boys without a contiguous seminary for girls.

"After you pass the turnpike, you see on your left, Burrowdale Park, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Belmont, a spacious mansion in the full uniform of bad taste, red brick with white facings—a pimple on the beautiful face of Nature: in the days of which I treat, not a daisy presumed to lift its head above the smooth

surface of the well-mown lawn before it: everything was niceness, order, and precision; geraniums, tortured over fans in pots of the brightest scarlet, lined the steps which led up to the hall-door, like gentlemen pensioners in the presence-chamber—everything shone in spotless neatness: the steps themselves were as white as snow, and the well-oiled weathercock on the stables, as it silently veered with the wind, glittered in the sun with a bird-dazzling brightness.

"The noble owner of Burrowdale was, at the time we begin our history, absent; he had been our minister at a foreign court for seven years; and had been honoured, in approbation of his conduct, with the Civil Grand Cross of the Bath. During his Lordship's absence, Burrowdale Hall was let furnished to Mr and Lady Honoria Humbug, who, with the three lovely Misses Humbug, usually passed their summer months of September, October, and November, in that dignified retirement."

The tale which opens so exquisitely is, we regret to say, by far the most atrocious specimen of the improbable in this species of fiction, that we have for some time happened to meet with. There is an Attorney blacker than all the Ferrets, who acts the part, not only of a knave, which is right, but of an arrant fool, throughout, which is wrong; and a Methodist girl, who runs off after half an hour's courtship, not with the Methodist Parson, but with a resuscitation of our worthy friend Sylvester Daggerwood. Finally, there is an ambassador, who, after being quizzed through fifty pages, as a solemn ass, turns out, evidently with an eye to relieving the story of some of its embarrassments, one of the finest and most manly fellows in the world.

Of the third tale, which bears the title of "Mertoun," we need not say much more.

It is a puzzled tale of a fellow who is always half an hour, or thereabouts, late, and gets through all sort of misfortunes in marrying a wife, or losing one, or in being sentenced to be hanged, which, by the way, is but a second edition of the History of Ambrose Gwynneth—whitewashed in an insolvent court, crossed in love, &c. &c. There is in it, however, a great deal of well drawn character, and some most amusing scenes. "Martha the Gipsy" is the concluding story; but what do we in this land of mist and mountain, where wraiths and bogles bloom in all varieties, care about a Gipsy of Cockaigne, whose powers are confined to upsetting a shandrydan in the hands of a Cockney driver—killing a girl in the green-sickness—and sending a pursy citizen out of the world, after eating a hundred weight of plum-cake on Twelfth Night! Not a blackberry.

The merit of this book lies not, as we have already hinted, in the formation of fables—the chief beauty in that department may be expressed in one word, *simplicity*. One understands perfectly what the author's drift is; and, in this view, these things remind us of some of Miss Edgeworth's charming minor tales; but beyond this, the admiration one feels is not excited by anything connected with the plot, but merely the extraordinary brilliancy and lightness of the writer's touch in hitting off the scenes and the characters of actual life, high and middle—for, as to low life, he fails just as much as Lady Morgan does in high. The eye of a keen playful wit and satirist has been upon the world in a vast variety of its spheres of action and affectation, and here we have "the harvest of that *un*quiet eye." Old frowsy diamond-loaded dowagers—cold stately duchesses—pompous G. C. B.'s—wits *a la* Sidney Smith, or Rogers—crack men from *the* house—knowing young guardsmen and lancers—in short, the picture of St James's parish is unrolled, and if it be not all finished up with equal labour, one sees at least that it has been all sketched and rubbed in by the same free, flowing, and unfearing hand.

We hope the author will soon appear again; and we hope also that he will then do that which he at present only says he has done—that is, *illustrate proverbs*. The Maxims which he has severally printed at the end of his tales, in capital letters, are no doubt old, good, and true; but they are, one and all of them, very far from being the proverbs that an English Sancho Panza would have quoted as most applicable to the matters in hand. To illustrate the proverb, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," we have the history of a family who are made *too* rich. Well; and why not the history of a man who is too bold—or of a woman who is too gentle—

or of any excess? We have proverbs enough appropriate to riches, and to riches only—as, "'Tis a bad ear that is too heavy for the stalk"—"If you fill the poke too well, you will burst it," &c. &c. &c.—and so of all the others. Our author has never dipt even into the miserable collection of old Ray.

We perceive that this book is placarded in the windows of some of our northern bibliopoles as Theodore Hook's. Hook, however, is like Christian in Peveril of the Peak: He is blamed for everything. Be it his or not, the book is a most airy and sprightly specimen of true man-of-the-world observation, and true man-of-the-world writing, too; and, as we have spoiled our copy with the extracts, we trust the culprit, whoever he be, will send us a large-paper one immediately, autograph and all, to stand many shelves nearer to the *Diable Boiteux* than anything that has appeared for some time.

Let him remember also that the Diable Boiteux preceded the Gil Blas.

We observe that a note from Mr ODoherty, now on our table, refers to this work. So let it go forth *in puris*.

NOTE FROM MR ODOHERTY.

Dear North,

Nothing like humbug. What think you of the following prime specimen—from an arch enemy, too, (*soi-disant* at all events)? Just turn up that most commendable anti-Whig and anti-pluckless work, entitled, "Sayings and Doings." Cut him up at volume II. p. 192, and you will find it written in these words:—

"It is really astonishing! and great credit is due to the refinement of the present age!! which has banished the vice of drunkenness from all civilized and well-regulated society!! It has accompanied," &c. &c. &c. *Ohe! jam satis!*

And you are the lad that shew up the *Humbug* family, name and surname, so nobly in this very volume?

Seriously, North, let me recommend the above as most supereminent humbug. The refinement of the age, quoth he. Drinking is gone by in the self-styled upper ranks, *because* fashion insists on champagne and other such stuff, which being dear and weak, does not suit the pauper pockets of the ton leaders; and for no other reason in the world. My poor Lord ——, who can just afford enough to keep a carriage, and a group of locust-like servants, of no comfort or use to him, and is condemned to wear an unending succession of hats, and coats, and breeches, and shoes abominably made, vile in taste and paltry in execution, at fifteen times their price, who, in a word, must consult for the outside, to the manifest detriment of the interior of his corporal man, declares that drinking is *low*, because he cannot afford what is lordly, and is too sadly afraid of his blackguard servants, to indulge in plebeian tipple; and my lady, who has to pull the devil by the tail, to do the amiable at her humdrum rows, votes gentlemen dinners a bore, and staying over the wine beastly; but God help your head; the nobility of England still uncork their bottles; so do the fox-hunters; so do the army and navy; so do the literati; so does, I venture to say, the very writer of the above piece of stuff, which I should refute at length were I so minded; but having an idea of writing a series of lectures on the subject, I shall here refrain. I only beg leave to put in my protest against *gentility* being adduced as a sufficient reason for shortening the compotations of our forefathers. Adduce whatever you please against it, but believe me, *that* is only held up as a cover-slut for poverty, and innate shabbiness, wherever it occurs. *Experto crede.*

Writer of Sayings and Doings, had not you a bucket of Glenlivet under your belt just about the time you wrote the above? I lay you a dinner for the present company (14) you had. M. OD.

Ambrose's, Athens,
March 17, 3 A.M.

CROLY'S COMEDY.*

A Comedy by the author of Catiline, and Paris in 1815, is worth noticing even by us who have long since given up criticizing the Acted Drama of London. We could not bear to wade through the stuff of Consciences, Bellamiras, Mirandolas, &c. written by ingenious gentlemen—acted with much applause—affording fine opportunities for developing the genius of the Keans, the Macreadys, and the other great and mighty persons who perform parts in plays—puffed by the Illustrissimi who critique for the newspapers—printed to the detriment of the bibliopolic tribe—forgotten at the end of the season,—and already employed usefully in lining trunks, covering pattepans, or affording succedanea to gentlemen—shaving, or occupied in any other similar operation. We were sick of hearing people talking *pro* and *con* on such things. Feeling for the best of them, only the steady intensity of contempt, we never opened our lips on the subject, and forgot the theatre as much as decent people in general appear to have done.

But we could not treat Croly in this *de-haut-en-bas* sort of fashion. His comedy was performed with vast and unanimous approbation—a circumstance which, to be sure, we, who know what kind of a poor thing a London audience is, do not value overmuch—and here it is published in a day or two afterwards, which brings it fairly under our critical eye. We have just a few pages to spare, and we may as well fill them up with a hearty analysis, and specimens of the play, as do anything else. The plot is simple, affording but few incidents, and turning, of course, on a crossing in love, with, as comedy is bound to do, a happy explanation and amendment of all untoward events. The scene is in Palermo; it opens with a serenade under the windows of old Count Ventoso, a grocer, ennobled by the death of a distant relative, whose son had long been absent, and was supposed to be lost. The serenading part is brought in honour of his second daughter Leonora, by a scape-grace adventurer, named Torrento, who is persuading her to elope with him. She is on the point of complying when the serenaders, discontented with scanty payment, raise a tumult which wakes the household, and she retreats from the window. Torrento on expostulating angrily with his band, finds that two of them are constables employed to arrest him for a duel transaction; and they accordingly, after an ineffectual struggle, carry him off to jail. In the next scene we are introduced to Count Ventoso, who testily bewails the troubles occasioned by his newly acquired grandeur, but his lamentations are interrupted by his wife, (a lady of rather domineering habits,) who informs him that Lorenzo, the accepted suitor of their elder daughter, Victoria, had arrived, and would certainly expect his promised bride. Lorenzo is a captain of hussars—fair and handsome, as becomes a hero of a play—but of humble birth, on which account the Countess urges his rejection in their altered circumstances, and extorts a reluctant consent from her husband. The next scene we shall let speak for itself.—

VENTOSO *and the* COUNTESS *hurry in.*

Coun. 'Tis he! he's in the porch.
Go, turn him back,
Tell him, *I'll* not receive him.

Ven. (*Agitated.*) I go?—turn?—
Not for a cargo!—

Vic. Whom?

Ven. Lorenzo! girl.

Vic. Lorenzo!—Heavens!—I dare not meet him now.

Coun. Where's the child flying to? [*Holding her.*

Vic. Let me begone,
Or see me die before you. [*She rushes out.*

Ven. Let *me* begone, and deal with him yourself.

Coun. Here you must stay.

Ven. (*Listening.*) Let me but get my sword;
There's battery and bloodshed in his heels.

LORENZO *enters in high animation. He takes their hands.*

Lor. My noble father! Countess mother too!
I heard of your good fortune at the port,

* Pride shall have a Fall: A Comedy, in Five Acts—with Songs. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable G. Canning. First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, March 11, 1824. London, printed for Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside; and 8, Pall-Mall. 1824.

And give you joy! I came on wings to you.
Where is Victoria? [*They stand sullenly.*
(*Anxiously.*)—Is she ill?
Coun. No! well.
Lor. Then, all is well.
Ven. What shall I say to him? [*Aside.*
(*Embarrassed.*)—How go the wars? You've had hard fighting, sir?
Lor. Blows, as was natural; beds, as it pleased Fate,
Under the forest-trees, or on the sands,—
Or on the billows. Where's Victoria, mother?
Coun. Mother, forsooth!
[*She walks away haughtily.*
Ven. You had rare plundering in Morocco;—Silks,
The genuine Persian—Cachmere shawls—
Lor. None, none.
Ven. Bottles of Attar—jewels!
Lor. Not a stone!
Where is my love? (*He calls.*) Victoria!
Ven. (*Gravely.*) Hear me, sir;
Our house has had new honours,—large estates
Have found their heirs in us.
Lor. I've heard all this.
Coun. How he flames out!
Ven. It is the custom here
That like shall wed with like——
Lor. Custom of fools!
No! wise and worldly, but not made for *us.*
I am plain spoken;—love her—know no art,
But such as is the teaching of true love;
And as I won, will wear her. Count, your hand!
This is to try me.—Yet, what's in your speech,
That thus it hangs so freezing on your lip?
Out with the worst at once. Your answer, Lord.
Ven. Our name's ennobled.
Coun. Are you *answered* now!
My child, unless she find a noble spouse,
Shall die unmarried.
Lor. (*In sudden dejection.*) Is it come to this? [*Turning away.*
'Tis true, I should have learnt humility:
True, I am nothing; nothing have—but hope!
I have no ancient birth,—no heraldry;—
(*Contemptuously.*)
No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield;
I cheat no rabble, like your Charlatans,
By flinging dead men's dust in idiots' eyes;
I work no miracles with buried bones;
I belt no broken and distemper'd shape
With shrivell'd parchments pluck'd from mouldy shelves;
Yet, if I stoop'd to talk of ancestry,
I had an ancestor, as old and noble
As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam!
Coun. 'Twere best stop there. You knew the fisherman,
By the Palazza! [*Tauntingly.*
Ven. (*To the Countess.*) Will you have swords out? [*Aside.*
Lor. (*With dignity.*) The man who gave me being, though—no *Lord,*
Was Nature's nobleman,—an honest man!
And prouder am I, at this hour to stand,
Unpedestall'd, but on his lowly grave,
Than if I tower'd upon a monument
High as the clouds with rotten infamy.
(*Calls.*)—Come forth, sweet love; and tell them how they've wrong'd
Your constant faith.
Ven. (*To the Countess, aside.*) He'll have the house down else.
Coun. You shall be satisfied. Now, mark my words! [*She goes out.*
Lor. (*Turning on Ventoso.*) What treachery's this?
Your answer, sir. I'll not be scorn'd in vain!
Ven. (*Agitated.*) Saint Anthony, save us! I foresaw it all—
Left here alone with this—rhinoceros!
[*Aside.*
(*To Lorenzo.*)—Nay, Captain, hear but reason; let's be friends.
My wife—all womankind must have their will—
Please her, and buy a title.
Lor. Title, fool!
Ven. (*Following him, soothingly.*)
Then half the world are fools. The thing 's dog-cheap,
Down in the market, fifty below par;
They have them at all prices—stars and strings;
Ay, from a ducat upwards—you'll have choice,
Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour, goats,
Swans with two necks, gridirons and geese! By Jove,
My doctor, nay, my barber, is a knight,
And wears an order at his button-hole,
Like a field-marshal.
VICTORIA *enters, urged by the* COUNTESS. LORENZO *rushes over to her.*
Lor. (*Gazing on her.*) Victoria, love! I knew thou wert unchanged,
As is thy beauty. Ay, this faithful lip
Keeps its true crimson, and this azure eye,
As blue as heaven, is, far as heaven, above
Our fickleness of nature.
Vic. (*Agitated.*) Sir! this is painful.
Stand beside me *now.*
[*To the Countess, aside.*

We know you—a most honour'd gentleman—
A Cavalier accomplished.
You will find
Others more worthy of your love.—Farewell—
I do beseech you, sir, forget this day,
And with it—*me.*
[*She sinks into the Countess's arms.*
Coun. (*To Lor.*) Are you convinced at last?
Ven. You see the tide's against you.
[*To Lor.*
Lor. (*In anguish.*) All's undone!
(*He returns suddenly, and takes her hand as they are leading her away.*)
Victoria, look upon me!—
See the face
Of one to whom you were heart, wealth, and world,
When the sun scorch'd us,—when the forest shade,
Worse than the lances of the fiery Moor,
Steep'd us in poisonous dews,—I thought of *you,*
I kiss'd this picture (*Taking out her miniature*) and was well again.
When others slept, I follow'd every star,
That stoop'd upon Palermo, with my prayers!
In battle with the Moor, I thought of *you,*
Worshipp'd your image with a thousand vows,
And would have faced ten thousand of their spears
To bring back honours, which before your feet,
Where lay my heart already, should be laid.
In health and sickness, peril, victory,
I had no thought untwined with *your* true love.
Coun. (*Impatiently turning to Ventoso.*)
Why don't you talk to him?—
No blood of mine
Shall link with any *trooper* of them all.
I'll have no knapsacks in *my* family; (*To Lorenzo.*)
I'll have no barracks, and no Hectors here;
No captains, with their twenty wives apiece,
Scuffling about my house; no scarlet rogues,
Who think their tags and feather titles good
To noble heiresses.
Ven. (*Agitated.*)—Wife, lead her in—
(Those women—Oh, those women!—plague on plague!) [*Aside.*
(*To Lorenzo.*) Come here again—to-morrow—when you will—
But leave us now.
(*To the Countess.*) The girl will die.
To Lorenzo. Good day.
Lor. (*To Victoria.*)—One word.
Vic. My parents have commanded, sir,
And I—I must—obey them.
[*She is overpowered.*
Lor. (*In anguish.*)—Faith's gone to heaven. I should have sworn the gold
Of India could not thus have slain true love!
Victoria, hear me.
(*To Ventoso.*)
Where's your honour, sir?
(*Turning away contemptuously.*)
No; I'll not stop my free, recovered heart,
To play the mendicant. Farewell to love;
Henceforth, let venerable oaths of men,
And women's vows, though all the stars of heaven
Were listening,—be forgotten,—light as dust!—
Go, woman! (*She weeps.*)—Tears!—ay, all the sex can weep!
Be high and heartless! I have done with thee!
[*Rushes out.*
Vic. Lorenzo!——Lost for ever!—
Coun. Would the fool follow him?
[*She holds her.*
Ven. Speak kinder, wife,
Her hand's like ice.—Those women!
[*Sustaining her*
Vic. (*Feebly.*) Lead me in.
Where's Leonora?
Coun. Run away, no doubt.
Call her, to help my lady to her coach.
Ven. (*Musing.*)—Lorenzo's wrath is roused. He'll find revenge.
He'll loose his comrades at us, hunt us down,
We'll be the scoff o' the city. All's undone.
Coun. The girl shall have a noble—she's a match
For a Magnifico.
Ven. For any man!
(Had she her mother's tongue.) [*Aside.*

The second act brings Lorenzo's brother officers on the stage. They are in a billiard-room, playing, joking, and quarrelling, as befalls, when he arrives dejected from his interview. They get from him the secret of his sorrows. When they hear that he is rejected on the score of inferiority of rank, and that the service has been affronted in his person, their *esprit de corps* rises, and they suggest that the pride of the family should be humbled by intruding an impostor into it, as a fit match for the daughter. One of them is acquainted with the jailor of Palermo, and proposes to go to the prison, there to pick up a suitable

character. It is agreed on. The jailor musters his prisoners—and after some bustle and humour, Torrento (who joyfully consents, when he finds he can thereby procure an introduction to Ventoso's house) is selected. Prison discipline, we must say, must be more lax in Sicily than in England, for we find the jailor consenting, without difficulty, to let out the prisoner for a week, on the verbal responsibility of O'Shannon—a Hibernian, major of the corps. Torrento is to pass as the Prince de Pindemonte, the Viceroy of Sicily, who has not yet arrived at his government; and money, dress, introductions, &c. to support the character, are supplied by the officers.

In the third act we have Victoria alone. She sings—

VICTORIA *alone.*

Farewell! I've broke my chain at last!
I stand upon life's fatal shore!
The bitterness of death is past,
Nor love nor scorn can wring me more.
I lov'd, how deeply lov'd! Oh, Heaven!
To thee, to thee the pang is known;
Yet, traitor, be thy crime forgiven,
Mine be the shame, the grief alone!

The maddening hour when first we met,
The glance, the smile, the vow you gave;
The last wild moment haunt me yet;
I feel they'll haunt me to my grave!—
Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;
Thou idle tear, no longer flow;
And may that Heav'n he dar'd deceive,
Forgive, as I forgive him now.

Too lovely, oh, too lov'd, farewell!
Though parting rends my bosom strings,
This hour we part!—The grave shall tell
The thought that to my spirit clings.
Thou pain, above all other pain!
Thou joy, all other joys above!
Again, again I feel thy chain,
And die thy weeping martyr—LOVE.

(*She walks in agitation.*)

Vic. Oh! what decaying, feeble, fickle things
Are lovers' oaths! There's not a light in heaven
But he has sworn by; not a wandering air,
But he has loaded with his burning vows,
To love me, serve me, through all sorrows, scorns;
Ay, though I trampled him: and yet one word,
Spoke, too, in maiden duty, casts him off,
Like a loosed falcon! No! he never loved.
Leonora enters with vivacity. She calls, entering.
Leon. Victoria! sister! there's a sight abroad—
(*She looks in her face with surprise.*)
What! weeping?
Vic. (*Embarrassed.*)—Girl, 'tis nothing—Chance—'tis done.
Leon. (*Looking at her anxiously.*)—
Nothing, sweet sister! here are heavy signs
Of a pain'd spirit; sighs upon your lips,
Blushes, that die away like summer hues
On the cropt rose; and here's a heaving heart,
The very beat of woe! (*She presses her hand upon Victoria's side.*)
[*A distant flourish of horns is heard.*
Vic. (*Listening in surprise.*)—What sounds are those?
Leon. I flew to tell you there's a sight i' th' square,
Worth all the faithless lovers in the world!
Vic. Let's rail at love. [*Musing.*
Leon. (*Laughing.*)—Ay, a whole summer's day.
Vic. (*Earnestly.*)—Love is the lightest folly of the earth;
An infant's toy, that reason throws away;
A dream, that quits our eyelids with a touch;
A music, dying as it leaves the lip;
A morning cloud, dissolved before the sun;
Love is the very echo of weak hearts;
The louder for their emptiness; a shade,
A colour of the rainbow;—vanity!
Leon. (*Laughing, half aside.*)—She will forswear the world.
[*A flourish of distant music.*
Ven. (*Outside, calling.*)—Marcello—Pedro—
Vic. (*Startled.*)—My father's voice—'tis angry—
Leon. Here's a shade,
We can escape.
[*They go behind the screen.*

This tumult is caused by the arrival of the mock prince's letter, offering his hand. The fraud imposes on the old couple, and Victoria consents, through spleen, rather too easily in our opinion. Meanwhile Lorenzo is torn with anxiety. He misses Victoria's picture, which he forgets he had given the Irish major.

Lor. Victoria's picture lost!—Yet how 'twas lost,
Baffles all thought;—'twas lodged upon my heart,
Where it lay ever, my companion sweet,
Feeding my melancholy with the looks,
Whereon once lived my love.
(*To the Attendant.*) Go, boy; take horse,
And hurry back that loiterer.
[*Musing, and looking at the casement.*
How lovely thro' those vapours soars the moon!

Like a pale spirit, casting off the shroud
As it ascends to Heaven!
(*He rises, and goes to the casement.*)
Woman's all false.
Victoria! at this hour what solemn vows,
What deathless contracts, lovely hopes, rich dreams,
Were uttered in the presence of the moon!
Why, there was not a hill-top round the Bay,
But in our thoughts was made a monument,
Inscribed with gentle memories of Love!
Upon yon mount our cottage should be built,
Unmatched since Paradise;—upon the next,
A beacon should be raised, to light me home
From the Morocco wars; the third should bear
The marble beauty of the patron saint,
That watch'd me in the field—
Enter SPADO.
Return'd at last?
Have you brought back the picture? Where was't found?
Or give it without words.
Spa. I've ranged the city,
Ransacked the jewel mart, proclaimed the loss,
With offer of reward, throughout the streets,
Yet still it is unfound.
Lor. (*Agitated.*)—I'll not believe it.
You have played truant! 'tis not three days since
I saved you from the chain.
Spa. I know it well.
Signior Torrento, with whom I had—starved,
Left me to rob, or perish in the streets.
Lor. I'll make the search myself; bring me my cloak.
Spa. (*Going, returns.*)—There are grand doings in the square to-night;
The Villa is lit up.
Lor. (*In surprise.*)—The Count Ventoso's!
Spa. From ground to roof, the walls are in a flame
With lamps, and burning torches; blazoned shields
Fill all the casements, from which chaplets hang,
And bridal banners;
[*Lorenzo in agitation.*
Then, the companies
Of city music, in their gay chaloupes,
Play on the waters; all the square is thick
With gazing citizens.
Lor. (*Musing.*)—Ventoso's house?
Spa. I wish 't were burnt; there never came a night,
This bitter week, but found me at its gate,
Shiv'ring, and singing with my gay Signior.
Lor. Torrento! [*In surprise.*
Spa. Nay, I saw the lady come,
Ready to make a love march.
Lor. Falsehood!
Spa. (*Bowing.*) Truth!
Lor. She could not sink so deep.
[*Aside.*
(*To Spado.*) When was this seen?
Spa. Twelve hours before you hired me.
Lor. (*Agitated.*) 'Twas the day,—
The very day I landed.
Woman, woman!
This was your fainting; this the secret shame,
That choked your voice, filled your sunk eyes with tears,
Made your cheek burn, then take death's sudden hue;
This was the guilty memory, that shook
Your frame at sight of me.
(*To Spado.*) What did you hear?
Spa. Nothing! but that some luckless, loving dog,
Some beggar suitor, some old hanger-on,
Was just kick'd out amid the general laugh.
Lor. Insult and infamy!
For what? for whom? [*Half aside.*
Spa. For a Magnifico—a Don of dons.
A Prince—sups there to-night.
Lor. (*Musing.*) And for that knave,
That prison-prince, was all their jubilee?
So much the better! When the mask 's torn off,
'Twill make surprise the sharper; Shame, more shame;
The rabble's laugh strike with a louder roar
Into their startled ears—
(*To Spado.*) Some paper, sir.
(*Musing.*) That slave shall marry her!
They run to the net
Faster than scorn could drive them.
Let them run.
[*He writes, reading at intervals.*
"I have abandoned,"—"Marry her,"—
"Five hundred crowns more."
[*He rises.*
This—Signior Desperado shall revenge me;
I'll make them all a sport, a common tale!
(*He folds the letter, addresses it, and reads.*)
"To his Highness, the Prince de Pindemonte."
A sounding title, made to win the sex;
Fit bait for vanity.

(*To Spado.*) Take this with speed
To his palazza; if the Prince be gone,
Follow to Count Ventoso's. (*He drops his head on the table.*)—Oh, Victoria!

Spado. (*Takes the letter, peeps into it.*)—"Five hundred crowns."—A draft on his Highness, no doubt. I'll draw a draught on him too—a draught on his cellar. When the high contracting parties deal in loans, the ambassadors have a right to their per centage. [*Exit.*

(*Music heard outside,—approaching.*)

SEPTETT.—(French.)

Joy to Ventoso's halls!
Eve on the waters falls,
Crimson and calm.
Stars are awake on high,
Winds in sweet slumbers lie,
Dew-dipt, the blossoms sigh,
All breathing balm.
Come, gallant masquers! all,
Come to our festival,
Deck'd in your pride.
Beauty and birth are there,
Joy to the lovely Pair!
May time and sorrow spare
Bridegroom and Bride!

Lor. What words are those? "Joy to Ventoso's halls;"
And I, who should have been the foremost there,
Must be an exile! (*Disturbed.*) Married!—and to-night!
—'Tis but the song of the streets!
(*Indignantly.*)—Have they not scorned me,—broken bond and oath;
Taunted my birth!—'Tis justice.—Let them feel!
(*Musing.*)—I may be noble! Paulo's dying words
Had mystery in them—
(*A distant sound of the Chorus is heard.*)
(*He starts.*) How will Victoria bear
The sudden shames, the scorns, the miseries,
Of this wild wedlock; the companionship
Of the rude brawlers, gamblers, and loose knaves,
That then must make her world?
(*Dejectedly.*) Her heart will break,
And she will perish; and *my* black revenge
Will thus have laid her beauty in the grave.
(*Rising suddenly.*)—He shall not marry her.
(*Calls.*)—Is Spado there? [*The Chorus is heard more distantly.*

A Servant enters.

Serv. Signior, he's gone! He left the house on the spur.

Lor. My letter! 'twill ruin all!
(*Calls.*) Bring me my horse.
I will unmask the plot of my revenge;
And having saved her, sever the last link
That binds me to the world.
[*He rushes out, the Chorus passing away.*

Everything goes on gaily at Ventoso's. Vast preparations are made for the arrival of the Prince. The following sweet lines on music heard at a distance, are put into the mouth of Leonora.

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the thrones,
That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,
Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,
Upon whose leafy brows the evening star
Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!
Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-paced Night,
Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell.

Torrento arrives—behaves with considerable insolence and address, and wins the heart particularly of the old Countess. He is disappointed at not seeing Leonora, who does not make her appearance; but succeeds in making Victoria displeased with Lorenzo, by giving her the picture. A new character, Stefano, is rather abruptly introduced here, as an acquaintance of Ventoso's. He is aware of the imposture when he sees Torrento, whom he has formerly met, but delays discovering him. Lorenzo shortly after appears, having outstripped his messenger, and denounces the fraud. An angry scene ensues, and the impostor is on the point of ruin, when

(*As* Torrento *retires,* Spado *totters in behind, drunk, holding up a letter.*)

Spa. A letter, my Lord Count. (*The Attendants attempt to hold him.*) Dog, would you stop royal correspondence? would you rob the mail? Is the Prince de Pindemonté here? (*Totters about.*) Keeps mighty good wine in his Palazza. I'll drink his health any time in the twenty-four hours. A letter—for the—Prince de Pindemonté.

Lor. (*Exclaims.*)—Spado! (*Rushes forward.*)—That's my letter, Sirrah.

Tor. Spado! (*Seizes the letter.*)—That's my letter.

Coun. Horribly inebriated. We shall come at the truth at last.

Ven. I wish they were all three looking for it at the bottom of the deepest well in Sicily. [*Aside.*

Tor. (*Exultingly.*) Here, Count and Countess, *is* convincing proof! his own

letter,—for the fellow *can* write,—addressed to me! (*Reads.*)—"To his Highness the Prince de Pindemonté."

Spa. (*Tottering.*)—*You* the Prince—ha, ha! a prince of good fellows; always liked him. Worth a hundred dozen of that guitar-scraper, that sighing Cavaliero, that pays me my wages now, and be hanged to him. Oh! my master!

[*Sees* Lorenzo, *and runs out.*

(Torrento *glances over the letter.*)

Tor. "Five hundred crowns more."—(*Aside.*)—Psha! contemptible!

Lor. What devil owed me a grudge when I wrote that letter! [*Aside.*

Ven. I should like to see the inside of that paper, sir.

Tor. Bad policy that. (Torrento *shifts it away.*) No, spare him. (*In his ear.*) Merely a begging letter:—"Pressure of the times—tax upon pipeclay—deficiency of Shoes." Beginning, as usual, with sycophancy, and ending with supplication.

Ven. (*Peeping over his shoulder, reads.*)——"Scoundrel!" A very original compliment. I must see that letter. (*He seizes it and reads.*)—"Scoundrel!" Nothing very sycophantic yet.

Lor. (*Attempting to obtain the letter.*)—Count, I must insist. That letter is mine; written for the purpose of relieving you from all future trouble on this painful subject.

Tor. Count, it is impossible. Private correspondence—seal of secrecy—tale of distress— [*Reaching at the letter.*

Ven. (*Reads.*)—"Scoundrel!"—

Tor. Confound it! You have read that three times.

Ven. (*Reads.*)—"I am determined to take no farther interest in Count Ventoso's family."—Very proper: just what Count Ventoso wishes.

Lor. There—there, read no more. That was my entire object. (*Interposing.*) Tear that letter.

Ven. (*Reads.*)—"I have abandoned all personal respect for that pedigree of fools." Pho—

Coun. Fools! A libel on the whole nobility. [*Angrily.*

Tor. The Captain's in a hopeful way. [*Aside.*

Ven. (*Reads.*)—"No contempt can be too severe for the bloated vanity of the vulgar mother;"— [*He laughs, aside.*

Coun. Excellent! I like it extremely. Bloated! So, sir, this is your doing. (*Going up to* Lorenzo.)—Bloated vanity! He deserves to be racked—bastinadoed. Husband, throw that letter into the fire!

Lor. Count, hear me; hear reason. Will you be plundered and disgraced? Will you have your family degraded, and your daughter duped? Read no more of that unfortunate letter.

Ven. I must have a line or two yet. (*Reads.*)—"Or the inanity of that meagre compound of title and trade, the—ridiculous Father." (*In violent anger, going up to* Lorenzo.)—Death and daggers, sir! Is this all you have to say? What excuse? What reason? Out of my house! Inanity—meagre! Out, out! Go! (*He tears the letter.*) I'll bring an action! Title and trade! There is the impostor. (*Pointing to* Lorenzo.) Out of the house! I say.

Coun. Out of the house! Prince, let us leave him to himself.

[*She gives her hand to* Torrento.

Tor. His whole story is palpably a fable. (I think I have peppered the Hussar pretty handsomely. Beat him by the old trick at last; trumped the Captain's knave.) [*Aside.*

[*Leading off the* Countess *towards the door.*

Coun. Come, if the Captain want amusement, let him laugh at himself. I can assure him the subject is inexhaustible. [*Exit with* Torrento.

Ven. (*Looking at* Lorenzo.)—A fine figure for the picket or pillory. Meagre inanity—Title and trade! [*Exit* Count.

Lor. (*Looking after them gloomily.*)

Now is my light extinguished! Now the world
To me is but a melancholy grave,
Wherein my love lies buried. Life, farewell!

Preparations for the wedding go on, and it is to be held at an old castle never before visited by the family. Lorenzo takes advantage of this circumstance to again call in the aid of the complaisant jailor, and the nuptial cavalcade is directed to the prison. They do not at first discover their situation; but Torrento here, for the first time since the assumption of his title, meets Leonora. Vows are exchanged, and an explanation made, when Lorenzo and his brother officers come in—expose the cheat—insult the pride of the father and mother, and conclude by again conveying Torrento to his dungeon. So far pride has had its fall; but in the meantime the real Prince Pindemonté has arrived. The Count and Countess are sent for; and after some difficulties the Prince, who, under the disguise of Stefano, has been witness to the late transactions, avows Lorenzo as his long-lost son. He sharply reprimands the upstart pride of the old people—and informs them that their titles and pro-

perty are not worth a feather. The real heir he announces to be Torrento, Anselmo's son. *He* behaves honourably and kindly to the Count and Countess, and the play ends with a double wedding.

The denouement is too much hastened, and the dialogue too thickly set with puns and clenches of various descriptions. The title is evidently a misnomer, for the pride of Ventoso and his wife can scarcely be said to be humbled by the marriage of their daughters, one with the son of a prince, and the other with a man of immense wealth, while they are suffered to retain their honours and property. But it is a play which acts well, and reads well, and we are sure our readers will agree with us, from the extracts we have given, one that affords earnest of higher dramatic excellence. We wish Croly would try his hand on a blank verse comedy of the Beaumont and Fletcher School, where his poetry would have full play, and he would be above the temptation of consulting the little whims and clap-traps of actors. As he has now made his appearance on the stage, we may ask, does he intend to confine Catiline to closet readers? Is there no chance that we shall see that brilliant tragedy represented by adequate performers? We hope that there is.

This comedy is dedicated to Canning. This is right, and as it should be. It is pleasant to see a high minister of the state, and such a minister, too, as Canning, fostering by his countenance the productions of national genius—and no less pleasant to perceive that the time has come when authors can boldly dedicate to people in authority, without running the risk of incurring the suspicion of sycophancy, or of speaking the language of compliment for any other reason than that it is the language of truth.

Some of the songs are worthy of this author.

They sing.—Trio.—(*Spanish.*)

TELL us, thou glorious Star of eve!
What sees thine eye?
Wherever human hearts can heave,
Man's misery!
Life, but a lengthened chain;
Youth, weary, wild, and vain;
Age on a bed of pain,
Longing to die!

Yet there's a rest!
Where earthly agonies
Awake no sighs
In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!
Sees not thine eye
Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,
In thine own sky?
Where all Life's wrongs are o'er,
Where Anguish weeps no more,
Where injur'd Spirits soar,
Never to die!

Air.—(Spanish.)

Oh! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd wave,
When the breezes in twilight their pale pinions lave,
And Echo repeats, from the depths of her cave,
The song of the shepherd's returning!
And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage festoon, my love,
Lets in, like snow-flakes, the light of the moon, my love;
And to the castanet
Twinkle the merry feet,
And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my love.

But sweeter the hour, when the star hides its gleam,
And the moon in the waters hath bath'd her white beam,
And the world and its woes are as still as a dream;
For then, joy the midnight is winging:
Then, comes to my window the sound of thy lute, my love,
Come tender tales, when its thrillings are mute, my love:
Oh, never morning smil'd
On visions bright and wild,
Such as that dark hour is bringing, my love!

LEONORA.—(Italian.)

WHEN Eve's blue star is gleaming,
When wakes the dewy breeze,
When watch-tower lights are streaming,
Along the misty seas;—

Oh, then, my love! sigh to me,
Thy roundelay!
The night, when thou'rt nigh to me,
Outshines the day.

THE RECENT STATE PAPERS CONCERNING SOUTH AMERICA.

SOME of our readers may perchance think we have already given them enough of political matters for this month; but this is the political time of the year, and discussions about Ireland, Jamaica, and South America, have the same propriety, while March winds blow, that fishing tours boast in glorious June, and rejoicings on lordly Bræmar in more glorious September. We confess, to say truth, that we have a very singular pleasure in inserting here, at full length, the communications relative to Spain and Spanish America, which Mr Canning recently laid before Parliament, by his Majesty's command. We approve of the substance of these papers—it delights our inmost soul to see the consternation which their tenor has stamped upon the sour and sulky faces of those who were prating at public dinners last summer, about the *fallen attitude of England*, forsooth, and many other equally fine and finely said things. These gentry talk: ours in the meantime do the work that ought to be done, either long before they understand the question at all, or, if they do understand it enough to take up the wrong side, in spite of their teeth. But it delights us also to see the statesmanship of England clothing itself in the genuine language of England. The views of such a government ought to be expressed in the classical tongue of the land. Here we have them so written: and pray compare them for a moment with Chateaubriand's chimes about *Française* and *Européenne*, and all that sort of thing; or what think ye of the Don most magniloquent, with his eternal "nuestros muy caros y poderosos aliados?" The terse perspicuous, polished ease and elegance, and, at the same time, the true dignity of Mr Canning's state-papers cannot be surpassed. We have no hesitation in saying, that whatever may be the case as to other points, there never was the day when our diplomacy wore so graceful a garb. The baffling delicacy of his insinuating, contrasted with the clear energetic brevity of his out-speaking mood, is altogether exquisite. There is the touch of a Greek, an old Greek pen, in every sentence of this writer's English. What a master of the intellectual foil!

We could spend a page or two very pleasantly upon this theme; but, for a mere preface, enough already. Mr Canning is at present one of the most popular ministers England ever had; but little do the Whigs know or remember, when they flatter themselves, as they at present seem to be doing, that it is in their power to flatter him. Egregious bats, do they think the eagle wants spectacles? They, forsooth, to praise Canning! Well does he know the rankling ineradicable venom of their breasts.

Indeed every one seems to understand them pretty well now. And, by the way, every one seems to understand so thoroughly the whole of this great row between Lord Eldon on the one side, and the Whig barristers and their darling PRIVILEGE on the other, that, although we had meant to do otherwise, we shall for the present pass it *sub silentio*. Long may Lord Eldon be on the woolsack the same appalling Gorgon of Whig eyes, that Canning is elsewhere, wielding tongue or pen as it may happen! Long may Eldon watch over the ancient law, and Canning over the ancient honour of England; and firmly, and well, and long, may Liverpool and Peel stand by that church, whose precepts and institutions form

the best bulwarks of both; and which THEREFORE, and THEREFORE only, is the chiefest mark of the rabid rage of the Whigs—from the lazy leaden lord of a hundred *originally ecclesiastical* manors, down to the meanest ragamuffin that ever scribbled a five pound article in the Edinburgh Review, or a five shilling one in the Morning Chronicle, or a fivepenny one in the Black Dwarf!

COMMUNICATIONS WITH FRANCE AND SPAIN, RELATING TO THE SPANISH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

No. I.

Extract of a Memorandum of a Conference between the Prince de Polignac and Mr Canning, held October 9th, 1823.

THE Prince de Polignac having announced to Mr Canning, that his excellency was now prepared to enter with Mr Canning into a frank explanation of the views of his government respecting the question of Spanish America, in return for a similar communication which Mr Canning had previously offered to make to the Prince de Polignac on the part of the British cabinet, Mr Canning stated:—

That the British cabinet had no disguise or reservation on that subject: that their opinions and intentions were substantially the same as were announced to the French government, by the dispatch of Mr Canning to Sir Charles Stuart of the 31st of March; which dispatch that ambassador communicated to M. de Chateaubriand, and which had since been published to the world.

That the near approach of a crisis, in which the affairs of Spanish America must naturally occupy a great share of the attention of both powers, made it desirable that there should be no misunderstanding between them on any part of a subject so important.

That the British government were of opinion, that any attempt to bring Spanish America again under its ancient submission to Spain, must be utterly hopeless: that all negotiation for that purpose would be unsuccessful; and that the prolongation or renewal of war for the same object would be only a waste of human life, and an infliction of calamity on both parties, to no end.

That the British government would, however, not only abstain from interposing any obstacle, on their part, to any attempt at negotiation, which Spain might think proper to make, but would aid and countenance such negotiation, provided it were founded upon a basis which appeared to them to be practicable; and that they would, in any case, remain strictly neutral in a war between Spain and the Colonies, if war should be unhappily prolonged.

But that the junction of any foreign power, in an enterprize of Spain against the Colonies, would be viewed by them as constituting an entirely new question; and one upon which they must take such decision as the interests of Great Britain might require.

That the British government absolutely disclaimed, not only any desire of appropriating to itself any portion of the Spanish Colonies, but any intention of forming any political connection with them, beyond that of amity and commercial intercourse.

That in those respects, so far from seeking an exclusive preference for British subjects over those of foreign states, England was prepared, and would be contented, to see the mother country (by virtue of an amicable arrangement) in possession of that preference; and to be ranked, after her, equally with others, on the footing of the most favoured nation.

That, completely convinced that the ancient system of the Colonies could not be restored, the British government could not enter into any stipulation binding itself either to refuse or to delay its recognition of their independence.

That the British government had no desire to precipitate that recognition, so long as there was any reasonable chance of an accommodation with the mother country, by which such a recognition might come first from Spain.

But that it could not wait indefinitely for that result; that it could not consent to make its recognition of the new states, *dependent* upon that of Spain; and that it would consider any foreign interference, by force or by menace, in the dispute between Spain and the Colonies, as a motive for recognizing the latter without delay.

That the mission of consuls to the several provinces of Spanish America, was no new measure on the part of this country:—that it was one which had, on the contrary, been delayed, perhaps too long, in consideration of the state of Spain, after having been announced to the Spanish government in the month of December last, as settled; and even after a list had been furnished to that government of the places to which such appointments were intended to be made.

That such appointments were absolutely necessary for the protection of British trade in those countries.

That the old pretension of Spain to interdict all trade with those countries, was, in the opinion of the British government, altogether obsolete ;—but that, even if attempted to be enforced against others, it was, with regard to Great Britain, clearly inapplicable.

That permission to trade with the Spanish Colonies had been conceded to Great Britain in the year 1810, when the mediation of Great Britain between Spain and her Colonies was asked by Spain, and granted by Great Britain :—that this mediation, indeed, was not afterwards employed, because Spain changed her counsel: but that it was not, therefore, practicable for Great Britain to withdraw commercial capital once embarked in Spanish America, and to desist from commercial intercourse once established.

That it had been ever since distinctly understood that the trade was open to British subjects, and that the ancient coast laws of Spain were, so far as regarded them at least, tacitly repealed.

That in virtue of this understanding, redress had been demanded of Spain in 1822, for (among other grievances) seizures of vessels for alleged infringements of those laws; which redress the Spanish government bound itself by a convention, (now in course of execution,) to afford.

That Great Britain, however, had no desire to set up any separate right to the free enjoyment of this trade: that she considered the force of circumstances, and the irreversible progress of events, to have already determined the question of the existence of that freedom for all the world; but that, for herself, she claimed, and would continue to use it; and should any attempt be made to dispute that claim, and to renew the obsolete interdiction, such attempt might be best cut short by a speedy and unqualified recognition of the independence of the Spanish American states.

That, with these general opinions, and with these peculiar claims, England could not go into a joint deliberation upon the subject of Spanish America, upon an equal footing with other powers, whose opinions were less formed upon that question, and whose interests were less implicated in the decision of it.

That she thought it fair, therefore, to explain beforehand, to what degree her mind was made up, and her determination taken.

The Prince de Polignac declared,

That his government believed it to be utterly hopeless to reduce Spanish America to the state of its former relation to Spain:

That France disclaimed, on her part, any intention or desire to avail herself of the present state of the colonies, or of the present situation of France towards Spain, to appropriate to herself any part of the Spanish possessions in America, or to obtain for herself any exclusive advantages:

And that, like England, she would willingly see the mother country in possession of superior commercial advantages, by amicable arrangements; and would be contented, like her, to rank, after the mother country, among the most favoured nations.

Lastly, that she abjured, in any case, any design of acting against the Colonies by force of arms.

The Prince de Polignac proceeded to say,

That, as to what might be the best arrangement between Spain and her Colonies, the French government could not give, nor venture to form, an opinion, until the King of Spain should be at liberty;

That they would then be ready to enter upon it, in concert with their allies, and with Great Britain among the number.

In observing upon what Mr Canning had said, with respect to the peculiar situation of Great Britain, in reference to such a conference, the Prince de Polignac declared,

That he saw no difficulty which should prevent England from taking part in the conference, however she might now announce the difference, in the view which she took of the question, from that taken by the allies. The refusal of England to co-operate in the work of reconciliation might afford reason to think, either that she did not really wish for that reconciliation, or that she had some ulterior object in contemplation; two suppositions equally injurious to the honour and good faith of the British cabinet.

The Prince de Polignac further declared,

That he could not conceive what could be meant, under the present circumstances, by a pure and simple acknowledgment of the independence of the Spanish Colonies; since, those countries being actually distracted by civil wars, there existed no government in them which could offer any appearance of solidity;—and that the acknowledgment of American independence, so long as such a state of things continued, appeared to him to be nothing less than a real sanction of anarchy.

The Prince de Polignac added,

That, in the interest of humanity, and especially in that of the Spanish Colonies, it would be worthy of the European governments to concert together the means of calming, in those distant and scarcely civilized regions, passions blinded by party

spirit; and to endeavour to bring back to a principle of union in government, whether monarchical or aristocratical, people among whom absurd and dangerous theories were now keeping up agitation and disunion.

Mr Canning, without entering into discussion upon these abstract principles, contented himself with saying,

That,—however desirable the establishment of a monarchical form of government, in any of those provinces, might be, on the one hand, or whatever might be the difficulties in the way of it, on the other hand —his government could not take upon itself to put it forward as a condition of their recognition.

P. G. C.

No. II.

Sir William A'Court to Mr Secretary Canning.—(Received January 14.)

(Extract.)

Madrid, December 30, 1823.

THE inclosed Note, though dated the 26th, did not reach me till yesterday. By my answer, a copy of which I have the honour to inclose, you will see that I merely acknowledge its receipt, promising to transmit it to my government.

(Signed) WILLIAM A COURT.

The Right Hon. George Canning, &c. &c. &c.

First Inclosure in No. II.

Count Ofalia to Sir William A'Court.

Palacio, 26 *e Deciembre de* 1823.

MUY SENOR MIO,

TENGO la honra de participar á V. S. que Su Majestad el Rey, mi Augosto Amo, ha resuelto dedicar su particular atencion á el arreglo de los negocios de los paises desidentes de la America Espanola; deseoso de lograr la dicha de ver pacificos sus estados, en los que prendio la semilla de la anarquia, con perjuicio de la seguridad de los otros Gobiernos: razon porque S. M. ha creido oportuno contar con el auxîlio de sus caros aliados, para obtener resultados que deben ser ventajosos para la tranquilidad y prosperidad de toda la Europa.

La copia adjunta instruirá á V. S. de las ordenes dadas á los representantes de Su Magestad Catolica en las Cortes de Austria, Francia, y Rusia, y como aun no residan los Ministros de Espana en Londres ni Berlin, el Rey me ha prevenido que dirija a V. S. y al Senor Ministro de Prusia en esta Corte, el traslado de dicha comunicacion, que Su Magestad espera se servirá V. S. transmitir á su Gobierno, en cuya amistad y fina politica confia el Rey Mi Amo, que sabrá apreciar la franqueza de esta comunicacion, y la equidad que ha dictado las bases en que se funda.

Aprovecho esta ocasion, &c.

(Firmado) EL CONDE DE OFALIA.

Sr. Ministro de Inglaterra.

Translation of First Inclosure in No. II.

Palace, December 26, 1823.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you that the King, my august master, has determined to devote his particular attention to the regulation of the affairs concerning the disturbed countries of Spanish America, being solicitous to succeed in pacifying his dominions, in which the seeds of anarchy have taken root to the prejudice of the safety of other governments. His Majesty has therefore thought that he might justly calculate on the assistance of his dear allies, towards obtaining results which cannot but prove beneficial to the tranquillity and happiness of all Europe.

The inclosed copy will put you, Sir, in possession of the orders issued to his Catholic Majesty's representatives at the Courts of Austria, France, and Russia;—and as the ministers of Spain have not yet proceeded to London and Berlin, the King has directed me to address to you, Sir, and to the minister of Prussia at this Court, a transcript of the said communication; which his Majesty hopes you will have the goodness to transmit to your government, whose friendship and upright policy, the King, my master, trusts, will know how to appreciate the frankness of this communication, and the equity which has dictated the bases on which it is founded.

I avail myself of this opportunity, &c.

(Signed) THE CONDE DE OFALIA.

To the Minister of England.

(*Second Inclosure in No. II.*)

Count Ofalia to his Catholic Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, and Ministers Plenipotentiary at St Petersburgh and Vienna.

RESTITUIDO El Rey, Nuestro Senor, al trono de sus mayores en el goce de sus heredados derechos, ha tenido muy presente la suerte de sus dominios de America, despedazados por la guerra civil, y puestos al borde del mas ruinoso precipicio. Inutilizados en los tres anos ultimos por la rebelion sostenida en Espana los constantes esfuerzos hechos para mantener la Costa Firme en tranquilidad, para libertar las riberas de la Plata, y para conservar el Perú y la Nueva Espana; ha visto Su Magestad con dolor los progresos del fuego de la insurreccion; pero tambien sirve Al Rey de consuelo la repeticion de pruebas irrefragables de que una immensidad de Espanoles son fieles á sus juramentos de lealtad al trono; y la sana mayoriá Americana reconoce que no puede ser feliz aquel hemisferio, sin vivir hermanado con los que civilizaron aquellos paises.

Estas reflexîones animan poderosamente á Su Magestad á esperar que la justicia de su causa hallará firme apoyo en la influencia de las potencias de Europa. Por lo quo ha resuelto El Rey que se invite á los gá-

binetes de sus caros é intimos aliados, á establecer una conferencia en Paris, donde reunidos sus plenipotenciarios con los de Su Magestad Catolica, auxîlien á la Espana al arreglo de los negocios de America en los paises disidentes. En el exâmen de esta importante question, Su Magestad tendrá en consideracion, de acuerdo con sus poderosos aliados, las alteraciones que los acontecimientos han ocasionado en sus provincias Americanas; y las relaciones que durante las turbulencias se han formado con las naciones comerciantes; á fin de combinar por este medio de buena fé, las medidas mas adecuadas para conciliar los derechos y justos intereses de la Corona de Espana, y su soberanía, con los que las circunstancias puedan haber ocasionado con respecto á las otras Naciones. Su Magestad confiando en los sentimientos de sus Aliados, espera que le ayudarán al digno objeto de sostener los principios del orden y de la legitimidad, cuya subversion atacada en America, pronto se comunicaría á la Europa, y le auxiliarán al mismo tiempo a restablecer la paz entre ella y sus Colonias.

En consecuencia, Su Magestad quiere que penetrado V. de estas razones, y empleando los recursos de su conocido talento, trate de conseguir que ese Gobierno se decida â la deseada cooperacion que los acontecimientos de la Peninsula han preparado; autorizando á V. para dejar copia de este oficio á ese Ministro de Negocios Estrangeros.

Dios guarde á V. muchos anos.

(Firmado) El Conde De Ofalia.

Al Sr. Embajador de S. M. C. en Paris, y a Sus Ministros Plenrs. en San Petersburgo y Viena.

Translation of Second Inclosure in No. II.

The King, our Sovereign, being restored to the throne of his ancestors, in the enjoyment of his hereditary rights, has seriously turned his thoughts to the fate of his American dominions, distracted by civil war, and brought to the brink of the most dangerous precipice. As during the last three years, the rebellion which prevailed in Spain, defeated the constant efforts which were made for maintaining tranquillity in the Costa Firma, for rescuing the banks of the River Plata, and for preserving Peru and New Spain; his Majesty beheld with grief the progress of the flame of insurrection; but it affords, at the same time, consolation to the King, that repeated and irrefragable proofs exist of an immense number of Spaniards remaining true to their oaths of allegiance to the throne; and that the sound majority of Americans acknowledge that that hemisphere cannot be happy unless it live in brotherly connection with those who civilized those countries.

These reflections powerfully animate his Majesty to hope that the justice of his cause will meet with a firm support in the influence of the powers of Europe. Accordingly, the King has resolved upon inviting the cabinets of his dear and intimate allies to establish a conference at Paris, to the end that their plenipotentiaries, assembled there along with those of his Catholic Majesty, may aid Spain in adjusting the affairs of the revolted countries of America. In examining this important question, his Majesty will, in conjunction with his powerful allies, consider of the alterations which events have produced in his American provinces, and of the relations which, during the disorders, have been formed with commercial nations; in order thereby to adopt, with good faith, the measures most proper for conciliating the rights and just interests of the crown of Spain, and of its sovereignty, with those which circumstances may have occasioned with respect to other nations. His Majesty confiding in the sentiments of his allies, hopes that they will assist him in accomplishing the worthy object of upholding the principles of order and legitimacy, the subversion of which, once commenced in America, would presently communicate to Europe; and that they will aid him, at the same time, in re-establishing peace between this division of the globe and its colonies.

It is, therefore, his Majesty's pleasure that, penetrated with these reasons, and availing yourself of the resources of your well-known talents, you should endeavour to dispose the government with which you reside, to agree to the desired co-operation, for which the events of the Peninsula have paved the way; authorising you to communicate a copy of this note to the minister for foreign affairs.

God preserve you many years.

(Signed) The Conde de Ofalia.

To the Ambassador of his Catholic Majesty at Paris, and to his Ministers Plenipotentiary at St Petersburgh and Vienna.

(*Third Inclosure in No.* II.)

Sir William A'Court to Count Ofalia.

Madrid, Dec. 30, 1823.

The undersigned, &c. &c. has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the Count Ofalia's note, dated the 26th of this month. He will hasten to submit it to his government.

He begs his Excellency to accept, &c.

(Signed) William A'Court.

His Excellency the Count Ofalia, &c. &c. &c.

No. III.

Mr Secretary Canning to Sir W. A'Court.

Foreign-Office, Jan. 30, 1823.

Sir,—The messenger Latchford delivered to me, on the 14th instant, your di-

spatch, inclosing a copy of the Count de Ofalia's official note to you of the 26th of December last; with the accompanying copy of an instruction, which has been addressed, by order of his Catholic Majesty, to his ambassador at Paris, and to his ministers plenipotentiary at the courts of Vienna and St Petersburgh.

Having laid these papers before the King, I have received his Majesty's commands to direct you to return to them the following answer:—

The purpose of the Spanish instruction is to invite the several powers, the allies of his Catholic Majesty, to "establish a conference at Paris, in order that their plenipotentiaries, together with those of his Catholic Majesty, may aid Spain in adjusting the affairs of the revolted countries of America."

The maintenance of the "sovereignty" of Spain over her late colonies is pointed out in this instruction as one specific object of the proposed conference; and though an expectation of the employment of force for this object, by the powers invited to the conference, is not plainly indicated, it is not distinctly disclaimed.

The invitation contained in this instruction not being addressed directly to the government of Great Britain, it may not be necessary to observe upon that part of it, which refers to the late "events in the peninsula," as having "paved the way" for the "desired co-operation."

The British government could not acknowledge an appeal founded upon transactions to which it was no party. But no such appeal was necessary. No variation in the internal affairs of Spain has, at any time, varied the King's desire to see a termination to the evils arising from the protracted struggle between Spain and Spanish America; or his Majesty's disposition to concur in bringing about that termination.

From the year 1810, when his Majesty's single mediation was asked and granted to Spain, to effect a reconciliation with her colonies—the disturbances in which colonies had then but newly broken out—to the year 1818, when the same task, increased in difficulty by the course and complication of events in America, was proposed to be undertaken by the allied powers assembled in conference at Aix-la-Chapelle—and from the year 1818 to the present time—the good offices of his Majesty for this purpose have always been at the service of Spain, within limitations, and upon conditions, which have been in each instance explicitly described.

Those limitations have uniformly excluded the employment of force or of menace against the colonies, on the part of any mediating power; and those conditions have uniformly required the previous statement by Spain, of some definite and intelligible proposition—and the discontinuance on her part of a system utterly inapplicable to the new relations which had grown up between the American provinces and other countries.

The fruitless issue of the conferences at Aix-la-Chapelle would have deterred the British government from acceding to a proposal for again entertaining, in conference, the question of a mediation between Spain and the American provinces; even if other circumstances had remained nearly the same. But the events which have followed each other with such rapidity during the last five years, have created so essential a difference, as well in the relative situation in which Spain and the American provinces stood, and now stand to each other, as in the external relations and the internal circumstances of the provinces themselves, that it would be vain to hope that any mediation, not founded on the basis of independence, could now be successful.

The best proof which the British government can give of the interest which it continues to feel for Spain, is, to state frankly their opinion as to the course most advisable to be pursued by his Catholic Majesty; and to answer, with the like frankness, the question implied in M. Ofalia's instruction, as to the nature and extent of their own relations with Spanish America.

There is no hesitation in answering this question. The subjects of his Majesty have for many years carried on trade, and formed commercial connections, in all the American provinces, which have declared their separation from Spain.

This trade was originally opened with the consent of the Spanish government. It has grown gradually to such an extent, as to require some direct protection, by the establishment, at several ports and places in those provinces, of consuls on the part of this country—a measure long deferred out of delicacy to Spain, and not resorted to at last without distinct and timely notification to the Spanish government.

As to any farther step to be taken by his Majesty towards the acknowledgment of the *de facto* governments of America,—decision must (as has already been stated more than once to Spain and to other Powers) depend upon various circumstances; and, among others, upon the reports which the British Government may receive of the actual state of affairs in the several American Provinces.

But it appears manifest to the British Government, that if so large a portion of the globe should remain much longer without any recognized political existence, or any definite political connection with the established governments of Europe, the consequences of such a state of things must be at once most embarrassing to those governments, and most injurious to the interests of all European nations.

For these reasons, and not from mere views of selfish policy, the British government is decidedly of opinion, that the recognition of such of the new states as have established *de facto* their separate political existence, cannot be much longer delayed.

The British government have no desire to anticipate Spain in that recognition. On the contrary, it is on every account their wish, that his Catholic Majesty should have the grace and the advantage of leading the way, in that recognition, among the Powers of Europe. But the court of Madrid must be aware, that the discretion of his majesty in this respect cannot be indefinitely bound up by that of his Catholic Majesty; and that even before many months elapse, the desire, now sincerely felt by the British government, to leave this precedency to Spain, may be overborne by considerations of a more comprehensive nature;—considerations regarding not only the essential interests of his majesty's subjects, but the relations of the Old World with the New.

Should Spain resolve to avail herself of the opportunity yet within her power, the British government would, if the Court of Madrid desired it, willingly afford its countenance and aid to a negotiation, commenced on that only basis which appears to them to be now practicable; and would see, without reluctance, the conclusion through a negotiation on that basis, of an arrangement, by which the mother country should be secured in the enjoyment of commercial advantages superior to those conceded to other nations.

For herself, Great Britain asks no exclusive privileges of trade; no invidious preference, but equal freedom of commerce for all.

If Spain shall determine to persevere in other counsels, it cannot but be expected that Great Britain must take her own course upon this matter, when the time for taking it shall arrive; of which Spain shall have full and early intimation.

Nothing that is here stated can occasion to the Spanish government any surprise.

In my dispatch to Sir Charles Stuart of the 31st March, 1823, which was communicated to the Spanish government, the opinion was distinctly expressed, that, "time and the course of events had substantially decided the separation of the colonies from the mother country; although the formal recognition of those provinces, as independent states, by his Majesty, might be hastened or retarded by various external circumstances, as well as by the more or less satisfactory progress, in each state, towards a regular and settled form of government."

At a subsequent period, in a communication* made, in the first instance in France, and afterwards to other powers,† as well as to Spain, the same opinions were repeated; with this specific addition,—that in either of two cases (now happily not likely to occur,)—in that of any attempt on the part of Spain, to revive the obsolete interdiction of intercourse with the countries over which she has no longer any actual dominion;—or in that of the employment of foreign assistance to re-establish her dominion in those countries, by force of arms;—the recognition of such new states by his Majesty would be decided and immediate.

After thus declaring to you, for the information of the court of Madrid, the deliberate opinion of the British government on the points on which Spain requires the advice of her allies, it does not appear to the British cabinet at all necessary to go into a conference, to declare that opinion anew; even if it were perfectly clear, from the tenor of M. Ofalia's instruction, that Great Britain is in fact included in the invitation to the conference at Paris.

Every one of the Powers so invited has been constantly and unreservedly apprized, not only of each step which the British government has taken, but of every opinion which it has formed on this subject:—and this dispatch will be communicated to them all.

If those powers should severally come to the *same* conclusion with Great Britain, the concurrent expression of their several opinions cannot have less weight in the judgment of Spain,—and must naturally be more acceptable to her feelings,—than if such concurrence, being the result of a conference of five powers, should carry the appearance of a concerted dictation.

If (unhappily, as we think) the allies, or any of them should come to a *different* conclusion, we shall at least have avoided the inconvenience of a discussion, by which our own opinion could not have been changed;—we shall have avoided an appearance of mystery, by which the jealousy of other parties might have been excited;—we shall have avoided a delay, which the state of the question may hardly allow.

Meanwhile, this explicit recapitulation of the whole course of our sentiments and of our proceedings on this momentous subject, must at once acquit us of any indisposition to answer the call of Spain for friendly counsel, and protect us against the suspicion of having any purpose to conceal from Spain or from the world.

I am, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

The Right Hon. Sir W. A'Court,
G. C. B. &c. &c. &c.

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* The Memorandum of Conference.—No. I.

† Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands, and the United States of America.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Dram. Pers.—NORTH AND TICKLER.

TICKLER.

Proper humbug!—but don't rail, North, for I remember his father——

NORTH.

I rail?—I like him better than most of them, for he *has* pluck—he has the old lad's blood in him. I was only wondering that he should again commit himself in such a way; but there really is no accounting for Whig conduct.

TICKLER.

Pooh! pooh! I was joking, man; he is in private a pleasant fellow enough, but in public, he is one of the hacks of the party, and of course obliged to get through such things. Yet it would be no harm, I think, if he remembered to what set of men, and what system, his people owed their honours; and, perhaps, although he *is* in the service of the Duke of Devonshire, such a recollection might make him less rabid on the followers of Pitt.

NORTH.

Hang it! such a cheese-paring is not worth wasting a sentence about. Keep moving with the Review. The price of tea—I think we're that length——

TICKLER.

I leave to the wallowers of Souchong, Campoi, Hyson, Hymskin, Bohea, Congou, Twankay, and Gunpowder. This will be a favourite article with the Cockneys—with the leafy—that is, tea-leafy bards, who

Te redeunte die, te decedente canebant.

It is nothing to us.

NORTH.

Nothing whatever—I leave it, and the discussion on the Holy Alliance, to be swallowed by those whom it is meant for.

TICKLER.

The Jeremiade over the Italian traitors is vastly interesting; then it appears, that, after all, only one of the ruffians expiated his crimes on the gallows.

NORTH.

God bless the Jacobins, and their child and champion. They would have made cleaver work of it. It is, however, quite comfortable to hear Old Bailey lawyers, like Denman and Brougham, talking of the savageness of the Austrian government, when they must know, that in a population double our own, the executions are as one to five, if not in a still smaller proportion. A Vienna Review, if there be such a thing, could finely retort that in our faces. With respect——

ODOHERTY (*outside.*)

The Club-room—only Mr North and Mr Tickler.

WAITER (*outside.*)

That's all, sir.—There's a trifle of a balance, sir, against you since——

ODOHERTY (*speaks as enters.*)

Pshaw—don't bother me, man, with your balances. Do you think, when the

interests of the world are going to be debated——Gentlemen, a pair, am right glad to see you.

NORTH.

Sit down.

TICKLER.

And here's a clean glass.

NORTH.

What will ye drink?

TICKLER.

Champaigne, Chateau-Margout, Glenlivet, or Jamaica?

NORTH.

We have got to the hot stuff this *hour*. Will you try our jug, or make for yourself?

TICKLER.

I recommend the jug.

ODOHERTY.

I am quite agreeable wherever I go. Here's a bumper to your health, and that of all good men and true.

TICKLER.

How long are you arrived?

ODOHERTY.

Half an hour. Knew I'd meet somebody here. Where are the rest?

NORTH.

Hogg is at work with his Epic poem.

ODOHERTY.

His He-pig poem you mean. Queen Hynde, if I mistake not. A great affair, I suppose.

TICKLER.

Quite grand. The Shepherd has been reading it all over the hills and far away. There are fine bits in it, I assure you. I heard the exordium; it is splendid.

ODOHERTY.

Do you remember any of it?

TICKLER.

No—not enough at least to spout.

ODOHERTY.

I met Jemmy Ballantyne at York—we supped together—and he told me he had heard it was to open like the Æneid or Madoc.

NORTH.

The Æneid or Madoc! Just as you would say Blackwood's Magazine and the London! How do you mean?

ODOHERTY.

Why, with a recapitulation of all his works—as thus—I quote from memory——

TICKLER (*aside.*)

Or imagination.

ODOHERTY.

Come listen to my lay, for I am he
Who wrote Kilmeny's wild and wondrous song,
Likewise the famous Essay upon Sheep,
And Mador of the Moor; and then, unlike
Those men who fling their pearls before the Hog,
I, Hogg, did fling my Perils before men.

NORTH.

A pun barbarous.

ODOHERTY.

But still more famous for the glorious work,
Which I, 'neath mask of oriental sage,
Wrote and concocted in auspicious hour—
THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT—which, with a voice
Of thundering sound, fulmined o'er Edinburg,
Shook the old Calton from its granite base,

Made Arthur's Seat toss up its lion head,
And snuff the wind in wonder; while around,
Eastward and westward, northward, southward, all
The ungodly, struck with awe and ominous dread
Of the great ruin thence impending o'er them,
Fled frighted, leaving house and home behind,
In shameful rout—or, grovelling prostrate, shew'd
Their nether parts uncomely——

TICKLER.

I think you may stop there.

NORTH.

In all conscience: I shall not permit Hogg to be quizzed. He is too good a fellow, and I am sure his poem will do him credit. Sing a song, Ensign, for you seem to be in fine voice.

ODOHERTY (*sings.*)

Would you woo a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with Sweets and Dears,
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love-sonnet and charm her ears—
Wittily, prettily, talk her down—
Phrase her and praise her, fair or brown—
Sooth her and smooth her,
And teaze her and please her,
Ah! touch but her fancy, and all's your own.

I must have a glass ere I take the next stanza.

Would you woo a stout widow of forty years——

TICKLER.

Come, stop, stop, ODoherty, none of your stuff. Any literary news in London town?

ODOHERTY.

Not much. Lord Byron, you are aware, has turned Turk.

NORTH.

Greek, you mean.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, ay—Greek, I meant. I always confound these scoundrels together. But the Greeks in London have met with a sad defeat. That affair of Thurtell's was a bore.

TICKLER.

Curse the ruffian—the name ought not to be mentioned in decent society. But Weare was just as great a blackguard.

ODOHERTY.

Yes; and Sam Rogers says that that is the only excuse for Thurtell. He did right, said Sam, to *cut* such an acquaintance.

NORTH.

Why, Sam is turning quite a Joe Miller. Have you seen the old gentleman lately?

ODOHERTY.

About a fortnight ago—Tom Moore was with him.

NORTH.

I thought Tom was rusticating.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, in general; but he is now in town, bringing out a new Number of his Melodies.

NORTH.

Is it good?

ODOHERTY.

Nobody except Power and his coterie has seen it yet; but I understand it is very excellent. It will be out in a couple of months. There is one song in it to the tune of the Boyne Water; the great Orangemen tune, you know, which is making them nervous.

NORTH.

Why?

ODOHERTY.

Because conciliation—curse the five syllables, as Sir Abraham King says—is carried to such a happy pitch in Ireland, that tune, toast, statue, picture, displeasing to the majority, are denounced as abominable.

NORTH.

A pretty one-sided kind of conciliation with a vengeance! but I am sorry Moore is so squeamish. Are the words Orange?

ODOHERTY.

Not at all; some stuff about an angel or nymph rising out of the Boyne, and singing a song to pacify the natives.

TICKLER.

And even this must not be published, for fear of offending the delicate ears of Sheilinagig and Co.! Is not Moore doing a *jeu d'esprit* about your Irish Rugantino, Captain Rock?

ODOHERTY.

Yes—but he is nervous there too. Longman & Co. are cautious folk, and it is submitted to Denman, or some other doer, who will bedevil it, as he did the Fables for the Holy Alliance.

TICKLER.

Well, Longman has published, however, one little book this year, that bears no marks of the knife—have you seen that clever thing—the "Stranger's Grave," I mean?

ODOHERTY.

I have to be sure, so has all the world—but still, upon the whole it is not to be denied, that the divan have not half the spunk of their rival who rules in the west of the Empire of Cockaigne.

NORTH.

Joannes de Moravia? Have you seen him, ODoherty, in your travels?

ODOHERTY.

Of course—of course—a most excellent fellow that said bibliopole is.

NORTH.

That I know. How does he carry on the war?

ODOHERTY.

In the old style. Morier and his people are mad with you for your blackguard review of Hajji Baba.

NORTH.

My blackguard review, Mr Adjutant—it was *you* who wrote it.

ODOHERTY.

I—Well, that beats Banagher.

TICKLER.

No matter who wrote it—it was a very fair quiz—better than anything in the novel—though really I must say that I consider Hajji rather an amusing book after all.

NORTH.

N'importe. Has Murray much on hand?

ODOHERTY.

A good deal. Croker is going to publish with him the Suffolk papers.

NORTH.

Heavy, I suppose.

ODOHERTY.

No—the contrary—at least so I am told. Croker could not do anything heavy.

NORTH.

He is fond of editing old papers—Lord Hertford has placed the Conway papers in his hands; and I perceive, by a note in the new edition of D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, that the old gentleman——

TICKLER.

An excellent judge.

NORTH.

Few better—declares that they will throw much light on our, that is, English history.

ODOHERTY.

Apropos of Croker—a namesake of his, and a countryman of mine, a fine lad, one of my chiefest chums, indeed, has brought out with Murray a quarto on the South of Ireland.

NORTH.

I have not read it—just looked over the prints—very famous lithography, by my honour.

ODOHERTY.

O the Nicholsons are prime fists at that kind of work. The book has sold in great style, which is no bad thing for a lump of a quarto. How does Maga get on?

NORTH.

As usual. Are our brother periodicals *in statu quo?*

ODOHERTY.

Yes, heavy and harmless. Whittaker is going to start a new bang-up, to be called the Universal—a most comprehensive title.

NORTH.

It is, I understand, a second Avatar of the New Edinburgh, with some fresh hands. God send it a good deliverance!

TICKLER.

Was the Universal the name originally proposed?

ODOHERTY.

No—the Bimensial—as it is to come out every two months. Rogers knocked up that name by a pun. "Ay," said he, "you may cry Bi-men-sial, but the question is, whether Men-shall-buy?" A bad pun in my opinion.

NORTH.

O hideous—[*aside*] it is his own.

TICKLER.

Abominable—[*aside*] evidently his. We'll spoil his fishing for compliments.

ODOHERTY.

Why, lookye, gentlemen, I do not think it quite so bad as that—I can tell you I have heard worse at this table.

NORTH.

Ha! ha! ha! Caught, Ensign?—empty your glass, man, and don't think to impose on *us*.

ODOHERTY.

Well, so be it.—Anything for a quiet life. Here I have brought you Mr Gleig's pamphlet about the Missionaries. I assure you few things have made more noise about town. 'Tis really a pithy performance—devilish well written too—a rising sprig of the Mitre this, sirs.

TICKLER.

Just the thing I was wanting to see—I saw it quoted in the John Bull.—Such authors are much wanted now-a-days—anything else, Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

Why, here's the new comedy too—spick and span.

NORTH.

"Pride shall have a fall." Whose is it?

ODOHERTY.

Moore's—Luttrell's—Croly's—Jones's—Rogers's—Soane's. All of which names I saw in print.

TICKLER.

But which is right?

ODOHERTY.

Never dispute with the newspapers—all must be right. I only think it proper to mention that Soane is given on the authority of the Old Times.

TICKLER.

A lie, of course. Nothing more is needed to prove that it is *not* Soane. How did it run?

ODOHERTY.

Like Lord Powerscourt's waterfall—full and fast. It is the most successful comedy since John Bull.

NORTH.

I shall read it in the morning. It seems to be elegantly written.

ODOHERTY.

Very elegantly indeed—and the music is beautiful. Altogether it acts right well. You have heard of Shee's Alasco?

NORTH.

How George Colman suppressed it?

ODOHERTY.

Yes—and on what grounds?

NORTH.

Something political, I understand; but I do not know exactly what.

ODOHERTY.

Nor I very exactly;—but it is understood that the hero, (to be enacted by Charles Kemble) was a Liberal.

TICKLER.

That is, a ruffian "*nulla virtute redemptus.*"

ODOHERTY.

Exactly, and Shee with no other meaning than to write dramatically—for Shee is a worthy and right-minded fellow—gave this lad all the roaring, rumfustian, upper-gallery, clap-trap, hullaballoows about liberty, emancipation, the cause of freedom all over the world, and the other fine things, on which the Breeches-maker's review—

NORTH.

What review, do you say?

ODOHERTY.

The Westminster—but as Place, the snip of Charing Cross, is the great authority in it, it is never called anything in London, but the Breeches-maker's Review. However, as I was saying, the effective part acted by the effective actor, was this sort of gunpowder stuff, while the antagonizing principle, as his holiness Bishop Coleridge would say, was a fellow as humdrum as one of the pluckless Prosers of the Modern Athens, and to be performed by one Cooper or Carpenter. So the Benthamism had it all to itself—and in English too, a language which Jerry, you know, does not understand; and therefore cannot corrupt the nation by scribbling in it.

TICKLER.

If such be the case, Colman was quite right; though, after all, the country is so well disposed, that it might have been left to the decision of the House.

NORTH.

Which would, I think, in the present temper of the people, have damned anything jacobinical or verging thereto.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, ay, countryman O'Connell, with grief, is obliged to confess, that "Toryism is triumphant." Fill your glasses—Here's, long may it so continue!

NORTH AND TICKLER.

Amen, amen.

ODOHERTY.

Any news in Edinburgh?

NORTH (*sings.*)

Order up supper immediately. News in Edinburgh! Bless your heart, when had we news here?

TICKLER.

The old affair—Listen and you shall hear how it has gone, goeth, and shall go at Ambrose's.—(*sings.*)

I.

Ye sons of the platter give ear,
Venter habet aures, they say,
The praise of good eating to hear,
You'll never be out of the way;
But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Stand ready to cut through the fat and the lean—
Through the fat and the lean,—
Sit ready to cut through the fat and the lean.

II.

The science of eating is old,
Its antiquity no man can doubt,
Though Adam was squeamish, we're told,
Eve soon found a dainty bit out;
Then with knives sharp as razors and stomachs as keen,
Our passage let's cut through the fat and the lean—
&c. &c.

III.

Through the world from the West to the East,
Whether City, or Country, or Court,
There's no honest man, Laic or Priest,
But with pleasure partakes in the sport,
And with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
His passage doth cut through the fat and the lean—
&c. &c.

IV.

They may talk of their roast and their boiled,
They may talk of their stew and their fry,
I am gentle simplicity's child,
And I dote on a West-Riding pye,
While with knife sharp as razor and stomach as keen,
I splash through the crust to the fat and the lean—
To the fat and the lean,—
&c. &c.

V.

Let the Whigs have sour bannocks to chew,
And their dish-water namesake to swill;
But, dear boys, let the wet ruby flow
For the comfort of Torydom still,
Be our dishes like mountains, our bumpers like seas,
Be the fatness with us, and the leanness with these—
&c. &c.

NORTH.

I like to hear you talk of leanness!—Well, well, after all, what an infernal bump of gluttony you must sport, Timotheus!—and you too, Odoherty.—You are not aware, perhaps, that the infernal idiots have got you into their hands.

ODOHERTY.

The infernal idiots—who are they?—O, the Phrenologists! How have the asses got me?

NORTH.

It appears that you were lying on your old bench in the watch-house, after an evening's carouse here, when a party of Craniologists were committed for exercising the Organ of Destructiveness on the windows of somebody, whom they wanted to convince of the truth of the theory—and one of them took a cast of your head.

ODOHERTY.

The Devil he did!—What did he find there?

NORTH.

Imprimis, one huge bump on the top of the forehead, denoting extraordinary piety.

ODOHERTY.

What, this bump here?—Piety with a vengeance!—To be sure I went on my knees immediately after getting it—for it is the mark of a rap of a shillela which I got in the days of my youth from Cornelius O'Callaghan, in a row at Ballyhooly. What else am I, besides being pious?

NORTH.

O, I forget the entire—but it is to appear in the next volume of their transactions.

TICKLER.

They found the organ of punch-drinking very large, which tends, more than any other fact I have ever heard, to prove the truth of their wise science.

ODOHERTY.

Where did they find it, pray?

TICKLER.

Somewhere above your eyebrow.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! the asses—if they found it somewhere under my gullet, they would be nearer the mark.—But come, here they go!—(*sings.*)

I.

Of all the asses in the town,
  None's like the Phreno-lógers,—
They sport a braver length of ears
  Than all the other codgers.
There's not a jackass in the land
  Can bray so true and sweetly,
Nor prove a turnip is a head
  As wise as theirs completely.

II.

'Tis they who write in learned words,
  By no means long or braggart;
'Tis they who proved no saint e'er lived,
  If none was Davie Haggart.
For Davie is a favourite name
  Among our northern witches;—
Twas David Welsh who made the club,
  Along with David Breeches.—

I meant to say Bridges, but I could not think of a rhyme. Davie, who is an excellent fellow in all other respects, is turned phrenologer, and has an interesting paper on a young thief of his acquaintance, in the Idiot Transactions, which is quite edifying to read.—

III.

They prove that Chalmers' pate across *
  Is half a foot and over;
Whereas in Joseph Hume, M. P.,
  An inch less they discover:
And therefore they declare the one
  A most poetic prancer,
While Joseph they pronounce to be
  No mighty necromancer.

IV.

But Hume, you needna fash your thumb,
  Nor stint your † smuggled bottle;—
Still prove in style that three and three
  Make up fifteen in tottle.
For ev'n if what these wooden pates
  Have tried to prove, were swallow'd,
Yet if it be a narrow skull,
  Your head's a perfect solid.

V.

They proved from Whig Jack Thurtell's head,
  That he was kind and gentle;

---

* See Combe's letter to Dr Barclay.

† *Vide* Hume's speech of the 12th inst.

And though too fond of cutting throats,
Yet still he never meant ill.
And now the seven-and-eighty wits,*
To all our satisfactions,
Have shewn it takes no brains to print
A volume of transactions.

Shall I go on?—

NORTH.

No—no—let the turnip tops rot in quiet. [Sings.]

The Doncaster Mayor, he sits in his chair—
His mills they merrily go—
His nose it doth shine with Oporto wine,
And the gout it is in his great toe.

And so it is in mine too. Oh! oh! O dear! what a cough I have! heigh, heigh, heigh!—Come now, Tickler, one stave from your old mouse-trap, to conclude the ante-cœnal part of our symposium, for I hear the dishes rattling below.

TICKLER *sings, (a-la Matthews.)*

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window—
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;
He begg'd for admittance—she answered him no—
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
No, no, Roger, no—as you came ye my go—
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump.
O what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cried—
Humpaty, humpaty, hump—
That thus I am cast off, and unkindly denied?—
Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump—
Some rival more dear, I guess, has been here—
Crumpaty, crumpaty, crump—
Suppose there's been two, sir, pray what's that to you, sir?
Numpaty, numpaty, nump—
Wi' a disconsolate look, his sad farewell he took—
Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump—
And all in despair jump'd into a brook—
Jumpaty, jumpaty, jump—
His courage did cool in a filthy green pool—
Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump—
So he swam to the shore, but saw Dolly no more—
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump—
He did speedily find one more fat and more kind—
Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump—
But poor Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid—
Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.

Enter Ambrose with his tail on: (Left eating.)

* The number of phrenologists in the club in Edinburgh.

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ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE I.—*Sky-Blue Parlour.*

MR NORTH, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, AND MR AMBROSE.

NORTH.

Just so—just so, Mr Ambrose. No man sets a cushion with more gentle dexterity. As my heel sinks into the velvet, my toe forgets to twinge. Now, my dear St Ambrosio, for *L'eau medicinal!* (*Mr Ambrose communicates a nutshell of Glenlivet, and exit.*) Now, my dear Shepherd, let us have a "twa-handed crack."

THE SHEPHERD.

What's the gout like, Mr North, sir? Is't like the stang o' a skep-bee? or a toothacky stoun? or a gumboil, when you touch't wi' het parritch? or a whitlow on ane's nose, thrab thrabbing a' the night through? or is't liker, in its ain way, till what ane drees after thretty miles o' a hard-trotting, barebacked beast, wi' thin breeks on ane's hurdies?

NORTH.

Gentle Shepherd, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE SHEPHERD.

Is'e warrant now, sir, that your big tae's as red as a rose in June.

NORTH.

There spoke the poet—the author of the Queen's Wake. Mr Hogg, I am happy to know that you are about to give us a new poem, Queen Hynde. Is it very fine?

THE SHEPHERD.

Faith, I'm thinking it's no muckle amiss. I've had great pleasure aye in the writing o't. The words came out, helter skelter, ane after the other, head to doup, like bees frae a hive on the first glimpse o' a sunny summer morn.

NORTH.

Again! Why, that is poetry, Mr Hogg.

THE SHEPHERD.

Fie shame! That's just what Mr Jaffray said to Coleridge, when walking in the wud wi' him at Keswick—And yet what does he do a towmont or twa after, but abuse him and his genius baith, like ony tinkler, in the Enbro' Review. I canna say, Mr North, that I hate flattery, but, oh man! I fear't, and at the very time I swallow't, I keep an e'e on the tyke that administers the cordial.

NORTH.

Queen Hynde will do, James. Tales, tales, tales, eternal prose tales—out with a poem, James.—Your brose tales are but——

THE SHEPHERD.

What kind o' a pronounciation is that, man?

NORTH.

I seldom write verses myself, now-a-days, James, but as I have not bothered you much lately by spouting MSS., as I used to do long ago, pray, be so kind as to listen to me for a few stanzas.

1.

HAIL, glorious dawning! hail, auspicious morn!
  APRIL THE FIRST! grand festival, all hail!
My soaring Muse on goose-quill pinion born,
  From that wide limbo, sung in Milton's tale,
Hastens to pay thee love and reverence due,
  For thou to me a day most sacred art;
And I shall call around a jovial crew,
  Who love and worship thee with single heart.
Come, crown'd in foolscap, rolling forth this lay,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

2.

Which of you first shall press to shew your love—
  To vail your bonnet to your patron saint?
I see you hasten from the earth above,
  And sea below to pay your service quaint.
While black and grey in every livery deck'd
  The stay-laced dandy, and the Belcher'd blood,
The grave divine of many a jangling sect—
  Lawyers and doctors, and the critic brood,
All singing out in concert, grave or gay,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

3.

March in the foremost rank—'tis yours by right—
  March, grenadiers of folly—march, my Whigs—
Hoist the old tatter'd standard to the light,
  Grunting in chorus like Will Cobbett's pigs.
George Tierny holds it with unsteady paw,
  Looking right hungry on the golden hill
Of Place and Power, from which his ravening maw
  Hopes vainly for vittal its chinks to fill.
Dupe to himself he growls, but loud must say,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

4.

Brougham, in a hated gown of stuff, attends,
  His nose up-twitching like the devil's tail.
There Aberdeen her lernit Rector sends,
  Joseph, at whom great Cocker's self turns pale.
There's Scarlett Redivivus, whom the band
  Of bloody gemmen of the Press had slain,
And Wilson (once Sir Robert) hand in hand,
  With Nugent lading of the Falmouth Wain,
Joining right loudly in the grand huzza,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

5.

Wise Hutchinson, and wiser Peter Moore,
  Great Holland, redolent of female fist;
Sir James, the faithful treasurer of the poor,
  Mick Taylor, lord of cutlets and gin twist;
Frothy Grey Bennet, patron of the press,
  Whose freedom is their toast in bumpers full,
And which they shew, by crowding to caress
  Fudge Tommy Moore, and actioning John Bull.
Shout, my old Coke!—shout, Albemarle!—shout, Grey!
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

6.

Apt are the emblems which the party shews—
  Here's "Great Napoleon, victor over Spain,"
And "Wellington of war no science knows,"
  And "Angouleme has touched his hilt in vain,"
And "We must perish if the gold's withdrawn,"
  And "We must perish if the gold is paid,"
And "Chaste art thou, O Queen! as snow ere dawn,"
  And "Princess Olive is an injured maid;"
But shining over all, in alt still say,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

7.

Close by their tails see Jeff's reviewers sneak
  In buff and blue, an antiquated gang;
Jeffrey himself with penny trumpet squeak,
  Chimes with Jackpudding Sydney's jews-harp twang;
Hallam is there with blood of Pindar wet,
  And there Macculloch bellows, gallant stot,
And Christian Leslie, too, to whom is set
  A bust of stone, in Stockbridge shady grot.
In puppy chorus yelps the full array,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

8.

Still impudent their gestures—still their mien
  Swaggers beneath the load of self-conceit;
Yet all in spite of vanity is seen
  Graven on each brow disorder and defeat,
Still BYRON's canister too deftly tied,
  Rings "kling-ling-ling," be-draggling at their tail;
Still NORTH's stout cowhide to each back applied,
  Makes even the stoutest of the crew to quail,
Yet boldly still they cry with brave hurra—
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

9.

Whom have we next—I note the gesture trim,
  The throat unkerchiefed, and the jaunty air,
The yellow silk that wraps the nether limb,
  And all the singing robes that poets wear—
Hail, Bohea-bibbing monarch of Cockaigne!
  Who is more fit than thou to join the song
Of glory to Tom-foolery, the strain,
  Thou and thy subject tribes have troll'd so long?
Shout o'er thy bumper'd dish, hip! hip! hurra!
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

10.

For the remainder of his rabble rout,
  Their names I know not, nor desire to know.
For aught I care, each long-eared lubber lout
  May march to Orcus on fantastic toe,
Save Barry Cornwall, milk-and-water bard,
  Lord of the flunky clad in livery green!
To send so sweet a poet 'twere too hard,
  To the chaise-percèe of old Pluto's queen.
No, here as Cockney-Laureat let him stay,
Singing, hail, mother, hail!—hail, glorious ALL FOOLS' day!

11.

Make way, make way, in plenitude of paunch,
  See London's learned livery waddling on.
Lord Waithman heads the rumpled avalanche,
  Tailed by Teutamen's hero—Whittington!
Oh, Huckaback the Great, alike sublime,
  In measuring speech or gingham by the ell,
Worthy alike of poet's lofty rhyme,
  The stuff you utter, and the stuff you sell!
Sing with that voice which can e'en kings dismay,
Hail, mighty mother, hail!—hail, April ALL FOOLS' day!

THE SHEPHERD.

That'll do—*Ohe! jam satis.* I ken naithing about tae half o' the chiels, and the little I do ken about the lave is na worth kenning. But the verses sound weel, and seem fu' o' satire. They'll no be popular, though, about Ettrick.

NORTH.

I must occasionally consult the taste of the people in London, and the neighbouring villages. They are fond of their little local jeers, and attach mighty importance to men and things, that in the Forest, James, are considered in the light of their own native insignificance.

THE SHEPHERD.

That's God's truth! In London you'll hear a soun', like laigh thunder, frae a million voices, growl-growling on ae subject, for aiblins a week thegither; a' else is clean forgotten, and the fate o' the world seems to hang on the matter in han';—but just wait you till the tips o' the horns o' the new moon hae sprouted, and the puir silly craturs recollec' naithing ava', either o' their ain fear, or their ain folly, and are aff on anither scent, as idle and thochtless as before. In the kintra, we are o' a wiser, and doucer, and dourer nature; we fasten our feelings rather on the durable hills, than on the fleeting cluds; tomorrow kens something about yesterday, and the fifty-twa weeks in the year dinna march by like isolated individuals; but like a company strongly mustered, and on an expedition or enterprize o' pith and moment.

NORTH.

So with books. In a city they are read—flung aside—and forgotten like the dead.

THE SHEPHERD.

In the pure air o' the kintra, beuks hae an immortal life. I hae nae great leebrary—feck o't consists o' twenty volumes o' my ain writing; but, oh! man, it is sweet to sit down, on a calm simmer evening, on a bit knowe, by the loch-side, and let ane's mind gang daundering awa down the pages o' some volume o' genius, creating thochts alang with the author, till, at last, you dinna weel ken whilk o' you hae made the beuk. That's just the way I aften read your Magazine, till I could believe that I hae written every article—Noctes and a'.

NORTH.

How did the Border games go off this Spring Meeting, Shepherd?

THE SHEPHERD.

The loupin' was gude, and the rinnin' was better, and the ba' was best. Oh, man! that ye had been but there!

NORTH.

What were the prizes?

THE SHEPHERD.

Bunnets. Blue bunnets—I hae ane o' them in my pouch, that wasna gien awa'. There—try it on.

(*The Shepherd puts the blue bonnet on Mr North's head.*)

NORTH.

I have seen the day, James, when I could have leaped any man in Ettrick.

THE SHEPHERD.

A' but ane. The Flying Tailor wad hae been your match ony day. But there's nae denying you used to take awfu' spangs. Gude safe us, on springy meadow grun, rather on the decline, you were a verra grasshopper. But, wae's me—thae crutches! *Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni!*

NORTH.

Why, even yet, James, if it were not for this infernal gout here, I could leap any man living, at hop, step, and jump——

THE SHEPHERD.

Hech, sirs!—hech, sirs! but the human mind's a strange thing, after a'! Here's you, Mr North, the cleverest man, I'll say't to your face, noo extant, a scholar and a feelosopher, vauntin' o' your loupin'! That's a great wakeness. You should be thinkin' o' ither things, Mr North. But a' you grit men are perfet fules either in ae thing or anither.

NORTH.

Come, James, my dear Hogg, draw your chair a little closer. We are a set of strange devils, I acknowledge, we human beings.

THE SHEPHERD.

Only luk at the maist celebrated o' us.—There's Byron, braggin' o' his soomin', just like yourself o' your loupin'. He informs us that he swom through the streets of Venice, that are a' canals, you ken—nae very decent proceeding—and keepit ploutering on the drumly waves for four hours and a half, like a wild guse, diving, too, Is'e warrant, wi' his tail, and treading water, and lying on the back o' him—wha' the deevil cares?

NORTH.

His lordship was, after all, but a sorry Leander?

THE SHEPHERD.

You may say that. To have been like Lander, he should hae swom the Strechts in a storm, and in black midnight, and a' by himself, without boats and gondolas to pick him up gin he tuk the cramp, and had a bonnie lass to dicht him dry,—and been drown'd at last—but that he'll never be.

NORTH.

You are too satirical, Hogg.

THE SHEPHERD.

And there's Tammas Mure braggin' after anither fashion o' his exploits amang the lasses. O man, dinna you think it rather contemptible, to sit in a cotch wi' a bonnie thochtless lassie, for twa three lang stages, and then publish a sang about it? I ance heard a gran' leddie frae London lauching till I thocht she would hae split her sides, at Thomas Little, as she ca'd him. I

could scarcely fadom her—but ye ken't by her face what she was thinking,—and it was a' quite right—a severe reproof.

NORTH.

Mr Coleridge? Is he in the habit, Hogg, of making the Public the confidents of his personal accomplishments?

THE SHEPHERD.

I canna weel tell, for deevil the like o' sic books as his did I ever see wi' my een beneath the blessed licht. I'm no speakin' o' his Poems.—I'll aye roose them—but the Freen and the Lay Sermons are aneuch to drive ane to destraction. What's logic?

NORTH.

Upon my honour as a gentleman, I do not know; if I did, I would tell you with the greatest pleasure.

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, Coleridge is aye accusing folk o' haeing nae logic. The want o' a' things is owing to the want o' logic, it seems. Noo, Mr North, gin logic be soun reasoning, and I jalouse as much, he has less o't himsel than onybody I ken, for he never sticks to the point twa pages; and to tell you the truth, I aye feel as I were fuddled after perusing Coleridge. Then he's aye speaking o' himsel—but what he says I never can mak out. Let him stick to his poetry, for, oh! man, he's an unyerthly writer, and gies Superstition sae beautifu' a countenance, that she wiles folk on wi' her, like so many bairns, into the flowery but fearfu' wildernesses, where sleeping and wauking seem a' ae thing, and the very soul within us wonders what has become o' the every-day warld, and asks hersel what creation is this that wavers and glimmers, and keeps up a bonnie wild musical sough, like that o' swarming bees, spring-startled birds, and the voice of a hundred streams, some wimpling awa' ower the Elysian meadows, and ithers roaring at a distance frae the clefts o' mount Abora. But is't true that they hae made him the Bishop of Barbadoes?

NORTH.

No, he is only Dean of Highgate. I long for his "Wanderings of Cain," about to be published by Taylor and Hessey. That house has given us some excellent things of late. They are spirited publishers. But why did not Coleridge speak to Blackwood? I suppose he could not tell, if he were questioned.

THE SHEPHERD.

In my opinion, sir, the bishops o' the Wast Indies should be blacks.

NORTH.

Prudence, James, prudence,—we are alone to be sure, but the affairs of the West Indies——

THE SHEPHERD.

The bishops o' the Wast Indies should be blacks. Naebody 'll ever mak me think itherwise. Mr Wilberforce, and Mr M'Auley, and Mr Brougham, and a' the ither Saints, have tell't us that blacks are equal to whites; and gin that be true, make bishops o' them—What for no?

NORTH.

James, you are a consistent poet, philosopher, and philanthropist. Pray, how would you like to marry a black woman? How would Mr Wilberforce like it?

THE SHEPHERD.

I canna answer for Mr Wilberforce; but as for myself, I scunner at the bare idea.

NORTH.

Why, a black skin, thick lips, grizzly hair, long heels, and convex shins—What can be more delightful?—But, to be serious, James, do you think there is no difference between black and white?

THE SHEPHERD.

You're drawing me into an argument about the Wast Indies, and the neegars. I ken naething about it. I hate slavery as an abstract idea—but it's a necessary evil, and I canna believe a' thae stories about cruelty. There's nae fun or amusement in whipping women to death—and as for a skelp or twa, what's the harm?—Hand me ower the rum and the sugar, sir,

NORTH.

What would Buxton the brewer say, if he heard such sentiments from the author of Kilmeny? But what were we talking about a little ago?

THE SHEPHERD.

Never ask me siccan a like question. Ye ken weel aneuch that I never remember a single thing that passes in conversation. But may I ask gin you're comin' out to the fishing this season?

NORTH.

Apropos. Look here, James. What think you of these flies? Phin's, of course. Keep them a little farther off your nose, James, for they are a dozen of devils, these black heckles. You observe,—dark yellow body—black half heckle, and wings of the mallard, a beautiful brown—gut like gossamer, and the killing Kirby.

THE SHEPHERD.

I'll just put them into my pouch. But, first, let me see how they look sooming.

(*Draws out a fly, and trails it slowly along the punch in his tumbler, which he holds up to the argand lamp—a present to Mr Ambrose from Barry Cornwall.*)

O, man! that's the naturallest thing ever I saw in a' my born days. I ken whare theres a muckle trout lying at this very moment, below the root o' an auld birk, wi' his great snout up the stream, drawing in slugs and ither animalculas, into his vortex, and no caring a whisk o' his tail for flees; but you'se hae this in the tongue o' you, my braw fallow, before May-day. He'll sook't in saftly, saftly, without shewing mair than the lip o' him, and then I'll streck him, and down the pool he'll gaung, snoring like a whale, as gin he were descending in a' his power to the bottomless pit, and then up wi' a loup o' lightning to the verra lift, and in again into the water wi' a squash and a plunge, like a man gaun in to the douking, and then out o' ae pool into anither, like a kelpie gaun a-coorting, through alang the furds and shallows, and ettling wi' a' his might at the waterfa' opposite Fahope's house. Luk at him! luk at him! there he glides like a sunbeam strong and steady, as I give him the butt, and thirty yards o' the pirn—nae stane to stumble, and nae tree to fankle—bonnie green hills shelving down to my ain Yarrow—the sun lukin' out upon James Hogg, frae behint a cloud, and a breeze frae St Mary's Loch, chaunting a song o' triumph down the vale, just as I land him on the gowany edge of that grassy-bedded bay,

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

NORTH.

Shade of Isaac Walton!

THE SHEPHERD.

I'm desperate thirsty—here's your health. Oh, Lord! What's this? what's this? I've swallowed the flee!

NORTH. (*starting up in consternation.*)

Oh, Lord! What's this? what's this? I've trodden on a spike, and it has gone up to my knee-pan!—O my toe! my toe! But, James—James—shut not your mouth—swallow not your swallow—or you are a dead man. There—steady—steady—I have hold of the gut, and I devoutly trust that the hook is sticking in your tongue or palate. It cannot, must not be in your stomach, James. Oh!——

THE SHEPHERD.

Oh! for Liston, wi' his instruments!

NORTH.

Hush—hush—I see the brown wings.

Enter AMBROSE.

AMBROSE.

Here, here is a silver spoon—I am all in a fluster. O dear, Mr North, will this do to keep dear Mr Hogg's mouth open, while you are—

NORTH.

It is the soup-ladle, sir. But a sudden thought strikes me. Here is my gold ring.—I shall let it down the line, and it will disentangle the hook. Don't swallow my crest, my dear Shepherd. There—all's right—the black heckle is free, and my dear poet none the worse.

THE SHEPHERD, (*coughing out Mr North's gold ring.*)

That verra flee shall grip the muckle trout. Mr Ambrose, quick,—countermand Liston. (*Mr Ambrose vanishes.*) I'm a' in a poor o' sweat—Do you hear my heart beating?

NORTH.

Mrs Phin's tackle is so excellent that I felt confident in the result. Bad gut, and you were a dead man. But let us resume the thread of our discourse.

THE SHEPHERD.

I have a sore throat, and it will not be weel till we soop. Tak my arm, and we'se gang into the banquetting-room. Hush—there's a clampering in the trance. It's the rush o' critics frae the pit o' the Theatre. They're coming for porter—and let's wait till they're a' in the tap-room, or ither holes. In five minutes you'll hear nae ither word than "Vandenhoff," "Vandenhoff."

NORTH.

The shower is over, let us go; and never, James, would old Christopher North desire to lean for support on the arm of a better man.

THE SHEPHERD.

I believe you noo—for I ken when you're serious and when you're jokin', and that's mair than every ane can say.

NORTH.

Forgive, James, the testy humours of a gouty old man. I am your friend.

THE SHEPHERD.

I ken that fu' brawly. Do you hear the sound o' that fizzing in the pan? Let's to our wark. But, North, say naething about the story of the flee in that wicked Magazine.

NORTH.

Mum's the word. *Allons.*

SCENE II.—*The Banquetting-Room.*

Enter Mr NORTH, *leaning on the arm of the* SHEPHERD, *and* Mr AMBROSE. Mr TICKLER *in the shade.*

NORTH.

By the palate of Apicius! What a board of oysters!—Ha, Tickler! Friend of my soul, this goblet sip, how art thou?

TICKLER.

Stewed—foul from the theatre. Ah, ha! Hogg—your paw, James.

THE SHEPHERD.

How's a' wi' ye?—How's a' wi' ye, Maister Tickler? Oh, man! I wish I had been wi' you. I'm desperate fond o' theatricals, and Vandenhoff's a gran' chiel—a capital actor.

TICKLER.

So I hear. But the Vespers of Palermo won't do at all at all; so I shan't criticise any actor or actress, that strutted and spouted to-night. Mrs Hemans, I am told, is beautiful—and she has a fine feeling about many things. I love Mrs Hemans; but if Mrs Hemans loves me, she will write no more tragedies.—My dear Christopher, fair play's a jewel—a few oysters, if you please———

NORTH.

These "whiskered Pandours," as Campbell calls them in his Pleasures of Hope, are inimitable.

THE SHEPHERD.

God safe us a', I never saw a man afore noo putting sax muckle oysters in the mouth o' him a' at aince, but yoursel, Mr North.

TICKLER.

Pray, North, what wearisome and persevering idiot kept numbling monthly and crying quarterly about Mrs Hemans, in the "Bailie's Guse," for four years on end?

THE SHEPHERD.

The Bailie's Guse!—wha's he that? Is't ane o' the periodicals you're misca'ing?

TICKLER.

Yes—Waugh's Old New Edinburgh Review. It was called so, for the first time, by the Shepherd himself—and most aptly—as it waddled, flapped, and gabbled, out of the worthy Bailie's shop, through among the stand of coaches in Hunter-Square.

NORTH.

It was indeed a bright idea to fight a gander against a game-cock—Pool *versus* Jeffrey!

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, do you ken, I thought it a gay gude review—but it was unco late in noticing warks. The contributors, I jalouse, werena very original-minded lads, and lay back till they heard the general sugh. But when they did pronounce, I thought them, for the maist part, gude grammarians.

TICKLER.

The ninny I allude to, who must be a phrenologist, could utter not a syllable but "Hemans, Hemans, Hemans!" The lady must have been disgusted.

THE SHEPHERD.

No she indeed. What leddy was ever disgusted, even by the flattery o' a fule?

TICKLER.

They were a base as well as a stupid pack. Low mean animosities peeped out in every page, and with the exception of our most excellent friend R., and two or three others, the contributors were scarcely fit to compile an obituary. The editor himself is a weak well-meaning creature, and when the Bailie's Guse breathed her last, he naturally became Tagger to the Phrenological Journal.

NORTH.

I should be extremely sorry to think that my friend Waugh, who is a well-informed gentlemanly man, has lost money in this ill-judged business? The Guse, as you call it, occasionally quacked, as if half afraid, half angry, at poor innocent Maga, but I never gave the animal a single kick. Was its keep expensive to the Bailie?

TICKLER.

Too much so, I fear. These tenth-raters are greedy dogs. Do you not remember Tims?

NORTH.

Alas! poor Tims! I had forgot his importunities. But I thought I saw his Silliness in Taylor and Hessey, a month or two ago—"a pen-and-ink sketch of the late trial at Hertford."

TICKLER.

Yes—yes—yes—Tims on Thurtell!! By the way, what a most ludicrous thing it would have been, had Thurtell assassinated Tims! Think of Tims' face when he found Jack was serious. What small, mean, paltry, contemptible Cockney shrieks would he have emitted! 'Pon my honour, had Jack *bonâ fide* Thurtellized Tims, it would have been productive of the worst consequence to the human race; it would have thrown such an air of absurdity over murder.

THE SHEPHERD.

What! has that bit Cockney cretur, Tims, that I frighted sae in the Tent at Bræmar, when he offered to sing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," been writing about ae man murdering anither? He wasna blate.

TICKLER.

Yes, he has—and his account is a curiosity. Tims thinks, that the most appalling circumstance attending the said murder, was, that everything was "in clusters."—"It is strange," quoth he, "that, solitary as the place was, and desperate as was the murder—the actors—the witnesses—all but the poor helpless solitary thing that perished, "were in clusters!"

THE SHEPHERD.

Hout, tout, Tims!

TICKLER.

"The murderers were in clusters," he continues—"the farmer that heard the pistol, had his wife, and child, and nurse with him; there were two labourers at work in the lane, on the morning after the butcher work; there was a merry party at the cottage on the very night, singing and supping, while Weare's mangled carcase was lying darkening in its gore in the neighbouring field; there were hosts of publicans and ostlers witnesses of the gang's progress on their blood-journey; and the gigs, the pistols, even the very knives ran in pairs." Quod Tims, in Taylor and Hessey for Feb. 1, 1824—for here is the page, with which I now light my pipe. By all that is miraculous, these candles are in clusters.

THE SHEPHERD.

That's ae way, indeed, o' making murder ridiculous. But it's a lee. The gigs did not run in clusters—only think o' ca'ing ae gig passing anither on the road, a cluster o' gigs. Neither did the actors run in clusters, for Thurtell was by himself when he did the job. And then the pistols! Did he never hear before o' a pair o' pistols?—Tims, if you were here, I wad thraw your nose for you, ye conceited prig.

TICKLER, (*reading.*)

"It seems as though it were fated, that William Weare should be the only solitary object on that desperate night, when he clung to life in agony and blood, and was at last struck out of existence, as a *thing, single,* valueless, and vile." He was, it seems, a bachelor.

THE SHEPHERD.

The only solitary object on that desperate night. Was nae shepherd walking by himsel on the mountains? But what kind o' a Magazine can that o' Taylor and Hessey be, to take sic writers as Tims? I hope they don't run in clusters.

NORTH.

Give me a bit of the sheet—for my segar, (Heaven defend me, the segars run in clusters,) is extinct. Let me see. Hear Tims on Thurtell's speech.

"The solid, slow, and appalling tone in which he wrung out these last words, can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it; he had worked himself up into a great actor—and his eye, for the first time, during the trial, became alive and eloquent, his attitude was expressive in the extreme. He clung to every separate word with an earnestness, which we cannot describe, as though every syllable had the power to buoy up his sinking life,—and that these were the last sounds that were ever to be sent unto the ear of those who were to decree his doom!

"The final word God! was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy,—and he stood after its utterance, with his arm extended, his face protruded, and his chest dilated, as if the spell of the sound were yet upon him, and as though he dared not move, lest he should disturb the still-echoing appeal! He then drew his hands slowly back,—pressed them firmly to his breast, and sat down, half exhausted, in the dock."

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

NORTH, (*gravely.*)

"When he first commenced his defence, he spoke in a steady, artificial manner, after the style of Forum orators,—but as he warmed in the subject, and felt his ground with the jury, he became more unaffectedly earnest, and naturally solemn—and his mention of his mother's love, and his father's piety, drew the tear up to his eye almost to falling. He paused—and, though pressed by the Judge to rest, to sit down, to desist, he stood up, resolute against his feelings, and finally, with one fast gulp, swallowed down his tears! *He wrestled with grief and threw it!* When speaking of Barber Beaumont, the tiger indeed came over him, and his very voice seemed to escape out of his keeping. There was such a savage vehemence in his whole look and manner, as quite to awe his hearers. With an unfortunate quotation from a play, in which he long had acted too bitterly,—the Revenge! he soothed his maddened heart to quietness, and again resumed his defence, and for a few minutes in a doubly artificial serenity. The tone in which he wished that he had died in battle, *reminded me of Kean's farewell to the pomp of war in Othello*—and the following con-

sequence of such a death, was as grandly delivered by Thurtell, as it was possible to be! 'Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name; and shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!'"

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, I dinna ken the time I hae laucht so muckle. I'm sair exhausted. Gie's a drink.—The English folk gaed clean mad a'thegither about that fallow. I never could see onything very remarkable about his cutting Weare's craig. It was a puir murder yon. There was that deevil-incarnate Gordon, that murdered the bit silly callant o' a pedlar on Eskdale muir, the ither year, and nae sic sugh about it in a' the papers.

TICKLER.

I forget it. The particulars?

THE SHEPHERD.

Oh! man, it was a cruel deed. He forgathered wi' the laddie and his bit pack, trudging by himsell among the hills, frae housie to housie; and he keepit company wi' him for twa haill days, ane o' them the Sabbath. Nae doubt he talked, and lauched, and joked wi' the puir creature, wha was a bonnie boy they say, but little better in his intellects than an innocent, only hafflins wise; and when the ane stapped, the ither stapped, and they eat bread thegither by different ingles, and sleepit twa nichts in ae bed. In a lanesome place he tuk the callant and murdered him wi' the iron-heel o' ane of his great wooden clogs. The savage-tramper smashed in the skull wi' its yellow hair, didna wait to shut the bonnie blue een, put the pack over his ain braid shouthers, and then, demented as he was, gaed into the verra next town as a packman, and selt to the lassies the bits o' ribbons, and pencils, and thumbles, and sic like, o' the murdered laddie. I saw him hanged. I gaed into Dumfries on purpose. I wanted them no to put ony night-cap over the ugly face o' him, that we might a' see his last girns, and am only sorry that I didna see him dissecked.

TICKLER.

A set of amusing articles might, I think, be occasionally compiled from the recorded trials of our best British murderers. We are certainly a bloodthirsty people; and the scaffold has been mounted, in this country, by many first-rate criminals.

NORTH.

One meets with the most puzzling malefactors, who perpetrate atrocious deeds upon such recondite principles, that they elude the scrutiny of the most perspicacious philosophers. Butlers, on good wages and easy work, rise out of comfortable warm beds, and cut the throats of their masters quite unaccountably; well-educated gentlemen of a thousand a-year, magistrates for the county, and præses of public meetings for the redress of grievances, throw their wives over bridges and into coal-pits; pretty blue-eyed young maidens poison whole families with a mess of pottage; matrons of threescore strangle their sleeping partners with a worsted garter; a decent well-dressed person meets you on your evening stroll, and after knocking out your brains with a bludgeon, pursues his journey; if you are an old bachelor, or a single lady advanced in years, you may depend upon being found some morning stretched along your lobby with your eyes starting out of their sockets, the blue marks of finger-nails indented into your wizen, and your *os frontis* driven in upon your brain apparently by the blow of a sledge-hammer.

THE SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongues, haud your tongues, you twa; you're making me a' grew.

TICKLER.

A beautiful variety of disposition and genius serves to divest of sameness the simple act of slaughter; and the benevolent reader never tires of details, in which knives, daggers, pistols, clubs, mallets, hatchets, and apothecaries' phials, "dance through all the mazes of rhetorical confusion." Nothing can be "more refreshing" than a few hours sleep after the perusal of a bloody

murder. Your dreams are such as Coleridge might envy. Clubs batter out your brains;—your throat is filled with mud, as three strong Irishmen (their accent betrays them) tread you down seven fathoms into a quagmire. "You had better lie quiet, sir," quoth Levi Hyams, a Jew, while he applies a pig-butcher's knife to the jugular vein; you start up like Priam at the dead of night, and an old hag of a housekeeper chops your nose off with a cleaver. "Oh! what a pain methinks it is to die," as a jolly young waterman flings you out of his wherry into the Thames, immediately below Wellington Bridge. "Spare—spare my life, and take all I have!" has no effect upon two men in crape, who bury you, half dead, in a ditch. "He still breathes," growls a square thickset ruffian in a fustian jacket, as he gives you the *coup-de-grace* with a hedge-stake.

THE SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongues, I say. You'll turn my stomach at this dish o' tripe. The moniplies and the lady's hood are just excellent. Change the conversation.

TICKLER.

You are huddled out of a garret-window by a gang of thieves, and feel yourself impaled on the area-spikes; or the scoundrels have set the house on fire, that none may know they have murdered you; you are gagged with a floor-brush till your mouth yawns like a barn-door, yet told, if you open your lips, you are a dead man; outlandish devils put you into a hot oven; you try to escape from the murderer of the Marrs, and other households, through a common-sewer, and all egress is denied by a catacomb of cats, and the offal of twenty dissecting-tables. "Hoize him into the boiler, and be d——d to him;" and no sooner said than done. "Leave off haggling at his wind-pipe, Jack, and scoop out his bloody eyes."

NORTH.

How do you like being buried in quick-lime in your back-court, heaving all the while like a mole-hill, above your gashes, and puddled with your slow-oozing heart-blood? Is it a luxury to be pressed down, neck and crop, scarified like bacon, into a barrel below a water-spout, among dirty towels, sheets, and other napery, to be discovered, six weeks hence, in a state of putrefaction? What think you of being fairly cut up like a swine, and pickled, salted, barrelled, and shipped off at fourpence a-pound, for the use of a blockading squadron? Or would you rather, in the shape of hams, circumnavigate the globe with Cook or Vancouver? Dreams—dreams—dreams. "I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!"

TICKLER.

Could it have been believed, that in a country where murder has thus been carried to so high a pitch of cultivation, its 14 million inhabitants would have been set agape and aghast by such a pitiful knave as Jack Thurtell killing and bagging one single miserable sharper? Monstrous!

NORTH.

There was Sarah Malcolm, a sprightly young char-woman of the Temple, that murdered, with her own hand, a whole household. Few spinsters, we think, have been known to murder three of their own sex; and Sarah Malcolm must ever stand in the first class of assassins. She had no accomplice; her own hand held down the grey heads of the poor old women, and strangled them with unflinching fingers. As for the young girl of seventeen, she cut her throat from ear to ear, while she was perhaps dreaming of her sweetheart. She silenced all the breath in the house, and shut by the dead bodies; went about her ordinary business, as sprightly as ever, and lighted a young Irish gentleman's fire at the usual hour.

TICKLER.

What an admirable wife would Sarah have made for Williams, who, some dozen years ago, began work, as if he purposed to murder the metropolis! Sarah was sprightly and diligent, good-looking, and fond of admiration. Williams was called "Gentleman Williams," so genteel and amiable a creature did he seem to be; so pleasant with his chit-chat, and vein of trifling, peculiar to himself, and not to be imitated. He was very fond of children, used to dandle them with a truly parental air, and pat their curled heads, with the hand that

cut an infant's throat in the cradle. Williams was a sober man, and no brawler; he preferred quiet conversation with the landlady and her family within the bar, to the brutal mirth of the tavern-boxes; and young and old were alike delighted with the suavity of his smile. But in his white great coat—with his maul—or his ripping-chisel—or his small ivory-handled pen-knife, at dead of night, stealing upon a doomed family, with long silent strides, while, at the first glare of his eyes, the victims shrieked aloud, "We are all murdered!" Williams was then a different being indeed, and in all his glory. His ripping-chisel struck to the heart the person whose cheek he had patted two hours before. Charles Martell himself, or the Pounder, smashed not a skull like Williams, the Midnight Malletteer—and tidily and tenderly did he cover up the baby with its cradle-clothes, when he knew that he had pierced its gullet like a quill. He never allowed such trifles long to ruffle his temper. In the evening, he was seen smiling as before; even more gentle and insinuating than usual; more tenderly did he kiss little Tommy, as he prepared to toddle to his crib; and, as he touched the bosom of the bar-maid in pleasing violence, he thought how at one blow the blood would spout from her heart.

NORTH.

Sarah Malcolm was just the person to have been his bride. What a honey-moon! How soft would have been their pillow, as they recited a past, or planned a future murder! How would they have fallen asleep in each other's blood-stained arms! with the ripping-chisel below their pillow, and the maul upon the hearth!

THE SHEPHERD.

I wadna walk by myself through a dark wood the night, gin onybody were to gie me a thousand pounds. I never heard you in sic a key before. It's no right—it's no right!

NORTH.

What do the phrenologers say about Thurtell? I have not seen any of their Transactions lately.

TICKLER.

That he had the organ of Conscientiousness full, a large Benevolence, and also a finely developed organ of Veneration, just as might have been expected, they say, from his character. For the phrenologer thinks that Jack would not have cheated an honest man, that he was another Howard in benevolence, and had a deep sense of religion.

THE SHEPHERD.

I canna believe they would speak sic desperate havers as that.

TICKLER, (*ringing the bell, enters Ambrose.*)

Bring No. II. of the Phrenological Journal, Mr Ambrose. You know where to find it. Perhaps the article I allude to may not yet be destroyed.

NORTH.

What can the *Courier* mean by talking such infernal nonsense, Tickler, about that murderous desperado, Surgeon Conolly?

TICKLER.

A puzzle. The *Courier* is an excellent paper—and I never before knew it in a question of common sense and common morality, obstinately, singularly, and idiotically in the wrong.

NORTH.

Why, the cruel villain would have shot others besides poor Grainger—and after his blood was cooled, he exulted in the murder of that unfortunate man. The gallows were cheated of Conolly, by a quirk of the law.

TICKLER.

Judge Best saw the thing in its true light; and the country is indebted to him for his stubborn justice. Why, the *Courier* says, that not one man in a hundred, but would have done as Conolly did.—Oh monstrous! is murder so very ordinary a transaction?

NORTH.

No more, no more. But to be done with it, listen to this:—"We are informed that this unfortunate gentleman has directed his friends to supply him with a complete set of surgical instruments, with all the new inventions, and

a complete chamber medicine-chest. There is no doubt that he will be of the greatest utility to the colony, from the great want of medical men there; but there is less doubt that he will be one of the first in the country, as he is covered with misfortunes, *and unpolluted by crime.*"

TICKLER.

That cannot be from the *Courier*.

NORTH.

Alas! it is—although quoted from the Medical Adviser.

TICKLER.

I shall row Mudford for this, first time I dine with him in town. Here is another folly, although of a different character, from the same excellent paper of our excellent friend, an account of the Stot's Introductory Lecture on what is called Political Economy. The Ricardo-Lecture!! "Mr M'Culloch began his lecture by pointing out the importance of the study of Political Economy, and observed, that the accumulation of wealth could alone raise men from that miserable state of society, in which all were occupied in providing for their immediate physical wants, by affording them the means of subsistence when employed in the cultivation of mental powers, or in those pursuits which embellish life."

NORTH.

Most statistical of Stots! I had quite forgotten the stupid savage—but, look here, Tickler—here is a flaming account of his second display, in the *Morning Chronicle*. "He shewed that objects derive their value from labour alone, and that they are more or less valuable in proportion as labour is expended on them; that the air, and the rays of the sun, however necessary and useful, possess no value; that water, which at a river's side is of no value, acquires a value when required by persons who are at some distance, in proportion to the labour employed in its conveyance."

THE SHEPHERD.

I aye thocht M'Culloch a dull dour fellow, but the like o' that beats a'. It's an awfu' truism. The London folk 'ill never thole sic havers frae sic a hallanshaker.

NORTH.

On Mr Canning's appointment to the Secretaryship, the *Courier* honoured us by gracing its chief column with a character of that distinguished person from our pages, but without acknowledgment. He never quotes us, therefore why did he steal?

TICKLER.

Poo! poo! be not so sensitive. Nothing uncommon in that. It's the way of the world; and I am sure if ODoherty were here, he would laud Mudford for knowing a good thing. Here's that gentleman's health—I respect and esteem him highly.—James, you are a most admirable carver. That leg will do.

THE SHEPHERD.

No offence, sir, but this leg's no for you, but for mysel. I thought I wad never hae gotten't aff. Naething better than the roasted leg o' a hen. Safe us! she's fu' o' eggs. What for did they thraw the neck o' an eerock when her kame was red, and her just gaen to fa' a-laying? Howsomever, there's no great harm done. Oh! man, this is a grand sooping house. Rax ower the porter—Here's to you, lads, baith o' you. What's a' this bizziness that I heard them speaking about in Selkirk as I came through, in regard to the tenth company o' Hoozawrs?

TICKLER.

Why, I cannot think Battier a well-used man. They sent him to Coventry.

THE SHEPHERD.

I would just as soon gang to Coventry as to Dublin city. But what was the cause o' the rippet?

NORTH.

Why, the Tenth is a crack regiment, and, not thinking Mr Battier any ornament to the corps, they rather forgot their good manners a little or so, and made the mess mighty disagreeable to him; so, after several trifling occurrences too tedious to bore you with, Hogg, why, Mr Battier made himself scarce,

got himself rowed a good deal by the people at the Horse-guards, sold his horses, I presume, and now sports half-pay in the pedestrian service.

THE SHEPHERD.

But what for was he nae ornament to the corpse? Wasna he a gentleman?

NORTH.

Perfectly a gentleman; but somehow or another not to the taste of the Tenth; and then, such a rider!

THE SHEPHERD.

What! wasna he a gude rider upon horseback?

NORTH.

The worst since John Gilpin. In a charge, he "grasped fast the flowing mane," gave tongue,—and involuntarily deserted. So says his colonel; and Mr Battier, although he has published a denial of being the son of a merchant, has not, so far as I have observed, avowed himself a Castor.

THE SHEPHERD.

Na, if that be the case, the ither lads had some excuse. But what garr'd Mr Battier gang into the Hoozawrs, gin he couldna ride? I hope now that he has gaen into the Foot, that he may be able to walk. If not, he had better leave the service, and fin' out some genteel sedentary trade. He wadna like to be a tailor?

TICKLER.

Why, Battier, I am told, is a worthy fellow, and as I said before, he was ill used. But he ought not to have gone into the Tenth, and he ought not to have made use of threatening innuendoes after leaving the regiment, and crossing the Channel.

NORTH.

Certainly not. No gentleman should challenge a whole regiment, especially through the medium of the public press.

THE SHEPHERD.

If Mr Battier were to challenge me, if I were ane o' the offishers o' the Tenth, I wad fecht him on horseback—either wi' sword or pistol, or baith; and what wad my man do, then, wi' his arms round the neck o' his horse, and me hewing awa' at him, head and hurdies?

NORTH.

It was a silly business altogether, and is gone by—but, alas! poor Collier! That was a tragedy indeed.

TICKLER.

Confound that lubber, James. If he has any feeling at all, he must be miserable.

NORTH.

His account of the affair at first was miserably ill written—indeed, incomprehensible—and grossly contradictory—extremely insolent, and in many essential points false. All were to blame, it seems, commodore, captains, crews, and Admiralty. A pretty presumptuous prig!

THE SHEPHERD.

Puir chiel! puir chiel! I saw't in a paper—and couldna help amaist greeting; a' riddled wi wouns in the service o' his country, and to come to that end at last! Has that fallow James lamented bitterly the death o' the brave sea-captain, and deplored having caused sic a woful disaster?

MR NORTH.

Not as he ought to have done. But the whole country must henceforth despise him and his book. I could pardon his first offence, for no man could have foreseen what has happened; but his subsequent conduct has been unpardonable. He owed to the country the expression of deep and bitter grief, for having been the unintentional, but not altogether the innocent cause of the death of one of her noblest heroes.

TICKLER.

I see Phillimore has been bastinadoing James—imprudently, I opine. You have no right to walk into a man's house, with your hat on, like a Quaker, supported by a comrade, and then in the most un-Friendly manner, strike your host over the pate with a scion from an oak-stump.

NORTH.

Certainly you have not. I am sorry that my friend Phillimore, as brave a fellow as ever walked a quarter-deck, did not consult his brother the doctor. But I believe the captain had no intention of assaulting the naval historian when he entered the premises; and that some gross impertinence on the part of the scribe, brought the switch into active service.

MR TICKLER.

The public will pardon Phillimore. A Naval History is a very good thing, if written by a competent person, which James is not, although the man has some merit as a chronicler. But the very idea of criticising in detail every action, just as you would criticise a volume of poems, is not a little absurd. Southey's Life of Nelson is good.

NORTH.

Excellent. Look at James's History after reading that admirable Manual, and you will get sick.

THE SHEPHERD.

He's just a wonderfu' man Soothey; the best o' a' the Lakers.

TICKLER.

Bam the Lakers. Here's some of the best Hollands that ever crossed the Zuyder Zee.—Make a jug, James.

THE SHEPHERD.

Only look, what has become of the supper? Mr Tickler, you've a fearsome appetite.—Hear—hear—there's the alarm-bell—and the fire-drum! Saw na ye that flash o' licht. I hope it may turn out a gude conflagration. Hear till the ingines. I'm thinking the fire's on the North Bridge. I hope it's no in my freen' Mr John Anderson's shop.

NORTH.

I hope not. Mr Anderson is a prosperous bibliopole, and these little cheap editions of the Scottish Poets, Ramsay, and Burns, and Grahame, are admirable. The prefaces are elegantly and judiciously written—the text correct—type beautiful, and embellishments appropriate.

TICKLER.

The "Fire-Eater," lately published by Mr Anderson, is a most spirited and interesting tale—full of bustle and romantic incidents.—I intend to review it.

THE SHEPHERD.

The "Fire-Eater" is a fearsome name for ony Christian; but how can you twa sit ower your toddy in that gait, discussing the merits o' beuks, when I tell you the haill range o' buildings yonder's in a bleeze?

(*Enter* MR AMBROSE, *with the Phrenological Journal.*)

AMBROSE.

Gentlemen, Old Levy the Jew's fur-shop is blazing away like a fury, and threatening to burn down the Hercules Insurance Office.

TICKLER.

Out with the candles. I call this a very passable fire. Why, look here, the small type is quite distinct. I fear the blockheads will be throwing water upon the fire, and destroying the effect. Mr Ambrose, step over the way, and report progress.

THE SHEPHERD.

Can ye see to read thae havers, by the fire-flaughts, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

What think ye, James, of the following touch? "Yet the organ of benevolence is very large; and this is no contradiction, but a confirmation of phrenology. Thurtell, with all his violence and dissipation, was a kind-hearted man!"

THE SHEPHERD.

You're making that. Nae man can be sic a fule as write that down, far less edit it. Do they give any proofs of his benevolence?

TICKLER.

Yes—yes. He once gave half-a-sovereign to an old broken black-leg and "upon witnessing a quarrel, which had nearly ended in a fight, between Harry

Harmer, and Ned Painter, at the house of the former pugilist—the Plough in Smithfield—and which originated through Thurtell, he felt so much hurt that he shed tears in reconciling them to each other!"

THE SHEPHERD.

The blackguard's been greetin' fu'.

TICKLER, (*reading.*)

"His behaviour in prison was of so affecting and endearing a nature, that the account of the parting scene between him and the gaoler, and others who had been in the habit of great intercourse with him, during his confinement, is affecting enough to draw tears from every one whose heart is not made of stone!"

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, mine is made o' stane. For it was to me just perfectly disgustful and loathsome. Sir James Mackintosh broached preceesely my sentiments in the House of Commons. A man may weel greet, in a parting scene wi' a jailor, when he is gaun out to the open air to be hanged, without ony great benevolence.

TICKLER.

"His uniform kindness to Hunt, after Probert had escaped punishment as king's evidence, up to the moment of his execution, was of the warmest nature. Although Hunt was probably drawn into a share of the bloody transaction by Thurtell, the affectionate conduct of Thurtell towards him so completely overpowered him, that had Thurtell been the *most virtuous person upon earth, and he and* HUNT OF OPPOSITE SEXES, Thurtell could not have rendered himself more beloved than every action of Hunt proved he was."

THE SHEPHERD.

A fool and a phrenologist is a' ae thing, Mr Tickler—I admit that noo. Hunt did all he could to hang Thurtell—Thurtell abused Joe constantly in prison—and in his speech frightened him out of his wits, by his horrid faces, as Hunt tells in his confession to Mr Harmer.—Ten minutes after Jack is hanged Hunt declares that he richly deserved it—his whole confession is full of hatred (real or affected) towards Thurtell.—During his imprisonment in the hulks, his whole behaviour is reckless, and destitute of all feeling for any human creature, and at last he sails off with curses in his throat, and sulky anger in his miserable heart. It's a shame for Dr Pool to edit sic vile nonsense, and I'll speak to him about it mysel'.

TICKLER.

Hear the Doctor himself. "That Thurtell, with a large benevolence, should commit such a deed, was reckoned by many completely subversive of the science. Do such persons recollect the character of one Othello, drawn by a person named William Shakespeare? Is there no adhesiveness, no generosity, no benevolence in that mind so pourtrayed by the poet? and was a more cool and deliberate murder ever committed?"

THE SHEPHERD.

That beats Tims. Othello compared to Thurtell; and what's waur, wee Weare in the sack likened, by implication, to Desdemona? That's phrenology, is't? I canna doubt noo the story o' the Turnip.

TICKLER.

This Phrenologist admires Thurtell as the bravest of men. "No murder,' says he, "was ever committed with more daring." Do ye think so, James?

THE SHEPHERD.

Oh! the wretched coward! What bravery was there in a big strong man inveigling a shilly-shally feckless swindler into a gig, a' swaddled up in a heavy great-coat, and a' at aince, unawares, in a dark loan, shooting him in the head wi' a pistol? And then, when the puir devil was frighted, and stunned, and half dead, cutting his throat wi' a pen-knife. Dastardly ruffian!

TICKLER.

"The last organ stated as very large is Cautiousness. This part of his character was displayed in the pains he took to conceal the murder, to hide the body, &c."

THE SHEPHERD.

What the deevil! wad ony man that had murdered anither no try

either to conceal the body, or to avoid suspicion? Was it ony mark of caution to confide in twa such reprobates as Hunt and Probert, both of whom betrayed the murderer? Was it ony mark o' caution to tell the Bow Street officer, when he was apprehended, that he had thrown Weare's watch over a hedge? Was it ony mark o' caution to lose his pistol and pen-knife in the dark? Was it ony mark o' caution to keep bluidy things on and about him, afterwards for days, in a public-house? Fule and Phrenologist are a' ane, sir, truly enough.

TICKLER.

"A martyr could not have perished more heroically."

THE SHEPHERD.

That's no to be endured. Thurtell behaved wi' nae mair firmness than ony ither strong-nerved ruffian on the scaffold. Was his anxiety about the length o' rope like a martyr? Naebody behaved sae weel at the last as the honest hangman.

TICKLER.

The ass thus concludes. "I will not detain the reader any longer; but trust enough has been said to shew, that if ever head confirmed Phrenology, it is the head of Thurtell."

THE SHEPHERD.

Fling that trash frae you, and let us out by to the fire. The roof o' the house must be falling in belyve. Save us, what a hum o' voices and trampling o' feet, and hissing o' ingines, and growling o' the fire! Let's out to the Brig, and see the rampaging element.

TICKLER.

You remind me, Hogg, of Nero surveying Rome on fire, and playing on the harp.

THE SHEPHERD.

Do ye want a spring on the fiddle? See till him, North's sleeping! Let's out amang the crowd for an hour. He'll never miss us till we come back, and crutches are no for a crowd.

SCENE III.—*The North Bridge*—MR TICKLER *and the* SHEPHERD *incog. in the Crowd.*

TICKLER.

Two to one on the fire.

THE SHEPHERD.

That's a powerfu' ingine.—I wad back the water, but there's ower little o't. (*Addressing himself generally to what Pierce Egan calls the audience,*)—"Lads, up wi' the causeway, and get to the water-pipes."

(*The hint is taken, and the engines distinguish themselves greatly.*)

TICKLER.

Hogg, you Brownie, I never thought you were the man to throw cold water on any night's good amusement.

THE SHEPHERD.

I'll back the water, noo, for a gallon o' whisky.

TICKLER.

Young woman, it's no doubt a very pretty song of old Hector Macneil's,—

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa',
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

But still, if you please, you need not put your arm under mine, till I whisper into your private ear.

THE SHEPHERD.

What's the limmer wanting?

FEMALE.

What!—Is that you, Mr Hogg? Ken ye ocht o' your friend, Captain ODoherty?

THE SHEPHERD.

There—there's half-a-crown for you—gang about your business, you slut—or I'll brain ye. I ken nae Captain ODoherties.

TICKLER.

I remember, James, that a subscription-paper was carried about a few years

ago, to raise money for pulling down this very range of buildings, which had just been carried up at a considerable expense.

THE SHEPHERD.

And you subscribed ten pounds?

TICKLER.

I should as soon have thought of subscribing ten pounds for Christianizing Tartary.

THE SHEPHERD.

There's an awfu' wark in Embro just now, about raising Monuments to every body, great and small. Did you hear, sir, o' ane about to be raised to Dubisson the dentist?

TICKLER.

I did. It is to be a double statue. Dubisson is to be represented in marble, with one hand grasping a refractory patient by the jaw-bone, and with the other forcibly introducing his instrument into the mouth.—I have seen a sketch of the design, and it is equal to the Hercules and Antæus.

THE SHEPHERD.

Whaur is't to be erecked?

TICKLER.

In the Pantheon, to be sure.

THE SHEPHERD.

Houts—it maun be a joke. But, Mr Tickler, have you seen a plan o' the Monument built at Alloa to Robert Burns?

TICKLER.

Ay, James, there is some sense in that. My friend Mr Thomas Hamilton's design is most beautiful, simple, and impressive. It stands where it ought to stand, and the gentlemen of Coila deserve every praise. I have heard that a little money may be still needed in that quarter—very little, if any at all. And I will myself subscribe five pounds.

THE SHEPHERD.

So will I. But the Monument no being in Embro', you see, nor Mr Thomas Hamilton a man fond o' putting himself forward, ane hears naething about it. I only wish he would design ane half as gude for mysel.

TICKLER.

Ah! my beloved Shepherd, not for these thirty years at least. Your worthy father lived to ninety odd—why not his son? Some half century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knowe in the Forest, with its honest brazen face looking across St Mary's Loch, and up towards the Greymare's tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will weave a dance round its pedestal.

THE SHEPHERD, (*in amazement.*)

My stars! yonder's ODoherty.

TICKLER.

Who? The Adjutant?

THE SHEPHERD.

ODoherty!—look at him—look at him—see how he is handing out the furniture through the window, on the third flat of an adjoining tenement. How the deevil got he there? Weel, siccan a deevil as that ODoherty!—and him, a the time, out o' Embro', as I hae't under his ain hand!

TICKLER.

There is certainly something very exhilarating in a scene of this sort. I am a Guebir, or Fire-worshipper. Observe, the crowd are all in most prodigious spirits. Now, had it been a range of houses tenanted by poor men, there would have been no merriment. But Mr Levy is a Jew—rich probably—and no doubt insured.—Therefore, all is mirth and jollity.

THE SHEPHERD.

Insurance offices, too, are a' perfect banks, and ane canna help enjoying a bit screed aff their profits. My gallon o' whisky's gane; the fire has got it a' its ain way noo,—and as the best o' the bleeze is ower, we may return to Ambrose's.

TICKLER.

Steady—there was a pretty tongue of fire flickering out of the fourth story. The best is to come yet. What a contemptible affair is an illumination!

THE SHEPHERD.

Ye may say that—wi' an auld hizzie at every window, left at hame to watch the candle-doups.

STRANGER,—(*To the* SHEPHERD.)

Sir, I beg your pardon, but you seem to be an amateur?

SHEPHERD.

No, sir,—I am a married man, with two children.

STRANGER.

'Tis a very so so fire. I regret having left bed for it.

THE SHEPHERD.

What! were you siccan a fule as leave your warm bed for a fire? I'm thinking you'll be nae mair an amateur than mysel, but a married man.

STRANGER.

I have seen, sir, some of the first fires in Europe. Drury-Lane, and Covent-Garden Theatres, each burned down twice—Opera-house twice—property to the amount of a million at the West India Docks—several successive cotton-mill incremations of merit at Manchester—two explosions (one with respectable loss of life) of powder-mills—and a very fine conflagration of shipping at Bristol.

THE SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler—heard ye ever the like?

TICKLER.

Never—Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

I'm the Ettrick Shepherd—and this is Mr Tickler, sir.

STRANGER.

What! can I trust my ears—am I in presence of two of the men, who have set the whole world on fire?

THE SHEPHERD.

Yes—you are, sir, sure enough, and yonder's the Adjutant ODoherty, wi' his face a' covered wi' coom, getting sport up yonder, and doing far mair harm than good, that's certain. But will you come with us to Ambrose's?—Whare is he, Tickler?—whare is he? Whare's the gentleman gone?

TICKLER.

I don't know. Look at your watch, James,—What is the hour?

THE SHEPHERD, (*fumbling about his fob.*)

My watch is gone!—my watch is gone!—he has picket my pocket o' her!—Deevil burn him!—I niffered wi' Baldy Bracken, in the Grass-market, the day before yesterday, and she didna lose a minute in the twenty-four. This is a bad job—let us back to Ambrose's. I'll never see her face again.

SCENE IV.—*The Banquetting Room.*

NORTH, (*solus, and asleep.*)

Enter on tiptoe Mr AMBROSE.

This fire has made me anxious about my premises. All right. He is fast as a nail; and snores (first time I ever heard him) like the rest of his species. Bless my soul!—the window is open at his very ear.

(*Pulls down the sash.*)

NORTH, (*awakening.*)

Ambrose! I have had a congellating dream.—Ice a foot thick in my wash-hand basin, and an icicle six inches long at my nose!

AMBROSE.

I am glad to have awakened you, sir. Shall I bring you a little mulled port?

NORTH.

No—no—Ambrose. Wheel me towards the embers. I hear it reported, Ambrose, that you are going to gut the tenement.—Is it so?

AMBROSE.

It is an ancient building, Mr North, and somewhat incommodious. During the summer months it will undergo a great change and thorough repair.

NORTH.

Well, well, Ambrose, I rejoice to know that a change is demanded by the increase of resort; but yet, methinks, I shall contemplate any alteration with a pensive and melancholy spirit. This very room, Mr Ambrose, within whose four walls I have been so often lately, must its dimensions be changed? Will this carpet be lifted? That chimney-piece be removed? I confess that the thought affects me, Mr Ambrose. Forgive the pensive tear.

(*Takes out his square of India, and blows his nose in a hurried and agitated manner.*)

AMBROSE.

Mr North, I have frequently thought of all this, and rather than hurt your feelings, sir, I will let the house remain as it is. I beseech you, sir, be composed.

NORTH.

No! "Ambrose thou reasonest well," it must be so. The whole city undergoeth change deep and wide, and wherefore should Gabriel's Road, and the Land of Ambrose, be alone immutable? Down with the partitions! The mind soon reconciles itself to the loss of what it most dearly loved. But the Chaldee Chamber, Ambrose! the Chaldee Chamber, Ambrose! must it go—must it go, indeed, and be swallowed up in some great big wide unmeaning room, destitute alike of character and comfort, without one high association hanging on its blue or yellow walls?

AMBROSE.

No, Mr North, rather than alter the Chaldee Chamber, would I see the whole of Edinburgh involved in one general conflagration.

NORTH.

Enough—enough—now my mind is at rest. With hammers, and with axes both, let the workmen forthwith fall to. You must keep pace, Mr Ambrose, with the progress, the advancement of the age.

AMBROSE.

Sir, I have been perfectly contented, hitherto, with the accommodation this house affords, and so, I humbly hope, have been my friends; but I owe it to those friends to do all I can to increase their comforts, and I have got a plan that I think will please you, sir.

NORTH.

Better, Ambrose, than that of the British itself. But no more.—Think you the lads will return? If not, I must hobble homewards.

AMBROSE.

Hearken, sir—Mr Tickler's tread in the trance. (*Exit susurrans.*)

(*Enter* TICKLER *and the* SHEPHERD.)

TICKLER.

Have you supped, North?

NORTH.

Not I indeed.—Ambrose, bring supper. (*Exit Ambrose.*)

THE SHEPHERD.

I think I wull rather take some breakfast.—Mr North, I'm thinking you're sleepy; for you're lookin' unco gash. Do you want an account o' the fire?

NORTH.

Certainly not. Mr Ambrose and I were engaged in a very interesting conversation when you entered. We were discussing the merits of the Exhibition.

THE SHEPHERD.

O' the pictures? I was there the day. Oh! man, yon things o' Wulkie's are chief endeavours. That ane frae the Gentle Shepherd, is just nature hersel. I wush he would illustrate in that gait, some o' the bonniest scenes in the Queen's Wake.

TICKLER.

Worth all the dull dirty daubs of all the Dutchmen that ever vomited into a canal. Nauseous ninnies! a coarse joke may pass in idle talk—a word and away—but think, James, of a human being painting filth and folly, dirt and debauchery, vulgarity and vileness, day after day, month after month, till he

finally covered the canvass with all the accumulated beastliness of his most drunken and sensual imagination?

NORTH.

Stop, Tickler—remember Teniers, and——

THE SHEPHERD.

Remember nae sic fallow, Mr Tickler; Wulkie's wee finger's worth the hale o' them. "Duncan Gray cam here to woo," is sae gude, that it's maist unendurable. Yon's the bonniest lass ever I saw in a' my born days. What a sonsy hawse! But indeed, she's a' alike parfite.

TICKLER.

Stop, Shepherd, remember. I saw a Cockney to-day looking at that picture, and oh! what a contrast between the strapping figure of Duncan Gray, his truly pastoral physiognomy, well-filled top-boots (not unlike your own, James,) and sinewy hands that seem alike ready for the tug of either love or war—and the tout-ensemble of that most helpless of all possible creatures!

NORTH.

John Watson is great this year. Happy man, to whom that beautiful creature, (picture of a Lady,) may be inditing a soft epistle! What innocence, simplicity, grace, and gaiete du cour! Why, if that sweet damosel would think of an old man like the——

THE SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue. Why should she think o an auld man? "Ye might be her gutcher, you re threescore and twa."

TICKLER.

Mr Thomson of Duddingston is the best landscape-painter Scotland ever produced—better than either Nasmyth, or Andrew Wilson, or *Greek* Williams.

NORTH.

Not so fast, Tickler. Let us discuss the comparative merits——

THE SHEPHERD.

Then I'm aff. For o' a' the talk in this warld, that about pictures is the warst. I wud say that to the face o' the Director-General himsel.

NORTH.

A hint from my Theocritus is sufficient. What think you, Bion, of this parliamentary grant of L.300,000 for repairing old Windsor?

THE SHEPHERD.

I never saw the Great House o' Windsor Palace, but it has been for ages the howf o' kings, and it mauna be allowed to gang back. If L.300,000 winna do, gie a million. Man, if I was but in Parliament, I would gie the niggarts their fairings. Grudge a king a palace!

NORTH.

What say you, my good Shepherd, to a half million more for churches?

THE SHEPHERD.

Mr North, you and Mr Tickler is aiblins laughing at me, and speering questions at me, that you may think are out o' my way to answer; but, for a' that, I perhaps ken as weel's either o' you, what's due to the religious establishments of a great and increasing kintra, wi' a population o' twal millions, mair or less, in or owre. Isn't it sae?

NORTH.

Well said, James. This is not the place, perhaps, to talk much of these serious matters; but no ministry will ever stand the lower in the estimation of their country, for having enabled some hundred thousands more of the people to worship their Maker publicly once a-week.

THE SHEPHERD.

I'm thinking no. Nane o' the Opposition wad oppose a grant o' half a million for bigging schools, the mair's their merit; and if sae, what for no kirks Edication and religion should gang hand in hand. That's aye been my thocht. (*Enter Ambrose, with supper.*) Howsomever, here's sooper; and instead o' talking o' kirks, let us a' gang oftener till them.—Put down the sassages afore me, Ambrois. Ye're looken unco weel the noo, man; I hardly ever saw ye sae fat. How is the mistress and the bairns?

AMBROSE.

All well, sir, I thank you, Mr Hogg.

THE SHEPHERD.

Od, man, I wush you would come out at the preachings, when the town's thin, and see us at Altrive.

AMBROSE.

I fear it is quite impossible for me to leave town, Mr Hogg; but I shall always be most happy to see you here, sir.

THE SHEPHERD.

I've been in your house a hunder and a hunder times, and you ken I lodged ance in the flat aboon; and never did I hear ony noise, or row, or rippet, below your rigging. I dinna repent a single hour I ever sat here; I never saw or heard naething said or done here, that michtna been said or done in a minister's manse. But it's waxing early, and I ken you dinna keep untimeous hours; so let us devoor supper, and be aff. That fire taigled us.

NORTH.

I had been asleep for an hour, before mine host awakened me, and had a dream of the North Pole.

THE SHEPHERD.

North Pole! How often do you think Captain Parry intends howking his way through these icebergs, wi' the snout o' his discovery ships? May he never be frozen up at last, he and a' his crew, in thae dismal regions!

NORTH.

Have you read Franklin and Richardson?

THE SHEPHERD.

Yes, I hae. Yon was terrible. Day after day naething to eat but tripe aff the rocks, dry banes, auld shoon, and a godsend o' a pair of leathern breeches! What would they no hae given for sic a sooper as this here!

TICKLER.

Have you no intention, James, of going on the next land-expedition?

THE SHEPHERD.

Na, na; I canna do without vittals. I was ance for twenty hours without tasting a single thing but a bit cheese and half a bannock, and I was close upon the fainting. Yet I would like to see the North Pole.

TICKLER.

Where's your chronometer, James?

THE SHEPHERD.

Whisht, whisht; I ken that lang-nebbit word.—Whisht, whisht.—Safe us! is that cauld lamb?—We'll no hae lamb in Yarrow for a month yet.

TICKLER.

Come, North, bestir yourself, you're staring like an owl in a consumption. Tip us ∆, my old boy.

THE SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, Mr Tickler, what langish is that to use till Mr North? Think shame o' yoursel'.

NORTH.

No editor, James, is a hero to his contributors.

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, I for ane will never forget my respect for Mr Christopher North. He has lang been the support o' the literature, the pheelosophy, the religion, and what's o' as great importance as onything else, the gude manners o' the kintra.

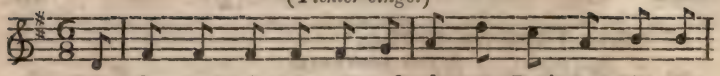
TICKLER.

Forgive me, North, forgive me,—James. Come, I volunteer a song.

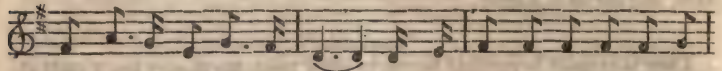
THE SHEPHERD.

A sang! Oh man, you're a bitter bad singer—timmer-tuned, though a decent ear. Let's hear the lilt.

(*Tickler sings.*)



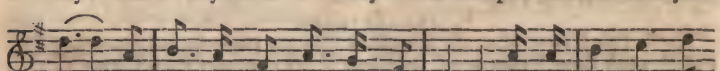
Come draw me six magnums of cla - ret, Don't spare it, But



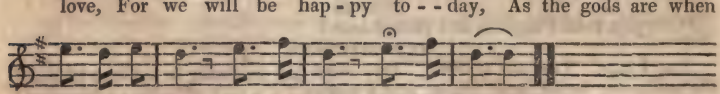
share it in bumpers a - - round; And take care that in each shining

brimmer No glimmer Of skimmering day-light be found. Fill a-

way! Fill a - way! Fill a - - way! Fill bumpers to those that you



love, For we will be hap - py to - - day, As the gods are when



drinking a - bove. Drink a - way! Drink a - - way!

II.

Give way to each thought of your fancies,
  That dances,
Or glances, or looks of the fair:
And beware that from fears of to-morrow
  You borrow
No sorrow, nor foretaste of care.
Drink away, drink away, drink away!
  For the honour of those you adore:
Come, charge! and drink fairly to-day,
  Though you swear you will never drink more.

III.

I last night, *cut*, and quite melancholy,
  Cried folly!
What's Polly to reel for her fame?
Yet I'll banish such hint till the morning,
  And scorning
Such warning to-night, do the same.
Drink away, drink away, drink away!
  'Twill banish blue devils and pain;
And to-night for my joys if I pay,
  Why, to-morrow I'll go it again.

MR AMBROSE, (*entering with alarm.*)

As I live, sir, here's Mr ODoherty. Shall I say you are here, for he is in a wild humour?

(*Enter* ODoherty, *singing.*)

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And changed them as oft, do ye see, &c.

(*North and Tickler rise to go.*)

ODOHERTY.

What, belting?

THE SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay, late hours disna agree wi' snawy pows. But I'se sit an hour wi' you. (*The Adjutant and the Shepherd embrace—North and Tickler disappear.*)

LETTERS (POSTHUMOUS) OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. II.

Usk, 1819.

Your letter came to me, covered all over with post-marks and directions; but a letter gives a fillip to one's spirits, even though the news in it be six weeks old. I don't know when I shall be in London again—perhaps never. I always hated leaving any place with a consciousness that I *must*, at a given time, come back again. Thank Heaven, there is now no living creature to whom my moments are of much consequence! East, west, north, or south—to death, or to present enjoyment—I am free to take my course. I may push right on without injuring any one to the very extremity of this world; and there are almost as few whom it would concern materially, if I were to drop over into the next.

I am here—will you understand why?—hiding my light under a bushel. A simple, unpretending, well-dressed, captain of cavalry, with half-pay, and two horses, and one servant for all. I have my gun, and my flute, and my fishing-rod; and (to play with) my German pipe; and poor Venus, who makes love to all the women, and so introduces her master.—Poor Venus! A dog is a being that there is no safe providing for.—I hope she'll die before me—for I can't make her a ward of Chancery; and, though there is no cruelty in extinguishing life, I should not like the kindness of having her killed.

Straying, for the last month, through Oxfordshire, and Herefordshire, and Somersetshire—revisiting localities in leisure and independence, which I had beheld under circumstances of danger or privation. In some places I sought for objects that had ceased to exist. I walked (as I thought) towards a particular house in Oxford; and the very street had disappeared. Where the views still remained, my new medium did not help the prospect. Eight years has made a change in the remains of Ludlow Castle, or in the remains of Charles Edwards. I rode past the gate of Leamington barracks.—Do you recollect anything, Fletcher, here?—I saw the old stables, in which I had fagged over a splashed troop horse for many a weary hour. And the "post," at the commandant's door, where I had often stood sentry, and been as hungry as a wolf. And the school, in which I had drawn tears and curses from many a raw Irish recruit, when I was a "rough-rider." I felt almost as if I had a sort of affection for the place; and yet, Heaven knows, I had little cause to have any!—But there was one house which I did not care to see, (when it came to the point,) although I thought I had come to Leamington for little other purpose!—Is it not strange, when a man feels that he cannot live either with a particular woman or without her? And yet such an infernal sensation did come over me as I approached the cottage that was Levine's, that I wheeled short up the back lane that leads to the river—how many times I had rode up it, to water, with the troop! and almost stumbled over a little creature, (a soldier's wife,) who had been kind to me when kindness was an object!—I threw some money down, and galloped off, for I thought, by her eye, that she knew me.—If she did—what a tale there was, within ten minutes, through every washerwoman's in Leamington!—Do you remember when I "drew," in the open market-place, and rescued our roast meat from the militiamen!

Heighho!—Your letter came in excellent season. It is a rainy afternoon. No trout-fishing—which serves to keep me walking, at least; and the views about the deep valley of the Usk, here, are delicious.

Why, it is not so fine a stream, to be sure, as the Suir between Carrick and Clonmel; but you ought to relish liberty anywhere. And I should be the better of a companion, if he were such a one as I could converse with. I am as free as the veriest American savage! and have the advantage of civilization all round me at the same time. I live in inns, and avoid large towns; and find a welcome—and a real one—wherever I come. And I have just got the right *calibre* too, as regards station and equipage, about me. Sufficient to make me the equal of a Duke; and yet not enough to raise me out of the reach of a reason-

able being. I have been here three days. I rode away in a vile fit of spleen from Abergavenny. The place was getting what people call "full"—attorneys of fashion coming in to bathe; and citizens over from Bristol to drink buttermilk. It was nine at night when I abandoned—a moonlight worth all the day! So bright that the eye travelled for miles—across—to the very horizon—over river, mountain, and meadow, all clear, and cold, and in deep stillness! One cannot see in the sunshine, for the noise and business that the world seems in. This was like looking at objects in a picture. Like looking through a lens, or into a bed of deep, clear, glassy water. It reminded me of the bright nights in which I had sailed upon an Atlantic sea. When the calm was perfect—neither breath nor swell upon the water. The sails flapping gently, to and fro, against the mast. And the dolphins, in such dazzling blue, as puts even the king-fisher to shame, playing, and plunging, and chasing each other round the vessel! Each new comer to the sports detected, while still at half-mile distance—not by the fiery train which marks his progress in a gale, when your ship dashes, head on, ten knots an hour through the foam, and he curvets, and bounds, and repasses, before your prow, like a Danish harlequin dog before the state carriage of a duchess—but by his own bold graceful figure, seen to fifty fathoms depth, and shining like a huge image of silver, strangely chased and painted! It reminded me of my West India service, and of my night guards in that beautiful St Lucie; when I used to leave the segars, and the mosquitoes, and the yellow ladies, and the Sangaree, to run along in a canoe over reefs as green as a May field, all living with shells and weeds, and "parrot" fishes and "sea-tree," and through water so bright, as, in the moonshine, to be invisible!—Drawing six inches, where there was ten feet, you seemed to rake the bottom every moment!—I rode along—living upon the view and the sensation—as slow as foot could fall. Getting, by degrees, into a delicious calmness, recollecting, and thinking, acutely, and yet not painfully. Half willing to be in kindness with myself, and almost dreaming about it with the world.—I thought of the times, and almost came back to the "good spirits," in which you and I had ridden, (when we had only them to "feed and clothe" us,) so many night marches through the Peninsula—in front—in the rear—aside—any way to escape the turmoil and uproar of the division. And my Spanish servant, enjoying the scene almost as much as I did myself. Humming "The Fight of Ronscevalles," and puffing white paper for a segar!—A man is entitled to be luxurious in the minor arrangements of life; and really, a foreign servant is one of the luxuries of domestic detail. I can talk to José, and let him talk to me, without the danger of a mistake. The rogue has a tact—an intuitive perception—a mode of his own, of arriving at one's meaning. A foreigner manages to be perfectly familiar, and yet, at the same time, perfectly respectful—a point at which you Englishmen (though with more brains, perhaps) never, by any chance, arrive. Many a hen has this very José stolen for me—and cooked when he had done! And with a manner, too—an absence of *grossiereté*—a view of the correct mode in which the thing should be done!—Not like my great two-handed Thomas—shall you ever forget him?—that went out to steal turkeys; and that we met, in broad day, with a live one under each arm, pursued by a whole village!—But we rode along, I tell you, as gently as horse's foot could step—past farmhouses, and cottages, and apple orchards, (even the dogs all asleep!) not having the most distant determination when, or where, we should stop; and so came into Usk about one o'clock in the morning. Pavement being no part of the parish arrangements, our arrival disturbed nobody. It was as light as it could have been at noon, and yet not even a stray cat was in motion. The white muslin curtains were drawn at the low bed-chamber windows; shutters did not seem to be thought necessary anywhere;—things looked as though you might carry off the whole village, if you were strong enough to take it up, and walk away with it. I should have ridden on to Chepstow; but—"Great events," you know!—the door of the inn stood ajar; and yet not a creature was moving near it. I dismounted; entered on tiptoe; walked through three apartments without seeing a soul; and at last found a party of a dozen—all women but three—seated, the snug-

gest in the world, in a parlour behind the "bar" at supper.

And here I have been ever since, in peace, and half forgetfulness—idling, and dozing, and letting myself drop into love with the landlord's niece—the most celestial—(talk of "angels!" there never was anything but woman half so handsome!)—the most exquisite girl of fifteen that you ever beheld in your existence! An expression, something in the Charles-the-2d taste; but more delicious a thousand times than the handsomest of all his school! Hair, dark brown; but not black—I am tired of the *teint de feu*. Large, long, blue, mild, half-melancholy eyes, and eyelashes as soft as silk. A skin—Oh! such a hand!—like the flesh of the fair Flemings in Mieris the elder's pictures! And such lips, and teeth! not the dead ivory white—but almost transparent—the lips, living!—And the figure—the shape—even finer than the face! So full, and perfect! the bust!—carve it yourself, and there isn't a line that you would alter! The dress too!—all in the fashion—(new here)—of ten years ago. The bodice fitting square, like the Roman corslet, upon the neck and shoulder—the hair, in ringlets upon the throat—the waist, a little long—the frock—(that is, the "best," you know)—rather short upon the ankle—the whole, almost making you laugh about "Fashions for Wales" and the "print in the Lady's Magazine, for 1796;" and yet convincing you that any fashion—the ugliest—is pretty upon a pretty woman; and that the style before you is incomparably the most becoming that ever was invented!—And then, over the whole of this girl's attractions, Fletcher, there is a charm—Do you conceive?—of softness—a soothing placidness—a voluptuous repose—that, to me, is ruin past resistance! a voice, that you know belongs to beauty, even before you see the owner of it! and not a point of angularity, or even what people call "smartness," in feature, tone, or manner. No boldness, yet no *retenue*—and even the bashfulness, nothing harsh, or stiff, or repelling! I left my forage-cap (at breakfast) in her mother's room this morning, and came back, for an excuse, to fetch it, about a minute after.—And, if you could have seen the smile—she was just putting it on—when she looked at herself in the glass! And the neck turned half round, to judge of it in another direction! And the smooth, round, white arms, naked almost to the shoulder—how any woman can ever wear long sleeves, unless she is hideous, I cannot conceive!—Imagine the arms making a hundred circles in order to adjust it—and then the curls to be a little parted on the forehead—and then the glance down at the feet—and then the looking round, and—! kisses Venus all day; and breaks the tea-cups instead of washing them!

Oh! I can't come to town at all; and I am very well where I am at present. For I am just falling off into a most sweet and "gentleman-like" dejection. I have not seen a coxcomb these three days, except myself—(for there is not a lawyer in the place, and the apothecary keeps no "assistant;") and my long-tailed horses, and José's mustachoes, are the delight of all the village. And it is so agreeable to find one's self a person of importance! A guest at "The White Horse," Usk, who stays a week, and to whom ten pounds are not a consideration! who has half a dozen dishes for dinner, and dines upon the plainest—orders wine for his servants, and drinks coffee for himself—is good-tempered, sober, satisfied, and leaves everything to the decision of the landlady! why, I am being the most extravagant man in all the world; and saving three-fourths of my income all the while! Come down, my friend, come down! I am in exceeding good humour, and will *let* you come. It will be Sunday in a day or two; and then I shall go to church, and ask the parson home to dinner. Meantime I have my half-dozen shots on the hill in a morning—(I hate shooting in a preserve—killing "ninety-five pheasants" with my own hand in the day!—I would as soon walk into a farm-yard, and fire among the ducks and chickens)—two hours' trout-fishing towards sun-set—(they are not large, but they amuse me)—and, in the evening, my flute—and my window—and this beautiful girl to look at!

And what is it—you talk of "town,"—that you even fancy you have to set against a life like this? Don't speak of society, pray!—of all spots on the face of the earth, St James's street, to me, is the dullest. As for books, I get them here; besides, I am sure

none of your friends ever read. Billiards you play but seldom; and chess you have not brains for. The dinners, and the wine?—why, there you have the advantage, certainly,—though not even there, be it understood, when you dine (absolute) in Bond Street. Messrs L—— and S—— may do for those to whom it is "Life!" to be at Messrs L—— or S——'s; but they certainly won't do for anybody who has pretensions even to a palate.—And, after all (give me only a little of the French wine) and I never was so well for these seven years past, as I am now upon boiled fowl and broiled Severn salmon—and, in your whole circle—take it all round—Park, and Opera, and Almack's included,—can you find anything—do you think you can?—to compare with this beautiful Eliza here?—who, with nothing ever, I'll lay my existence, beyond a country boarding-school education—swinging, or "making cheeses," in the garden, all day, and arguing about the prettiest colour for garters, with some other incipient plague of one's life, all night—has a thousand times more delicacy of perception—ten thousand times more captivatingness and natural taste—than half your women (of one class) who think only about how they shall manage to marry one, or all your women (of another class) whom *I* have no nerves to think of at all!

For your friend's prattle of their "fortune,"—with whom, and where, tell me, is the "fortune" found? Not much among the girls, you know,—even as regards notice; for they fall in love with the dancing-master—or the popular preacher. Then the ladies of a certain age—take them, vice and folly and all—are caught (and again you know it) by a very different kind of people. Is not the "fortune," in truth, found, where, in the end, most of the fortune is lost? Among ladies with thin legs, who are divine because they dance at the *Academie de Musique;* or others who have risen into estimation by successively disgusting some dozen different people? I do protest, I give thanks every morning when I get up, that I succeeded to an estate of five thousand a-year, instead of being born to one—so have I escaped some of the *asinositics* of those "strange flies" who swarm past your door every day about three o'clock! The gamblers are perhaps the most reasonable of them; and yet what shocking dogs they are! Then the drinking men—who get up about dusk! And the "Fancy" gentlemen—who are worse to me than all! I saw a "lord" of your particular acquaintance, just before I left town, sitting in a "coffee-shop," by Covent-Garden, "talking dogs," as the French idiom would be, with the keeper of it. There was the "Turn out," standing at the door—servants in red coats and white hats.—Peer buying foundered curs, as dogs "of highest market."—"Flash," and familiar.—The vulgarity of the "coaching stables," but not the wit.—Fancied he was astonishing, and condescending at the same time; and, really, viewed with almost undisguised contempt, even by the rascal who was cheating him!—Oh! that exquisite Sir Giles Overreach!—Had not the dog feeder, now, here the best of it?—And this same man shall get you up in the House of Lords, and—"oppose" (if he be bit that way) "the views of the minister!"

And I detest this regardlessness to decencies and received opinions, for the sickening trick of heartlessness that it generally brings along with it. It is dangerous sometimes to get over one's prejudices; they often prevent an ill beginning. The drover who strikes at a sheep very heavily to-day, would scarcely strike very lightly at his own child, on occasion, to-morrow. The truth is, that our "ingenuous youth"—I am turning pedagogue, you will think—are ill educated. We flog a boy through the classics; and then turn him out to inhabit among men. From seventeen to twenty-five we allow him for folly and extravagance; and the odds are great, but he does some act within that time, which he repents to the last hour of his life. Since the day of Chesterfield, I know of no writer on the education of MEN, who is worth a farthing. If he was a "courtly scoundrel,"—and I don't think he was,—why, if he was, he was only so much better than an uncourtly one. The feeling of a gentleman, next to a pure moral feeling, is the best check upon that excess which forms the atrocity of vice. Habits have changed since Chesterfield's time; and the detail of his precepts, had he lived, would have altered with them: But the principle upon which he set out was a correct one. He legislated for

MAN; and looked to what he could get, rather than to what he could wish for. Fine a man five pounds, and perhaps he may pay it; fine the same man fifty, and you only perhaps send him to prison. Are there not steps in the scale of moral, as well as of political offence? A larceny is less mischievous to society than a burglary; a burglary without personal outrage, better than a burglary with personal outrage; a robbery on the highway bad, but better than a "cutting and maiming," or a murder. And why should we look nowhere but in the Old Bailey, at redeeming the circumstances of crime? Mark, when you hear any act of very outrageous baseness or folly—when a man is a town jest for his mummeries; a published dupe to courtesans and black-legs; a rioter in the streets *par excellence;* a brute, or, in other words, a "choice spirit"—Mark if he be not some *parvenu,* or half-trained lad broke loose from school. Why! up to the last moment before a man starts in life, is not the world so described to him, that he must find it rather anything than the thing it has been represented? The grand fault of our moral instruction, is the high tone in which it is conveyed. Sin, we are told, is death; and there the teacher leaves us. The restraint is peremptorily insisted upon, and even the advantages of it are not half explained. We are not only commanded to be angels, and, if we cannot be angels, left to be anything we please; but really little or no pains are taken to shew us why we should be angels if we could.

Say that a thoughtless lad, just launched from college into a society like your present circle, seduces a girl of decent family, and abandons her, like a scoundrel, to her fate.—You and I must not talk about such cases "not occurring;" we know that they do occur, and that men are damned for them, if men are damned at all.—This booby has been told that seduction is a "high crime;" and he sees many "high crimes," hourly, in very respectable commission. He has heard that punishment for such offences will follow in "another world,"—and he believes that "other world" to be a very long way off. What would be the effect upon thieves of twenty, if a law were to enact, that present highwaymen (bating repentance) should be hanged at the age of eighty years? Has any creature, friend, or relative, pointed out to this silly boy the immediate consequences (which pass repentance) of the crime which he has committed? Has any one asked—will he sell his favourite horse to be whipped to death in a sand cart?—or his spaniel to be worried and fought by butchers?—or on what principle is it that he is dooming a creature, for whom he has once felt affection—to ruin, insult, want, and public infamy? He hears nothing at all of this from his associates—and yours. They congratulate him upon his triumph. He is a "fine fellow"—he has "*bonne fortune*"—the world will "hear of him"—the women find him "irresistible!" Is it not so?—Has any one said to a wretched unthinking blockhead like this—who—what—are these people to whose commendation you are listening?—They are "friends."—Ay—as you have been—"friends," to their own gratification.—Friends! Why—you are boon companions—sworn brothers—every one of you!—When the last of the club was carried to prison, who came forward to give bail for him?—When the bankrupt, last week, destroyed himself—*one* less—Was it not so?—sat down to table. Is there a man among these, your "friends," in whom you even think you can confide? Is there one who (if you were in want) you believe would help you with a shilling?—Their talents, or their worth—Come!—which is it you would first bear witness to? Is it the gentleman who packed the "fight" at Moulsey, that you love best; or he who poisoned the "favourite" at Newmarket;—he who fled yesterday (this was your "dear friend") from his bail; or he who, the day before, "gave" the Insolvent act to his creditors? Nay, answer—for these "friends" are all complimenting you upon your "success"—except the one who whispers (and lies) that he was acquainted with the lady before you—are you most proud of the gentleman's applause who appears in the long skirted coat, or of his who has pinned his character in life, to the short jacket? Is it he who was thrashed (last) by the "boxer, that immortalizes you; or he who backed "the bull dog" to eat "the monkey" in "four minutes?"—Come! look at your triumph—'tis as noble at least

as to be boasting about it. It is a triumph! A notable one, God wot! You have found a woman who could love you! I grant the thing is a little surprising!—But she will "do well"—eh? Marry some "fellow;"—or "make her fortune," as "others have done before her?"—You saw her only yesterday—look at her again to-day. She has begun to "do well."—Come, and witness her career. Did you take her from home before you abandoned her, or have her parents yet to turn her out of doors?—that approved wise policy, and humane, to a child when most she needs protection!—Well, then!—she is gone. She stands for herself. Houseless, pennyless, hopeless, and with the hand of society against her! She has written her "last farewell" to the false address that you left with her. She has written again to you, and again—begging not to be allowed to starve—and she has waited in suspense—(the pet torment, be sure, of eternity)—she has waited in suspense, and in agony—at last to receive no answer. Come! What shall her "fortune" be?—for I care not which way you put it. She has tried every "friend," and been refused by all. She is without food now—without money—without lodging—without protection. Strange words, by some accident, are beginning to fall upon her ear. The demons who prosper on human annihilation, are becoming clamorous for their prey. Hark! to the consolations of the old lady—who would "think scorn" to "mourn for a fellow that abandoned her!"—There is her Jew husband too—he "must have his rent," and thinks "one man as good as another."—Come, speak!—now, for life or death,—for your "triumph" is on the downfall—will you have one rival in her embraces,—shall it be one, or shall it be a thousand? Will you find her straw hat floating in the stream, when you take your early walk to-morrow morning—(it is the same which you once bought for her, and she has kept it, you see, to the last,)—or shall she live on for a short space—for your farther punishment—and her own—maltreated—laughed at—desperate—degraded? See her—this is your "success"—the sport and football of every midnight ruffian! See her—this is the woman that forsook her home for you!—courting injury—why, how is this?—and outrage for her bread!—

Nay—look, I say—look on—you were used to caress her—to be proud of her? It is she who sat by your bed when you were sick; who knelt at your feet when you were wayward. Come! Do you not recollect?—think again!—how finely moulded was her form! Her eyes, how dark and expressive—how joyous and how kind her smile! You do remember how many nights you have slept upon her bosom—how many tranquil days of pleasure you have owed to her society!—Come, rouse! look up and see her!—Is this the woman that you knew? It is she that *was* the woman whom you knew and loved; but—Nay—never tear your flesh—she can *never* be that woman again.

Cut your heart into more atoms, than, were it human, it would be bursting into;—spill your blood—to the last dregs—the blood of half mankind—the change is wrought, and, in this world, there can be no change back again!—Where is your beauty?—Speak!—Here is but a loathsome mass of hideousness and corruption.

The ringlets have fallen off. The teeth are discoloured. The eyes are lustreless and sunken. The cheeks, hollow and haggard. The lips—so ashy! The arm—'tis something wasted! This is your "triumph!"—No—no—I forget—there was a mind too to be destroyed. Delicacy, if not resolute virtue—manner, if not strong moral feeling. But it is gone—not even a wreck remains behind! One degradation came from necessity; that endured, the rest were unfelt—unnoticed. The first blow—it was friendly—brought apathy to all others that could follow. The whole mind is unstrung. There is moral lunacy—the depravity of disease. Oaths—curses—words horrible to nature as to decency—filth—theft—habitual intoxication—the variety of vice attendant upon semi-mental alienation?—Is this the "Triumph?"—Not quite—but its completion approaches. It is mendicancy—a prison—a workhouse—and a parish grave;—and the moment, perhaps ten years after, when some wretched, larcenous, half-starved child, bred in the poor-house where its mother perished, and sentenced by the law to whipping or transportation for crimes which food

might have prevented, discovers, and —this is the *ultra* "Triumph!"—salutes you with the name of "Father!"

The human mind wants that its attention should be called—sometimes dragged—to the contemplation of plain truth. It is not enough to say to men merely—"Be virtuous!" If you would do good—one case is worth a hundred arguments—shew them the misery that arises out of evil. Men are ill enough, Heaven knows; but, in the mass, I doubt if they are cruel. Shew the miserable, thoughtless boy whom I have described, the effect of his impertinence; shew him merely the havoc that it is making; and a hundred to one but he will shrink from it. The mere animal instinct that teaches him to quail from pain, will go far to make him honest. What is he—where is he —when consciousness overtakes him? When he finds that there is a hell—the hell of vain regret and recollection —earlier to be encountered than that with which he has been threatened; that there are tortures, which make sure of him on this side the grave, however (until it comes to the point) he may fancy he discredits those beyond it.

But these, you will say, are the reveries, and the acerbities of approaching age; or, if you do not say so, it is not because I am only four-and-thirty, but because you are two years my senior. Still, even if you could convict me of being—shall I say thirty-six? Heaven knows! my own condition I give up. Of all men living, he is the most to be pitied, who is competent to pity other people. To know is, of necessity, to have suffered moral impalement—to have been mentally broken upon the wheel! It is to have suffered ingratitude from men, and (still worse) deceit from women; to have seen courage and honour starve in rags, where vice and cowardice stood successful; to have waited, and so to have learned patience; to have been baffled, and so to have acquired perseverance; to have been taught caution by being cheated, and coolness by the use of injury.—To be wise, is to know only that nothing can be known with certainty! It is to know that honesty to day is no pledge for honesty to-morrow; conduct in one state, no security for conduct in another. It is to have seen strict principle coupled with the coldest selfishness, and the seeds of destruction quickening in warm-heartedness and kind feeling: to have learned to doubt where all find certainty, and to deny confidence even where we repose trust; to have discovered that there is little in life worth really caring for, and nothing—not even one's own opinion—that can safely be relied upon.

Will you answer that these discoveries are not always the concomitants of age; that there are men who, even to death, retain their wonted spirits and their wonted follies? The spirits are oftener of the constitution, than of the mind. We laugh, and it is with gaiety and good humour, at twenty-five; and we still laugh at fifty—but it is with satire and misanthropy. The calculating point, according to circumstances, comes earlier in life, or later. The enthusiastic find it first; the wealthy born (whom all the world is interested in blinding) are commonly last in the discovery. Fools antic even to the grave, unconscious either of the scoff, or the jestings of mankind. The dull soul has never dreamed of happiness; he cannot fall, for he has been always upon the ground. But, for the man of real mind and energy, who feels his strength upon the wane; who has soared like the rash youth of Crete, and who finds that his wings are failing under him; whose mental perceptions are yet acute, though his physical forces desert him; who is alive to the sense of his own futility—of his weakness, and fallen condition! For such a man, what resource?—Alas! resource there is none.

For, first among those bright illusions which have beguiled him up to this dark hour—first, and hardest!—he loses his sensibility to—his capacity for being cheated by the charms of woman! Take man as you find him before his fellow man, and he is dark, mysterious, inexplicable. Envy and fear disturb him; and a touch perhaps of that instinctive dislike which prevents males, even among animals, from ever meeting with much friendliness of feeling. But with woman he is happy; for, with her, nature teaches him that he is safe. By turns, her despotic sovereign, and her implicit slave. I know not in which condition his fortune is the highest. If it is his pride to command, it is his pleasure to obey.

Her triumphs, her happiness, her injuries—all are his. Her jealousy will

but flatter him—her waywardness amuse. Faults may compel him to upbraid her—misconduct may drive him to abandon; but she has this security—let it guide her choice in all intercourse with a man of heart and feeling, that his dearest wish is incomplete, while the least of hers remains ungratified.

But there is one fault, which no tears, no penitence, can atone for; one act which murders at once, man's love—his confidence—and his pride; one crime which may be pardoned, but, while life holds, cannot be forgotten; —beyond which there is no hope, and from which—sooner from the grave, there is return! The mask which man wears abroad, to hide his follies, and his interests—the armour in which he clothes himself against man—against MAN, whether friend or foe—all this is stripped off before the woman that he loves; and nature springs rejoicing in her proper, though unwonted freedom. But, thus naked, let him once be wounded, and he never stands secure again! He does not take fright hastily. The last thing—it is so ordered by a merciful Providence!—the last thing that a man doubts, is a woman's fidelity. Tell him that she is proud—and prodigal—and negligent—and vindictive—that her folly has blasted his prospects—her extravagance dissipated his fortune—all this he will listen to, for it does not quite shut out all hope; but tell him that she is unfaithful, and his very heart and soul reject the charge, for slander! Hint only that there has been thoughtlessness—indiscretion—a momentary indulgence of vanity—that a smile has, even accidentally, called forth a corresponding simper from the world—say that his ruin has been imagined—dreamed of—resolved *against*—that the thing has occurred as possible—the hundred thousandth portion of an atom—the amount for which algebra has no name—the line's breadth, which is mathematically nothing—of approach to a thought of it—and the very vital principle throws back the charge, for life cannot go forward in connection with it! He will not lightly credit that as true, which he feels he is lost if he does but pause to think of! He will not confess that wound—even to himself—for which all nature affords no remedy:—that stain which blood may change the hue of, but which even blood cannot wash out! but let the truth—spite of disgust!—once be forced upon him; and it lives with him—body and soul—through his existence—he is lost to the woman who betrays him—to the whole sex—and to happiness for ever—assurances of truth, he shall smile at; its appearances shall have no weight with him; he has learned the hard lesson, that he is not (as he thought he was) infallible;—and though the reality of security may be restored to him, the belief of it can never be!

It is a hard lesson this to learn, Fletcher, and one which it disturbs a man even to think of. Is it written, I wonder, that I am to go through the horrible ordeal of acquiring it; or am I to glide drowsily on, and easily, into nonentity and forty! Shall I arrive at the mildest, or the most painful, condition of a man whose youth is past? Endure an agony of recollection; or go off in apathy of feeling?—knowing that the mass of men are knaves, and myself little better than the rest; looking to probabilities rather than to statements, in every transaction; ceasing to have any virtue very active, but knowing vice too well to be misled by it; desiring wealth as children covet counters; thinking of my own funeral as a matter of possibility; and gradually—this is the "mere oblivion"—forgetting that such a thing as gratification ever existed?

Ah! Fletcher, this is no new, no questionable shape of feeling! What led the knight of old to the hermitage, the sovereign to the cloister—what but a sense that virtual death required a virtual tomb? The warrior lived but upon the tears of his enemies, the smiles of his mistress: His music was the neighing of his battle-steed, or the song of the minstrel on the feast-night in his hall! Alas! if the trumpet sounds now, it does but call abler champions to the combat; the minstrel's song is of his deeds, but it is of deeds which he can do no more! Oh! those words which no man, perhaps in any state, was pleased to hear—the fiat that bars possibility—the "Never again!—never!" Release me from torture with those words, and their chilling import arrests my gratitude for the moment. Take a man from misery—"for ever"—and he doubts for an instant—"was it misery?"

Be sure I will never be content to

do that ill, which I once could do to admiration! Five years will soon be passed, and then ——!

And there are clouds in the evening sky that is closing round upon me —not constant, but—dark masses of shadow—falling gloomily now and then. I write long letters, you see, which is an ill sign. And I sneer at your trifling, and at that of others, when it would be better if I could trifle myself. The future, the future! —and yet it is impossible not to think of it. This beautiful girl!—I could be happy with her now! But, if I lived, where should I be—what would become of me ten years hence?

I will write no more, nor think any more, upon this subject, or upon any other subject. I get out of favour with myself by brooding over the absurdities of the world. I can pass, I think, (with my certificate of service,) for thirty? And so be younger than half your acquaintance, who are slaves to tight boots and plaited pantaloons.—Mercy on me, what must the man be, when the shirt-collar is a consideration!

I will have some soda water, and some more coffee. You have the advantage of me in ice, and now I feel it.

Farewell! Write when you can do nothing else, when you are vapoured, and then I shall be sure to hear the truth. Acknowledgments for the proposition with respect to the New Club; but the most straight-laced member belonging to it will never win a shilling from me. What! am I not like the Roman who received ambassadors as he was boiling cauliflowers in his kitchen? Can you hope to tempt a man who lives in Usk, and doesn't care twopence for all the opera-dancers in England!

Farewell! for Eliza and her aunt are going to take their evening walk, My head aches a little—I may as well go out too. You may write; for I dare say I shall stay here a return of post. But believe me, at all times, and in all places, ever your friend,

C. E.

PUNISHMENTS IN THE ARMY.

We were just sitting down to put a few observations together upon this question, which, after being abandoned by the honourable member for Westminster, has been taken up by the honourable member for Aberdeen, when we received a newspaper containing the speech of Sir Hussey Vivian, on the third reading of the Mutiny Bill, which pretty nearly relieves us from all trouble on the subject. The question, as far as it was necessary to consider it at all, did quite as well probably in the hands of Mr Hume, as it could have done in the hands of Sir Francis Burdett; Sir Francis never troubled himself at all about the principle of the thing; and as to the practice, (from his service with the army,) Mr Hume would probably be the better informed of the two. With respect to the "Facts," that is to say, the "floggings to death," &c., (upon which all the opponents of corporal punishments rely,)—even supposing them made out, with the fitness or unfitness of that punishment they have nothing to do whatever; but the exposition of Sir H. Vivian, though given very simply, and in few words, contained exactly the detail which was wanted, to set reasonable minds at rest upon the matter.

The real points in the question (for argument,) lie, as it seems to us, in a very narrow compass. Mr Monck, (the member for Reading,) on the first night of the discussion, says something about a scale of reward, (to supply the place of punishment,) established for the soldier; and hints at a scheme for giving away annually, a certain number of commissions (as of *right*) among the privates of regiments; which, according to his view, would be an assimilation to the course pursued in the armies of France. But, setting aside that the punishments in the Continental armies are, in truth, more severe, though not so effective, as our own; that the French troops have been raised out of a different class of men, and disciplined upon a different principle; and, moreover, that the mere dissimilarity of *esprit* between the two nations must necessarily call for a material difference of *regime* and regulation, a moment's thought shews us that the adoption of Mr Monck's arrangement would entirely change the *political* constitution of our army; and that there needs no thought to

shew the necessity of letting that constitution remain as it is.

The member for Reading saw part of the question clearly enough; but he could not see the whole of it. He saw, for instance, that it is not easy to make a man serve diligently, who does not wish to serve at all. Our domestic servants—artisans of all descriptions—these people will conduct themselves with propriety, from the fear of losing their employments. But, if we are to talk about "abolishing" the power of inflicting corporal punishments in the army, we must not take the country as it is now—we must look to a state of war as well as to a state of peace—we must go back to the state of affairs between 1809 and 1812, when Sir Francis Burdett was exerting himself to accomplish this same object; and when it is notorious, that so far from apprehending discharge from their employment as a loss, soldiers were content to risk the several punishments, and even to inflict mutilation upon themselves, to get away from it. Upon common analogy, it was impossible that the case should be otherwise. The same man who was getting thirteenpence a-day, as a soldier, subject to a grievous restraint upon his personal liberty and conduct, could go and earn, as a weaver, from five to six shillings a-day, subject to no restraint at all. Why then, unless we could give this man, for being a soldier, something like the same pay that he would receive for being an artisan, (which would have added to our war expenditure about eight or nine millions per annum,) we stood little chance of making him "afraid," to say the least of it, of being discharged—allowing for no possible distaste (beyond mere pecuniary consideration) to the service; and, for the suggestion of imitating the French system, or giving away commissions as a matter of "right," so as to make the soldier a speculator, fond of his profession as the road to fortune!—say, still, that instances of distaste, or want of conduct, would not appear—say that our men would certainly reject porter in the present, for promotion in the future—then, what would become, with an army so constituted—what would become of the constitution, and of the liberties of England? We are not apt to cry "Wolf!" very hastily, but this would be "dragooning" the country with a vengeance! Would all the speeches for "retrenchment," (with a military force so composed,) have enabled government to get rid (safely) of fifty thousand men within the last seven years?

But we will take it for granted, that, as regards its political constitution, our army must remain what it is,—unless those gentlemen, who so much commend the military system of France, would like to accept the system of France in this country? And the next question,—whether, as our army stands, we shall maintain its discipline, is disposed of in a moment.

Upon the excellence of our discipline, and the advantages flowing from it, we believe there can be but one opinion. Take it for good and ill, and it is superior—we say *superior*, to any in Europe. We were told, in 1812, of the "Portuguese troops," whom *we* were making soldiers, "without flogging!" Ask officers who served with them, what their discipline really was; and, farther, whether they were not *flogged with the sword*, in regiments commanded by Englishmen? We are told, that in Prussia, there is now no corporal punishment! Ask if it ever happens in Prussia, that an officer *beats a soldier with his bare fists* upon parade? The mere military discipline of the French may be equal to ours—their field discipline—(though that, as a general proposition, well informed people are not quite ready to admit,) but what is the comparison as to their moral discipline—their discipline in quarters and in the camp? Why, there is not a man who ever served against the French half a campaign, that can hesitate in answering the question. Sir H. Vivian stated broadly in the House of Commons, and there is not a military man to whom the fact is not notorious, that, in the south of France, during the last war, the superior discipline of our troops was worth a force of ten thousand men to us. We have made our soldiers fight, and beat all before them, without either the spur of brandy, or the prospect of plunder—we have made them invincible, so long as we tell them to go on, and perfectly amenable the moment they resume their ranks; and shall we talk lightly—not of correcting abuses, for let abuse, we say, be punished without mercy—as the power vested is necessarily great, let the consequences of trifling with it be

proportionably heavy; but, after rendering our troops—and can any creature deny it?—indisputably the very best soldiers in all Europe, shall we talk (lightly) of giving up the discipline under which such results have been arrived at?

We then come to the only *real* question—(for the others were scarcely fit to pause upon)—can the existing discipline of our army, be maintained without the power of inflicting corporal punishment? The practical evil of the right, (as it stands,) is confessed to be almost nothing. The "Men flogged to death," (even when they are to be got,) do very little, with us, towards an alteration of the system. The "Cases" commonly come from persons who have an interest in misrepresentation; they are put into the hands of gentlemen unacquainted, practically, with military regulation; and, nine times in ten, when thoroughly sifted, they turn out to have no foundation whatever. But, although we have, even in supposition, very few men "flogged to death" now-a-days, and, indeed, very few men, as the truth is, flogged at all, yet we will admit the possibility of abuses, and, what is far worse, of accidents; and what is proved then, but that the one must be punished, and the other guarded against as much as possible? A man—now we will take just the most dreadful case that could happen—a man of peculiar constitution, (the thing is *physically possible*,) dies in consequence of receiving a hundred stripes, while a sturdier offender would have suffered thrice that number without serious injury. This is a possibility which one shudders almost to think of—but is it not just as possible that one man may catch a cold, and a fever, and die, by being put into a common stone-floored cell in a county gaol, which a hundred other rogues had inhabited without sustaining any inconvenience whatever? In either case—and Heaven forbid that either should happen once in fifty years—but, in either case, what has happened, except an accident which, as far as we can, we endeavour to guard against? And, for the fear of abuse, that seems to us to be a matter of incomparably less importance. The power of flogging is open to abuse!—and what power is there that is not? What becomes of the authority of the county magistrate; what becomes of the authority of the common constable; what becomes of the very name of authority altogether; if we are to have no authority that may be abused? The question is not, is our military system perfect? but, is it as perfect as we are likely to make it? What reasonable man ever completed any arrangement, without looking to provide (of course) against the faults of it? Corrupt conduct must be punished in the army, as it is punished everywhere else. Make the penalty as severe as you will, and inflict it without lenity or favour. But do not say "give up police," because police officers sometimes misconduct themselves, or forbid the lighting of fire, because people now and then are hanged for arson.

But it is agreed, that cases of abuse, at the present moment at all events, are very rare; and also, (this is an important point in our discussion,) that the abolition of corporal punishment must be confined to home service,—Sir Ronald Fergusson, who votes in favour of restraining it up to that point, avowing his conviction of the utter impossibility of dispensing with it abroad. Now, we will not put the possibility of actual service in Great Britain, because we have (independent of possibilities) more than enough immediately in hand; but we will come at once to the punishments (and they, of course, must be milder ones) that are to be substituted for the punishment of flogging; or to the means generally, be they what they may, that are to influence our soldiers, independent of that infliction.

And, first, a few words as to the material of which a British army is made up; because, wherever men are to be "induced," their condition in life, moral and physical, becomes an important consideration.—During the war, our army consisted—and it is in time of war that we must look at it—during the war our army consisted of the least manageable members of the community. Idle lads, who had tried twenty callings, tried the trade of a soldier among their other experiments. Labourers came, whose ill habits had left them without employ. Some men enlisted, because they wished, lawfully, to get rid of wives and children; others, under a commutation of some minor penalties of the law; and a great number of blockheads joined, because their eagerness for vulgar dis-

sipation made them unable to resist the desire to lavish a "bounty" of twenty guineas. The exceptions to characters like these were few; and the exceptions did not make the best field soldiers. It will be obvious, that a mass of such persons, in any employ, would be difficult to control; we brought them into a new life, which they had fancied was an easy one; made them learn rather a troublesome trade, which they had fancied required no learning at all; worked them smartly, paid them poorly, and subjected them to every kind of personal restriction! This last grievance was not the lightest. Englishmen have no sympathy with restraint. A labourer works out his stated time; and is free, when the bell strikes, to do as he lists. He may be a drunken, quarrelsome, idle, dirty, profligate vagabond; and yet, if he comes at six in the morning, and works until six in the evening, it is enough. But we regulate the whole domestic arrangements of a soldier. On duty, or in quarters, he is still under *surveillance*. We dispose of his pay, settle his clothing, limit his amusements, curb his tongue, and insist, besides, upon his conforming to habits of peaceablenes, sobriety, and punctuality, to which (the probability is at least) he has been entirely unaccustomed. All this is to be accomplished by the dread of two penalties, "Fine" and "Imprisonment." "It's ill," as the proverb says, "takin' the breeks off a Highlandman"—and yet a Highlandman, though he has no "breeks," makes a good soldier for all that. Let us see how far these penalties of "Fine" and "Imprisonment" can be made applicable.

A soldier (in England) has very little, either of property or leisure, which the benefit of the service will allow to be taken from him. The faults for which he suffers at home, are commonly these—insolence to officers, or non-commissioned officers; absence from hours of exercise or parade; neglect of imposed duty; quarrel; theft, (this is generally of trifles;) selling his clothes or accoutrements; wilfully damaging the regimental property; slovenliness in his appearance; disobedience of orders; and drunkenness. The last of these offences is the parent of all the rest. The propensity to drink, (from which the French and Germans are pretty nearly free,) causes nineteen in twenty of the crimes that an English soldier commits; at the same time, it is only for overt acts of offence, and for those very frequently repeated—never for faults of negligence, that corporal punishment is resorted to. From "Fining,"—come to the detail,—very little good can be expected. If a soldier be a married man you can't fine him. Thirteenpence a-day (subject to certain deductions) is little enough already to support a man and his wife. A soldier who is not married, lives (as the technical term is) "in mess;" and then his pay is distributed pretty nearly as follows.—So much for his "mess"—that is, for bread and meat, &c. which is daily issued to him; so much kept back for "arrears,"—that is retained to the end of each month, to provide such articles of clothing and regimental necessaries as he furnishes himself, the overplus (more or less, according to what properties he may have wanted) being paid to him in money at the regular day of settlement; and so much (this is from eightpence to tenpence) issued weekly, under the denomination, we believe, of "Beer-money," which forms the whole of the soldiers' spending money, between the 24th of one month, and the 24th of another. Now, the short objection to fining, is that the soldier has it in his power to defeat the penalty. The "arrear" pays, as we have observed, for incidental expenses—It finds a man linen, stockings, trowsers, shoes, blacking, brushes, and other articles of personal necessity; and pays also for any accidental damage, or loss, which may happen to the appointments supplied to him by government. The destination of this fund, therefore, depends in a great measure, it will be seen, upon the will of the soldier himself; and it commonly happens, indeed, that a steady man has six or seven shillings balance at the end of each month to receive, while the drunkard has eaten up all, and is perhaps "in debt," (that is to say, has received issues to a greater amount than his whole "arrear" will cover, into the bargain.) Now, if once a system of fining was regularly carried into action, the men would deal so as to waste their whole "arrear," (in the month,) without leaving anything which could be deducted for "Fines," and so the power in the quarters where it was most needed, would

speedily become a dead letter; add, too, which military men will see at once, that such an arrangement would, in all probability, lead to habits of general carelessness, and to the frequent sale of necessaries; the first of which would be productive of infinite mischief to the service, as the last is already a high military offence.

We come next, to the penalty of "Imprisonment," which, where the troops are in "quarters," lies open, directly, to objection. In barracks, it would be possible, certainly, to build a specific prison for the refractory; we shall shew before we have done, that a tolerably spacious one would probably be required; but, in quarters, there would be no resource but to hand men over to the civil power; and we will put it to those who resist corporal punishment, as degrading to the "character" of the army, whether it would greatly increase its respectability to see soldiers marched in half dozens, day by day, like common felons, in and out of a bridewell or county prison? We say "day by day," because the *number* of punishments under the new *regime* would as certainly increase, as the number of burglaries would increase in large towns, if burglary ceased henceforth to be a capital offence. Whatever objections may arise to attaching severe punishments to particular crimes, there can be little doubt that (where the penalty is firmly inflicted) the frequency of the offence will abate. For one housebreaker, we have twenty pickpockets; this can hardly be because the abstracter of handkerchiefs has a nicer sense of moral propriety, than the burster of street doors; it is because he knows he is only doing an act which subjects him to less serious consequences.

There is another principle, which we shall immediately notice, upon which the frequency of punishments in the army (subject to the abolition of the power of flogging,) would necessarily increase; but, for the present, we go on with the efficacy of Imprisonment, and its power of application. And, waiving the unreasonableness of confining a man in a gaol with felons, for that act, which, though a military offence, would, out of the army, be no offence at all; and waiving the little slur which it would cast upon the character of the service, to see our men marching, in broad day, in and out of a common prison; and waiving the fact farther, that imprisonment has never been considered, by our criminal law, as a penalty sufficiently imposing to prevent men from doing that which they have a mind to do; there are operating causes (as every military man is aware) which tend to make imprisonment less terrible to a soldier, than it is to individuals in common life. The man lives upon the *qui vive*. He fags hard, (the dragoon particularly) sleeps little; and, *habitually*, enjoys very little personal liberty. Where a soldier has two or three guards (*i.e.* is two or three times up all night) in a week; *lives*—eating, drinking, and sleeping,—under the eye of some one who commands him; for, by a clause in the mutiny act, (which might now be repealed,) he is a deserter if he be found at a greater distance than a mile from his quarters; to such a man, if he be at all an idle or irregular fellow, a few days of shutting up becomes a rest rather than a punishment. The adjutant should not be sole judge in a question of this description, but he is an authority extremely necessary to be consulted upon it. Every officer knows that there are men in all regiments, and men whose example would speedily do mischief, if it were not corrected, who would frequently rather take a day's confinement, (or two,) than mount their guard. This fact alone, is sufficient to make imprisonment entirely inefficacious, as the highest order of punishment; without adverting to a practical inconvenience very material, which would arise out of it—to wit, that, as soon as you put a man into confinement, you lose his services as a soldier; and in a cavalry regiment this amounts to a considerable difficulty, because some one must be found to take charge of his horse.

The same objection applies—their complete inefficacy in practice—to a variety of punishments, unknown probably to the parliamentary abolitionists, which have been tried at different times, by commanding-officers of regiments and *depots*, who have been very anxious to supersede the necessity of resorting to the lash. In some cases, bad soldiers were put to *fatigue*—that is, to sweeping, cleaning, cooking, &c. instead of military duty. This was soon found so extremely agreeable to the parties, that it is a rule in the best regulated regiments, ra-

ther to keep such men from their "regular turns" at such employ. *Extra drill* is inapplicable to any extent; for men will be obstinately careless in going through their exercise, &c. Against this (for you cannot *prove* contumacy) there is no remedy; and it is most dangerous in the army, to strike a blow that does not tell. *Extra guards* cannot go far. Where the soldier has already sufficient duty, you compel him to be dirty and slovenly, if you add materially to his labour; this is correcting a man for one fault, and forcing him to be guilty of another. The confining men as prisoners, and making them work by day at *fatigue*? This never did much good at any time; for the men were apt to be insolent and unmanageable to the non-commissioned officers who superintended them; but take away the power of corporal punishment, and—what if they should refuse to work? This would be the law of the constable in *Much ado about Nothing*.

"*Dogberry*. You are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

"*Watchman*. What if he will not stand?

"*Dogberry*. Why, then, let him go."

One farther punishment only—the *Long Drill*—we shall stay to advert to. We don't know well what has become of it now, but it got into use a good deal after the Parliamentary debates on "flogging" in 1811 and 1812. The infliction consisted in loading a man with his whole weight of arms and accoutrements; buckling his knapsack on his back, in what is termed "marching order;" and in that state walking him up and down (say) a gravelled barrack-yard—in the rain, or under a burning sun, for six or eight hours together. This punishment, as regarded cruelty, and danger to the health of the offender, was incomparably more objectionable than a slight punishment by the lash, and did not produce, in the event, one fifth part so much effect.

But, apart even from these considerations, there are yet abundant reasons why it would be mere madness to give up the power of flogging in the army.

Certainty, which we can waive, up to a certain point, in civil affairs, is the very principle of life to military operations. Punishment, in the army, must be summary, or half its value is lost; and it must be of a kind too that can neither be resisted nor evaded. Four-sixths of the criminal offences which are committed in civil society, are done in the hope to escape, (by some means or other,) the penalty attached to them; this hope in the army must not be allowed to exist. The minor punishments used have some weight now, because soldiers know that, for repeated faults, there is the last resort; but take that last resort away, the minor punishments will be slighted, and, probably, rebelled against.

And a mistake seems to exist, in some quarters, as to what it is that we aim at first in punishment. A highly respectable member observes, the other night, in the House of Commons.—"Men's minds are not mended by inflicting torture on their bodies." Why, who, in his senses, ever supposed that they were? Who ever thought that men were made better by being hanged?—Or even by being transported?—Or even by being put into the Tread-mill? Punishment, taken in a practical sense, is meant less to reform men who have committed crimes, than to prevent others from imitating them. We warn the irremediable culprit from offending again, by a dread of having the infliction repeated; and we give notice to a thousand others, that his offence cannot be committed with impunity.

We object nothing to the persons who put their trust in counsel and prison discipline; their efforts may save the units; but the millions must be saved upon a broader principle. It is absurd to say of severe punishments, that they excite horror rather than deter by example. We cannot (absolutely) cure propensities to crime by example; nor tendency to fever always by calomel; but we do good by exhibiting both the one and the other.

Men are no doubt, for highway robberies, hanged, and highway robberies are still committed; but cease to hang men for highway robberies, and see how the matter will stand then!

References to the practice "in France," we have already said, weigh with us nothing. A laxity of moral discipline prevails in the French service, which no man will talk of permitting to exist in ours. Mere neglects of military precision,—as the

French soldier does not drink, he is far less liable than ours to offend in. The system of conscription too, brought a kind of men, as privates, into the French ranks, more easily operated on by a feeling of pride, than *ex*-ploughmen, and shoe-makers. And, moreover, it is not difficult to give up the power of flogging soldiers, where we brand them, shave their heads, and condemn them to labour as convicts—by what kind of torture the labour is compelled after this sentence, whether whipping or otherwise—does not appear.

But the question is not what *is done* in France; but what *will do* in this country. The question is not, if our system is perfect; but if our system is the best. It proves nothing to shew, that corporal punishment has been got rid of entirely in one or two particular regiments. There is, or lately was, a power in the army of "exchanging" men—not sending them to West Indian corps—but "exchanging" them (on their own application,) from one regiment to another. By a judicious application of this power, one sees well enough how a few regiments might contrive (just now) not to keep a single bad man in their ranks; but such a gain advances nothing towards the convenience of the general service. We think that much may be done, (under the present circumstances of the country,) towards getting rid of corporal punishment; but we object to any abolition of that punishment by law. An intimation of objection, by *authority*, to the practice, where it can be avoided, will give all the benefit that could result from legislation; and, as regards the comfort of the soldier, it will give a great deal more. For it is an incontestable fact—and the troops know it—that they would be sufferers by the total abolition of corporal punishment. Ask whether those commanding-officers—for there are some—who have aimed obstinately at dispensing with the lash, are more popular, or as popular, as those who adhere to the old practice? The reliance entirely upon imprisonment, &c. always (numerically) multiplies punishments. We can pardon slight offences, while we have the strong measure at hand to repress excess; but where the heaviest punishment is but light, it is quite sure to be frequently in operation. Then, to imprison soldiers who offend, is to throw the duty of those men (additional) upon their steadier comrades. Where confinements are frequent and of duration, this seriously lessens the advantage of correct conduct. The men, *en masse*, had much rather that the rogues should be whipped, and come to their duty. And, still farther, it is quite certain that all the schemes hitherto tried to supersede flogging, have introduced a tiresome amount of *veto*—an endless *preventive* arrangement which touches upon the freedom of the good soldier, for the possible faults of the bad one, and which is precisely that sort of regulation which, as regards the law, applicable to the liberty of the subject generally, we hazard every inconvenience and danger, rather than submit to.

As we object to the abolition of corporal punishment, as dangerous, so we object to any limitation of it, as useless; because every practical man knows that the severity of a sentence does not necessarily depend upon the number of strokes to be inflicted. As the country stands now, the condition of a soldier is more eligible by far than it has been for very many years past. Desertion is already almost unknown; for there is very little temptation to it. The men retained are most of them old soldiers, who have desired rather to remain in the service than to obtain their liberation. Above all, we have leisure; and, with care, may introduce such habits and feelings, as shall tend to get rid of corporal punishment, (as a general practice,) in time of peace; and perhaps to lessen its necessity in future periods of war. But this must not be done by legislating, directly, upon the subject. An understanding distinctly conveyed to commanding-officers of regiments, that they will advance their own claims to consideration by using the power of flogging as seldom as possible; and a little alteration (for some will be necessary,) to see, in detail, how the penalty of Imprisonment can be made most operative, and least productive of inconvenience;—the Crown will always have a ready means of marking its disapprobation of anything approaching to neglect of such a recommendation; and instances of abuse, or excess, if any should be found to occur, must be punished in the authorities of the army as they would be prescribed in any other authorities of the

state. Let those who hold the power of visiting offence, be themselves visited ten fold, if it be found that they commit it; but knives must have edges, although throats now and then are cut with them. Nothing is more honourable than even speculative humanity; but it is only upon something like proof, that existing systems can be broken up. It is easy for A to suggest, where B is to be responsible. But, with every desire to relieve pressure where they may detect it, practical men will first inquire—Will the change create more evil than it gets rid of?

BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

It would be absurd to enumerate the many powerful reasons which men who have openly, avowedly, and undeniably attained to the first rank as makers of books, may have for being unwilling to put themselves forward as critics of the books written by their contemporaries. Good feeling must, in almost all cases, strongly sway the mind of undisputed greatness against this. These men cannot but feel what a very serious thing *their* censure would be upon the fortunes of others—and they never give it. But for this very reason, the praise which they have less scruple sometimes in bestowing, comes really to be, in the eyes of the public, of no sort of importance. He who speaks well of everybody, cannot expect his good word to be very precious; and it is pretty much the same of him who speaks ill of nobody.

Accordingly, with the single exception of Christopher North, who is a standing exception to all rules, none of our established first-rates in these days have been, to any considerable extent, reviewers. Wordsworth's extravagant pride would have kept him quite aloof from such things, even if he had not also been one of the most truly benevolent spirits in the world. Mr Southey's vanity has probably come to the aid of his good nature in the same way. He who writes (*on dit*) nearly a fourth part of the whole Quarterly Review, has never, that we know of, written one article on a work of living genius. Lord Byron has acted otherwise, to be sure; but then his quizzes (and by the way we cannot think them ill-natured ones) are seen at once to be mere quizzes. Nobody puts a moment's faith in what he says in that sort. Nobody believes that Lord Byron really despises Wordsworth's poetry. We perceive that he is merely amusing himself; and when anybody talks seriously of his jokes, either in prose or in verse, about his contemporaries, the public may depend upon it, 'tis nothing but cant.

Sir Walter Scott is another example of the same forbearance. When the Edinburgh Review was a very young book, he wrote playful things in it about Colonel Thornton's Tour, Cookery books, and so forth; and when the Quarterly Review was new, he conferred on it also some favours of that kind. The only articles of any importance in the Quarterly that are supposed to be his, are all antiquarian and historical. The review of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, we cannot look upon as anything but an effusion of personal kindness, suggested by the popular outcry that prevailed against Lord Byron about the time when this article was published. It is no criticism on the genius of Byron. Nor do we know of any other things of his that could even be suspected for exceptions. He is said to be the author of several articles on Maturin's works, that have appeared in different periodicals; but whether this be so or not, it is sufficiently evident that the said articles have been composed entirely in the spirit of personal benevolence.

Mr Campbell, editor though he be, appears to keep out of this walk almost as much as any of the greater people we have been naming. Indeed, he is too much afraid of himself to do otherwise. The critiques on new works that occasionally creep into his pages, are pieces of doltish, mawkish, solemn Cockneyism, and would be considered as out of all sight of contempt, but for their near neighbourhood to the ineffable lucubrations of Mr Dominie Small-text.

But to come back from the smallest of God's creatures to the other extreme of creation.—The public, no doubt, makes a great gain of peace, and quiet, and decorum, by reason of the non-critical propensities of the stars: and yet it is equally certain,

that we lose a great deal of instruction, which, if men of that class did write reviews of their contemporaries, we could run no risk of missing. Their own works, to be sure, must be considered as specimens of what they conceive to be good; but it would be pleasant to have some positive hints also of what such men look upon as positively bad. Who would not like to hear the author of Waverley's, or Miss Edgeworth's, real and candid opinion of a new novel? Who would not like to hear Mr Wordsworth, or Lord Byron, tell us sincerely and calmly across the fire, what he thinks of a new poem? Would not these criticisms, if we could really get at them, be listened to by the public, and above all, by the authors of the works criticized, somewhat differently from the cleverest diatribes of the cleverest men, that could not themselves write one page either of a good novel or a good poem? Grant that people of this last class may be able to arrange their notions in a better form of criticism—to expound things with an air of superior wisdom — to enunciate both more loudly and more lengthily—still we know, that whatever may or may not be the case with "Mr Editor *this*," or "Mr Editor *that*," the true theory of composition *must* be somewhere or other within the breasts of those who have composed masterpieces—and one glimpse of the fire of Heaven from them, would be, and would be reckoned, worth all the flambeaux that ever glared in the paws of the muses' lackeys.

But, as the Bailie hath it, "there is balm in Gilead:" If we cannot hear their free sentiments of their contemporaries, we may sometimes hear their free sentiments about their predecessors; and from these—even these—their contemporaries, if they are worth the teaching, will undoubtedly be taught not a little. Campbell's Essays on the English Poets were, in this view, delightful and most instructive things. Mr Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare were still better; would to Heaven he would print them! Southey should edit Spenser, and Wordsworth Milton; and Theodore Hooke should resume, without delay, his old project about Foote.

In the meantime, the world does not seem to be aware of the fact, that Sir Walter Scott has actually been writing a series of Essays on the Lives and Writings of the British Novelists.

Has the reader seen or even heard of such a book as "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library?"—We venture to say that he has not.

And yet here are these eight or nine splendid volumes, the accumulation of four or five years' labour. Surely we cannot do a better thing than call general attention to them.

The general character of the work may be sketched in one sentence. It presents us with the classical novels of the English tongue printed exquisitely and beautifully on a small but readable type; and in volumes large, but not unwieldy,—and astonishingly cheap; and to each set of works, we have prefixed a copious Essay, by the first author of our time, written in a manner altogether worthy of his genius, taste, and knowledge;—is not this a pretty tolerable bill of fare?—and is it not odd enough that it should have been so long left unnoticed by our professional critics? We rather think so: and we rather think we could guess the reason too: but no matter.

In regard to the selection of some of the novels for this work, we may venture to say a word or two; the more freely because we have not been led to believe, that the distinguished author of the Preliminary Essays to the several volumes is at all responsible for this part of the concern. We confess that we suspect the publishers are extending their books beyond the just limits; and we are quite sure that they have neglected even the semblance of arrangement. We should have recommended the placing of Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, in a class by themselves; then Richardson—for in spite of his bulk, he must be taken into any such collection; then such authors as Clara Reeve, Horace Walpole, &c.; and finally, the *best* translations we have of the *best* foreign romances in a series of volumes by themselves. This, we apprehend, would have rendered the work more valuable as a standard library book; and we also think the author of the Introductory Essays would have written to more purpose sometimes, had he been guided by something of a critical arrangement. As it is, we cannot deny

that in general the novels* inserted ought to have been inserted. The deficiencies now observable may yet, and in all probability will, be supplied in succeeding volumes; and the Dissertations, if not arranged in a very logical sequence, have certainly all the merits compatible with the existence of this indisputable blemish.

We have been rather surprised to find, that more labour has been bestowed on *Chrysal* than on any other novel in the series as it at present stands. Sir Walter Scott has, no doubt, illustrated the obscure historical illusions in this work with great felicity; but really we cannot help thinking, that such a work was undeserving of giving so much trouble to such hands. It is one of the books, the merits of which we freely confess ourselves unable to observe. It appears to us to be a most coarse and vulgar satire, alike destitute of delicacy and unredeemed by imagination. And this, too, is printed forsooth immediately after the Devil on Two Sticks, the most brilliant and graceful satire certainly that exists in this world—the most abounding in all those qualities, of the total want of which the clumsy copy of Mr Charles Johnson seems to us to be a most successful specimen. We confess we think the classical novelists of England have no great reason to approve of this companionship. He is nothing but a coarse caricature of Dr Moore, who, again—under favour be it spoken—is nothing but a very coarse caricature of Smollet.

Sir Walter's Essay on Richardson is an exceedingly pleasant specimen of his way of writing biography. The criticism contained in it is, as it seems to us, just; though, like most of Sir Walter's, leaning too much to the side of leniency. Who reads Richardson? —That is a question which, we apprehend, it is more easy to ask than to answer.—The merit—the perfection, we may say, of a few particular conceptions, and of some scenes in these immense volumes, is undeniable; but how few, now-a-days, will wade, or ought to wade, through such a heap of lumber as Clarissa Harlowe, merely that they may be able to understand the sublime catastrophe; or to endure the interminable prosing of the Cedar Parlour in Grandison, for the sake of Clementina's Shakespearian madness. As to Pamela, we confess it appears to us to be not only the most unnatural of all English romances of our acquaintance, but also to be a very singular production indeed, to have come from the pen of the saintly Samuel, and to have found favour with the ladies of England within the time of our own grandmothers. Sir Walter Scott, we suspect, thinks much as we do about all these matters; although those who turn to his pages will find he has not ventured on much more than a *hint* of his real opinion.

Sir Walter's critical remarks on Richardson, as compared with his great rival and contemporary, Fielding, (whom, by the way, he hated and abused on all occasions with an unholy rancour,) and those on the epistolary form of novel-writing in general, are so excellent that we must quote them.

"Richardson was well qualified to be the discoverer of a new style of writing, for he was a cautious, deep, and minute examinator of the human heart, and, like Cooke or Parry, left neither head, bay, nor inlet behind him, until he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart, with all its minute sinuosities, its depths, and its shallows. Hence the high, and, comparatively considered, perhaps the undue superiority assigned by Johnson to Richardson over Fielding, against whom he seems to have entertained some prejudice. In one passage he asserts, that 'there is more knowledge of the human heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*.'† —And in another, he thus explains the proposition: 'There is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and there is this difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'‡ Again, in comparing these two distinguished authors, the critic uses this illustration,—'that there was as great a difference between them, as between a man who knew how a watch was made,

* Smollett's bad version of Don Quixote is an exception. Motteux's is *the* translation of Quixote; and, by the way, why have we not Rabelais? We trust that masterpiece of all translations is yet to appear.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, edition 1793, Vol. II. p. 30.

‡ Ibid. Vol. I. p. 308.

and a man who could tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate.'* Dissenting as we do from the conclusions to be deduced from Dr Johnson's simile, we would rather so modify it as to describe both authors as excellent mechanics; the time-pieces of Richardson shewing a great deal of the internal work by which the index is regulated; while those of Fielding merely pointed to the hour of the day, being all that most men desire to know. Or to take a more manageable comparison, the analogy betwixt the writings of Fielding and Richardson resembles that which free, bold, and true sketches bear to paintings which have been very minutely laboured, and, amid their excellence, still exhibit some of the heaviness which almost always attends the highest degree of finishing. This, indeed, is admitted by Johnson himself, in his reply to the observations of the Honourable Thomas Erskine, that Richardson was tedious.—'Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted, that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving occasion to the sentiment.' Were we to translate the controversy into plain language, it might be summed up in pronouncing the works of Richardson the more instructive, those of Fielding the more amusing, and that a reader might select the one or the other for his studies, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, as he felt himself 'in a concatenation accordingly.'

"It is impossible to tell whether Richardson's peculiar and circumstantial mode of narrative arose entirely out of the mode in which he evolves his story by the letters of the actors, or whether his early partiality for letter-writing was not rather founded upon his innate love of detail. But these talents and propensities must have borne upon and fortified each other. To the letter-writer every event is recent, and is painted immediately while under the eye, with reference to its relative importance to what has past and what has to come. All is, so to speak, painted in the foreground, and nothing in the distance. A game at whist, if the subject of a letter, must be detailed as much at length as a debate in the House of Commons, upon a subject of great national interest; and hence, perhaps, that tendency to prolixity, of which the readers of Richardson frequently complain.

"There is this additional disadvantage, tending to the same disagreeable impression, that incidents are, in many instances, detailed again and again, by the various actors, to their different correspondents. If this has the advantage of placing the characters, each in their own peculiar light, and contrasting their thoughts, plans, and sentiments, it is at least partly balanced, by arresting the progress of the story, which stands still while the characters shew all their paces, like horses in the manege, without advancing a yard. But then it gives the reader, as Mrs Barbauld well remarks, the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with those in whose fate he is to be interested. 'In consequence of this,' adds that accomplished lady, 'our feelings are not transient, elicited here and there by a pathetic stroke, but we regard his characters as real personages, whom we know and converse with, and whose fate remains to be decided in the course of events.'† The minute style of Richardson is accordingly attended with this peculiar advantage, that as strong a light as can be necessary is thrown on every personage who advances on the scene, and that we have as distinct an idea of the individual and peculiar character of every female in Mrs Sinclair's family whom it is necessary to name; of the greedy and hypocritical Joseph Leman; of the plausible Captain Singleton, and of Lovelace's other agents, as we have of Lovelace himself. The character of Colonel Morden, for example, although we see so little of him, is quite individual. He is high-spirited, bold, and skilful at his weapon; a man of the world and a man of honour; neither violent enough to precipitate his revenge, nor forbearing enough to avoid grasping it when the fitting opportunity offers. The awe in which he is held by the Harlowes even before his appearance, the respect which Clarissa entertains for him as a natural protector, prepares us for his approach as he enters on the scene, like the Avenger of Blood; too late, indeed, to save Clarissa, but a worthy vindicator of her wrongs, and a no less worthy conqueror of Lovelace. Whatever piety and forbearance there is in his cousin's last charge to such a man as Colonel Morden, we cannot for a moment be either surprised or sorry that it is disobeyed.

"It must not be overlooked, that, by the circumstantial detail of minute, trivial, and even uninteresting circumstances, the author gives to his fiction an air of reality that can scarcely otherwise be obtained. In every real narrative, he who tells it, dwells upon slight and inconsiderable circumstances, no otherwise interesting than because they are associated in his mind with the more important events which he desires to communicate. De Foe, who understood, and availed himself on all occasions of this mode of garnishing an imaginary history with all the minute accompaniments which distinguish a true one,

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, edition 1793, vol. II. p. 30.
† Life of Richardson, vol. I. p. lxxxii.

was scarce a greater master of this peculiar art, than was our author Richardson.

"Still, with all these advantages, which so peculiarly adapted the mode of carrying on the story by epistolary correspondence to Richardson's peculiar genius, it has its corresponding defects. In order that all may be written, which must be known for the purpose of the narrative, the characters must frequently write, when it would be more natural for them to be acting—must frequently write what it is not natural to write at all—and must at all times write a great deal oftener, and a great deal more, than one would now think human life has time for. But these arguments did not probably weigh much with Richardson, an inveterate letter-writer from his youth upwards, and certainly as indefatigable (we had almost said formidable) a correspondent as any of the characters he has drawn."

The stories of these men's lives have been told so often, (though never certainly so nervously, or with the interfusion of so many sagacious and profound *obiter dicta*, illustrative of human nature in general,) that we shall not quote from Sir Walter's narratives, but rather collect here as much of his general *criticism on the composition of romance*, as we can conveniently make room for. Take, then, for another specimen, the following remarks on Fielding's failure as a dramatist; a failure which he shared (as Sir Walter mentions) with Le Sage; but which he also shared,—strange enough coincidence,—with Cervantes himself and with Smollett.

"Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of Le Sage and others, who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence, which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since *à priori* one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the developement is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summoned up by the catastrophe—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising entirely from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author, so careless of his reputation; but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dulness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely found in those works, which a man of genius throws off 'at a heat,' to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in labouring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may perhaps be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he, who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

"It is the object of the novel-writer, to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength: and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind's eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe—words applied with the best of his

skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shewn. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied,—telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out 'all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;' and the very first thing which the players struck out of this memorable tragedy was, the description of Queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarce any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius, which could successfully insert into a good play, those accessaries of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province, is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must farther be remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnery is called, by Civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the Player and Poet in *Joseph Andrews*, Book III. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste, and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not infrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage."

Our third example of the richness of the materials collected in this modest form shall be the author's parallel between Fielding and his own countryman Smollett.

"In leaving Smollett's personal for his literary character, it is impossible not to consider the latter as contrasted with that of his eminent contemporary, Fielding. It is true, that such comparisons, though recommended by the example of Plutarch, are not in general the best mode of estimating individual merit. But in the present case, the history, accomplishments, talents, pursuits, and, unfortunately, the fates of these two great authors, are so closely allied, that it is scarce possible to name the one without exciting recollections of the other. Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour,—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

"Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett. * * *

"Thus the art and felicity with which the story of *Tom Jones* evolves itself, is nowhere found in Smollett's novels, where the heroes pass from one situation in life, and from one stage of society, to another totally unconnected, except that, as in ordinary life, the adventures recorded, though not bearing upon each other, or on the catastrophe, befal the same personage. Characters are introduced and dropped without scruple, and, at the end of the work, the hero is found surrounded by a very different set of associates from those with whom his fortune seemed at first indissolubly connected. Neither are the characters which Smollett designed should be interesting, half so amiable as his readers could desire. The low-minded Roderick Random, who borrows Strap's money, wears his clothes, and, rescued from starving by the attachment of that simple and kind-hearted adherent, rewards him by squandering his substance, receiving his attendance as a servant, and beating him when the dice ran against him, is not to be named in one day with the open-hearted, good-humoured, and noble-minded Tom Jones, whose libertinism (one particular omitted) is perhaps rendered but too amiable by his good qualities. We believe there are few readers who are not disgusted with the miserable reward assigned to Strap in the closing chapter of the novel. Five hundred pounds, (scarce the value of the goods he had presented to his master,) and the hand of a reclaimed street-walker, even when added to a Highland farm, seem but a poor recompense for his faithful and disinterested attachment. We should do Jones equal injustice by weighing him in the balance with the savage and ferocious Pickle, who, —besides his gross and base brutality towards Emilia, besides his ingratitude to his uncle, and the savage propensity which he shews, in the pleasure he takes to torment others by practical jokes resembling those of a fiend in glee,—exhibits a low and ungentleman-like tone of thinking, only one degree higher than that of Roderick Random. The blackguard frolic of introducing a prostitute, in a false character, to his sister, is a sufficient evidence of that want of taste and feeling which Smollett's admirers are compelled to acknowledge, may be detected in his writings. It is yet more impossible to compare Sophia or Amelia to the females of Smollett, who (excepting Aurelia Darnel) are drawn as the objects rather of appetite than of affection, and excite no higher or more noble interest than might be created by the houris of the Mahomedan paradise.

"It follows from this superiority on the side of Fielding, that his novels exhibit, more frequently than those of Smollett, scenes of distress, which excite the sympathy and pity of the reader. No one can refuse his compassion to Jones, when, by a train of practices upon his generous and open character, he is expelled from his benefactor's house under the foulest and most heart-rending accusations; but we certainly sympathize very little in the distress of Pickle, brought on by his own profligate profusion, and enhanced by his insolent misanthropy. We are only surprised that his predominating arrogance does not weary out the benevolence of Hatchway and Pipes, and scarce think the ruined spendthrift deserves their persevering and faithful attachment.

"But the deep and fertile genius of Smollett afforded resources sufficient to balance these deficiencies; and when the full weight has been allowed to Fielding's superiority of taste and expression, his northern contemporary will still be found fit to balance the scale with his great rival. If Fielding had superior taste, the palm of more brilliancy of genius, more inexhaustible richness of invention, must in justice be awarded to Smollett. In comparison with his sphere, that in which Fielding walked was limited; and, compared with the wealthy profusion of varied character and incident which Smollett has scattered through his works, there is a poverty of composition about his rival. Fielding's fame rests on a single *chef d'œuvre;* and the art and industry which produced *Tom Jones*, was unable to rise to equal excellence in *Amelia*. Though, therefore, we may justly prefer *Tom Jones* as the most masterly example of an artful and well-told novel, to any individual work of Smollett, yet *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, do each of them far excel *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia*; and, to descend still lower, *Jonathan Wild*, or *the Journey to the next World*, cannot be put into momentary comparison with *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, or *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

"Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensible to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites,

goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics.* Accordingly, if he is surpassed by Fielding in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. Fielding has no passages which approach in sublimity to the robber-scene in *Count Fathom*, or to the terrible description of a sea-engagement, in which Roderick Random sits chained and exposed upon the poop, without the power of motion or exertion, during the carnage of a tremendous engagement. Upon many other occasions, Smollett's descriptions ascend to the sublime; and, in general, there is an air of romance in his writings, which raise his narratives above the level and easy course of ordinary life. He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our own day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works as robbers in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect. To compare *Ferdinand Count Fathom* to the *Jonathan Wild* of Fielding, would be perhaps unfair to the latter author; yet, the works being composed on the same plan, (a very bad one, as we think,) we cannot help placing them by the side of each other, when it becomes at once obvious that the detestable Fathom is a living and existing miscreant, at whom we shrink as from the presence of an incarnate fiend; while the villain of Fielding seems rather a cold personification of the abstract principle of evil, so far from being terrible, that, notwithstanding the knowledge of the world argued in many passages of his adventures, we are compelled to acknowledge him absolutely tiresome.

"It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognize the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shews the least desire to make the most either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narratives, or makes his characters evolve themselves in the progress. These appeals to the reader's judgment, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction; and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal, are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, like Gines de Passamonte, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter.

"Smollett's sea characters have been deservedly considered as inimitable; and the power with which he has diversified them, in so many instances, distinguishing the individual features of each honest tar, while each possesses a full proportion of professional manners and habits of thinking, is a most absolute proof of the richness of fancy with which the author was gifted, and which we have noticed as his chief advantage over Fielding. Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Crowe, are all men of the same class, habits, and tone of thinking, yet so completely differenced by their separate and individual characters, that we at once acknowledge them as distinct persons, while we see and allow that every one of them belongs to the old English navy. These striking portraits have now the merit which is cherished by antiquaries—they preserve the memory of the school of Benbow and Boscawen, whose manners are now banished from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. The naval officers of the present day, the splendour of whose actions has thrown into shadow the exploits of a thousand years, do not now affect the manners of a fore-mastman, and have shewn how admirably well their duty can be discharged without any particular attachment to tobacco or flip, or the decided preference of a check shirt over a linen one.

"In the comic part of their writings, we have already said, Fielding is pre-eminent in grave irony, a Cervantic species of pleasantry, in which Smollett is not equally successful. On the other hand, the Scotchman (notwithstanding the general opinion denies that quality to his countrymen) ex-

* A judge, competent in the highest degree, has thus characterized Smollett's poetry. "They have a portion of delicacy, not to be found in his novels; but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand. Were he to live again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad that we had more of his novels just as they are."—*Specimens of the British Poets, by Thomas Campbell*, vol. VI. The truth is, that in these very novels are expended many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry.

cels in broad and ludicrous humour. His fancy seems to run riot in accumulating ridiculous circumstances one upon another, to the utter destruction of all power of gravity; and perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter as those of Smollett. The descriptions which affect us thus powerfully, border sometimes upon what is called farce or caricature; but if it be the highest praise of pathetic composition that it draws forth tears, why should it not be esteemed the greatest excellence of the ludicrous that it compels laughter? The one tribute is at least as genuine an expression of natural feeling as the other; and he who can read the calamities of Trunnion and Hatchway, when run away with by their mettled steeds, or the inimitable absurdities of the feast of the ancients, without a good hearty burst of honest laughter, must be well qualified to look sad and gentleman-like with Lord Chesterfield or Master Stephen.

"Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition."

"Far above any other successor!" —No, not quite so neither. But indeed we apprehend it will strike every reader as a little remarkable, that throughout the whole of this series of critical Essays on the older classes of the English romance, *no allusion whatever* is made to the author of Waverley; that author who alone, and within the space of ten short years, has produced a set of novels almost as bulky as the whole of this Novelist's Library contains, and exhibiting beauties singly equal to the best of what this record does exhibit, in the blaze of their connection sufficient to dim even the brightest name in that bright roll. Grant that this nameless author has not produced any one novel so perfect in its shape, plot, and arrangement, as Tom Jones: grant this, and say what is it that any one of his predecessors has done which he has not equalled. Is not Bailie Jarvie equal to Parson Adams?—Is not Dalgetty equal to Bowling?—Is not the Bride of Lammermoor, or the Heart of Mid-Lothian, equal to the pathos of the tragedy of Clementina?—Is not the Antiquary equal to Uncle Toby?—Is not Meg Dods, in her single self, equal to all the innkeepers, from Don Quixote down to Fielding inclusive?—And then what a world of beauties of another class altogether!—the high romantic chivalries—the dark superstition—the witchcraft by which the dead are reanimated—the grace, the grandeur, the magnificence of the prose—that is all that poetry ever was, or ever can be. We leave to Mr Adolphus the fit consideration of this extraordinary *silence* on the part of the author of these admirable Essays.

One more specimen of these compositions, and we have done. It shall be from the preface to Le Sage,—the Novelist whom, if *we* were called upon to classify these immortals, we should not hesitate certainly to place far above both Fielding and Smollett—by the side of two, and two only—the author of Don Quixote and the author of Waverley. It is sufficient for us to have furnished one to such a trio.

Speaking of the *Diable Boiteux*, Sir Walter Scott says—

"The title and plan of the work was derived from the Spanish of Luez Velez de Guevera, called *El Diable Cojuelo*, and such satires on manners as had been long before written in Spain by Cervantes and others. But the fancy, the lightness, the spirit, the wit, and the vivacity of the *Diable Boiteux*, were entirely communicated by the enchanting pen of the lively Frenchman. The plan of the work was in the highest degree interesting, and having, in its original concoction, at once a cast of the romantic and of the mystical, is calculated to interest and to attract, by its own merit, as well as by the pleasing anecdotes and shrewd remarks upon human life, of which it forms, as it were, the frame-work and enchasing. The Mysteries of the Cabalists afforded a foundation for the story, which, grotesque as it is, was not in those times held to exceed the bounds of probable fiction; and the interlocutors of the scene are so happily adapted to the subjects of their conversation, that all they say and do has its own portion of natural appropriation.

"It is impossible to conceive a being more fitted to comment upon the vices, and to ridicule the follies of humanity, than an

esprit follet like Asmodeus, who is as much a decided creation of genius, in his way, as Ariel or Caliban. Without possessing the darker powers and propensities of a Fallen Angel, he presides over the vices and the follies, rather than the crimes of mankind—is malicious, rather than malignant; and his delight is to gibe, and to scoff, and to teaze, rather than to torture:—one of Satan's light infantry, in short, whose business it is to goad, perplex, and disturb the ordinary train of society, rather than to break in upon and overthrow it. This character is maintained in all Asmodeus says and does, with so much spirit, wit, acuteness, and playful malice, that we never forget the fiend, even in those moments when he is very near becoming amiable as well as entertaining.

"Don Cleofas, to whom he makes all his diverting communications, is a fiery young Spaniard, proud, high-spirited, and revengeful, and just so much of a libertine as to fit him for the company of Asmodeus. He interests us personally by his gallantry and generous sentiments; and we are pleased with the mode in which the grateful fiend provides for the future happiness of his liberator. Of these two characters neither is absolutely original. But the Devil of Guevara is, as the title of the book expresses, a mere bottle conjuror, who amuses the student by tricks of legerdemain, intermixed with strokes of satire, some of them very acute, but devoid of the poignancy of Le Sage. Don Cleofas is a mere literal copy from the Spanish author. There is no book in existence in which so much of the human character, under all its various shades and phases, is described in so few words, as in the *Diable Boiteux*. Every page, every line, bears marks of that sure tact and accurate development of human weakness and folly, which tempt us to think we are actually listening to a Superior Intelligence, who sees into our minds and motives, and, in malicious sport, tears away the veil which we endeavour to interpose betwixt these and our actions. The satire of Le Sage is as quick and sudden as it is poignant; his jest never is blunted by anticipation; ere we are aware that the bow is drawn, the shaft is quivering in the very centre of the mark. To quote examples, would be to quote the work through almost every page; and, accordingly, no author has afforded a greater stock of passages, which have been generally employed as apothegms, or illustrations of human nature and actions; and no wonder, since the force of whole pages is often compressed in fewer words than another author would have employed sentences. To take the first example that comes: The fiends of Profligacy and of Chicane contend for possession and direction of a young Parisian. Pillardoc would have made him a *commis*, Asmodeus a debauchee. To unite both their views, the infernal conclave made the youth a *monk*, and effected a reconciliation between their contending brethren. 'We embraced,' said Asmodeus, 'and have been mortal enemies ever since.' It is well observed by the late editor of Le Sage's works, that the traits of this kind, with which the *Diable Boiteux* abounds, entitle it, much more than the Italian scenes of Gherardi, to the title of the Grenier a Sel, conferred on the latter work by the sanction of Boileau. That great poet, nevertheless, is said to have been of a different opinion. He threatened to dismiss a valet whom he found in the act of reading the *Diable Boiteux*. Whether this proceeded from the peevishness of indisposition, under which Boileau laboured in 1707; whether he supposed the knowledge of human life, and all its chicanery, to be learned from Le Sage's satire, was no safe accomplishment for a domestic; or whether, finally, he had private or personal causes for condemning the work and the author, is not now known. But the anecdote forms one example, amongst the many, of the unjust estimation in which men of genius are too apt to hold their contemporaries.

"Besides the power of wit and satire displayed in the *Diable Boiteux*, with so much brilliancy, there are passages in which the author assumes a more serious and moral tone; he sometimes touches upon the pathetic, and sometimes even approaches the sublime. The personification of Death is of the latter character, until we come to the point where the author's humour breaks forth, and where, having described one of the terrific phantom's wings as painted with war, pestilence, famine, and shipwreck, he adorns the other with the representation of young physicians taking their degree. * * * * *

"Few have ever read this charming book without remembering, as one of the most delightful occupations of their life, the time which they first employed in the perusal; and there are few also who do not occasionally turn back to its pages with all the vivacity which attends the recollection of early love. It signifies nothing at what time we have first encountered the fascination; whether in boyhood, when we were chiefly captivated by the cavern of the robbers, and other scenes of romance; whether in more advanced youth, but while our ignorance of the world yet concealed from us the subtle and poignant satire which lurks in so many passages of the work; whether we were learned enough to apprehend the various allusions to history and public matters with which it abounds, or ignorant enough to rest contented with the more direct course of the narration. The power of the enchanter over us is alike absolute, under all these circumstances. If

there is anything like truth in Gray's opinion, that to lie upon a couch and read new novels was no bad idea of Paradise, how would that beatitude be enhanced, could human genius afford us another *Gil Blas!*

"Le Sage's claim to originality, in this delightful work, has been idly, I had almost said ungratefully, contested by those critics, who conceive they detect a plagiarist wherever they see a resemblance in the general subject of a work, to one which has been before treated by an inferior artist. It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness, to trace out such coincidences; because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer a level with his critics. It is not the mere outline of a story—not even the adopting some details of a former author, which constitutes the literary crime of plagiarism. The proprietor of the pit from which Chantry takes his clay, might as well pretend to a right in the figure into which it is moulded under his plastic fingers; and the question is in both cases the same—not so much from whom the original rude substance came, as to whom it owes that which constitutes its real merit and excellence.

"It is therefore no disparagement to Le Sage, that long before his time there existed in other countries, and particularly in Spain, that species of fiction to which *Gil Blas* may be in some respects said to belong. There arises in every country a species of low or comic romance, bearing somewhat the same proportion to the grave or heroic romance, which farce bears to tragedy. Readers of all countries are not more, if indeed they are equally delighted, with the perusal of high deeds of war and chivalry, achieved by some hero of popular name, than with the exploits of some determined freebooter, who follows his illicit trade by violence, or of some notorious sharper, who preys upon society by address and stratagem. The lowness of such men's character, and the baseness of their pursuits, does not prevent their hazards, their successes, their failures, their escapes, and their subsequent fate, from being deeply interesting, not merely to the common people only, but to all who desire to read a chapter in the great book of human nature. We may use, though not in a moral sense, the oft-quoted phrase of Terence, and acknowledge ourselves interested in the tale, because *we* are *men* and the events are *human*."

On Gil Blas he descants in a strain equally delightful.

"The principal character, in whose name and with whose commentaries the story is told, is a conception which has never been equalled in fictitious composition, yet which seems so very real, that we cannot divest ourselves of the opinion that we listen to the narrative of one who has really gone through the scenes of which he speaks to us. Gil Blas' character has all the weaknesses and inequalities proper to human nature, and which we daily recognize in ourselves and in our acquaintances. He is not by nature such a witty sharper as the Spaniards painted in the characters of Paolo or Guzman, and such as Le Sage himself has embodied in the subordinate sketch of Scipio, but is naturally disposed towards honesty, though with a mind unfortunately too ductile to resist the temptations of opportunity or example. He is constitutionally timid, and yet occasionally capable of doing brave actions; shrewd and intelligent, but apt to be deceived by his own vanity; with wit enough to make us laugh with him at others, and follies enough to turn the jest frequently against himself. Generous, good natured, and humane, he has virtues sufficient to make us love him, and as to respect, it is the last thing which he asks at his reader's hands. Gil Blas, in short, is the principal character in a moving scene, where, though he frequently plays a subordinate part in the action, all that he lays before us is coloured with his own opinions, remarks, and sensations. We feel the individuality of Gil Blas alike in the cavern of the robbers, in the episcopal palace of the Archbishop of Grenada, in the bureau of the minister, and in all the various scenes through which he conducts us so delightfully, and which are, generally speaking, very slightly connected together, or rather no otherwise related to each other, than as they are represented to have happened to the same man. In this point of view, the romance is one which rests on character rather than incident; but although there is no main action whatsoever, yet there is so much incident in the episodical narratives, that the work can never be said to linger or hang heavy.

"The son of the squire of Asturias is entrusted also with the magic wand of the *Diable Boiteux*, and can strip the gilding from human actions with the causticity of Asmodeus himself. Yet, with all this power of satire, the moralist has so much of gentleness and good humour, that it may be said of Le Sage, as of Horace, *Circum præcordia ludit.* All is easy and good-humoured, gay, light, and lively; even the cavern of the robbers is illuminated with a ray of that wit with which Le Sage enlightens his whole narrative. It is a work which renders the reader pleased with himself and with

mankind, where faults are placed before him in the light of follies rather than vices, and where misfortunes are so interwoven with the ludicrous, that we laugh in the very act of sympathizing with them. All is rendered diverting—both the crimes and the retribution which follows them. Thus, for example, Gil Blas, during his prosperity, commits a gross act of filial undutifulness and ingratitude; yet we feel, that the intermediation of Master Muscada the grocer, irritating the pride of a *parvenu*, was so exactly calculated to produce the effect which it operated, that we continue to laugh with and at Gil Blas, even in the sole instance in which he shews depravity of heart. And then, the lapidation which he undergoes at Oviedo, with the disappointment in all his ambitious hopes of exciting the admiration of the inhabitants of his birth-place, is received as an expiation completely appropriate, and suited to the offence. In short, so strictly are the pages of *Gil Blas* confined to that which is amusing, that they might perhaps have been improved by some touches of a more masculine, stronger, and firmer line of morality.

"It ought not to escape notice, that Le Sage, though, like Cervantes, he considers the human figures which he paints as his principal object, fails not to relieve them by exquisite morsels of landscape, slightly touched indeed, but with the highest keeping, and the most marked effect. The description of the old hermit's place of retreat may be given as an example of what we mean.

"In the *History of Gil Blas* is also exhibited that art of fixing the attention of the reader, and creating, as it were, a reality even in fiction itself, not only by a strict attention to custom and locality, but by a minuteness, and at the same time a vivacity of detail, comprehending many trifling circumstances which might be thought to have escaped every one's memory, excepting that of an actual eye-witness. By such a circumstantial detail the author has rendered us as well acquainted with the four pavilions and *corps de logis* of Lirias, as if we had ourselves dined there with Gil Blas and his faithful follower Scipio. The well-preserved tapestry, as old as the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, the old-fashioned damask chairs—that furniture of so little intrinsic value, which yet made, in its proper place, such a respectable appearance—the dinner, the siesta—all give that closing scene in the third volume such a degree of reality, and assure us so completely of the comfort and happiness of our pleasant companion, that the concluding chapters, in which the hero is dismissed, after his labours and dangers, to repose and happiness—these very chapters, which in other novels are glanced over as a matter of course, are perhaps the most interesting in the *Adventures of Gil Blas*. Not a doubt remains on the mind of the reader concerning the continuance of the hero's rural felicity, unless he should happen (like ourselves) to feel some private difficulty in believing that the new cook from Valencia could ever rival Master Joachim's excellence, particularly in the matter of the ollapodrida, and the pig's ears marinated. Indeed, to the honour of that author be it spoken, Le Sage, excellent in describing scenes of all kinds, gives such vivacity to those which interest the *gastronome* in particular, that an epicure of our acquaintance used to read certain favourite passages regularly before dinner, with the purpose of getting an appetite like that of the Licentiate Sedillo, and, so far as his friends could observe, the recipe was always successful."

And now, when, in addition to these specimens, we mention, that each of the Essays extends to from forty and fifty very large and closely printed pages, and that of ten or twelve authors already embodied in this work, we have alluded as yet to no more than three or four, we apprehend we have done enough to call the attention of all those who are capable of judging, what books are, and what books ought to be, to "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library."

May it be conducted with equal skill to its conclusion. The life of Voltaire by Sir Walter Scott is yet to come, and that, certainly, will be a present of no ordinary interest. Goethe also yet is before us, and Schiller, and Rousseau,—and Marmontel and Prevost among the foreigners,—and Radcliffe (at least) among ourselves.

In case Sir Walter Scott does not interfere in these details, we beg to caution the publishers, that they must be particularly on their guard about the selection of a translation of *Werter:* indeed, we are not aware that any version worthy of a place here does as yet exist in our language. The same observation must be made as to "The Ghost Seer;" and we suspect our old favourite, Manon Lescaut, may be in the same situation. The English *doings* of these and many other foreign romances with which our boyhood was acquainted, were all quite execrable; but these may be better. At all events,

it is worth Mr Ballantyne's while not to go to work rashly.

There are a good many more hints we would fain give the publisher, if he would favour us with his private ear—but, in the meantime, and for the public, enough.

We have, we must own, a sort of affection for this work, independently of all its intrinsic merits. The proof-sheets of its first volume were lying scattered about our late dear John Ballantyne's bed when we called on him, the day preceding his untimely and lamented death. The work is still carried on, as we understand, for the behoof of his family. A very great man once pronounced his eulogy in our hearing, in a very few words.—"Alas! poor Yorick!—It seems as if there would never be so much sunlight again."

THE SECOND VOLUME OF ROSE'S ARIOSTO.*

We have just risen from the second and more deliberate perusal of this volume, and hasten to say, that in addition to all the merits which claimed our notice in the version of the first six cantos, we have discovered new merits here. The translator could not go beyond himself in fidelity and accuracy, nor would it have been easy for any other person to exhibit superior freedom, and elegance of language and versification, combined with these primary virtues. But Mr Rose has himself solved the problem. He has learned to move in his fetters with still more admirable grace. There is greater flow here—greater march and mastery. We could not help thinking every now and then—Heavens! if this were not a translation at all, but a new original English poem, what would the world say? Throughout, we see the vigour and the charm of a native classic; and we are seriously disposed to call the attention of readers to the great work thus before us in its progress, not merely because it is by far the best translation of Ariosto, nor even because, when finished, we believe it will be considered as, on the whole, the best poetical translation in our language, but more than all the rest for this reason—that, in the present state of our literature, when great original power is in so many quarters united with a very culpable measure of laxity as to the niceties, and even the purities, of English expression; in this age, when so many clever people are imitating errors, which to counterbalance demands not merely cleverness, but the very highest genius—in this age we do think it is no trifle that such a work as this has appeared—a specimen of the effect which may be produced in the midst of adherence to all the rules that we have been so much habituated to see despised—a specimen of the before unsuspected variety and flexibility of our poetical language, independently of all those monstrous and barbarous innovations, in which too many of our most popular poets have ventured to indulge. We shall not be accused of extravagance by those who have really considered this work with the attention it deserves, when we say, that in so far as the poetical diction of our country is concerned, a benefit has been conferred upon English literature by Mr Rose, second certainly, but still second only, to that which would have been produced by the appearance of a new Ariosto of our own;—another great English poet, that is to say, not a whit less remarkable for the exquisite grace and delicacy of his minutest expressions, than for the broader merits of his fancy and invention:—in other words, a benefactor equally to the language of the country and to its mind.

This improvement is of course the natural effect of the continued exertion of those many admirable talents which the work before us demanded. Instead of the wild, though sometimes not ungraceful (after its sort) fidelity, of Harrington's version,—which, by the way, Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden, was the worst translation of any he knew,—instead of the quaint, dry, prosaic abomination of Mr Huggins, who translated Ariosto stanza for stanza, and line for line, without, in any difficult passage whatever, having even a glimpse of the poet's true meaning,—to say nothing of his profound incapacity for giving anything like the image of this spright-

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* The Orlando Furioso, translated into English verse, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto, with Notes, by William Stewart Rose. London, John Murray, 1824.

liest of all originals in his leaden movements; and instead of what was, perhaps, worse than Huggins himself, with all his barbarous uncouthness, the solemn quackery of that most exquisite of all India-house clerks, Mr Hoole—a man who translated Ariosto and Tasso in precisely the same style, just as he would have drawn out in the same handwriting an order on the bank and the Despatch of Seringapatam. Instead of all these different absurdities, we are now really in the fair way to be able to put into our shelves a just, a glowing, and withal an exquisitely graceful, ay, and an exquisitely *English* image, of the great bard of Italian romance. The quiet sarcasm—the easy, playful, gentlemanlike wit—the close, concise, nervous diction (in the midst of all its sportiveness, and apparent redundance) of Ariosto—these were things of which the former *doers* into English had no more perception, and of course gave no better reflection, than their cold and barren imaginations enabled them to have, and to give, of the still greater qualities of this princely poet. Who ever expected wit from Hoole, lightness from Harrington, or harmony from Huggins? No one. Let those who have been accustomed to contemplate the Furioso through any of such dim or dirty mediums, look here; and if he have eyes at all, he will see how much better it is to have an engraving by a Le Keux, than a copy, however glowing, by a Davie Tinto.

These cantos are in themselves, perhaps, more full of beauties than the first six. They contain many of the very chefs-d'œuvre of Ariosto—Rogero in Alcina's enchanted palace—his escape from thence—the famous scene between Angelica and the wicked old hermit—the exposure on the rock—the whole of the grand and wild legend of Proteus and the Orc—the beautiful first appearance of the charming Zerbino—the array of the British host,—to English readers certainly not the least interesting matter in the Orlando Furioso,—and the exquisite story of Olympia, perhaps the finest episode in the whole poem. All these stand forth in this version with a life, and vigour, and elegance, everyway worthy of the original.

Our first specimen is the far-famed portrait of the enchantress Alcina, the Italian impersonation of Circe.

"Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.
Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin press'd
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things conceal'd
Conjecture safely, from the charms reveal'd.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and some deal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Conceal'd beneath no covering veil can lie."

The knight Rogero's escape from the peril of his residence in the Fairy's bower, is given with equal success. There is not perhaps a more characteristic thing in all Ariosto—a more happy specimen of his peculiar gift for the picturesque, than the passage in which the attack made on the retreating cavalier by the huntsman of Alcina is described. How gloriously the picture is transferred here!

"He on his fist a ravening falcon bore,
Which he made fly for pastime every day;
Now on the champaign, now upon the shore
Of neighbouring pool, which teem'd with certain prey;
And rode a hack which simple housings wore,
His faithful dog, companion of his way.
He, marking well the haste with which he h·s,
Conjectures truly that Rogero flies.

Towards him came the knave, with semblance haught,
Demanding whither in such haste he sped:
To him the good Rogero answers naught.
He, hence assured more clearly that he fled,
Within himself to stop the warrior thought,
And thus, with his left arm extended, said:
'What, if I suddenly thy purpose balk,
'And thou find no defence against this hawk?'

Then flies his bird, who works so well his wing,
Rabican cannot distance him in flight:
The falconer from his hack to ground did spring,
And freed him from the bit which held him tight;
Who seem'd an arrow parted from the string,
And terrible to foe, with kick and bite;
While with such haste behind the servant came,
He sped as moved by wind, or rather flame.

Nor will the falconer's dog appear more slow;
But hunts Rogero's courser, as in chase
Of timid hare the pard is wont to go.
Not to stand fast the warrior deems disgrace,
And turns towards the swiftly-footed foe,
Whom he sees wield a riding-wand, in place
Of other arms, to make his dog obey.
Rogero scorns his faulchion to display.
The servant made at him, and smote him sore;
The dog his left foot worried; while untied
From rein, the lighten'd horse three times and more
Lash'd from the croup, nor miss'd his better side.
The hawk, oft wheeling, with her talons tore
The stripling, and his horse so terrified,
The courser, by the whizzing sound dismay'd,
Little the guiding hand or spur obey'd.

Constrain'd at length, his sword Rogero drew
To clear the rabble, who his course delay;
And in the animals' or villain's view
Did now its point, and now its edge display.
But with more hinderance the vexatious crew
Swarm here and there, and wholly block the way;
And that dishonour will ensue and loss
Rogero sees, if him they longer cross.

He knew each little that he longer stay'd,
Would bring the fay and followers on the trail;
Already drums were beat, and trumpets bray'd,
And larum-bells rang loud in every vale.
An act too foul it seem'd to use his blade
On dog, and knave unfenced with arms or mail:
A better and a shorter way it were
The buckler, old Atlantes' work to bare.

He raised the crimson cloth in which he wore
The wondrous shield, enclosed for many a day;
Its beams, as proved a thousand times before,
Work as they wont, when on the sight they play:
Senseless the falconer tumbles on the moor;
Drop dog and hackney; drop the pinions gay,
Which poised in air the bird no longer keep:
Them glad Rogero leaves a prey to sleep."

Mr Rose himself remarks in a note, that one must have travelled a long day's ride in a hot climate, in order to be able to relish completely the description of Rogero's progress in these two stanzas. He refers in particular to a ride of his own in Asia Minor, where he says, the eternal cry of the *Cicala* was felt, just as the poet puts

it, as an intolerable aggravation of the heat, glare, and fatigue. Mr R.'s own verses seem, indeed, as if they were *not* translation.

"Meantime, through rugged rocks, and shagg'd with thorn,
Rogero wends, to seek the sober fay;
From cliff to cliff, from path to path forlorn,
A rugged, lone, inhospitable way;
Till he, with labour huge oppress'd and worn,
Issued at noon upon a beach, that lay,
'Twixt sea and mountain, open to the south,
Deserted, barren, bare, and parch'd with drouth.

The sunbeams on the neighbouring mountain beat,
And glare, reflected from the glowing mass,
So fiercely, sand and air both boil with heat,
In mode that might have more than melted glass.
The birds are silent in their dim retreat,
Nor any note is heard in wood or grass,
Save the bough-perch'd Cicala's wearying cry,
Which deafens hill and dale, and sea and sky."

The Italian commentators have often called our notice to the truth with which Ariosto, describing the harquebuss of the coward King of Freezeland, puts himself into the situation of one who had for the first time seen firearms—the simplicity, accuracy, and unaffected terror of the poor Princess who tells her woful tale.

"'Besides, that both his puissance and his might
Are such, as in our age are matched of few,
Such in his evil deeds his cunning sleight,
He laughs to scorn what wit and force can do.
Strange arms he bears, unknown to any wight,
Save him, of the ancient nations or the new;
A hollow iron, two yards long, whose small
Channel he loads with powder and a ball.

'He, where 'tis closed behind, in the iron round,
Touches with fire a vent, discern'd with pain,
In guise that skilful surgeon tries his ground,
Where need requires that he should breathe a vein.
Whence flies the bullet with such deafening sound,
That bolt and lightning from the hollow cane
Appear to dart, and like the passing thunder,
Burn what they smite, beat-down, or rend asunder.

'Twice broken, he our armies overthrew
With this device, my gentle brethren slain;
The first the shot in our first battle slew,
Reaching his heart, through broken plate and chain;
The other in the other onset, who
Was flying from the fatal field in vain.
The ball his shoulder from a distance tore
Behind, and issued from his breast before.

'My father next, defending on a day
The only fortress which he still possess'd,
The others taken which about it lay,
Was sent alike to his eternal rest:
Who going and returning, to purvey
What lack'd, as this or that occasion press'd,
Was aimed at from afar, in privy wise,
And by the traytour struck between the eyes.'"

How fine is the magnanimous Orlando's scorn of this weapon, which he, and he only, could baffle, and, having baffled, could throw away!

"But he to nothing else his hand extends
Of all the many, many prizes made,
Save to that engine, found amid the plunder,
Which, in all points, I said resembled thunder.

Not with intent in his defence to bear
What he had taken, of the prize possest;
For he still held it an ungenerous care
To go with vantage on whatever quest:
But with design to cast the weapon where
It never more should living wight molest:
And, what was appertaining to it, all
Bore off as well, the powder and the ball.

And thus, when of the tidesway he was clear,
And in the deepest sea his bark descried,
So that no longer distant signs appear
Of either shore on this or the other side,
He seized the tube, and said, 'That cavalier
May never vail through thee his knightly pride,

Nor base be rated with a better foe,
Down with thee to the darkest deep below!

'O loathed, O cursed piece of enginery,
Cast in Tartarean bottom, by the hand
Of Beelzebub, whose foul malignity
The ruin of this world through thee has plann'd!
To hell, from whence thou came, I render thee.'
So said, he cast away the weapon, fann'd
Meanwhile, with flowing sheet, his frigate goes,
By wind, which for the cruel island blows.'"

Here is a pretty specimen of Ariosto's way of moralizing; 'tis a way quite his own.

"If her Bireno loved, as she had loved
Bireno, if her love he did repay
With faith like hers, and still with truth unmoved,
Veer'd not his shifting sail another way;
Or ingrate for such service—cruel proved
For such fair love and faith, I now will say;
And you with lips comprest and eyebrows bent,
Shall listen to the tale for wonderment;

And when you shall have heard the impiety,
Which of such passing goodness was the meed,
Woman, take warning from this perfidy,
And let none make a lover's word her creed.
Mindless that God does all things hear and see,
The lover, eager his desires to speed,
Heaps promises and vows, aye prompt to swear,
Which afterwards all winds disperse in air.

The promises and empty vows dispersed
In air, by winds all dissipated go,
After these lovers have the greedy thirst
Appeased, with which their fevered palates glow.
In this example which I offer, versed,
Their prayers and tears to credit be more slow.
Cheaply, dear ladies mine, is wisdom bought
By those who wit at other's cost are taught.

Of those in the first flower of youth beware,
Whose visage is so soft and smooth to sight:
For past, as soon as bred, their fancies are;
Like a straw-fire their every appetite.
So the keen hunter follows up the hare
In heat and cold, on shore, or mountain-height;
Nor, when 'tis taken, more esteems the prize;
And only hurries after that which flies.

Such is the practice of these striplings who,
What time you treat them with austerity,
Love and revere you, and such homage do,
As those who pay their service faithfully;
But vaunt no sooner victory, than you
From mistresses shall servants grieve to be;
And mourn to see the fickle love they owed,
From you diverted, and elsewhere bestow'd.

I not for this (for that were wrong) opine
That you should cease to love; for you, without
A lover, like uncultivated vine
Would be, that has no prop to wind about.
But the first down I pray you to decline,
To fly the volatile, inconstant rout;
To make your choice the riper fruits among,
Nor yet to gather what too long has hung."

We must conclude with a little of the scene of Angelica on the rock, devoted to be devoured by the Orc, and her delivery from this terrible situation by Rogero's hand. Every one that has read Ariosto at all must have the original fresh in mind, otherwise we should quote them.

"The cruel and inhospitable crew
To the voracious beast the dame expose
Upon the sea-beat shore, as bare to view
As nature did at first her work compose.
Not even a veil she has, to shade the hue
Of the white lily and vermillion rose,
Which mingled in her lovely members meet,
Proof to December-snow and July-heat.

Her would Rogero have some statue deem'd
Of alabaster made, or marble rare,
Which to the rugged rock so fasten'd seemed
By the industrious sculptor's cunning care,
But that he saw distinct a tear which stream'd
Amid fresh-opening rose and lily fair,
Stand on her budding paps beneath in dew,
And that her golden hair dishevell'd flew.

And as he fasten'd *his* on *her* fair eyes,
His Bradamant he call'd to mind again.

Pity and love within his bosom rise
At once, and ill he can from tears refrain:
And in soft tone he to the damsel cries,
(When he has check'd his flying courser's rein,)
'O lady, worthy but that chain to wear,
With which Love's faithful servants fetter'd are,

'And most unworthy this or other ill,
What wretch has had the cruelty to wound
And gall those snowy hands with livid stain,
Thus painfully with griding fetters bound?'
At this she cannot choose but shew like grain
Of crimson spreading on an ivory ground;
Knowing those secret beauties are espied,
Which, howsoever lovely, shame would hide;

And gladly with her hands her face would hood,
Were they not fasten'd to the rugged stone;
But with her tears (for this at least she cou'd)
Bedew'd it, and essay'd to hold it down.
Sobbing some while the lovely damsel stood;
Then loosed her tongue, and spake in feeble tone;
But ended not; arrested in mid-word,
By a loud noise which in the sea was heard.

Lo! and behold! the unmeasured beast appears,
Half surging and half hidden, in such sort
As sped by roaring wind long carack steers
From north or south, towards her destined port.
So the sea-monster to his food repairs:
And now the interval between is short.
Half dead the lady is through fear endured,
Ill by that other's comfort reassured.

Rogero overhand, not in the rest
Carries his lance, and beats, with downright blow,
The monstrous orc. What this resembled best,
But a huge, writhing mass, I do not know;
Which wore no form of animal exprest,
Save in the head, with eyes and teeth of sow.
His forehead, 'twixt the eyes, Rogero smites,
But as on steel or rock the weapon lights.

When he perceives the first of no avail,
The knight returns to deal a better blow;
The orc, who sees the shifting shadow sail
Of those huge pinions on the sea below,
In furious heat, deserts his sure regale
On shore, to follow that deceitful show;
And rolls and reels behind it, as it fleets.
Rogero drops, and oft the stroke repeats.

As eagle, that amid her downward flight,
Surveys amid the grass a snake unroll'd,
Or where she smoothes upon a sunny height,
Her ruffled plumage, and her scales of gold,
Assails it not where prompt with poisonous bite
To hiss and creep; but with securer hold
Gripes it behind, and either pinion clangs,
Lest it should turn and wound her with its fangs;

So the fell orc Rogero does not smite
With lance or faulchion where the tushes grow,
But aims that 'twixt the ears his blow may light;
Now on the spine, or now on tail below.
And still in time descends or soars upright,
And shifts his course, to cheat the veering foe;
But as if beating on a jasper block,
Can never cleave the hard and rugged rock.

With suchlike warfare is the mastiff vext,
By the bold fly in August's time of dust.
Or in the month before or in the next,
This full of yellow spikes and that of must;
For ever by the circling plague perplext,
Whose sting into his eyes or snout is thrust:
And oft the dog's dry teeth are heard to fall;
But reaching once the foe, he pays for all.

With his huge tail the troubled waves so sore
The monster beats, that they ascend heaven-high;
And the knight knows not if he swim, or soar
Upon his feather'd courser in mid sky;
And oft were fain to find himself ashore:
For, if long time the spray so thickly fly,
He fears it so will bathe his hippogryph,
That he shall vainly covet gourd or skiff.

He then new counsel took, and 'twas the best,
With other arms the monster to pursue;
And lifting from his shield the covering vest,

To dazzle with the light his blasted view.

* * * *

He in the monster's eyes the radiance throws,
Which works as it was wont in other time.
As trout or grayling to the bottom goes
In stream, which mountaineer disturbs with lime;
So the enchanted buckler overthrows
The orc, reversed among the foam and slime.
Rogero here and there the beast astound
Still beats, but cannot find the way to wound.

This while the lady begs him not to bray
Longer the monster's rugged scale in vain.
'For heaven's sake turn and loose me,' (did she say,
Still weeping,) 'ere the orc awake again.
Bear me with thee, and drown me in mid-way.
Let me not this foul monster's food remain.'
By her just plaint Rogero moved, forbore,
Untied the maid, and raised her from the shore.

Upon the beach the courser plants his feet,
And goaded by the rowel, towers in air,
And gallops with Rogero in mid seat,
While on the croup behind him sate the fair;
Who of his banquet so the monster cheat;
For him too delicate and dainty fare.
Rogero turns and with thick kisses plies
The lady's snowy breast and sparkling eyes."

MATTHEWS IN AMERICA.

Dear N.

Matthews has taken his place at the Lyceum for the summer, and is shewing up the Yankees, according to promise: I went to hear him on the first night, but was rather disappointed. Not but that his entertainment is pleasant upon the whole. Indeed, he is such a *real* superlative fellow in his way—what he does is so incomparably above all the juggling of the second-rate mimics, who, in imitating others, are, in fact, only imitating him—his faculty is so decidedly that of (out of words assigned) creating character, instead of merely aping the tones, or gestures, or countenances, of individuals—his changes of person are so complete, his transitions so rapid, and yet so easy—he is so good at all this, that, if he were to read an act of parliament, he hardly could fail to be amusing; but his "Trip to America" is not so smart as most of his summer chit-chat has been; it is rather indeed very feeble, cockney kind of stuff; and, for all the information that it gives about the country in which he has been travelling, it might pretty nearly have been written without stirring out of Kentish Town. Doubts now whether friend Charles is not playing booty with us a little in this affair, and intending a second visit to the land of liberty and Mosquitoes? For though a great deal, certainly, had been cut up by tourists who strayed before him, yet I think he might have got a few more points; and I am quite sure he might have made a better account of them. There is little or nothing in fact at all strikingly American in his Entertainment. Your Review of Faux's Confessions, and a score of New-York papers, would have furnished out materials for ten volumes of better tales; then the flavour of what there is, is all softened down with caution and melted butter. Abundance of sentimental sighing about the felonious cruelty of quizzing people. "Weeping tears" about the prejudices, and hasty conclusions of book-making travellers. Admonitions to historians *in posse* about the necessity of observing regimen, and writing always in an easy-chair. And then, again, there is a most sanguinary proser put upon us, *one* "Pennington," a wise man of Massachusetts; who states facts, corrects blunders, and does first serious *role* in fact through the general drama; bursting out, every ten seconds, with an "address"—a sort of savage, got-by-heart set speech—sillier than the "Theatrical" "Articles" in the Conduit-street Magazine, and more maudlin than the patriotic orations of sucking barristers at Debating Societies—a kind of—"Oh, Mr Matthews!" (with the "Oh!" rather sympathetic and subdued)—"Golden would be the

pen that should indite!" &c. &c. &c. —and then on, in the usual strain, to the "evil tongue of slander," and "attuning harmony between two countries created to love and delight each other"—all very just, (and very laughable too, in its way,) but not what we expect to laugh at when we go to the Lyceum. Because—*parce que*—(as the French always say whenever there is no approach to a "*parce que*" in the affair)—it is all nonsense, being so over civil with people when we want to be amused with them! Apologising to a cod before we crimp, or to an author in the middle of reviewing him; and so letting the one die before we can proceed to "incision," and leaving remnants of skin, here and there, upon the other! A mad bull, in his merriment, never thinks of making distinction of persons; and, for myself, when I feel a little gay, I always take a red-hot poker, and run at—anybody—directly. However—bull, or no bull—all that is worth having about Matthews this year is his acting. Very little is due to his observation, and still less to the wit of the individual who has put his "adventures" into shape.

But he opens! To a bouncing advertisement, and a suffocating house. There are squealings in the pit, and squallings in the gallery, and entreaties, and "no place!" and clapping of doors, in the box lobby. And then—Enter the piano-forte;—and then—Enter Mr Knight to play upon it. And then comes the performer, and the twenty rounds of applause which he deserves. And this puts the house into good humour—it is always so pleasant to bestow commendation; and then we start, at a kind of light, lady's canter of a gallop,—to what tune, and (for the first three sentences) to what words, you shall hear.—

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" (*general cries of silence!*) "I need hardly inform you that, since I was *at Home* last, I have been *abroad;*" (*chuckling in the orchestra.*) "And allow me to add, that, having been *abroad*, I feel great pleasure in being *at Home* again;" (Tittering in all quarters, and cries of "very good!") "and, next, touch upon 'Improved Travelling'—'Steam packets' and 'Post roads'—Mr Matthews and Christopher Columbus alike, and why?—Both go to America; both carried there by the 'yellow fever.' —Yellow fever?" (*some surprise*)—"That is, a fever for *Yellow boys.*" (Great applause, of course, in all quarters, at this "palpable hit," with a comment or two from the gentlemen in gooseberry wigs about the "genuineness of such an impulse;") "and so we go on to sail from England in the ship '*William Thompson*'—Master's name, 'William Thompson'—Owner's name, 'William Thompson;' which gives rise (through a speaking trumpet) to the following dialogue with another ship.

Other Ship, (*in the key of low* D.) What's the name of your ship?

Mr Matthews's Ship, (*up at* F *alt.*) The William Thompson!

The other Ship. What's your Captain's name?

Mr Matthews's Ship. William Thompson!

Other Ship. What's your Owner's name?

Mr Matthews. William Thompson!

The other Ship, (*getting rather hoarse.*) Have you any lady on board?

Mr Matthews, (*through a sudden gust.*) Yes—Mrs Thompson!

The other Ship, (*bearing away.*) Begar! All Tonson!"

Another dialogue takes place between our friend's ship and an American vessel bound for Holland.

"Eng. What news.

Amer. (*this is managed without the speaking trumpet.*) Fever in New-*I guess.*

Mr Parker—(*Mr Matthews's New-York Manager—in great anxiety.*) People leaving the city?

Amer. Fifty thousand gone away *slick*, I reckon.

Mr Matthews, (*in equal anxiety.*) Many die?

Amer. Fifty a day, and more, *I calculate.*"

This concludes the conversation on the part of Mr Matthews, who had meant to have the "yellow fever" all to himself; but it carries us on "slick' to the city of New Brunswick, where some farther introductions into the society take place.

Manager (of New Brunswick, I think,) recommends his stage to Mr Matthews, as the *last* upon which many "eminent performers" ever acted. "Great Mr Cooke, sir! last stage he ever appeared on!" (The brandy-and-water was so bad, that poor Cooke

broke his heart.) "Mr Stickemstilts, from your 'Royalty Theatre,' sir—very eminent actor!—he's buried in the churchyard you passed, sir, just as you came into the town.—Famous singer, sir, Mr Smalley,—broke his engagement with me—died on the third night.—Wish you'd play for us, sir—Hadn't you better?" This ends, of course, with a sly joke from Mr Matthews about all these performers being in the *grave* line; and then we meet with a *Mr Jack Topham*, who goes to a cold country, because England is too *hot* for him. This gentleman's *forte* is punning; and he has a cousin (*Mr Bray*,) an old gentleman with two *fortes*, lisping, and laughing—so Mr Topham's puns make Mr Bray laugh, and then Mr Bray's lisping makes the house laugh, which is a good ingenious arrangement of strength, and keeps things "going" and "companionable."

Besides Messrs Topham and Bray, one or two other odd fellows join about this time, who keep moving on with us from place to place, during the rest of our stay in America. *Mr Ravenstop* is a stickler for Yankee wit and humour, and puts out stale Joe Millers (as invented by his countrymen) with an iron feature, and a burstenbellows tone. This is the same put, and no other, who was President of the Nightingale Club with us, and used to sing comic songs, to the accompaniment of a passing bell.—Then there is a military gentleman, (American,) who lives upon saying—"Oh, very well—very well—very well," upon every occasion; and yet his "Oh, very well" is not quite very well neither.—And then we have the casual encounters (in abundance) at inns, public shows, and by the way-side; but still nothing strikingly new that is, or purports to be, American.

Then—of the casualties—what tells best?—why, the conversation in the waggon (which has a "General" for a driver) is not unpleasant—aided by the strange trick of huddling epithets one upon another, which our Transatlantic friends use in conversation—as speaking of "a pretty, considerable, damned long way," that one has yet to go, or a "pretty, particular, considerable, damned heavy shower of rain," that is likely to come on:—the fact is, the Americans adopted our European oaths as their ordinary parlance, and, of course, have been compelled (when they wanted to swear) to make additions to them. Something is done by the bandying of titles, as "Colonel"—"Judge"—or "Doctor," among individuals whose *façon de parler* is not entirely that of the schools; but the story about Doctor Franklin's private history of the boot-jack is too cruel to be forced upon us (unless it were by Mr Ravenstop; and the log-houses, and the saucy servants, and the inns, where they doubt whether a man *can have* a supper—what a blessing to live still in a country where one can be robbed and treated with a little decency!)—all this is in Mr Faux ten times better than in Mr Matthews; and, in fact, if Matthews had given the tavern-dinner scene from Faux, (Charleston, April 6th,) where "Colonel" M'Kinnon is refused claret—with the presentment of the "Colonel's" bill, and the stoppage of his credit—and then his wanting to shoot "Captain Homer," and then the landlord of the tavern, and then himself—with his right to do "what Cato did, and Addison approved"—and his being "a blasted lily, and a blighted heath,"—and then his being "naturally witty and highly gifted"—and his having married three wives, and abandoned them all,—and his not "shooting himself," at last, because he can get no *prime!*—Matthews might have made a really fine thing out of this scene—as great a hit as he did with *Major Longbow*—worth all the three acts that he has done put together, and twice as much more put to it.

And again—*apropos* to Faux's book—What, in folly's name, was Matthews about with the courts of law? His Dutch Magistrate's charge to the Grand Jury is tolerable; but why give us a mere magistrate—why the deuce not give us the spirited thing—a real, proper, right down, whisky-drinking, duelling, tobacco-chewing, hog-stealing, American Judge? If this is delicacy—odd's bows and courtesies!—it is the most unreasonable delicacy in the world! Treating an agreeable whim—a pleasant national eccentricity—as though it were a thing to be ashamed of! I won't say anything about the correctness of plunder (as a practice) taken generally—(though, in a rising society, happy is that man who can "turn his hand to anything")—but, through all nations, and in all ages,

upon the stealing of cattle, there seems to have been but one feeling. Judge Waggoner (see Faux) was a hog-stealer —well! and what was Jason, but the first sheep-stealer upon record? For, as for the parable of "the Golden Fleece," even the Cockneys know that there never was such a thing as a Golden Fleece. "Golden" is used metaphorically for "admirable," or "surpassing." It was a breed of wool of superior celebrity—a kind of "Spanish Merino" mutton of days gone by, —of which Jason abduced a sheep or two by making love to the farmer's daughter. His taming the brazen-footed bulls—these were cantanckerous beasts, which Medea's father kept in his pastures to prevent trespass. The watchful Dragon who went to sleep, was no other than the chief shepherd's dog, so denominated—"Dragon" (as a proof) remaining a dog's name to this day. But, Jason apart, what was Cacus, with whom Hercules did not take shame to fight, but a cow-stealer? The Spartan theft upon record is the stealing of a fox—and *non constat* that (though not eatable now) foxes might not have been held a delicacy in earlier times. The view that our Scottish Border heroes took of such transactions is too notorious even to need referring to; but is there not Yorkshire (in England) where the stealing of horses is transparently upheld to this hour? And Ireland, where the same free-taking obtains as to young women? Not to speak of the instinctive horror which turkeys (flesh is fowl) exhibit at the sight of a soldier; the well-known feud which has existed for centuries between geese and mail-coachmen; and the disposition displayed even by the schoolboy—(*Ingenui vultus puer!*) to extend his ten years old depredations from the apple orchard to the hen-roost! Why, under such circumstances, it seems nothing less than absurd to consider the marauding of swine (in America, where it is the custom) as detractory from the judicial character; on the contrary, suppose it to extend even to the counsel and attorneys—as, in all probability, it does—why, still, being an offence—(of course, it is an offence where not committed by persons in trust or office)—an offence which must come frequently under the cognizance of the criminal courts, I cannot conceive anything more delightful than the idea of seeing a set of lawyers thus engaged upon a matter, with the practical merits of which every one of them must be so well acquainted! By "Jacob's staff!" I would have thought it no affront to have dramatized the trial of a man for stealing a boar; made the Attorney-General, and not the prisoner at the bar, the real malefactor in the case; and introduced his "lordship" upon the bench, with a sucking pig hanging out of each pocket!

But—"it is Matthews who has to act?"—Thankye!—I hadn't forgotten. *Eh bien!* The crowd round the "Post-office" is worth looking at, for the sake of the poor Frenchman who tears up his own letter. The acting of *Monsieur Mallét* is admirable;—full of pleasantry—and pathos at the same time. The other Frenchman, too, is a card, who sings the song in praise of "Generale Jacksone!" and again, the French tailor (*emigré*) in the last act, with his long, spare, rushlight figure, and his ready *bout de chanson*.

Forty-second incident—the "Negro Theatre"—does not "like me" so well. A black man—who can't speak intelligible English—playing *Hamlet*, and being imperfect in the dialogue, is too coarse for burlesque. The thing, as we see it, is pitiable rather than laughable; and there is not sufficient resemblance about it to the thing aimed at to amuse by association. One enjoys the "first appearance" of a pert clerk at Covent-Garden as *Romeo*; but if a chimney-sweep chose to act *Hotspur* in his own cellar, we should hardly take the trouble to go to see him.

Mr Jonathan to Doubikin, and his uncle "Ben," are Manchester people both of them. There is just the egotism—the intrusiveness—the unreasonableness—and the affectation, about these second-class people of America, which we find among the most ignorant and nastiest of our manufacturing population in England.

The "Militia Review" is well acted, but not pointedly written. All the songs indeed are feeble this year—the Indian "opossum up the gum-tree" not excepted; they savour too much of the style of "the innocent, pun-loving Mr Peake," as a delightful writer of *The London*, calls a gen-

tleman (in a defence too!) who perpetrates farces at the English Opera House.

Among the remaining features, the amorous Irishman, and the corpulent Black, the Natchitoches Colonel, (who is also a cobbler,) are the best. The last act—the "Monopoly-logue"—is the smartest part of the exhibition; but still, all the "peculiarities" given (American) are the superficial oddities of vulgar life. For "genteel society," there is no notice at all of it; and parties are divided in their manner of accounting for the fact—one side violently maintaining, that into the good society Matthews evidently did not get; and the other hazarding, (for their explanation)—that there is no such thing as good society in the country.

Now, *bagatelle* apart, you know I never said a word against the Americans, unless when somebody swore—either that they had colonized Europe—or that they could speak intelligible English—or that the English Ministry privately paid tribute to the Sea Serpents—or anything else that would seem demonstrable to Joseph Hume, and a humbug to all creation beside. For the rest, I forgive the motto on their monument—at Bunker's-hill, I believe it is—

"This monument was built—of brick,
Because we beat the British *slick:*
This monument was built—of stone,
Because Lord North could never let America alone;"

and I believe them to be a right hardy, enterprizing, impudent, vulgar, vigorous set of rogues,—often hitting devilish very hard, and always gasconading a great deal harder; not very particular as to morals, and pagans altogether as to manners, but strong, in the main point, at home, and fearless enough to make themselves respected abroad,—and I say they have a right to complain of Matthews' apologies, instead of being thankful for them. Some "friend," in trying to save them from being laughed at, has done them monstrous injustice. It is the peculiarly distinguishing characteristic of liberal and enlightened communities, that their vices may be freely castigated and their absurdities openly quizzed, without offence being given to any creature, whose offence is worth consideration. Look how we treat the "peculiarities" of the French; and (still more) how they treat our English fopperies on the stage! and yet John Bull is never angry, nor Monsieur either. If a farce was to be brought out at the Paris Vaudeville to-morrow, with the principal character a bear, from France, settling in London to teach dancing, it would be translated within a week, and acted, amid roars of laughter, all over England.

"Let the galled jade wince!" I say; and, in spite of Friend *Pennington* and his sugared precepts, I wish Matthews had let himself out; and spared "Jonathan" as little as he would need spare "Alexander" or "Patrick." Macklin's *Man of the World* will never do any discredit to Scotland, until we hear that it has been hissed, or forbidden to be acted in Edinburgh; and it is perhaps the most absolute proof which can be adduced of the general sterling character of the people of England, that they are the first to laugh at their own aberrations from good sense, in whatever quarter those aberrations may be held up.

LUTHER'S BRIDAL

There was one named Katharine de Boria, whom Luther, who still wore the habit of his order, thought very beautiful, and with whom he afterwards fell in love.—BAYLE.

I.

THEY say that if the never winking lamps
Which stud the dim roof of the concave night,
Might be unhallow'd to our nearer sight,
We should but eye some dark material spheres
Rolling mid humid mists and vapourish damps,
The cloudy founts of earth-refreshing tears,
From whence is strangely breathed that living light;
And that the wayward children of the air,
The arrowy meteors and those wand'ring stars
Unfix'd, which, ere we know that they are there,
Will vanish trackless from our tardy ken,
And plunge into th' abysses of the dark,
Are but the progeny of some dank fen.—
Thus from the glimmering worm we scarce remark,
Whose sparklet of dim radiance scarce debars
The blind tread of the poor belated wight,
Devious, who wanders wayless and alone,—
The Element of Light,
Howe'er celestial, and however pure,
Is still earth-born, and springs from the obscure,
Derived of matter baser than its own.

II.

Bear witness then, O! ye primeval Fires,
Ev'n as your courses and your times are true,—
Ev'n as ye know your tides and seasons due,—
Bear witness thou, O! Soul of my desires,
Thou Load-star of my fate—to whom 'tis given
To wake in this dead bosom life anew,—
Unseen, unknown, unsullied, and unblamed,
Bear witness that my love is pure—as thou.
Nor, therefore, shall I shrink nor be ashamed
To say, that with my love my faith was one;
(For love is holy, ev'n as faith is love;)
Yea, that it rose like incense cast upon
The sacred flame,—which fits it for above,—
Ev'n so sublimed and purified for Heaven.

III.

Within yond cell were eyeless blind Devotion,
And Tears and Longings, Vigils, Fasts, and Sighs;
But unpropitious seemed the sacrifice
To him receiving, as to him who gave;
'Twas awful all, but chill as is the grave,
No blessed sympathy, no warm emotion,
No voice that whisper'd "Ask and ye shall have"——
——To ask? alack! to think were sinfulness;
And when at length th' insinuating sleep
Would woo mine eyelids with a soft caress,
And in a brief repose the senses steep,
Though the repose were brief,
Then shadows of perplexing shape would rise,
So dim, so wild, so mingled, and so strange,

Such pleasing pangs, such horrid ecstasies,
Such doubt, and bliss, and terror in their change,
That wretched waking were a blest relief,
And the betossed soul
Would cling and rest on rugged certainty,
Until tired nature, with a strong control,
Again would numb the sense and seal the eye,
Creeping o'er passion, with a sway supreme,
And binding it—as ice doth on a stream.

IV.

But still that shape would haunt me in my slumbers,
Still with a guilty pleasure I would burn
Through feverish trances, and intensely yearn
To speak I know not what——And if the numbers,
Redoubling, of the midnight choral chaunt,
Through the lone aisles should haply touch mine ear,
And sleep retiring my hot eyes unglue,
Then would my senses sudden tumult find,
And my scared dream, faltering in mid career,
Melt, like the snow before the winter wind,
In tears more cold than is the marble dew.

V.

Methought we sojourn'd on a sunny Isle—
Some stormless realm—or haven of the blest,—
Set like a star amid the azure main;
Where never mortal keel had ventured.
There flowery couches woo'd the limbs to rest,
And bowers that welcomed with unfading smile—
Oh! joy—oh! bliss unmatch'd—delicious pain—
When in o'erwhelming Love the senses swim,
And the heart speaks, and the moist eye grows dim,
And Rapture almost breathes on Agony———
———Lo! in one whirling moment it was fled!
A flood of fire, and not a sapphire sea,
Now roll'd its red waves to our shrinking feet,
And all the laughing blooms, whose tendrils sweet,
Intrusive, hung enamour'd o'er our bed,
Grew snake-like, and writhed round us in their slime—
All the foul produce of some damned clime
Crawl'd suddenly into portentous life;
Blotch'd toads, lithe scolopendiæ many-limb'd,
Scorpions, dry newts, and blind amphibious eels;
And round and round thy quivering frame they climb'd
And swarm'd and batten'd on thy bosom's snow—
—— The sight did make me stone—nor could I turn
Mine eyes one moment from 't—'Twas hell—oh! woe—
'Twas worse—E'en now mine apprehension reels,
And at the very thought I chill and burn:—
And there methinks my very soul had died,
In the cold horror of that lethal dream,
But shuddering nature tore the veil aside,
And with convulsive effort re-supplied
The failing pulses of life's curdling stream—
And ope'd mine eyes,
From sights that human hearts may not abide,
To griefs past cure—but still realities!

VI.

Then came the numbness of young Hope enchain'd
Within walls built of consecrated stone,
And those mis-shapen thoughts that Misery breeds.
Did I not doubt against th' eternal throne;
Yea, ask if his own work the Maker heeds?
And in my sightless madness I arraign'd
Th' inscrutable, and wildly would review
With mortal eye the formless infinite—
Alack! a judgment-seat
Where the film'd blind is set to prove the True.

VII.

O! moment, blessed twice, now and for ever—
At length a light broke in upon my soul;
And now my gloom, though dark, was not one whole,
One solid night, no ray might e'er dissever;
And my shrunk spirit rush'd as doth a River
When suddenly the thunder spout hath fallen,
My youth did bud again, the hopes, the fears,
The fires, the wishes of its spring recalling,
Yea, there came warmth into my human tears,
And it was joy unutt'rable to me
To know that what I dared not call ideal
Might now take form and leap into the real,
That bliss was possible—though bliss might never be.

VIII.

Then, when the night had drawn her curtain over,
Thy form did tend and float upon my sleep;
And as the moon reigns o'er the midnight deep
When no conspiring clouds her glory cover,
The fears, the doubts, the agony, the danger,
Retired and hover'd as a halo round thee,
And hopes to which my heart had been a stranger,
Came with their music to my slumbering ear—
"Now cast behind thee dread, and doubt, and fear,
And worship Truth alone, since Truth hath found thee;
And though the clouds that cling around her form,
In many an umber'd fold would fain affright,
Yet now remember, since that thou hast light,
That there must still be Hope, although there may be storm!"

IX.

Even so. The voice was heard. Have I not won
My way through curses, bans, and racks, and fires;
Thou goblin shadow of Rome's former power,
By violence upheld—in fraud begun—
Have I not made thy dark enchantments cower,
Shrunk like Avernian fogs before the sun?
—Thou proud o'er-pamper'd nurse of swarms obscene,
Thy peopled cloisters, aisles, and stalls, and choirs,
Have pass'd before a Galilean glass!—
And I have seen them shrink when they did pass,
And Cardinals, Abbots, Confessors, and Friars,
Monks, Eremites, Legends, and Relics all,
Were changed before that penetrant searching, keen;
They shew'd the colours of their carnival
Even as the bubbles of the shore-cast foam
So seeming white, until the sun hath come,

Reflect their hues before the struggling ray,
And shrink to vaporous and impassive form
After the flying pageant of the storm,
Leaving the scene unfill'd, fades troublously away.

X.

—They said the blessed blood should change to fire;
The water cast its nature off and burn;
Flame I should drink, and flame again expire;
And my hot sin sear to the very bone;
My voice untuned to one eternal groan;
My tears all dried in their un-needed urn—
They said in darkness I should be alone,
Curst of the curst—beneath that lowest crew,
Who, knowing nought of good, yet had not known
The evil that I knew——
They drove me, like a felon, from the porch;
They doom'd me, like a voiceless suicide;
My life they liken'd to a dying torch;
My frame they liken'd to a shrivell'd scroll,
That shrinks before the flame it must abide;
Yea, they did liken, in their impious pride,
My spirit to some vapour dark and vile,
Some meteor which corruption doth unchain
From the rank bosom of a noisome fen——
It was in vain.
A spirit and a power were on me then,
A spell beyond their spells, which they might not control.

XI.

I have sought Truth, because my spirit spake
Her like to thee; and as I have loved her,
Even so, methought, with a sweet sympathy,
Thou mightst love me, though but for her dear sake.
Oh! more than ecstasy,
To know mine inmost longing did not err;
That Truth and Love are wedded in one mind;
That Love is holy truth, and Truth most loving—
Two raptures in one essence intertwined—
One ray into a double splendour woven.
I could have borne frowns, curses, racks, and fires,
Hell's pains, man's hate, so thou but smiled the while;
I could have borne frowns, curses, racks, and fires,
Hell's pains, man's hate—so thou mightst dare to smile;
I could have laugh'd at these, as now, to see
That thou dost smile—and that Truth smiles in thee.

XII.

Oh! take this circlet, before which shall fade
The spell of those unnatural mysteries,
Which, with a rage Mezentius never knew,
Would chain the living body to a shade,
And stab the bleeding heart for sacrifice——
Take it—'tis freedom's the clear voice that calls;
Take it—thou shalt not be condemn'd to pine
Thine icy hours within those monkish walls,
Death-like, as flowers beneath the churchyard yew;
God shall himself the nuptial wreath entwine,
And dip it in the Amaranthine dew—
For thou art his, and he doth make thee mine.

T. D.

BANDANA ON EMIGRATION.

Letter First.

SIR,

ONE of the most important questions in the science of political economy has never yet been properly discussed,—I mean EMIGRATION. Lord Selkirk's work, as far as it goes, is very well; but his views were local, and directed rather to the operation of certain political changes on the habits and manners of a particular people, than to the general question, as it affects the disposal of the surplus population of a country. Without entering into the subject, in all its theoretical bearings, give me leave to offer you a few practical thoughts applicable to the present state of Great Britain and her colonies.

Whilst so much of the earth is still wood and wilderness, I conceive it to be worse than useless to give any serious attention to the hypothetical doctrines of Malthus. That the increase and the diminution of population is regulated by the means of subsistence, no man in his senses ever thought of disputing; but to say that the eternal physical instincts of human nature may be regulated by any moral or political consideration—suppressed or encouraged, with reference to the artificial institutions of any existing state of society—is, in one word, nonsense. The fact is, that the means of subsistence and population, according to the practice of the world, reciprocally promote the increase of each other. It is this co-operation that produces the growth of states, the rise of cities; that awakens the principles of fertility in the soil, and spreads luxuriance and life over the face of the land.

But, sir, although the means of subsistence and population go hand in hand in the progression of human affairs, there is yet an operative principle in society ever pressing against population, and marring the constancy of its connection with the means of subsistence.

No one can look at the different ranks and vocations, which have necessarily grown out of the social state of mankind, without being sensible that many of them involve circumstances prejudicial to the progress of population, merely by restraining the natural circulation of the means of subsistence. I do not regard this as an evil, but, on the contrary, as the just price which the world pays for the pleasures and enjoyments of civilization; nevertheless, it is the cause of that latent sentiment in which political discontents, from time to time, originate—the fountain-head of revolutions—and the source of political commotions.

These things, which have grown out of the social communion of mankind, may be described comprehensively as ART, and the feeling of which I am speaking as NATURE. Nature is the everlasting adversary of art, and it has ever been the object of all wisdom, in government and legislation, to prevent the currents of population, so to speak, from doing mischief to what may be called the embankments of society, by providing for the tides, and distributing the overflow. So long as this can be done at home, the rise and progress of a community will continue—the moment that it cannot be done, and that easily, means must be found to direct the overflow abroad, or the safety of the order and peace of the community will be put to hazard. Unless measures be adopted to regulate the increasing population of a country, the necessities of the people will sooner or later instigate them to break down those fences, both of property and of privilege, which contribute so much to the ornament of life, and the elevation of the human character.

There are but two ways—EMPLOYMENT and EMIGRATION—by which the increasing population of any country can be regulated. EMPLOYMENT, as a method of engaging the heads and hands of an increased population, can be carried no farther than the trade and manufactures of the country require labourers, while it has the effect of encouraging a still greater increase; and, therefore, strictly speaking, there is no right way of averting the evils of an overflow of population, but emigration.

Having said so much with respect to the truths and principles of the question, let us now attend, sir, to the object immediately in view.

First, then, I believe, it will not be questioned, that population, both in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, exceeds the means of employment.

Secondly, That the existing population of these countries has so far exhausted the means of subsistence, that it cannot be materially augmented without some change in the state and distribution of property, which change there exists but little disposition in the world to make, nor is it very obvious that, as things are, any such change would do much good; and, therefore, Thirdly, as neither the means of employment nor the means of subsistence can be so quickly multiplied, in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, as to meet the demands of the population, it is obviously the duty of government to provide, by emigration, for the surplus of population beyond what the trade and manufactures of those countries require. *

This obligation has been felt to its fullest extent by government, and various desultory schemes have been, from time to time, tried, but as yet no proper "safety-valve" has been introduced into the regular system of the state, notwithstanding that the improvements of society and in mechanical inventions have occasioned a more rapid increase of unemployed population throughout the British islands than ever took place in this country before, and notwithstanding that the same causes have also generated even a greater proportional increase of capital. In the application of that increased capital, the surplus of which, beyond what is requisite for the business of the country, is even greater than the surplus of population, which is ready to swarm off—in the application, I would say, of that capital, lie the means and materials for constructing the safety-valve of civilized society—emigration; and now to the point.

I think, sir, it must be obvious, that if the waste lands of the colonies can be brought into profitable cultivation by poor emigrants, transported thither, as it were, in charity, the same thing might be done with far richer results, by capitalists being induced to embark in the same business.

Leaving out of view the above question, may it not be said, that the West Indies have been settled and cultivated by emigrants from Africa? Is there anything in the principle of West Indian cultivation different from the cultivation of any other region, to render it at all doubtful that capitalists carrying emigrants to other waste countries, might not hope to receive large returns? Is there any inferiority in the physical power and intellect of the Scottish and Irish peasantry, to those of the African negroes, to make it questionable, that, with the aid of capital such as we have seen invested in West India cultivation, they should not in congenial climates as amply repay their employers?

But hitherto, sir, emigration has been conducted on erroneous principles. Poor families have been transplanted, with their poverty, into wild regions, and left in a manner there to shift for themselves. What would now have been the state, I shall say, for example, of Upper Canada, if the different swarms of emigrants conducted thither, had been under the auspices of some opulent commercial company,—habitations and subsistence provided for them,—their labour judiciously directed, and aided by the help of machinery? Does not the simple fact, of the cultivation of that fine country being hampered for want of capital, while the capital of the mother country is overflowing to prodigality towards other regions scarcely

* In your last Number there was an excellent paper, in many respects, regarding Ireland, one of the very best, indeed, that I have seen on the subject. The author states, what is a notorious fact, "that the peasantry of Ireland are in a state of deplorable penury,—are scarcely half employed,—are barbarous, depraved, disaffected, and rebellious." Farther on he also states, "If things be left as they are, population must still increase, the land must be still farther subdivided, the jobbers, from increased competition, will push up into still higher,—employment must become still more scarce, and the peasantry must sink to the lowest point of penury, ignorance, idleness, and depravity, if they have not already reached it."

known even by name, shew, that there has been something wrong in the system hitherto followed, with respect to the emigrants who have settled there, or some deficiency of information on the subject, either with the government, or the public, or with both?

But while I state this so broadly, I beg not to be misunderstood. I am well aware of what was done by government last year, and although I give my mite of approbation to Mr Wilmot Waters' experiment from Ireland, under the superintendence of Mr Robinson, and though I am well informed that it has succeeded to all the benevolent anticipations of the patron and projector, I still hold the opinion, that it is not natural government should be the originator of any scheme of emigration, but only the aider of individual adventure. Let it assist, but not plan, protect, but not project; give all facilities, but be no farther partner in the speculation than the special duties of government warrant.

I make this remark the more pointedly, as there is some reason to believe that government did, if it does not now, at one time intend to form a regular plan for conducting the annual swarms of emigrants into Upper Canada. The outlines of the project have been privately circulated, and, perhaps, before proceeding farther, I cannot do better than here furnish you with a copy of that paper.

"*Outline of a Plan of Emigration to Upper Canada.*

PLAN.

"SUPPOSING it were deemed expedient for government to advance money to parishes upon the security of the poor-rates, for the express and sole purpose of facilitating emigration; the government undertaking all the details of the experiment; the money to be lent at four per cent, and to be repaid by annual instalments, or, in other words, by a terminable annuity, calculated at four per cent. Would it be worth while for the parishes to accept such a proposition, supposing that a sufficient period were allowed for the repayment of such terminable annuity?

"For example:—A parish is desirous of sending off one hundred labourers, those labourers finding no adequate employment, are anxious to emigrate, feeling that their present existence is a burthen to the parish, and a discomfort to themselves. The government agrees to convey them to Upper Canada* for 3500*l.*, being at the rate of 35*l.* per man, undertaking the whole arrangement, provided that the parish rates be charged with an annuity of 225*l.* per annum for twenty-five years; such annuity for such a period being equivalent to the repayment, by instalments, of the capital so advanced, with annual interest upon the same at four per cent. As the presumed present cost of maintenance of these hundred labourers, by the parish, is calculated at 1000*l.* per annum, or 10*l.* per man, it will at once be perceived, that the measure proposed will lead to an immediate annual saving of 775*l.* per annum, or of very nearly four-fifths of the present expense. The same principle is applicable to women and children, at a diminished rate of annuity; it being estimated, that while the charges which must be incurred on account of each man cannot be safely stated at less than 35*l.* the cost of the removal and maintenance of each woman will amount to about 25*l.*, and of each child under fourteen years of age, to 14*l.* (vide Appendix A.)

"The details of the expense of removing the families of paupers from an English port to the place of location or settlement in Upper Canada, and of keeping them until they should be in a condition completely to provide for themselves, will be found in Appendix A.

"The expense of removing them from the parish to the port must, of necessity, be without the range of an estimate.

"This plan must be accompanied by an act of parliament, which should enact, that all persons taking advantage of this facility of emigration should give up for themselves and children, present and future, all claims upon parochial support.

"The success of these proposed settlers in Upper Canada can be warranted upon grounds of perfect certainty, as the tract (vide Appendix B,) which was laid before the Agricultural Committee of 1822, will satisfactorily demonstrate to any person who will peruse it with attention.

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* "It will at once be perceived, that this system of emigration may be equally applied to any other colony. Upper Canada has been selected, as being the one, in the opinion of the proposer of this measure, by far the most eligible, whether with reference to the economy of the public expense, or to the probable advantage to the emigrant, and consequently that colony in which the experiment may be the most advantageously tried."

That tract was drawn up by Colonel Talbot, who has himself resided in the province of Upper Canada, from its original settlement under the auspices of Lieutenant Governor Simcoe, with very little interruption, to the present day; and whose authority cannot be questioned, he having been intrusted by the British government with the settlement of that populous and highly improving extent of territory along the banks of Lake Erie, now called the 'Talbot's Settlement;' and the concluding paragraph of the tract subjoined in Appendix B, will show the extent and character of the success which has attended that experiment.

"That a corresponding degree of success will attend the present one, if an opportunity be afforded for it, there can be no reasonable doubts entertained. It will only require judicious measures on the part of the government for the general arrangement of the transfer, and location of the emigrants; and as far as the principle of estimate can be applied to any public undertaking of this nature, a reference to Appendix A will demonstrate that the expense of the necessary measures will be covered by the money proposed to be advanced, and with every consideration for the comfort and interests of the emigrants, which is fairly compatible with his situation as a pauper in his own country; and which country, by the terms of the proposition, he himself must be desirous of leaving.*

"The financial part of this proposed measure is of the most simple nature; the issuing of terminable annuities to be purchased at the market price, according to their respective periods and the rate per cent.

"The Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt may be authorised, for example, (if no more eligible mode can be suggested similar in effect, but more advantageous in principle,) under an act of parliament to be passed for this specific measure, to purchase these annuities from the parishes. The parishes, therefore, in theory at least, may be considered as receiving the money so advanced to them for an annuity, and then paying it over to government, in consideration of the removal of the paupers, on the terms and subject to the qualifications proposed. Thus, for example, the parish of A agrees to pay an annuity of 2*l.* 5*s.* for twenty-five years, in consideration of receiving the sum of 35*l.*, which sum the parish immediately pays into the hands of the government, who undertake to remove B, a pauper, in the manner proposed.

"It is proposed, for the simplification of this measure, that the annuity for which each parish is responsible should be made payable to the county treasurer, and recoverable in the same manner as the county rate: consequently, the annuity due from all the parishes in each county would be paid in one collective sum by the county treasurer into the Exchequer. This plan, of course, would not be in any degree compulsory; the arrangement must be made between the parochial authorities and the paupers before the parish could be in a situation to avail itself of this assistance. That impediment once removed, nothing would oppose its immediate execution. The removal of the paupers to the port appointed for embarkation would necessarily be, as already observed, without the range of an estimate, and must be governed by local circumstances, occasioning a small addition to the expense. There would be this advantage in the measure, (if the doctrine of those be right, of which there can be do doubt, who contend that the administration of relief to the able-bodied poor was never contemplated by the statute of Elizabeth,) that it would be a justification of those who direct the application of the parochial rates, for withholding from individuals rejecting this boon all assistance that is not absolutely necessary. It has long been universally admitted, that this presumed claim of the able-bodied pauper upon parish relief, has been and is the principal obstacle to the restoration of the poor-laws to their original standard, inasmuch as the granting such relief has been the greatest aberration from their true character and spirit.

"It will at once be evident that the machinery of this proposed measure would be equally applicable to Ireland and Scotland; provided any funds, local or otherwise, could be satisfactorily pledged to government for the payment of the proposed annuity. And if it should be considered desirable, with reference to the application of this measure to Ireland and Scotland, that the annuity shall be of longer duration, thereby diminishing

* "It is considered unnecessary to incumber the present statement with remarks upon the means of supplying any deficiency, or the manner of disposing of any surplus of the money calculated to accomplish the object."

its annual amount, such alteration could at once be effected. Thus, for example, if a district should wish to export one hundred labourers, the cost being 3500*l.*, if the duration of the annuity be extended for forty-two years, the annuity which that district would be called upon to pay would be 173*l.* 8s. On this calculation for the different countries, each man would be permanently provided for by an annuity of 2*l.* 5s. per annum for the term of twenty-five years in England, and 1*l.* 14s. 8½d. for the term of forty-two years in Ireland and Scotland; each woman for 1*l.* 12s. in England, and 1*l.* 4s. 9d. in Ireland and Scotland; each child under fourteen years of age, for 17s. 11d. in England, and 13s. 10½d. per annum in Ireland and Scotland; the two latter being governed by the same relative proportion.*

"It is not deemed necessary on this occasion to enlarge upon the permanent, as well as present advantages, which would be afforded to the agricultural interests by the adoption of this measure, which cannot be characterized as a temporary expedient, framed upon imperfect data, and at variance with the soundest principles of political economy.

"It is considered as unquestionable, although this measure is not in the slightest degree compulsory, that the poor man who offers his strength and energy as a labourer, but who, finding no demand, or at least no adequate demand, for his services, is compelled to receive 'parish relief' for the preservation of his own existence and that of his family, will accept this opportunity of bettering his condition, by laying the foundation for future independence with eagerness and gratitude, when sufficient time has elapsed, and proper pains been taken to make him understand the true nature and character of the change that is proposed for him.

"It is equally considered as certain, that parishes will anxiously accept this facility (as far as their own concurrence is required) of relieving themselves, at a slight annual expense, of any present and pressing redundancy of population; and also of securing for the future the effectual prevention, supplied by this measure, for any accumulation of labourers whose services they may be incapable of remunerating.

"It is at once evident, that this system of emigration could be made immediately applicable to Ireland and Scotland, provided that money was raised there for the purpose by local assessment, or that a specific tax was pledged for money lent for that purpose by the government.

"Although the periods of twenty-five and forty-two years have been taken for the duration of the annuities in England and Scotland respectively, of course the only effect of curtailing the period will be, to increase the quantum of the annuity; but as the object was to relieve present distress, it was considered that the longer periods would be the most desirable.

"It has not been considered necessary in the 'outline' to enter into many details, which, however, have been duly considered, and are all prepared for exposition. It is proposed that one hundred acres should be allotted to each father of a family, and perhaps smaller proportions to single men; that certain restrictions should be imposed with respect both to cultivation and alienation; that after the termination of a definitive period, perhaps five years, the proprietor should pay a certain annual quit-rent of very small amount, out of which should, in the first instance, be defrayed the expense of the patent, which would not exceed 2*l.* upon a grant of one hundred acres: the remaining quit-rent might be appropriated to the purpose of local improvements, such as roads, &c.; and a provision be added for an optional redemption of the quit-rent on the payment of a moderate sum.

"Although the agricultural population will be more immediately benefited by this measure, yet in the case of a redundancy of manufacturing population, it will be found perfectly applicable; for it must be remembered that the casual emigration to Upper Canada, which as far as it is gone has succeeded so well, has been principally supplied by the manufacturing population, which class, upon general reasoning, must be deemed the least suited for the experiment.

"Although it may be argued, that there can be no actual redundancy of population as long as the waste lands in the mother country remain uncultivated, yet no person conversant with such subjects can contend that such redundancy does not now, virtually at least, exist; in other words, that there are not many strong labouring men, for whose servises there is no adequate demand, and who cannot be employed upon any productive labour that will pay the expenses of production;

* "These fractional divisions might, for convenience, be reduced to even money."

and as in all civilized countries, population must be dependent upon property, it is absurd to theorize upon erroneous 'data,' which do not admit that unquestionable proposition. And if any person should feel alarm, that under the operation of such a measure too great a proportion of the agricultural population might be abstracted, they may be assured that at this moment many economical processes in husbandry which would save human labour, and much agricultural machinery which is kept in abeyance, would be immediately applied, to the manifest improvement of the condition of the agriculturalist and of the wealth of the country, provided that a danger no longer existed which now exists with full preventive force, viz. that of throwing out of employ a still greater number of the agricultural population.

"It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this measure can be suspended or limited at any time: but in point of fact it has that suspensive power within itself; for whenever there should exist at home an adequate demand for the services of able-bodied men out of employ, whether from the increase of productive industry, or from the demands of war, or from any other cause, there would be no longer a temptation to emigrate.

"It is also observed, that with such a system in regular and effective operation, no inconvenience could ever again result to this country from a temporary stimulus being given at any time to the population which could not permanently be sustained. To use the metaphor so commonly employed, it would be a safety-valve by which the inconvenient excess of population could always be carried off imperceptibly; and it must not be forgotten, in a comprehensive view of such a system, that the pauper, for whose labour no remuneration can be afforded at home, will be transmuted by this process into an independent proprietor, and at no distant period will become a consumer of the manufactured articles of his native country. Nor, on the other hand, can any calculable period be assigned for the termination of such a system, until all the colonies of the British empire are saturated, and millions added to those who speak the English language, and carry with them the liberty and the laws and the sympathies of their native country.

"Such a system would direct the tide of emigration towards parts of the British empire, which must be considered as integral, though separated by geographical position. The defence of these colonial possessions would be more easily supplied within themselves, and their increasing prosperity would not only relieve the mother country from pecuniary demands that are now indispensable, but that prosperity in its re-action would augment the wealth and the resources of the mother country itself.

"These observations are, therefore, respectfully pressed upon the attention of those who have the means to give effect to this measure, which is not one of compulsion in any part of its arrangement, but which is considered to be founded upon sound and incontrovertible principles, and to combine the advantages of some alleviation of present evils with the permanent benefit of the empire at large."

Now, sir, without at all questioning the merits and the spirit of this plan of emigration, it is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that it is not applicable to the circumstances either of Ireland or of the Highlands of Scotland, where the miseries of an overflowing population are deepest felt. There are no local funds in those countries to be pledged in the manner proposed. It might, I dare say, FOR A TIME, work pretty well in England, but still I do not see that it would supply that desideratum in the system of government so requisite to preserve "the goodly structure of our ancient polity" from the consequences that must ensue from an overflowing population, in the event of any serious failure happening to the harvest. Indeed, I am averse to any direct interference of government with the subject, beyond what is necessary in the various aids and forms of protection; for the proper source of the means of emigration lies in the surplus capital of the country. I would even go so far as to say, that until this surplus is itself created, the necessity of encouraging emigration does not exist, because the means of employment are not exhausted so long as there is a profitable return for the investment of capital; and until the means of employment are exhausted, it cannot be said that there ought to be any encouragement given to emigration.

But perhaps the most valid objection to the plan, as a practical measure of policy, is, that it does not appear to have been formed, at least as far as Canada is concerned, with a sufficient degree of consideration for certain pe-

culiarities in the circumstances of that country.

Both in Upper and Lower Canada, but especially in the former, there are certain portions of land reserved in all the settled parts of the provinces, at the disposal of the crown. These RESERVES have become a dead weight on the improvement of the country. They cause a dispersion of the population over a larger surface than would naturally take place; they entail a greater expense for roads than would otherwise be necessary; and they operate, in consequence of making wider distances between the farms and the markets, as a direct tax on agricultural industry. In a word, the American farmers not being burdened by the effects of this great evil in the system of Canadian location, possess decided advantages over the Canadian farmers; and their country is in consequence both better peopled and better cultivated, though the soil and climate are the same.

As it never could have been intended that these reserved lands should be held in perpetuity by the crown, with a view to derive a revenue from them in the shape of rental, independent of the legislature, I would ask, why it is that they are suffered to remain as so many obstacles to the natural improvement of the country? Or rather, why it is that they are not brought to sale, and a fund created out of the proceeds, to assist in the business of emigration? —not directly, but by making such facilities of intercourse in the country as would induce private adventurers to embark their capital in clearing and settling these lands. For, be it remarked, these reserves are not situated in wild and unexplored parts, but are in and among the best peopled farms and townships; and if roads were opened through them to many districts which may still be described as inaccessible, a stimulus would be given to the improvement of the country, which it is not easy to conceive the result of.

But in considering any plan which would have for its purpose the directing of the surplus capital of the mother-country into Canada, it may naturally be asked, what returns can that country make to recompense the capitalist? and pertinently enough remarked, that in the cultivation of tropical climates,—in sugar and coffee, and the other produce of the West Indies—the returns are manifestly in articles which may be said to be of universal use, and which can only be supplied from the tropics; whereas the produce of the Canadas is similar to that of all Europe, and being chiefly agricultural, is restricted in the importation by the corn-bill,—that monument of the patriotism of the Wrong-heads of England. This, however, is but a narrow, and at the same time, an erroneous view of the subject—and my answer to it is shortly this: "The produce of the Canadas is similar to that of the state of New York—it is not more restricted in its export than that of any part of the United States; and there does not exist at this time, on the whole face of the earth, any district more flourishing, more improving, more enterprizing, than the state of New York. The great canal, which beggars to insignificance all similar undertakings in the old world, and in point of extent is the largest line of continued labour in the world, after the wall of China, is of itself a sufficient proof and illustration of the fact."—If I were, therefore, required to state what inducement could be offered to capitalists to embark their funds in any such plan, with respect to the Canadas, as that to which I have alluded, I would reply—"You are not to count on great immediate profits to be obtained from the produce of the soil, but on the improved value which the land will derive from the capital expended in clearing and bringing it into cultivation.—The profits, therefore, on your capital, will consist in the difference between the value of the land, in a state of nature, and in a state rendered habitable and arable, with a constant flowing in of emigrants from Europe, becoming purchasers of lots, or tenants at great rents.—Every step that the country takes in improvement, will increase the value of your investment in the soil—every shilling that you lay out on one acre of your own property, will augment the value of the contiguous acres—every shilling that your neighbour lays out in the improvement of his property, will raise the value of yours, and every emigrant that arrives, whether in quest of employment or of settlement, will increase, by increasing the demand, the value of the produce of the soil."—It is too late now to talk of exports and

imports, as the measure of a nation's prosperity.—The internal trade of all countries is alone the surest measure of national wealth.—It is not the custom-house returns, but those of the excise, which shew whether the state of a people is really progressive, and therefore it is that I say, capitalists embarking in undertakings which propose to facilitate the introduction of emigrants into the colonies, should not look for their returns to the produce which the emigrants may raise from the soil, but to the general result of an increasing population, with increasing comforts and increasing wants. This is the true and proper basis for considering the object in view, with respect to Canada, not because there are not many sources of return, in the produce of the soil, in the timber and in the pot-ashes, perhaps also in ores and minerals, but these belong to the range of commercial views, and mercantile speculation; they form no part of any plan which capitalists, who are seeking for a solid and permanent investment of their funds, should consider as primary.

But I have already occupied so large a space in your columns, and the subject requiring to be yet discussed in detail, I shall therefore conclude for the present, with the intention of taking an early opportunity of again addressing you.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, 2d April, 1824.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE RITTER BANN. A POEM.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THERE is, we must say, a dirty spirit of rivalry afloat at present among the various periodicals, from which ours only, and Mr Nichols', the two Gentleman's Magazines, are exempt. You never see the Quarterly praising the lucubrations of the Edinburgh—far less the Edinburgh extolling those of the Quarterly. Old Monthly and New Monthly are in cat-and-dog opposition. Sir Richard exclaims that they have robbed him of his good name—while Tom Campbell is ready to go before his Lordship of Waithman to swear that that was an impossibility. There is, besides, a pair of Europeans boxing it out with most considerable pluck; and we are proud to perceive our good friend Letts of Cornhill bearing himself boldly in the fight. The Fancy Gazette disparages the labours of the illustrious Egan—and Pierce is equally savage on the elegancies of Jon Bee. A swarm of twopennies gallops over the land ready to eat one another, so as, like the Irishman's rats in a cage, to leave only a single tail behind. We, out of this turmoil and scuffle, as if from a higher region, look down, calm and cool. Unprejudiced by influence, and uninfluenced by prejudice, we keep along the even tenor of our way. We dispute not, neither do we quarrel. If the golden wheels of our easy-going chariot, in its course, smooth sliding without step, crush to atoms any person who is unlucky enough to come under their precious weight, it is no fault of ours. Let him blame destiny, and bring his action against the Parcæ.

So far are we from feeling anything like hostility, spite, envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, that we rejoice at the rare exhibition of talent whenever it occurs in a publication similar to ours. We do our utmost to support the cause of periodical literature in general. But for our disinterested exertions, the Edinburgh Review would have been long since unheard of. For many years we perpetuated the existence of the old Scots Magazine, by mentioning it in our columns. Finding it, however, useless to persevere, we held our peace concerning it; it died, and a word from us again restored it to life and spirit, so that Jeffrey steals from it all his Spanish literature. We took notice of the Examiner long after every other decent person said a word about it. Our exertions on behalf of the Scotsman were so great, that the learned writers of that paper pray for us on their bended knees. But it would be quite useless, or rather impossible, for us to go over all our acts of kindness. We have, indeed, reaped the benefit, for never since the creation of the world was any Magazine so adored by everybody as ours is. It is, indeed, carried at times to an absurd, nay, we must add, a blameable length, for we must exclaim with the old poet:—

"If to adore an idol is idolatry,
Sure to adore a book is bibliolatry."

An impiety to be avoided.

In pursuance of our generous system, we here beg leave to call the attention of our readers to a poem in the last New Monthly Magazine, written by the eminent editor of that celebrated periodical, and advertised, before its appearance, with the most liberal prodigality of puffing, in all the papers. Mr Campbell is advantageously known to the readers of poetry, a very respectable body of young gentlemen and ladies, as the author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Lochiel's Warning, O'Connor's Child, and other pleasant performances, which may be purchased at the encouraging price of three and sixpence sterling, at the stalls of the bibliopolists of High Holborn. But the poem which he has lately contributed to the pages of the New Monthly, outshines these compositions of his more crude and juvenile days,

——" Velut inter ignes
Luna minores." ——

It is entitled the Ritter Bann, and we do not know how we can bestow a more acceptable compliment on our readers, than by analysing this elegant effusion.

What the words Ritter Bann mean, is not at once open to every capacity, and they have unfortunately given rise to the most indefensible puns and quizzes in the world. But we, who despise such things, by a due consultation of dictionaries, lexicons, onomasticons, word-books, vocabularies, and other similar treatises, discovered that Ritter, in the Teutonic tongue, as spoken in High Germany, signifies Rider, or Knight—Bann is merely a man's name, the hero being son of old —— Bann, Esq. of ——— place, Glamorganshire. Why a Welsh knight should be called by a German title, we cannot immediately conjecture; but suppose it adopted from euphonious principles of melting melody. Let the reader say the words—Ritter Bann—Ritter Bann—Ritter Bann—to himself, with the assistance of a chime of good bells, such as those of Saint Pancras, Saint Mary Overey, Saint Sepulchre's, opposite Newgate, Saint Botolph's, Aldgate, Saint Clement Dane's, Saint Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, not to mention various provincial utterers of Bob Majors; and he must be struck with the fine rumbling clang, and sit down to drink his Burton at 3d. the nip, with increased satisfaction.

So far for the title. Listen now to the exordium.

" The Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
And love and ladies' charms.
While other knights held revelry, he
Was wrapt"—

in what? Surtout? Roquelaure? Poodle Benjamin? bang-up? doblado? frock? wraprascal? No, no! What then? Sheet? blanket? quilt? coverlet? counterpane? No. What then? Why

— " in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.'

This is a very novel and original character in our now-a-days poetry.

" There enter'd one, whose face he knew,
Whose voice, *he was aware*,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
In the holy house of prayer."

Who is this fine fellow? Wait a moment and you will be told.

" Twas the Abbot of Saint James's monks,
A *fresh* and fair old man."

Fresh no doubt, for you will soon learn he comes in good season.

" His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann;
But seeing with him an ancient dame,
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire:
' Ha! nurse of her that was my *bane*—'"

Here Campbell's Scotticism has got the better of him. The lady of whom the Ritter speaks is his wife, who, in Caledonia's dialect, is said to be *bane* of a man's *bane;* but in England we always say, *bone* of my *bone.* We hope Thomas the Rhymer will anglicise the phrase in the next edition.

"Name not her name to me,
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor? take alms and flee!"

A very neat and pretty turn-out as any old lady would wish of a summer's morning; but it won't do. For

"'Sir Knight,' the Abbot interposed,
'This case your ear demands!'
And the *crone cried* with a *cross enclosed*
In both her trembling hands—"

Read that second last line again. "The Crone Cried with a Cross enClosed!" Oh! Pack: send the Razor Grinder. What do you say to that? We can only match it by one passage of Pantagruel. Lesquelles [the frozen words] ensemblement fondues, ouysmes hin, hin, hin, hin, his, ticque, torche, longue, bredelin, bredelac, frr, frrr, frrrr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, trace, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, ouououounon, goth, magoth. "And the Crone cried with a cross enclosed,

"Remember each his sentence waits,
And he who would *rebut!!*
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut!"

The Abbot proceeds to give our friend Ritter some novel information.

"You wedded, undispensed by church,
Your cousin Jane in spring;"

Pretty colloquial style!

"In autumn, when you went to search
For churchmen's pardoning,
Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey;
And the ring you put upon her—"

Her what? Finger, perhaps. No—

——"her hand
Was wrench'd by force away."

Here commences a pleasant familiar prose narration. We like this manner of mixing prose with verse, as Mr Stewart Rose has done in his translation of Boiardo. Campbell, in imitation, proceeds. "Then wept you, Jane, upon my neck, crying, 'Help me, Nurse, to flee to my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills:'

But word arrived, ah me! you were not there;
And 'twas their threat, by foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set the seal on her despair.

I had a son," says Nurse, after this little triplet, "a sea-boy, in a ship at Hartland bay: by his aid, from her cruel kin I bore my bird away. To Scotland, from the Devon's green myrtle shores, we fled; and the hand that sent the ravens to Elijah, gave us bread. She wrote you by my son; but he, from England, sent us word you had gone into some far country; in grief and gloom, he heard. For they that wronged you, to elude your wrath, defamed my child." —Whom she means here is not quite evident at first sight, for she has been just speaking of her son, for whom the Ritter, we opine, did not care a button, whether he was famed or defamed; but it will be all clear by and by.—"And you—ay, blush, sir, as you should,—believed, and were beguiled." In which last sentence the old lady is waxing a little termagantish on our hands. She proceeds, however, in a minor key.

"To die but at your feet, she vowed to roam the world; and we would both have sped, and begged our bread; but so it might not be; for, when the snow-storm beat our roof, she bore a boy"—a queer effort of a snow-storm, *entre nous*—"Sir Bann, who grew as fair your *likeness-proof* as child e'er grew like man." A likeness-proof! Some engraver must have been talking to Tom about proof-impressions of plates, and he, in the simplicity of his bachelorship, must

have imagined that there were proof-impressions too of children. Let us, however, permit Madame la Nourice to proceed.—" 'Twas smiling on that babe one morn, while heath bloomed on the moor, her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn, as he hunted past our door. *She* shunned him; but *he* raved of Jane, and roused *his* mother's pride; who came to us in high disdain, and 'Where's the face,' she cried, 'has witched my boy to wish for one so wretched for his wife? Dost love thy husband? Know my son has sworn to seek his life.' "

Poetry breaks out here again in the following melodious lines:

" Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant;
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to *aid* our want.

" So I told her, weeping bitterly, what all our woes *had* been; and, though she was a stern lady, the tear stood in her een. And she housed us both, when cheerfully my child [that is not her son, the cabin-boy, but her bird Jane,] to her had sworn, that, even if made a widow, she would never wed Kinghorn.

" Here paused the Nurse;" and, indeed, we must say, a more pathetic, or original story, or one more prettily or pithily told, does not exist in the whole bounds of our language. The Nurse mistook her talent when she commenced the trade of suckling weans. She should have gone to the bar, where, in less than no time, she would have been a pleader scarcely inferior to Counsellor Phillips himself.

After the oration of the Nurse, then began the Abbot, standing by—" Three months ago, a wounded man to our abbey came to die."—A mighty absurd proceeding, in our opinion. Had he come there to *live*, it would have been much more sensible.—" He heard me long with ghastly eyes," (rather an odd mode of hearing,) " and hand obdurate clenched, speak of the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quench'd.

" At last, by what this scroll attests,
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish, to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.
'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
Beneath my *mother's* roof—
I loved *her*' "—

Not his mother, we hope.—

——————" 'but against my flame
Her purity was proof.
I feign'd repentance—friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck.' "

Her husband's miniature in the days of jousts and chivalries! But great poets do not matter such trifles. We all remember how Shakespeare introduces cannon into Hamlet. *Pergit Poeta.*

" As means to search him, my deceit took care to him was borne nought but his picture's counterfeit, and Jane's reported scorn. The treachery took: she waited *wild!* My slave came back, and did whate'er I wish'd: She clasped her child, and swoon'd; and all but died."

The pathos and poetry of this beautiful grammatical, and intelligible passage, is too much for us. We cannot go on without assistance. We shall, therefore, make a glass of rum grog, for we are writing this on a fine sun-shiny morning. As we are on the subject of grog, we may as well give it as our opinion, that the young midshipman's method of making it, as recorded by the great Joseph, is by far the most commodious. Swallow we, therefore, first a glass of rum—our own drinking is Antigua—and then, baptizing it speedily by the affusion of a similar quantity of water, we take three jumps to mix the fluids in our stomach, and, so fortified, proceed with the contemplation of the Ritter Bann. We get on to a new jig tune—

"I felt her tears
For years and years,
Quench not my flame, but STIR!"

Oh!

"The very hate
I bore her mate,
Increased my love for her.

"Fame told us of his glory: while joy flush'd the face of Jane; and while she bless'd his name, her smile struck fire into my brain, no fears could damp. I reached the camp, sought out its champion; and, if my broadsword (Andrew Ferrara would be a much more poetical word, Mr Thomas,) failed at last, 'twas long and well laid on. This wound's my meed—My name is Kinghorn—My foe is the Ritter Bann.

"The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight the Turks at Warradein; but I see my tale has changed you pale.—The Abbot went for wine, and brought a little page, who poured it out and smiled."

How beautiful! and how natural at the same time!—"I see," says the old Abbot, who, we warrant, was a sound old toper, a fellow who rejoiced in the delightful music of the cork, "the curst stuff I have been talking to you has made you sick in your stomach, and you must take a glass of wine. What wine do you drink, Hock, Champagne, Sauterne, Dry Lisbon, Madeira, Black Strap, *Lacryma Christi?*—my own tipple is Rhenish. See here, I have some *Anno Domini*, God knows what. Pleasure of drinking your good health in the meantime."

"The stunn'd knight saw himself restored to childhood in his child, and stooped and caught him to his breast—laugh'd loud, and wept anon; and, with a shower of kisses, pressed the darling little one."

The conversation soon becomes sprightly. Nothing can be better than the colloquial tone of the dialogue.

"*Ritter Bann.* And where went Jane?

"*Old Snoozer.* To a nunnery, sir,—Look not again so pale:—Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her.

"*Ritter Bann.* And has she ta'en the veil?

"*Old Snoozer.* Sit down, sir. I *bar* rash words.

"They sat all three, and the boy played with the Knight's broad star, as he kept him on his knee. 'Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,' the Abbot father said; 'time draws a veil o'er beauty's face, more deep than cloister'd shade: Grief may have made her what you can scarce love, perhaps, for life.'—'Hush, Abbot,' cried the Ritter Bann, (on whom, by this time, the tipple had taken considerable effect,) or tell me where's my wife."

What follows? Why

"The priest UNDID!—(*Oh, Jupiter!*)
Two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room;
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.
One moment may
With bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain;
Such was the throb,
And mutual sob,
Of the Knight embracing Jane."

And such is Mr Tom Campbell's poem of the Ritter Bann!!!

Need we add a word? Did anybody ever see the like? What verse, what ideas, what language, what a story, what a name! Time was, that, when the brains were out, the man would die; but *on a changè tout cela.* We consign Campbell's head to the notice of the Phrenologicals.

Let us sing a song. Strike up the bagpipes while we chaunt

The Writer Tam.

By

T. Dromedary.

The Writer Tam, from Hungryland,*
Comes, famed for lays of arms,†
And, writing chaunts of chivalry,
The Cockney ladies charms.
While other hands write Balaam, he,
In editorial gloom,
In Colburn's magazinary,
Gives each his destined room.

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* See Jack Wilkes's Prophecy of Famine. A poem, as Tom himself observes, amusing to a Scotchman from its extravagance. To oblige him, therefore, the name is adopted here.

† The Mariners of England—the British Grenadiers—the Battle of the Baltic, &c.

KIDDYWINKLE HISTORY.

No. I.

Where is the man who has not heard of that ancient and honourable town Kiddywinkle—a town boasting of, according to the last census, no fewer than two hundred and forty-seven inhabitants, and rendered immortal by containing the ashes of a Saxon monarch? I shall never forget the moment in which I first visited the market, and wandered round the streets of this venerable place. An urchin of seven years old, who had never previously waddled out of the village, seven miles distant, in which I had been reared, every step was enchantment, and awe, and amazement. The crowd in the market, which seemed to comprehend the whole world—the newly oiled boots, (some were actually glossed with blacking,) and the well brushed Sunday coats of the farmers—the dashing gowns and bonnets of the farmers' daughters—the stalls almost broke down with oranges, gingerbread, and other delicacies—the shop windows displaying a dazzling, though fantastic admixture of sugar-candy, ribbons, soap, muslins, and woollen-drapery—the gorgeous signs of the alehouses—the sloops and barges on the canal—the mighty piles of coals and timber—the houses of the gentry, which, from their size, brilliant doors and window-shutters, curious knockers, and a thousand other wonderful things, seemed to be palaces—absolutely overpowered me. I seemed to be some insect, which had accidentally crawled into a superior world. I doubted whether it was lawful for me to stare at the shop windows, or to mix myself up with the great folks in the market; and I even deemed it would be sacrilege to tread upon the two or three flag-stones, which were here and there laid before the doors of people of fashion; therefore, whenever I approached them, in my perambulations, I reverently strode into the mire, to avoid them. It would have been scarcely possible, at that time, to have convinced me, that any other place on earth equalled Kiddywinkle.

Although my head is not yet grey, many years have passed over it since that happy moment. I have, in these years, with something of the eccentricity and velocity of the comet, shot across every circle of society, except the upper ones, without appearing to be destined to move in any, and with scarcely a single friendly satellite to accompany me. I have been whirled through lowliness, and ambition, and splendid hopes, and bitter disappointments, and prosperity, and calamity, and everything else, save ease and happiness; until, at last, I have been placed as far out of society, as a man well can be, to live in it at all; and left with scarcely any other employment than that of ruminating on the past, and preparing for the eternity which hangs over me. A long line of years of sleep-

less effort and anxiety—of years which, in relation to myself, teemed with great events, and singular vicissitudes—stand next me in the retrospect, and still they can neither obliterate, nor shade what childhood painted on my memory. In gazing on the scenes of manhood, I see only a mighty mass of confused, though striking, lights and shadows, which alternately make me mourn, smile, shudder, blush, and boast; but, in looking at what preceded them, I see a series of distinct pictures, abounding, no doubt, in the simple and the grotesque, but still alike lovely in their tints, and delightful in their subjects. I love to look at myself, as I strutted about on the first day of my being deemed worthy of wearing jacket and trowsers—as I fought my innumerble battles with the old gander, although they not seldom ended in my discomfiture and flight—as I puffed away, on that memorable occasion, when I took liberties with my grandmother's pipe in her absence, and was found by her rolling about the floor in a state of complete intoxication, to her infinite consternation and anger—as I drank from her lips the first prayers I could utter, and put my endless questions to her respecting that Deity, who has since so often been my only friend—as I pored over the histories of Tom Hickathrift and Jack the Giant Killer, until my breast throbbed with the wish to imitate these valorous persons—and, above all, I love to dwell on my first visit to Kiddywinkle. It was one of the grand events of my infancy; it introduced me to a new world, and it first called into action that ambition, which, although it has often enough led me through disaster and torture, has not finally forsook me, without leaving me something to be proud of. Would that I could remember the many sage remarks that I made to my companion, in viewing the wonders before me on this great occasion! They would, no doubt, have been a rich treat, but, alas! they are among the things that have left me for ever.

The Nag's Head has been, time immemorial, the principal inn of Kiddywinkle. It is the only one which displays, in letters of gold, "Neat Post Chaise," and "Wines," to the eyes of the public. To it, on market and fair days, ride all the gentlemen farmers and their sons—the privileged men, who wear white neckcloths and superfine, or, at least, fine Yorkshire, coats; while the humbler farmers and other villagers reverentially pass it to quarter themselves upon The Plough, The Black Bull, and The Green Dragon. To it, the rank and fashion of Kiddywinkle scrupulously confine themselves, when business or pleasure calls them to a place of public accommodation; while the lower orders as scrupulously shun it, to carry themselves and their money to the less exalted taps of the rival houses. It monopolizes all the gentlemen travellers, and the traveller gentlemen, all the justice meetings, and is, in truth, a house of extreme gentility. It is not, however, the whole inn, but only a certain small parlour which forms a part of it, to which I wish to give celebrity.

From causes which it will not be difficult to divine, Kiddywinkle boasts of no theatre, concert-room, or other place of evening amusements. The distinctions between the various classes of society are maintained in that ancient place, with a rigour which is unknown in the metropolis. Mrs Sugarnose, the grocer's spouse, would be eternally disgraced, were she to drink tea with Mrs Leatherleg, the wife of the shoemaker; and Mrs Catchfool, the attorney's lady, could not, on any consideration, become intimate with Mrs Sugarnose. The very highest class never, perhaps, comprehends more than five or six families; and these keep themselves as effectually secluded from all below them, with regard to social intercourse, as they would be, if an Atlantic rolled between them. They are, in general, exceedingly friendly with each other; but then there are weighty reasons which render it highly inexpedient for the heads—the masters—to mingle much together at each other's houses. These heads, though excessively aristocratic and refined, are ever slenderly endowed with income; for, from some inexplicable cause, plentiful fortunes never could be amassed at Kiddywinkle, or be attracted hither from other parts. For the ladies and children to visit each other, is no great matter; a cup of tea tastes only of sixpences; but were the gentlemen to dine and sup with each other it would be ruinous. The eatables are nothing, even though the table boast of something beyond family fare; but the liquids—the wine and spirits—sdeath! golden sovereigns are swal-

lowed every moment. A compact, therefore, constantly exists among the gentlemen, in virtue of which, they never entertain each other, except at that season of universal entertainment, Christmas. Man, however, in spite of pride and poverty, is a social animal. That which is inexorably withheld by scorn of inferiors and limited finances, is abundantly supplied to the aristocracy of Kiddywinkle, by the snug, comfortable, and venerable little parlour of the Nag's Head. Thither they repair every evening of their lives, to regale themselves with a cup of ale, or a glass of brandy and water, as inclination and funds may will; and to taste of joys, less gaudy and exciting, perhaps, than those of costly entertainments, but infinitely more pure and rational.

The Rev. Andrew Smallglebe, Doctor Manydraught, and the three Esquires, Spencer Slenderstave, Leonard Littlesight, and Anthony Ailoften, constituted, a few years since, the tip-top circle of Kiddywinkle, and, of course, they were the sole evening occupants of the little parlour at the Nag's Head. Mr Smallglebe was the vicar, and he enjoyed an income of two hundred and forty-six pounds per annum. He had passed his sixty-seventh year, and was, in person and disposition, the very reverse of those portraits, which mankind are taught to regard as the only correct likenesses of beneficed clergymen. He was in stature considerably below the middle size, and he was exceedingly slender, even in proportion to his limited altitude. His head was, indeed, somewhat larger, his face more round and fleshy, and his shoulders a little broader, than exact symmetry warranted; but then his legs and thighs—they could scarcely stand comparison with a walking-stick. His gait harmonized with the lightness of his form, and was as elastic and nimble as that of the boy of thirteen. The circular, plump, pale face of Mr Smallglebe, did but little justice to his soul. His forehead was reasonably capacious, but still it did not tower into dignity;—his eye was large, but not prominent; steady, but not piercing; dark, but not expressive; perhaps it lost much in effect from displaying an inordinate portion of the white—his mouth was wide, and his chin was little, and greatly drawn in. The heaviness and vacancy of his countenance were, no doubt, a little heightened by his long, straight, coarse hair; and they were rendered the more remarkable by the light boyishness of his figure. Mr Smallglebe, however, had many good qualities, and some great ones. His heart was all tenderness and benevolence, but, unfortunately, its bounty streamed as profusely upon the unworthy, as the worthy. He had never mixed with mankind, and he had never been the world's suppliant, or dependent; the few mortals that he had seen had been friends seeking his society, or the needy imploring his assistance, and they, of course, had exhibited to his eyes nothing but desert and virtue. While he had thus seen nothing of mankind's depravity; his spotless conscience and unextinguishable cheerfulness, magnified into the superlative, the little that he had seen of its assumed merit, and he would believe nothing that could be said of it, except praise. In his judgment, the rarest thing in the world was a bad man, or a bad woman; and if the proofs that such existed happened to force themselves upon him, he could always find as many provocatives and palliatives for the guilt, as well nigh sufficed to justify it. He was a man of considerable genius and reading, and, in the pulpit, he was eloquent and popular; but while his pathos melted all before it, and his appeals to the better feelings were irresistible, he never remembered that it was his duty to grapple with the sinner, and to repeat the threatenings to the impenitent. Out of the pulpit, Mr Smallglebe was a universal favourite. His artless, simple, mild, unchangeable, and benevolent cheerfulness spread an atmosphere around him, from which all who entered it drank solace and happiness. His conversation charmed, not by its brilliancy or force; but by its broad, easy flow—its intelligence, warmth, purity, and benevolence. Base as the world is, it was not possible for the man, who was every one's friend, to have an enemy. "He is the best little man that ever breathed!" was the character which every tongue assigned to Mr Smallglebe. Those who robbed him under the pretence of soliciting charity—those who laughed at his good nature, and credulity—those who despised his profession—and those

who even forced him into opposition and contention, all joined in ejaculating the eulogy.

Mr Smallglebe, nevertheless, had his failings; these will, perhaps, appear in the course of this history, but I have not the heart to make them the subjects of intentional enumeration. I knew the man, and loved him. Of the multitudes with whom I have come in contact in my eventful life, he was one of the few, whose hearts never could stoop to what men ought to be ashamed of. The recollection of his virtues has stifled the curse on my lips, as in my hours of agony it has been falling on my species. When I look back on the baseness which I have been doomed to witness in human nature, I remember him, and my misanthropy vanishes; for I then know that the world still contains some who are good and honourable. We have parted to meet no more on earth, but I shall only forget him when I leave the world for ever.

Doctor Manydraught had for many years practised as a physician at a neighbouring sea-port, with considerable success. He was a tall, huge, eccentric, boisterous, hot-headed person, whose faculties were of the most diminutive description. Why the outrage was offered to nature, of making a medical practitioner of such a man, instead of a dragon, is a matter too hard for me to explain. How he obtained patients, is not, perhaps, so incomprehensible. Egotism is to most men far more serviceable than merit, although many have not the art, or the nerve, to give it at all times the air of credibility. Doctor Manydraught was a prodigious egotist; and he thundered forth his own praise with such marvellous command of mien—with such triumphant assurance and energy—that you found it almost impossible to doubt, or to think that any other physician could safely be trusted. He was never at a loss, and he was never in despair. The patient, sick from excess of health, just affected him as much as the dying one; and the latter could scarcely fail, even at the last hour, of gathering hope from his bold, bright eye, and harsh, dauntless features. The sick, and their friends, therefore, shrunk from the doubting man of skill, to cling to the courageous prescriber, of no skill whatever; and while the former pined from lack of practice, the latter lived riotously upon a profusion of fees. Doctor Manydraught long led a life, equally busy and merry. He killed unmercifully, and yet never wanted victims; he drank and wenched immoderately, and still the means never ran short. At length, when he reached the fiftieth year of his age, and the seventieth of his constitution, his health failed, his spirits sank, his boasting degenerated into bullying, patients fled, fees vanished, and starvation frowned in the horizon. He acted with his usual decision, and with far more than his usual wisdom. He saw that his loss was irrecoverable, that want was at hand, and he immediately announced his determination to retire from business, converted his little property into an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and settled himself at Kiddywinkle. His change of residence was a masterly piece of policy, for it saved him from a tremendous fall in society; nay, at his new place of abode, notwithstanding his reduction of income, he was a greater man than he was before. All Kiddywinkle eagerly listened to, and devoutly believed his accounts of his wonderful cures—his exalted connections—his transcendent merits—and Doctor Manydraught was deemed to be something more than man. He was constantly picking up dinners, half guineas, and even guineas, by means of advice; certain of his old friends were continually sending him hampers of wine, and casks of brandy, and he thus lived almost as sumptuously as ever.

The father of Spencer Slenderstave, Esquire, converted himself in a brilliant manner, from a washerwoman's bare-footed urchin, into the chief tailor of Kiddywinkle. He amassed wealth, determined that his son should follow some exalted calling, and therefore apprenticed him to the greatest haberdasher in the county. Spencer was tall, sickly, and emaciated as a boy, and he was the same as a man. His constitution and temper were naturally bad, and his ignorant parents rendered them incurable by indulgence. When a child, his frequent fits of illness procured him excessive supplies of barley-sugar, plum-cake, and everything else that his fancy called for; and this not only rendered the fits more frequent, but bribed him to counterfeit them, the more especi-

ally as his word was never doubted. He was therefore generally ailing, always complaining, and eternally stuffed with the food of ailments. He was naturally selfish, cold-blooded, and covetous, vain, peevish, and pettish; and he was rendered doubly so by the reverence with which his parents met his wishes and ill-humour. The boys hooted him from their society for his effeminacy and bad temper, and he thus grew up to fourteen with his mother, whom he treated as his slave, for his chief associate, and with the gratification of his propensities for his chief employment. At this age, he was a slim, bent, woful-looking boy, clad in a grotesque combination of foppish finery, and great-coats, and comforters, and exhibiting much of the solemn, antiquated air, and possessing almost all the odious habits of the bachelor of seventy. During his apprenticeship, Mr Slenderstave secluded himself as much as possible from society, because those with whom he came in contact would neither treat him with reverence, nor administer to his caprice, without return. He betook himself to novels and light poetry for amusement, poetized largely, and even published in a provincial paper divers dolorous elegies descriptive of his own miseries. His bondage expired, and he, of course, went to spend his year in London, where he naturally became a highly finished dandy. His father died and left him two thousand pounds, whereupon he determined to commence business immediately, although he was grievously perplexed where his shop should be opened. He had now become, in his own judgment, a man of exceedingly fine taste, and he read and rhymed more than ever. His reading was strictly confined to the fine, the romantic, and the lackadaysical; and it effectually convinced him, that a man of refined feelings could be happy nowhere except among daisies, cowslips, and primroses, blackbirds, purling streams, and shady bowers. Kiddywinkle was the place; it was both town and country; and accordingly a spacious shop was taken at Kiddywinkle. Into this shop Mr Slenderstave thrust a most magnificent and costly stock; every way suited to his own brilliant taste, and every way unsuited to the wants and funds of the only people who were likely to become purchasers. The ladies, high and low, of Kiddywinkle, the farmers' wives, the labourers' wives, and the servant girls of the whole surrounding country, were all thrown into raptures by the sight of Mr Slenderstave's fine things, but then, after duly admiring what they could not afford to buy, they went elsewhere to expend their money. This told much against his success as a tradesman, and his own conduct told as much against it. He was now a very fine gentleman. He lounged into his shop every morning at eleven in an elegant undress, just gazed over his empty shop and idle shopmen, and then lounged back again to deliver himself of a sonnet, to devour the beauties of the last publication of the Cockney school, or to prepare himself for ruralizing in the green fields until dinner time. He kept a delicious table, and dressed in the first fashion. As was to be expected, the stock account at the end of the first year wore so hideous a face, that Mr Slenderstave cursed trade one hundred and fifty times, and vowed that he would abandon it, then and for ever. He did abandon it; he took lodgings, and fashioned himself into a gentleman in calling, as in everything else, with an income of about seventy five pounds per annum. Mr Slenderstave, of course, could not possibly mingle with any but the first people of Kiddywinkle, and these were for some time extremely loath to admit him into their society. Independently of his ignoble birth, and of his having just straggled out of a shop, his dandyism, arrogance, and silliness rendered him insupportable to the great of Kiddywinkle. He, however, plied the ladies incessantly. He dilated to them on silks and laces—copied for them the fashions from the newspapers—recited to them the beauties of Barry Cornwall—eulogised their taste—made verses on their charms—and dressed so divinely, that at length Mrs Smallglebe pronounced Mr Slenderstave to be an excessively learned, accomplished, genteel, and fine young man. This was sufficient, and he at once took his place in the little parlour at the Nag's Head. At the moment when the other frequenters of this parlour were sketched, he was about forty-five. A tall, slight, jointless, nerveless, spectre-looking person, no one could look on Mr Slenderstave without seeing that he was kept alive

by drugs and cordials. His sallow, fleshless face was immoderately long and angular, and it exhibited a rare combination of ghastliness, conceit, melancholy, and silliness. His dress was perfectly unique. His finances restricted him to one suit per annum, and his taste compelled him to send this suit to his tailor every month to be fashionized. The tailor lucklessly had no "town connections," and, therefore, while he was compelled to alter, he had nothing to guide him but his own fancy. Mr Slenderstave was in consequence sometimes twenty years before, and sometimes twenty years behind the fashion, but never in it, and this gave him the appearance of being an exquisite morsel of threadbare foppery, to which no one could assign a country or an era. He was now altogether a literary gentleman. He enriched the provincial paper which circulated in Kiddywinkle, with amatory and lachrymose verses almost weekly, and he was reported to be far gone with a pathetic novel.

Leonard Littlesight, Esquire, began the world as a respectable farmer, and by skill, industry, and the benign influence of high prices, he was enabled to retire at sixty, possessed of land worth five hundred per annum. He was a hale, broad, erect, vigorous man, with a plump, oval face, which exhibited a singular mixture of nerve, sternness, and benevolence. His mind was strong and shrewd, and stored with much practical knowledge of human nature, but it possessed nothing beyond what it had picked up from experience. Of books, Mr Littlesight knew, and desired to know, nothing. He was a man of mighty prejudices and singular obstinacy, but his heart nevertheless lay in the right place, and his life would have done honour to any one, save a philanthropist by profession.

Anthony Ailoften, Esquire, was a little, puny man of sixty-four, with a long, thin, sallow face, sharp nose and chin, and little, sore, weak, watery eyes, which nevertheless occasionally astonished those on whom they fell, with their brilliancy. He began life as a merchant, but his constitution could not be reconciled to the air of a town, and therefore, after a few years, rather discouraging ones with regard to profit, he abandoned business, and settled himself at Kiddywinkle upon his patrimony of two hundred per annum. He was excessively bilious, and therefore, while he was rarely seriously indisposed, he was always just sufficiently so to be discontented and peevish. Both invalids, there was this essential difference between him and Mr Slenderstave,—the one could barely keep himself out of the grave, and still he constantly affected excellent health,—the other was within two degrees of being a healthy man, and still he constantly affected grievous sickness. It was an affront to the man of bile to tell him that he looked well, it was an affront to the poet to tell him that he looked poorly. Mr Ailoften was a man of quick, powerful intellect, and of much desultory reading, and when his feelings were a little excited, a matter of frequent occurrence, he could be extremely eloquent. He would, however, only look at specks, flaws, and defects, and, consequently, his eloquence abounded in sarcasm, invective, gloom, and lamentation. His tongue was a terror to Mr Slenderstave, and, in truth, all the visitors of the parlour stood in a certain degree of awe of it, save and except Mr Littlesight.

In a divided land like this, if five people be assembled together, they are pretty sure to constitute at least two, if not five, political and other parties. Perhaps when the government has accomplished the praiseworthy work in Ireland, of conciliating, by scourging its supporters, and of eradicating party spirit by means of proclamation, statute, fine, and imprisonment, it will deign to commence the same noble work in England. Oh happy Ireland! Oh wonderful Marquis Wellesley! What prodigious fools were our forefathers, to think that the supporters of government deserved anything but scorn and contumely; and that party spirit could be wasted away by anything but coercion—that coercion was the best thing possible for keeping it at the highest point of madness! Bestir yourselves, ye conciliators, and treble the speed of your bounties!

Si bene quid facias, facias cito; nam cito factum,
Gratum erit; ingratum gratia tarda facit.

Unhappily, conciliation was unknown at Kiddywinkle, and therefore the great men of that ancient place were more or less under the influence of party spirit. Mr Smallglebe was a

Tory, a mild, pluckless, yielding, conciliating one, who flinched from argument, and not seldom made a half surrender of his principles for the sake of peace. Dr Manydraught was a furious Whig; Mr Slenderstave vibrated between Whiggism and Radicalism; Mr Littlesight was a staunch friend of the King, a sterling member of the true-blue school, who regarded every man with detestation whose loyalty was questionable; and Mr Ailoften was a decided, unbending Tory. They were as much divided on religion as on politics, and they were again split into parties with regard to the administration of the parish affairs of Kiddywinkle.

It is not for me to give a regular record of the proceedings of these illustrious personages, although such a record would be invaluable to the world at large. The labour would be too stupendous. I merely propose to give some of the more memorable debates in the little parlour, and some of the more striking of the incidents which befell them out of it. In doing this, I shall not forget the duties of the historian. I shall adhere not only to the truth, but to the naked truth. Why should I, to debase or exalt my heroes, sacrifice my own immortality?

On a certain November evening, these eminent individuals were all snugly seated round the fire of the little parlour. The wind blew fiercely from the north-west; the atmosphere was loaded with dense, sombre, closely connected clouds, and chill, raw, spleen-inspiring vapour, and the lungs seemed to inhale nothing but melancholy and wretchedness. The very fire of the parlour, instead of enlivening its visitors by genial warmth and brilliant flame, could, from the want of draught, scarcely be kept in existence. In spite of the hard names and the violent, interminable poking of Mr Ailoften, it would only exhibit a mass of sad, brown, heartless cinders, the very type of moody gloominess. All this affected the guests very sensibly, and after the first forced compliments passed, they sat in unbroken silence. Mr Smallglebe kept his spectacles levelled at the County Herald, evidently for no other purpose than to justify the inaction of his tongue. Dr Manydraught toiled at his brandy and water with speechless industry, while his eyes, though clouded, displayed unusual ferocity: the face of Mr Slenderstave was yellow and ghastly in the last degree, and his eyes were dim and half closed; he sat, or rather lay, on his chair with his head hung over its back, and his legs stretched out, to the infinite annoyance of Mr Ailoften, apparently in deep abstraction, though his frequent heavy sighs proclaimed his thoughts to be of the most dismal nature; Mr Littlesight sucked his pipe as vehemently as if he had been smoking for a wager—lamented to himself the tobacco of former times—swallowed huge draughts of ale—cursed in silence the villainy of modern brewers, and could not conceive what made him feel so unhappy; and Mr Ailoften, while his countenance displayed a double portion of gloom and irritability, wriggled about upon his seat, bit his nails, groaned in spirit, longed to throw the fire out of the window for resisting his importunities, and the legs of Mr Slenderstave after it, for crossing his own, and even almost wished, as a means of disgorging his spleen, for a quarrel with some of his companions. The prospects of the evening were of the most undesirable kind. The best that could be hoped for was a continuance of the taciturnity, for it seemed but too certain that nothing else could exclude dispute and vituperation.

It is highly probable that this taciturnity would have continued, or that it would only have been broken by widely-separated, harmless sentences, had it not been for the legs of Mr Slenderstave. This talented person sat next the wall; on his right hand sat Mr Ailoften, with his front turned as far as practicable towards the fire, and in such a position that his legs were crossed by the spread-out ones of the man of verse, and were thereby robbed of the trifling portion of warmth which was their due, and which they grievously needed. Mr Slenderstave was a person of too much refinement to be guilty of such rudeness intentionally, although he would have felt less compassion for the legs of Mr Ailoften than for those of any other man in the world. The truth is, he had been delving the whole day at his novel. He had got his heroine desperately crazed by love, had brought her to the verge of suicide, but was unable to determine

whether she should gently drown herself in some solitary brook, or majestically leap from some cliff into the ocean. On his arrival at the parlour, he felt irresistibly impelled to resume internally the discussion of this knotty point, and in doing it, he unwittingly put his legs in their offensive situation. Mr Ailoften regarded Mr Slenderstave with no affection at all; in sober truth, from the combined influence of natural antipathy, and innumerable contradictions and bickerings, he could not endure him. He looked at the legs, and then at the fire, and then again at the legs, in a way which shewed that he wished his glance could consume them. He thought he never saw such legs—such mis-shapen, stick-like, abominable ones. He glanced from them to those of Mr Smallglebe, and the latter even seemed to shew a fair portion of calf in the comparison. Fifty times was Mr Ailoften on the point of kicking them away without ceremony—fifty times was he on the point of blazing out upon Mr Slenderstave such a volley of bitter words, and as often did he restrain himself. He only resisted the last temptation by thinking, that he could remove the obnoxious limbs in a manner that would be more creditable to himself. and more galling to their owner. He rose to stir the fire—carried one foot over the offending legs, and planted it near the fender—stooped for the poker—affected to stagger—and, in recovering himself, brought the side of his other foot, the edge of his well-nailed shoe, with all his force, against the unsuspecting ankles of Mr Slenderstave. The man of verse started from his dream in agony, and breathed such a groan as pierced the hearts of all present, save Mr Ailoften.

"I beg your pardon," muttered the author of Mr Slenderstave's calamity. The words were uttered in a cool, contemptuous tone; and the eyes of the speaker, instead of beaming remorse and compassion upon the sufferer, continued to dwell complacently upon the fire. It was evident to all that there had been a great deal of intention in the business. Mr Slenderstave limped about the parlour for a moment in torture, then sunk upon a chair, gathered the ankle that had suffered the most upon his knee, rubbed it, groaned incessantly, and shewed every symptom of an approaching fainting fit. Dr Manydraught flew to his assistance with the brandy and water, and arrested the senses at the moment of their departure. The pain gradually subsided, and then Mr Slenderstave began to reflect how he should deal with the offender. He knew his man, and would perhaps have satisfied his vengeance with throwing a few ireful glances upon the back of Mr Ailoften, had it not been for the inconsiderate conduct of Dr Manydraught. "My God," said the Doctor, "what a kick!—it was enough to break a man's leg!"—Mr Slenderstave, who was rapidly recovering, now began to fear that his leg was broken: he relapsed, and when assured that his fears were groundless, he nevertheless was quite certain that he had not escaped a fractured limb through any forbearance on the part of Mr Ailoften. His courage fired by the words of the doctor descended from his eyes to his tongue;—"It was," he sighed, "most uncivil;"—he paused, but Mr Ailoften was silent:—"It was most ungentlemanly"—Mr Ailoften was still silent, "It was," raising his voice,—"most shameful,"—Mr Ailoften was silent no longer. "It is well," said that eminent individual with wonderful composure, "when the injuries which we unintentionally do to others are nothing more than the chastisement of rudeness:"—"Me rude!" exclaimed Mr Slenderstave, "well, I protest,—now, my dear doctor,—you know something of my manners; am I,"—the doctor's eyes seemed to attest his gentility:—"ha—it was—yes it was the deed of a—a—brute!" He trembled as soon as the word fell from his lips. Mr Ailoften threw upon him a glance of flame, and extreme consequences seemed to be inevitable. Mr Smallglebe started from his seat, insisted on silence, dilated on the absence of evil intention in Mr Ailoften, enlarged on the offensive nature of the term brute, procured an exchange of apologies, and restored peace.

Previously to the fracas, Mr Littlesight had asked Mr Smallglebe a dozen times if the Paper contained any news, and the reverend gentleman had as often answered that it contained none whatever. He now, however, in spite of disinclination, found it necessary to make some attempt at conversation, to remove the remains of the ill humour,

which the legs of Mr Slenderstave and the kick they had received, had jointly produced. He studied, but imagination and memory slumbered, and no topic would present itself. He seized the Paper; "We have," said he, "some news to-day, which will be highly relished by the friends of humanity:"—

Mr Littlesight seemed to be amazed; Mr Ailoften looked up in expectation, though the expression of his countenance almost terrified the pastor's tongue from farther motion; Mr Slenderstave sat like a statue in all the majesty of contemptuous disregard: "I rejoice to hear it," said the doctor, "pray give us the particulars."

"The news," said the reverend gentleman, "is not perchance fitted for the palate of those who delight in battles and victories; and it may scarcely please those whose pleasure flows from the details of party rage and contention, but to the friend of mankind—the mourner over the sufferings of others—the philanthropist."—

Mr Littlesight listened so intently, that he forgot to eject the smoke which his pipe poured into his mouth; in its endeavours to find egress, it made him cough so immoderately, that the reverend speaker was compelled to make a short pause.

"Mr Weteyes," he proceeded, "has carried a motion in the House of Commons for an inquiry into the state of certain prisons. I have actually shed tears over his speech. His descriptions of the sufferings which the wretched inhabitants of these places endure might melt a heart of marble. And then his sketches of those who have authority over them—of jailors and magistrates! They make one shudder. He is a bold man; he conceals nothing and spares no one."

"He is a fine fellow, by heaven!" cried Dr Manydraught, "a Whig; yes, no one but a Whig would have taken up a business like this."

Mr Littlesight looked inquisitively at Mr Ailoften. On all matters which savoured of politics, he carefully concealed his sentiments until he heard those of the man of bile whom he regarded as his leader. Mr Ailoften's visage shewed still darker clouds: he cast a sarcastic smile in return, which seemed to say, "Idiots," bit his lip, tapped with his toe upon the floor, and remained silent. Mr Littlesight perfectly understood him, and put on a look of important hesitation. Mr Slenderstave took his cue from the features of the man who had bruised him, and prepared himself for giving vigorous support to the pastor and doctor.

"It is a matter," said Mr Smallglebe, "with which party has nothing to do, and which ought never to be mentioned in conjunction with party titles. To restrain the abuse of authority towards the helpless, and to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, is the common duty of all, and ought to give equal pleasure to all. I perceive likewise that petitions are pouring in from all quarters for the abolition of slavery. What a glorious age we live in! Methinks the next generation of philanthropists will have nothing to do, save to raise statues to those who are now in existence."

"It is all true," said Dr Manydraught, who felt that he lacked matter to be voluble on the occasion.

"I have often in my pensive moods," sighed Mr Slenderstave, putting himself in the most sentimental posture imaginable, "placed before me the poor, broken-hearted prisoner. I have gazed upon his fine countenance—

"His graceful nose lightsomely brought
Down from a forehead of clear-spirited
thought;'—

The chill, devouring dew of hunger and despair sat upon his wasted features. Instead of the sweet, sleek-coming-on breeze of Spring, the cold damp of his dungeon visited his cheek;—instead of the soft, gladsome warblings of the lark and the thrush, the clank of chains and bolts filled his ear;—instead of light woods and clipsome hedges and freaky meadows; some delicious landscape which, composed of

——'Sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that
laughs out openly;'

his faded eye could only fall upon horrid bars and walls. He thought of his friends—his parents—his wife—his children. His eyes filled,—I could bear it no longer. I turned to his friends, they were disconsolate—to his parents, they were sinking into the grave—to his wife, young, tender, and lovely, a bright-eyed, heart-piercing counterpart of Venus; she was wan and wretched, the consumption had withered the rose on her cheek, and was preying on her vitals;—and I

turned to his children; the sweet dear rosy, little cherubs, were crowding in the most moving manner round the mother, and ceaselessly askingwhen they should see 'Papa.'—I could not—I could not—I could not—"

Mr Slenderstave was too much affected to proceed; his dolorous countenance wrinkled itself into the most startling expression of woe; he leisurely drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and applied it to his eyes with all the dignity and solemnity of tragic sorrow. Dr Manydraught was visibly moved; the eyes of Mr Smallglebe sparkled with enthusiasm; Mr Littlesight gave a prodigious hem, and looked marvellously incredulous; and Mr Ailoften pushed the poker through the fire as though he was running a man through the body, threw it down again, but said nothing.

Mr Smallglebe's feelings were too much excited, to permit him to notice the silence-inspiring looks of Mr Ailoften. "It is," said he with rapture, "a heavenly work to soothe the miseries of the criminal, and to break the fetters of the slave;—to arrest the arm of the oppressor, and to say to cruelty—Thy power is ended. Are we not all of one species? Are we not all prone to error and transgression? And—"

"Shall not villains and ruffians be wept over and assisted, because they are punished for their crimes against the innocent?" fiercely ejaculated Mr Ailoften. This worthy person, on the termination of his affair with the legs of Mr Slenderstave, resolved to have no farther quarrel with anything during the evening. He was sorely tempted by the first speech of the pastor; he was ready to break out a thousand times during that of the poet, but he nevertheless determined, that he would not be moved by anything, no matter how absurd. His resolution, however, failed him, and he involuntarily broke in upon the eloquence of the vicar, who was somewhat disconcerted by the unceremonious interruption.

"I, sir," proceeded Mr Ailoften, "can feel for the sufferings of others,—my heart can bleed over the wretched, but then, I cannot lay aside the use of my reason, even in pitying. I can mourn over the murderer's victim, but not over the murderer. I can assist the sufferers whom the robber has ruined, but not the robber who ruined them. A man must obtain my sympathy before he is a felon; he shall never gain it by becoming one."

"Sound sense—sound sense!" ejaculated Mr Littlesight.—"Those indeed," continued Mr Ailoften, "who utter this puling cant over prostitutes and ruffians, are bound to do it in consistency. The members of Parliament who blast without remorse, the characters and prospects of absent individuals, rail against laws, magistrates, and the government, and hold up the Scriptures and religion, as things not to be defended;—the editors of newspapers, who live by inculcating sedition and immorality, by teaching the ignorant to scorn their religious instructors, and to indulge their vicious appetites as they please—these persons ought, as a duty, to defend those who copy their example, to clamour for prison-luxuries for those whom they have converted into criminals, and to weep over the wretches whom they have led to the gallows. But the blackening infamy stains not my forehead, therefore, I know not the duty."

Mr Smallglebe seemed somewhat disconcerted.—Dr Manydraught slightly frowned—Mr Slenderstave pulled his handkerchief just below his eyes, and looked over it upon the speaker as though he wished to annihilate him.

The eloquence of Mr Ailoften had got vent, and it would not be restrained. "These persons," he continued, "are not, however, consistent in all things. On the Sabbath, you shall wander through the metropolis, and you shall see the printers of the newspapers actively employed in preparing the next day's publication—the editor toiling at his sheet of party fury—the servants of noblemen labouring more industriously than they have ever done during the week, in making ready magnificent entertainments; and on the very next day you shall find these papers, and noblemen declaiming with all their might against slavery, because the negro is employed on the Sunday morning! The assassin of public morals inveighs against West Indian immorality!—The man on whose estate the English labourer toils in the summer months, sixteen hours per day, execrates the ten hours per day labour of the slave!—The Irish landholder who grinds down his unhappy tenant, until he can scarcely get a potatoe to eat, and a rag to cover himself, des-

cants on the inhumanity of the Jamaica planter! The philanthropist pours his lamentations over the prison treatment of rogues and vagabonds, and in the self-same breath, destroys the reputation and peace of the innocent and worthy! Out upon the bungling mockery—the impious cheat! It is a disgrace to the English character."

"Bitter words, but true ones," exclaimed Mr Littlesight, triumphantly.

"This hypocritical philanthropy," continued Mr Ailoften, with increased vehemence, "is not confined to sect and party. Look at your Reviews—your newspapers—your poetry and novels—your Parliamentary speeches—they teem with it in sickening profusion. From what you read and hear, you would believe that there could not possibly be a suffering man in the nation. Yet why are the Irish peasantry starved? Where were the advocates of the English labourers, when they could not find employment? Who will assist the ruined tradesman? Where shall the destitute man of genius find a patron? Alas! alas! when the test is applied, we only discover that the benefactors of desert perished, when the philanthropists sprung into being."

Mr Slenderstave put his handkerchief into his pocket—reared himself up on his seat—looked excessively fierce—and made divers formidable contortions of mouth, but no sound escaped him.

"Your condemnation," said Dr Manydraught, whose visage and tone displayed anything but good humour, "is neither liberal nor just. It is levelled against the brightest characteristic of the age. I have the honour to be the warm friend of those whom you censure."

"You perhaps call yourself a philanthropist?" said Mr Ailoften, drily.

"If I do, what then?" said Dr Manydraught, reddening.

Mr Ailoften was in the exact temper for scourging and torturing, regardless of consequences. He heard with a sarcastic smile the confession. "Yes," said he, "you sign petitions for the amelioration of the criminal laws, the abolition of slavery, and I know not what;—you shudder over West Indian cruelty, and bewail the miseries of the inhabitants of prisons. The other day you horse-whipped your boy for a trifling piece of negligence, a month since, you turned a poor labourer into the streets, because he could not pay you the rent of his cottage—six months ago you ruined a tradesman, by arresting him for a sum of money which you had lent him—an unfortunate grocer lately implored you in vain, to assist him in recommencing business—this was philanthropy, unadulterated philanthropy!"

Flesh and blood could not endure this; the doctor started up in a towering passion, but he could only exclaim, "By God! sir," before his arm was seized by Mr Smallglebe. "Hear me," cried the worthy pastor, "this is the most unfortunate, of all unfortunate evenings,"—the parlour-door softly opened, and Samuel Suckdeep, the honest landlord, made his appearance. To proceed farther with the quarrel in such ignoble presence, was not to be thought of, and therefore the gentlemen composed themselves, and directed him to expound his business.

"I beg pardon, gemmen," said Sammy, with a bow of devout humility, with which his confident eye but poorly harmonized, "I beg pardon, gemmen, two poor, miserable creatures have just entered my house, a father and his daughter, who are all rags, and have not a farthing to help themselves with. The night is bad, and fast spending. I will gladly give them supper and lodging, and as the vicar there is so kind to the poor, I thought he might perhaps give them a small matter for the morrow. They are real objects—no tramps—distressed gentlefolks." Sammy muttered something more, which was not distinctly audible.

Sammy Suckdeep was in many points a worthy fellow, but he was by no means gifted with philanthropy. He had no intention of giving the wanderers anything—not a crust—but he thought if he could beg them anything of the gentlemen, it could scarcely fail of coming round into his own pocket. He made his appeal at a luckless moment, yet Mr Smallglebe's heart was always open. "Let us see them," said he, "let us inquire into their situation; if we find them deserving, they shall not leave Kiddywinkle pennyless." His friends gave a cold assent to the proposal, more to get rid of

their contention, than from feelings of benevolence.

Sammy vanished, and the wanderers speedily made their appearance. The man, on being interrogated, told in a few words his history. He had been well educated—had possessed a good fortune—had owned a flourishing business—had given his children, his daughter at his side, a boarding-school education—had been ruined—was forsaken by friends—could not find employment—had left his wife and younger children behind him, without bread to eat—and was wandering to seek work he knew not whither. His appearance fully confirmed his story. His air and address were those of the gentleman, and formed a fine specimen of modest self-possession. His cheek was hollow and wasted, and his eye sunk and faded. His coat, threadbare and full of holes and slits in all parts, still shewed that it had been cut out of superfine by fashionable hands; and his hat, bereft of down, crushed and broke, had evidently been an expensive beaver. The daughter seemed to be about eighteen; her dress was ragged, but composed wholly of worn-out finery; and her air bespoke ease and good breeding. Her eye was black and brilliant—her features were fine, and graced by an expression of sweetness which seemed ready to melt into a smile from the least encouragement. She was beautifully formed; and all could see, that if she were not lovely in her rags, her rags alone prevented her being so. She seemed to be more confident—more at ease—than her parent, but it was evidently the confidence of light spirits and cheerful innocence.

Mr Smallglebe was delighted with the worth of the appellants to his charity; Dr Manydraught was little less so; Mr Slenderstave was in heroics; Mr Littlesight had already got his hand into his pocket, and even the heart of Mr Ailoften was touched.

Mr Smallglebe, Dr Manydraught, and the two last-named gentlemen, got the man in the midst of them, and asked him ten thousand questions. While they were doing this, the poet sat behind, and cast his eyes upon the fair maiden. She returned the gaze with a smile that thrilled to the heart of Mr Slenderstave. He smiled again, and she smiled in return still more bewitchingly. He was enchanted. Step by step, she approached him during the interchange of smiles, until at last she stood at his side. He gasped out a tender inquiry—she answered in a voice of music—and he was absolutely in a delirium. Her hand hung against his arm, and seemed to invite the touch. He seized it—pressed it—put it to his heart—remembered himself, and released it. The tenderness of her tone, and the sweetness of her smiles, were now overpowering. "I will retouch the heroine in my novel," thought Mr Slenderstave. He again seized her hand, pressed, and released it. In the midst of their whispers, he felt it voluntarily moving up and down his side. "She seeks my heart," thought Mr Slenderstave—"She is smit—she loves me already;" and he sighed heavily. The eyes of the company were now turned upon them, and they separated. "Happy are they who know not misfortune and want!" sighed Mr Smallglebe, as he secretly put his half-crown in the hands of the man. Dr Manydraught held out a shilling, Mr Slenderstave another; Mr Littlesight offered two, and Mr Ailoften gave five, with an air which shewed that he was ashamed of his past harshness, and wished now to atone for it by liberality. The man seemed affected to tears, and expressed his thanks in a manner which delighted the hearts of all. The maiden shewed her gratitude in a way not less moving, and they departed.

There were at that moment twenty worthy families in Kiddywinkle, in a state of starvation, to any one of which these shillings would have been of unspeakable benefit; but then, they were not composed of strangers, of whom nothing was known.

This exercise of benevolence dispelled all remains of ill humour. The load which had sat upon the spirits vanished, and Mr Ailoften was now the very pink of kindness and pleasantry. The guests sat two hours later than usual, and thought they had never known an evening of more exquisite enjoyment.

Mr Suckdeep was at length summoned to give an account of the costs. He entered with a face of unusual solemnity. "Where are the poor sufferers?" said Mr Smallglebe. "Gone," answered Sammy, in a tone of deep vexation. "Gone at this unseasonable hour?" exclaimed the worthy vicar. "They just," said the landlord, "swal-

lowed a glass of rum a-piece; I think the man had two, and then they hastily departed; the man muttered something about his family. Ingrates—I fear they are no better than they should be."—Sammy had no right to say this, for he knew nothing against them, save that they refused to expend the money in his house which he had been instrumental in obtaining them.

"The poor fellow wished to carry his unexpected gain to his family without diminution: it raises him still higher in my opinion," said the vicar. Mr Smallglebe was now prepared to liquidate Sammy's claim. He put his hand into one breeches-pocket, and then into the other; then he searched his waistcoat pockets, then he ransacked those of his coat, and then he looked upon his friends in speechless amazement. All eyes were fixed upon him. "Are you ill?" tenderly inquired Dr Manydraught.—"I have lost my purse!" faintly groaned the pastor.—"A pickpocket!" exclaimed Mr Littlesight.—"What egregious fools have we been!" said Mr Ailoften, "and I have been the greatest."

The purse could not be found, and it seemed clear enough that it had departed with the stranger. Mr Slenderstave, who had been astounded by the loss of the vicar, now suddenly recollected himself. He put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket—to the pocket on that side where the soft hand of the lovely girl had so sweetly strayed. This pocket had been the depositary of a treasure to him invaluable. He felt—started—groaned—looked like a man overwhelmed with agony—clapped his hand on his forehead, and, exclaiming, "The witch!—the traitoress!—I am undone!—she has ruined me!" rushed out of the parlour. His friends gazed on each other for some moments in silent astonishment, and then followed him.

The details of Mr Slenderstave's mighty loss, and of the fearful consequences to which it led, must be given in another chapter.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS OF LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.*

These are the compositions of a scholar and a gentleman. There is something wild and eccentric in Mr Landor's mind, and he carries himself somewhat haughtily among opinions and events, kicking aside, without ceremony, old saws and modern instances, and laying down the law on the most difficult and important questions, with an air of fearless, and perhaps arrogant self-satisfaction but ill calculated to conciliate even the most speculative intellects, and sure to startle, offend, and repel, the more timid and cautious student of this stirring world's realities. But he is a bold and original thinker, possesses great powers of eloquence, and his acquirements are various, accurate, and extensive. Few books have been lately published fuller of thoughts and feelings, or better fitted to make the reader think and feel for himself, than these Imaginary Dialogues. Mr Landor, we fear, is sometimes a little "extravagant and erring," but never feeble or aimless; he holds intercourse with the great, or fortunate, or efficient ones of the earth, and brings them bodily and spiritually before us; and if he does not at all times clothe these shadows with the peculiar lineaments and forms that belonged to the living substances, yet we acknowledge a strong similitude, at once recognize the phantoms, admit that such were the names they bore on earth, and feel that none but a man of genius could have performed such a work.

Mr Landor has not attempted, we should think, to do his very best, in the form, style, and spirit, of that most difficult kind of composition, the Dialogue. No man can know better the prodigious and numerous difficulties of the Dialogue; and he seems in a great measure to have shunned them, contenting himself with giving a general impression of the characters and opinions of the different interlocutors, without striving to throw over them any of those varied and changeful lights, which, intermingling with each other, and fluctuating over

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* Taylor and Hessey, 1824.

all the composition, would have given both truth and beauty to each separate picture. Accordingly, the colloquies of these literary men and statesmen are often heavy and prolix. One speaker harangues until he is tired, and another takes up the discourse. Not a few of the "Conversations" are, in fact, soliloquies or monologues; and little or no dramatic power is anywhere exhibited. But it is obvious that Mr Landor has seldom attempted to do otherwise; and if he has shewn great powers in another direction, we, who are candid critics, and willing to take one good thing when we cannot get another, have perused both volumes with singular delight, and warmly recommend them to the biographical, or critical, or historical, or philosophical department, of any gentleman's library. Their miscellaneous character is such, that they cannot be altogether misplaced; not even among the divinity; although we fear Mr Walter Savage Landor, admirer as he is of Dr Southey, is not quite orthodox. This most certainly is not the Book of the Church.

The first volume is inscribed to Major-General Stopford, Adjutant-General in the Army of Columbia, and the second to General Mina. In the first dedication, Mr Landor tells us that there never was a period when public spirit was so feeble in England, or political abilities so rare. Sordid selfishness, and frivolous amusement, if not the characteristics of our country, place it upon a dead level with others. But fortunately for the Adjutant-General, "rising far above and passing far away from them," he has aided in establishing "one of those great republics which sprang into existence at the voice of Bolivar, and enjoys for his exertions the highest distinction any mortal can enjoy, his esteem and confidence." Mr Landor then tells General Stopford that he has admitted into his Imaginary Conversations, "a few little men, such as emperors and ministers of modern cut, to shew better the proportions of the great; as a painter would place a beggar under a triumphal arch, or a camel against a pyramid." The dedication to the Second Volume, to Mina, is in the same key, but powerfully and elegantly written. That an absurd spirit of exaggeration runs throughout it, may be understood from a single sentence. "Of all the generals who have appeared in our age, you have displayed the greatest genius!" Mr Landor afterwards draws the character of Napoleon, who, in his opinion, was, on the whole, a very moderate sort of a person indeed, and in genius by no means a Mina! In a preface he sneers at Mr Pitt; and as far as we can gather, is a decided enemy to the foreign and domestic policy of England, since the French Revolution. We leave Mr Landor, therefore, as a politician, to Mr Southey, and the Quarterly Review. It is with his literary merits we have now to do; and we cannot better inform the public what these are, than by quoting two of the shortest of the dialogues.*

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* Richard I. and the Abbot of Boxley—The Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney—King Henry IV. and Sir Arnold Savage—Southey and Porson—Oliver Cromwell and Walter Noble—Æschines and Phocion—Queen Elizabeth and Cecil—King James I. and Isaac Casaubon—Marchese Pallavicini and Walter Landor—General Kleber and some French Officers—Bonaparte and the President of the Senate—Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle—Peter Leopold and the President Du Paty—Demosthenes and Eubulides—The Abbe Delille and Walter Landor—The Emperor Alexander and Capo D'Istria—Kosciusko and Poniatowski—Middleton and Magliabechi.—Milton and Andrew Marvel—Washington and Franklin—Roger Ascham and the Lady Jane Grey—Lord Bacon and Richard Hooker—General Lascy and the Curate Merino—Pericles and Sophocles—Louis XIV. and Father La Chaise—Cavaliere Puntomichino and Mr Denis Eusebius Talcranagh—Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke—Andrew Hoffer, Count Metternich, and the Emperor Francis—David Hume and John Home—Prince Maurocordato and General Colocotroni—Alfieri and Salomon the Florentine Jew—Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente—Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—Lord Chesterfield and Lord Chatham—Aristoteles and Callisthenes—Marcus Tullius Cicero and his brother Quinctus.

BISHOP BURNET AND HUMPHREY HARDCASTLE.

HARDCASTLE.

I AM curious, my lord bishop, to know somewhat about the flight and escape of my namesake and great-uncle Sir Humphrey Hardcastle, who was a free-spoken man, witty, choleric, and hospitable, and who cannot have been altogether an alien from the researches of your lordship into the history of the two late reigns.

BURNET.

Why, Mr Hardcastle, I do well remember the story of that knight, albeit his manners and morals were such as did entertain me little in his favour. For he hunted, and drank, and fornicated, and (some do aver) swore, which, however, mark me, I do not deliver from my own knowledge, nor from any written and grave document. I the more wonder at him, as he had lived among the Roundheads, as they were contemptuously called, and the minister of his parish was Ezechiel Stedman, a puritan of no ill repute. Howbeit he was ensnared by his worldly-mindedness, and fell into evil courses. The Lord, who permitted him a long while to wallow in this mire, caught him by the heel, so to say, as he was coming out, and threw him into great peril in another way. For although he had mended his life, and had espoused your great-aunt Margaret Pouncey, whose mother was a Touchet, two staid women, yet did he truly, in a boozing-bout, such as some country-gentlemen I could mention do hold after dinner, say of the Duke,

James, a murrain on him, is a papist.

Now, among the others of his servants was one Will Taunton, a sallow shining-faced knave, sweaty with impudence. I do remember to have seen the said Taunton in the pillory, for some prominent part he had enacted under the Doctor Titus Oates; and a country wench, as I suppose her to have been from her apparel and speech, said unto me, plucking my sleeve, *Look, parson, Will's forehead is like a rank mushroom in a rainy morning; and yet, I warrant you, they shew it forsooth as the cleanest and honestest part about him.*

To continue: Will went straightway, and communicated the words of his master to Nicolas Shottery, the Duke's valet. Nick gave unto him a shilling, having first spatten thereon, as he, according to his superstition, said, for luck. The Duke ordered to be counted out unto him eight shillings more together with a rosary, the which, as he was afraid of wearing it (for he had not lost all grace,) he sold at Richmond for two groats. He was missed in the family, and his roguery was scented. On which, nothing was foolisher, improperer, or unreasonabler, than the desperate push and strain Charles made, put upon it by his brother James, to catch your uncle Hum Hardcastle. Hum had his eye upon him, slipped the noose, and was over into the Low-Countries.

Abraham Cowley, one of your Pindarique Lyrists, a great stickler for the measures of the first Charles, was posted after him. But he played the said Abraham a scurvy trick, seizing him by his fine flowering curls, on which he prided himself mightily, like another Absalom; cuffing him, and, some do say, kicking him in such dishonest wise as I care not to mention, to his, the said Abraham's, great incommodity and confusion. It is agreed on all hands that he handled him very roughly, sending him back to his master with a flea in his ear, who gave him but little comfort, and told him it would be an ill compliment to ask him to be seated.

"Phil White," added he, "may serve you, Cowley. You need not look back, man, nor spread your fingers like a fig-leaf on the place. Phil does not carry a bottle of peppered brine in his pocket: he is a clever, apposite, upright little prig: I have often had him under my eye close enough, and I promise he may safely be trusted on the blind side of you."

Then, after these aggravating and childish words, turning to the Duke, as Abraham was leaving the presence, he is reported to have said, I hope untruly—

"But, damn it, brother! the jest would have been heightened if we could have hanged the knave." Meaning not indeed his messenger, but the above-cited Hum Hardcastle. And on James shaking his head, sighing, and muttering his doubt of the King's sincerity, and his vexation at so bitter a disappointment—

"Oddsfish! Jim," said his Majesty, "the motion was Hum's own: I gave him no jog, upon my credit. His own choler did it, a rogue! and he would not have waited to be invested with the *order*, if I had pressed him ever so civilly. I will oblige you another time in anything, but we can hang only those we can get at."

It would appear that there was a sore and rankling grudge between them, of long standing, and that there had been divers flings and flouts backwards and forwards, on this side the water, on the

score of their mistress Poesy, whose favours to them both, if a man may judge from the upshot, left no such a mighty matter for heart-burning sand ill blood.

This reception had such a stress and stir upon the bile and spirits of Doctor Spratt's friend, (for such he was, even while writing about his mistresses,) that he wooed his Pegasus another way, and rid gentlier. It fairly untuned him for Chloes and fantastical things of all sorts, set him upon another guess scent, gave him ever afterwards a soberer and staider demeanour, and turned his mind to contentment.

HARDCASTLE.

The pleasure I have taken in the narration of your Lordship is for the greater part independent of what concerns my family. I never knew that my uncle was a poet, and could hardly have imagined that he approached near enough to Mr Cowley for jealousy or competition.

BURNET.

Indeed they who discoursed on such matters were of the same opinion, excepting some few, who see nothing before them and everything behind. These declared that Hum would overtop Abraham, if he could only drink rather less, think rather more, and feel rather rightlier: that he had great spunk and spirit, and that not a fan was left upon a lap when any one sang his airs. Poets, like ministers of state, have their parties, and it is difficult to get at truth, upon questions not capable of demonstration nor founded on matter of fact. To take any trouble about them is an unwise thing: it is like mounting a wall covered with broken glass: you cut your fingers before you reach the top, and you only discover at last that it is, within a span or two, of equal height on both sides. Who would have imagined that the youth who was carried to his long home the other day, I mean my Lord Rochester's reputed child, Mr George Nelly, was for several seasons a great poet? Yet I remember the time when he was so famous an one, that he ran after Mr Milton up Snow-hill, as the old gentleman was leaning on his daughter's arm from the Poultry, and, treading down the heel of his shoe, called him a rogue and a liar, while another poet sprang out from a grocer's shop, clapping his hands, and crying "*Bravely done! by Beelzebub! the young cock spurs the blind buzzard gallantly!*" On some neighbour representing to Mr George the respectable character of Mr Milton, and the probability that at some future time he might be considered as among our geniuses, and such as would reflect a certain portion of credit on his ward, and asking him withal why he appeared to him a rogue and liar, he replied: "I have proofs known to few: I possess a sort of drama by him, entitled Comus, which was composed for the entertainment of Lord Pembroke, who held an appointment under the king, and this very John has since changed sides, and written in defence of the Commonwealth."

Mr George began with satirizing his father's friends, and confounding the better part of them with all the hirelings and nuisances of the age, with all the scavengers of lust and all the linkboys of literature; with Newgate solicitors, the patrons of adulterers and forgers, who, in the long vacation, turn a penny by puffing a ballad, and are promised a shilling in silver, for their own benefit, on crying down a religious tract. He soon became reconciled to the latter, and they raised him upon their shoulders above the heads of the wittiest and the wisest. This served a whole winter. Afterwards, whenever he wrote a bad poem, he supported his sinking fame by some signal act of profligacy, an elegy by a seduction, an heroic by an adultery, a tragedy by a divorce. On the remark of a learned man, that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, *there is no God.* It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood upon his legs almost to the last. *Say what you will,* once whispered a friend of mine, *there are things in him strong as poison, and original as sin.* Doubts, however, were entertained by some, on more mature reflection, whether he earned all his reputation by this witticism: for soon afterwards he declared at the Cockpit, that he had purchased a large assortment of cutlasses and pistols, and that, as he was practising the use of them from morning to night, it would be imprudent in persons who were without them, either to laugh or to boggle at the Dutch vocabulary with which he had enriched our language. In fact, he had invented new rhymes in profusion, by such words as *trackschuyt, Wageninghen, Skiermonikoog, Bergen-op-Zoom,* and whatever is appertaining to the market-places of fish, flesh, fowl, flowers, and legumes, not to omit the dockyards and barracks and ginshops, with various kinds of essences and drugs.

Now, Mr Hardcastle, I would not censure this: the idea is novel, and does no harm: but why should a man push

his neck into a halter to sustain a catch or glee?

Having had some concern in bringing his reputed father to a sense of penitence for his offences, I waited on the youth likewise, in a former illness, not without hope of leading him ultimately to a better way of thinking. I had hesitated too long: I found him far advanced in his convalescence. My arguments are not worth repeating. He replied thus:—

"I change my mistresses as Tom Southern his shirt, from economy. I cannot afford to keep few; and I am determined not to be forgotten till I am vastly richer. But I assure you, Doctor Burnet, for your comfort, that if you imagine I am led astray by lasciviousness, as you call it, and lust, you are quite as much mistaken as if you called a book of arithmetic a bawdy book. I calculate on every kiss I give, modest or immodest, on lip or paper. I ask myself one question only; what will it bring me?" On my marvelling and raising up my hands, "You churchmen," he added, with a laugh, "are too hot in all your quarters for the calm and steady contemplation of this high mystery."

He spake thus loosely, Mr Hardcastle, and I confess, I was disconcerted and took my leave of him. If I gave him any offence at all, it could only be when he said, *I should be sorry to die before I have written my life*, and I replied, *Rather say before you have mended it.*

"But, doctor," continued he, "the work I propose may bring me a hundred pounds." Whereunto I rejoined, "That which I, young gentleman, suggest in preference will be worth much more to you."

At last he is removed from among the living: let us hope the best; to wit, that the mercies which have begun with man's fergetfulness will be crowned with God's forgiveness.

HARDCASTLE.

I perceive, my lord bishop, that writers of perishable fame may leave behind them something worth collecting. Represented to us by historians like your lordship, we survey a light character as a film in agate, and a noxious one as a toad in marble.

BURNET.

How near together, Mr Hardcastle, are things which appear to us the most remote and opposite! how near is life to death, and vanity to glory! How deceived are we, if our expressions are any proofs of it, in what we might deem the very matters most subject to our senses! the haze above our heads we call the heavens, and the thinnest of the air the firmament.

MIDDLETON AND MAGLIABECHI.

MAGLIABECHI.

The pleasure I have enjoyed in your conversation, sir, induces me to render you such a service, as never yet was rendered by an Italian to a stranger.

MIDDLETON.

You have already rendered me several such, M. Magliabechi, nor indeed can any man of letters converse an hour with you and not carry home with him some signal benefit.

MAGLIABECHI.

Your life is in danger, M. Middleton.

MIDDLETON.

How! impossible! I offend no one, in public or in private: I converse with you only: I avoid all others, and above all, the busybodies of literature and politics. I court no lady: I never go to the palace: I enjoy no favours: I solicit no distinctions: I am neither poet nor painter. Surely then, I, if any one, should be exempt from malignity and revenge.

MAGLIABECHI.

To remove suspense, I must inform you that your letters are opened and your writings read by the Police. The servant whom you dismissed for robbing you, has denounced you.

MIDDLETON.

Was it not enough for him to be permitted to plunder me with impunity? does he expect a reward for this villainy? will his word or his oath be taken?

MAGLIABECHI.

Gently, M. Middleton. He expects no reward; he received it when he was allowed to rob you. He came recommended to you as an honest servant by several noble families. He robbed them all, and a portion of what he stole was restored to them by the police, on condition that they should render to the Government a mutual service when called upon.

MIDDLETON.

Incredible baseness! can you smile upon it, M. Magliabechi! can you have any communication with these wretches, these nobles, as you call them, this servant, this police!

MAGLIABECHI.

My opinion was demanded by my superiors, upon some remarks of yours on the religion of our country.

MIDDLETON.

I protest, sir, I copied them in great measure from the Latin work of a learned German.

MAGLIABECHI.

True. I know the book: it is entitled *Facetiæ Facetiarum.* There is some wit and some truth in it; but the better wit is, the more dangerous is it; and Truth, like the Sun, coming down upon us too directly, may give us a brain-fever.

In this country, M. Middleton, we have *jalousies* not only to our windows, but to our breasts: we admit but little light to either, and we live the more comfortably for so doing. If we changed this custom, we must change almost every other, all the parts of our polity having been gradually drawn closer and closer, until at last they form an inseparable mass, of religion, laws, and usages. We condemn as a dangerous error the doctrine of Galileo, that the earth moves about the sun; but we condemn rather the danger than the error of asserting it—

MIDDLETON.

Pardon my interruption. When I see the doctors of your church insisting on a demonstrable falsehood, have I not reason to believe that they would maintain others less demonstrable, and more profitable?

MAGLIABECHI.

Among your other works I find a manuscript on the inefficacy of prayer. I defended you to my superiors by shewing that Cicero had asserted things incredible to himself merely for the sake of argument, and had probably written them before he had fixed in his mind the personages to whom they should be attributed in his dialogues; that, in short, they were brought forward for no other purpose than discussion and explosion. This impiety was forgiven. But every man in Italy has a favourite saint, for whose honour he deems it meritorious to draw (I had almost said the sword) the stiletto.

MIDDLETON.

It would be safer to attempt dragging God from his throne, than to split a spangle on their petticoats, or to puff a grain of powder from their perukes. This I know. Nothing in my writings is intended to wound the jealousy of the Italians. Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities calms men, in larger heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess. For which reason, with plain ground before me, I would not expatiate largely, and often made an argument, that offered itself, give way altogether and leave room for inferences. My Treatise on prayer was not to be published in my life-time.

MAGLIABECHI.

And why at any time? Is not the mind exalted by prayer, the heart purified, are not our affections chastened, our desires moderated, our enjoyments enlarged, by this intercourse with the Deity? and are not men the better, as certainly they are the happier, for a belief that he interferes in their concerns? They are persuaded that there is something conditional between them, and that, if they labour under the commission of crimes, their voice will be inaudible as the voice of one under the nightmare.

MIDDLETON.

I wished to demonstrate that we often treat God in the same manner as we should treat some doating or some passionate old man: we feign, we flatter, we sing, we cry, we gesticulate.

MAGLIABECHI.

Worship him in your own manner, according to the sense he has given you, and let those who cannot exercise that sense, rely upon those who can. Be convinced, M. Middleton, that you never will supplant the received ideas of God: be no less convinced that the sum of all your labours in this field will be, to leave the ground loose beneath you, and that he who comes after you will sink. In sickness, in our last particularly, we all are poor wretches: we are nearly all laid on a level by it: the dry rot of the mind supervenes, and loosens whatever was fixt in it except religion. Would you be so inhumane as to tell any friend in this condition, not to be comforted? so inhumane as to prove that the crucifix, which his wandering eye finds at last its resting-place, is of the very same material as his bed-post?

MIDDLETON.

Far be it from my wishes and from my thoughts, to unhinge those portals through which we must enter to the performance of our social duties: but I am sensible of no irreligion,—I acknowledge no sorrow or regret, in having attempted to demonstrate that God is totally and far removed from our passions and infirmities. I would inculcate entire resignation to the divine decrees, acquiescence in the divine wisdom, confidence in the divine benevolence. There is something of frail humanity, something of its very decrepitude, in our ideas of God: we are foolish and ignorant in the same manner, and almost to the same degree, as those painters are, who append a grey beard to

his chin, draw wrinkles across his brow, and cover him with a guady and flowing mantle. I admit the benefit and the necessity of inuring the mind to repose upon the contemplation of the divine perfections, and to purify itself by looking upwards to the purity of heaven; but I see neither wisdom nor piety in the prayers of your Capuchins and their besotted hearers to God and his Saints for a Parmesan cheese, or a new pair of breeches.

MAGLIABECHI.

Prayer, at all times serviceable, may apparently on some occasions be misapplied. Father Onesimo Sozzifante, on his return from England, presented to me a singular illustration of my remark. He had resided some years in London, as Chaplain to the Sardinian envoy; in the first floor of his lodging-house dwelt Mr Harbottle, a young clergyman, learned, of elegant manners, yet fond of fox-hunting. Inconsistencies like these are found nowhere but in your country; in others, those who have enough for one side of the character, have not enough for the opposite; you in general are sufficiently well-stored to squander much of your intellectual property, to neglect much, and to retain much.

Mutual civilities had always passed between the two ecclesiastics, and Father Onesimo had received many invitations to dinner from his neighbour. After the first, he had declined them, deeming the songs and disputations in a slight degree indecorous. The party at this was clerical; and, although he represented it as more turbulent in its conclusion than ours are, and although there were many warm disputants, chiefly on jockeys or leaders in parliament, he assured me he was much edified and pleased, when, at the removal of the dishes, all drank devoutly to old friendships. "*I thought of you,*" said he, "*my dear Magliabechi, for every one had then before his eyes the complacent guide of his youth. Mine shed a few tears; at which my friends glanced one upon another and smiled; for from an Englishman not Shakespeare, no, nor even the crucifix, can extort a tear.*"

Onesimo was at breakfast with Mr Harbottle, when an Italian ran breathless into the room, kissed the father's hand, and begged him to come instantly and attend a dying man. "*We will go together,*" said Mr Harbottle. Following their informant, they passed through several lanes and alleys, and at last mounted the stairs of a garret, in which was lying a youth, stabbed the night before by a Livornese, about one of those women who excite the most quarrels and deserve the fewest. "*Leave me for a moment,*" said Father Sozzifante, "*I must hear his confession.*" Hardly had he spoken, when out came all whom kindness or piety or curiosity had collected, and *he is in paradise!* was the exclamation. Mr Harbottle then entered, and was surprised to hear the worthy confessor ask of the dead man whether he forgave his enemy, and answer in another tone, "*Yes, father, from my heart I pardon him.*" On returning, he remarked that it appeared strange to him. "*Sir,*" answered Onesimo, "*the catholic church enjoins forgiveness of injuries.*"—"*All churches enjoin the same,*" replied Mr Harbottle. "*He was unable to speak for himself,*" said the father, "*and therefore I answered for him like a Christian.*"

Mr Harbottle, as became him, was silent. On their return homeward they passed by a place which, if I remember, is called New-gate, a gate, above which, it appears, criminals are hanged. At that very hour the cord was around the neck of a wretch who was repeating the Lord's prayer: the first words they heard were, "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" The father looked at his companion with awe, spreading his fingers on his sleeve, and pressing it until he turned his face towards him. They both pushed on; but, such was the crowd, they could not pass the suppliant before he had uttered, "*And lead us not into temptation.*" The good father stepped before Mr Harbottle, and, lifting his hand above his ears, would have said something; but his companion cried smartly, "*I have seals to my watch, Signor Sozzifante, and there is never a fellow hanged but he makes twenty fit for it; pray walk on.*" Fairly out of the crowd, "Poor sinful soul!" said the father, "ere this time thou art in purgatory! *thy* daily bread! alas, thou hast eaten the last mouthful! *thy* temptation! thou wilt find but few there, I warrant thee, my son! Even these divine words, Mr Harbottle, may come a little out of season, you perceive."

Mr Harbottle went home dissatisfied: in about an hour a friend of his from Oxford called on him: as the weather was warm, the door standing ajar, Sozzifante heard him repeat the history of their adventure, and add; "I will be damned if in my firm persuasion the fellow is not a Jesuit: I never should have thought it: he humbugged me about the dead man, and perhaps got another hanged to quiz me. Would you believe it? he has been three good years in getting up this farce, the first I have ever caught him, and the the last he shall ever catch me at."

Father Onesimo related to me these occurrences, without a word of reproach or an accent of ill humour. "The English is a strong language," said he placidly, "and the people, the least deceivers in the world, are naturally the most indignant at a suspicion of deceit. Mr Harbottle, who, I dare say, is ripened ere this time into an exemplary and holy man, was then rather fitter for society than for the church. Do you know," said he in my ear, although we were alone, "I have seen him pay his laundress (and there was nothing between them) five shillings for one week only! a sum that serves any cardinal the whole winter-quarter—in April and May indeed, from one thing or other, linen wants washing oftener."

M. Middleton, I have proved my candour, I trust, and my freedom from superstition: but he that seeks will find: and perhaps he that in obstinacy closeth his eyes long together will open them just at the moment when he shall meet what he avoided.

I will inform you of some facts I know, shewing the efficacy of prayer to saints.

Giacomo Pastrani of Genoa, a citizen not abundant in the gifts of fortune, had, however, in his possession two most valuable and extremely rare things, a virtuous wife and a picture of his patron, Saint Giacomo, by Leonardo. The wife had long been ill: her malady was expensive: their substance was diminishing: still no offers had tempted him, although many had been made, to sell the picture. At last, he refused to alienate it indeed, but in favour of a worthy priest, and only as the price of orations to the Virgin. "*Who knows how many it may require?*" said the holy man; "*and it is difficult to make an oration which the Virgin has not heard before: perhaps fifty will hardly do. Now fifty crowns would be little for such protection.*" The invalide, who heard the conversation, wept aloud. "*Take it, take it,*" said the husband, and wept too, lifting it from the nail, and kissing for the last time the glass that covered it. The priest made a genuflexion, and did the same. His orations prevailed; the wife recovered. The priest, hearing that the picture was very valuable, although the master was yet uncertain, and that in Genoa there was no artist who could clean it, waited for that operation until he went to Milan. Here it was ascertained to be the work of Leonardo, and a dealer gave him four thousand crowns for it. He returned in high glee at what had happened, and communicated it to all his acquaintance. The recovered woman, on hearing it, fell sick again immediately, and died. Wishing to forget the sacrifice of her picture, she had prayed no more to Saint Giacomo; and the Virgin, we may presume, on that powerful saint's intercession, had abandoned her.

Awful fact! M. Middleton. Now mark another perhaps more so.

Angiolina Cecci, on the day before her nuptials, took the sacrament most devoutly, and implored of our Florentine saint, Maria Bagnesi, to whose family she was related, her intervention for three blessings: that she might have one child only; that the *cavaliere servente*, agreed on equally by her father and her husband, might be faithful to her; and lastly that, having beautiful hair, it never might turn grey. Now mark me. Assured of success to her suit, by a smile, as she believed, on the countenance of the saint, she neglected her prayers and diminished her alms henceforward. The money-box, which is shaken during the celebration of mass, to recompense the priest for the performance of that holy ceremony, was shaken aloud before her day after day, and never drew a *crazia* from her pocket. She turned away her face from it, even when the collection was made to defray the arrears for the beatification of Bagnesi. Nine months after her marriage she was delivered of a female infant. I am afraid she expressed some discontent at the dispensations of Providence, for within an hour afterwards she brought forth another of the same sex. She became furious, desperate, sent the babes, without seeing them, into the country, as indeed our ladies very often do; and spake slightingly and maliciously of Saint Maria Bagnesi. The consequence was a puerperal fever, which continued several weeks, and was removed at great expense to her family, in masses, wax-candles, and processions. Pictures of the Virgin, wherever they were found by experience to be of more peculiar and more speedy efficacy, were hired at heavy charges from the convents: the Cordeliers, to punish her pride and obstinacy, would not carry theirs to the house for less than forty scudi.

She recovered; admitted her friends to converse with her; raised herself upon her pillow, and accepted some faint consolation. At last it was agreed by her physicians that she might dress herself and eat brains and liver. Probably she was ungrateful for a benefit so signal and unexpected; since no sooner did her *cameriera* comb her hair than off it came by the handful. She then perceived her error, but, instead of repairing it, abandon-

ed herself to anguish and lamentation. Her *cavaliere servente*, finding her bald, meagre, and eyesore, renewed his addresses to the mother. The husband, with two daughters to provide for, the only two ever reared out of the many entrusted to those peasants, counted over again and again the dowery, shook his head, sighed piteously, and, hanging on the image of Bagnesi a silver heart of five ounces, which, knowing it to have been stolen, he bought at a cheap rate of a Jew upon the bridge, calculated that the least of impending evils was, to purchase an additional bed just large enough for one.

You ponder, M. Middleton: you appear astonished at these visitations: you know my sincerity: you fully credit me: I cannot doubt a moment of your conviction: I perceive it marked strongly on your countenance.

MIDDLETON.

Indeed, M. Magliabechi, I now discover the validity of prayer to saints, and the danger of neglecting them. Recommend me in yours to Saint Maria Bagnesi.

All this is certainly very admirable; and we have selected these two dialogues, (if dialogues they may be called,) because in them, owing to the peculiar character of the chief speaker, Burnet and Magliabechi, great latitude in uninterrupted prosing might be properly indulged in without producing ennui, or violating the principles of this kind of composition. But Mr Landor shews his chief strength when he has to deal with the strong, and we especially admired and delighted in "Milton and Andrew Marvel," "Lord Bacon and Richard Hooker," "The Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sydney," "Kosciusko and Poniatowski." There is great ingenuity, elegance, and acuteness, in "David Hume and John Home," and a deep pathos, (a quality rarely to be found in Mr Landor's writings,) in "General Kleber and some French Officers."

Milton advises Marvel how to compose comedy, (he was then supposed to be engaged in one,) and the pure, high, and lofty spirit of the great bard is well entered into, and sustained.

After telling Marvel not to add to the immorality of the age, by representing anything of the present mode of the theatre, but to model a piece, in all parts, on the Athenian scheme, with the names, and characters, and manners of times past; because that, abundant as his countrymen are in follies, (which, rather than vices are the groundwork of comedy,) we experience less disgust in touching those of other times than our own; Milton bursts out into the following fine chain of eloquence:—

"O Andrew! although our learning raiseth up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful, yet doth it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largeness of beatitude. We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious, by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks, or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter of sailing on a wish from world to world. Surely you would turn away as far as possible from the degraded state of our country; you would select any vices and follies for description, rather than those that jostle us in our country-walks, return with us to our house-doors, and smirk on us in silks and satins at our churches.

"Come, my old friend; take down your hortus-siccus; the live plants you would gather do both stink and sting; prythee leave them to wither or to rot, or be plucked and collated by more rustic hands."

A little farther on in the dialogue, Milton delivers his opinion of Aristophanes, which, begging our admirable friend Mr Mitchel's pardon, is our own; and we thank Mr Landor for giving it such noble expression.

"His ridicule on the poetry is misplaced, on the manners is inelegant. Euripides was not less wise than Socrates nor less tender than Sappho. There is a tenderness which elevates the genius, there is also a tenderness which corrupts the heart. The latter, like every impurity, is easy to communicate; the former is difficult to conceive. Strong minds alone possess it; virtuous minds alone value it. I hold it abominable to turn into derision what is excellent. To render undesirable what ought to be desired, is the most mischievous and diabolical of malice. To exhibit him as contemptible, who ought, according to the con-

science of the exhibitor, to be respected and revered, is a crime the more odious, as it can be committed only by great violence to his feelings, against the loud reclamations of Justice, and amongst the struggles of Virtue. And what is the tendency of this brave exploit? to cancel the richest legacy that ever was bequeathed to him, and to prove his own bastardy in relation to the most illustrious of his species. If it is disgraceful to demolish or obliterate a tomb-stone, over the body of the most obscure among the dead; if it is an action for which a boy would be whipped, as guilty of the worst idleness and mischief; what is it to overturn the monument that gratitude has erected to genius, and to break the lamp that is lighted by devotion over-against the image of love? The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander; why depreciate them? To antiquity again—but afar from Aristophanes."

Fain would we make some long quotations from "The Lord Brooke, and Sir Philip Sydney;" but we have already sufficiently enriched our Number with Mr Landor's genius. The scene of this beautiful dialogue (one of the most perfect) is laid in the woods and wilds of Penshurst. What can be finer than the following pensive philosophy of Sir Philip?

"We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests; we were happy in my close winter-walk of box and laurustinus and mezereon. In our earlier days did we not emboss our bosoms with the crocuses, and shake them almost unto shedding with our transports! Ah, my friend, there is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men; yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly, but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish and the best begin anew; and we are all desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; but we should well consider to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest we shall find but a circumscribed, and very exhaustible quantity. There is a sickliness in the firmest of us, which induces us to change our side, though reposing ever so softly; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius; what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. Sometimes we are insensible to its kindlier influence, sometimes not. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us: perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with all I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are motes in the midst of generations: we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of all the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the most so: nothing is at rest within the compass of our view, except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared with the living one.

"Poets are nearly all prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty has imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind: the senses in both cases are confused and perverted."

Walter Savage Landor,—*euge et vale!*—Little wilt thou care for us or our criticisms. Why livest thou in Italy, being an English gentleman of genius, education, rank, and estate? This, perhaps, is no business of ours; yet, with all thy wayward fancies and sweeping contempts, and, shall we say it, moody bigotries, thou hast, we verily believe, an English heart; nor need England be ashamed of thee (except when thou dost unwarrantably arraign her,) wherever thy home be fixed, or in whatever tongue, (for thou hast the gift of tongues,) flow forth the continuous stream of thy written or oral eloquence. Old friend—farewell!

ON CHURCHYARDS.

Chapter I.

MANY are the idle tourists who have babbled of country churchyards—many are the able pens which have been employed on the same subjects. *One* in particular, in the delightful olio of the "Sketch-book," has traced a picture so true to nature, so beautifully simple and pathetic, that succeeding essayists might well despair of success in attempting similar descriptions, were not the theme, in fact, inexhaustible, a source of endless variety, a volume of instructive records, whereof those marked with least incident are yet replete with interest for that human being who stands alone amongst the quiet graves, musing on the mystery of his own existence, and on the past and present state of those poor relics of mortality which everywhere surround him mouldering beneath his feet—mingling with the common soil—feeding the rank churchyard vegetation—once sentient like himself with vigorous life, subject to all the tumultuous passions that agitate his own heart, pregnant with a thousand busy schemes, elevated and depressed by alternate hopes and fears—liable, in a word, to all the pains, the pleasures, and "the ills, that flesh is heir to."

The leisurely traveller arriving at a country inn, with the intention of tarrying a day, an hour, or a yet shorter period, in the town or village, generally finds time to saunter towards the church, and even to loiter about its surrounding graves, as if his nature (solitary in the midst of the living crowd) claimed affinity, and sought communion, with the populous dust beneath his feet.

Such, at least, are the feelings with which I have often lingered in the churchyard of a strange place, and about the church itself—to which, indeed, in all places, and in all countries, the heart of the Christian pilgrim feels itself attracted as towards his very home, for there at least, though alone amongst a strange people, he is no stranger: It is his father's house.

I am not sure that I heartily approve the custom, rare in this country, but frequent in many others—of planting flowers and flowering shrubs about the graves. I am quite sure that I hate all the sentimental mummery with which the far-famed burying-place of the Pere Elysée is garnished out. It is faithfully in keeping with Parisian taste, and perfectly in unison with French feeling; but I should wonder at the profound sympathy with which numbers of my own countrymen expatiate on that pleasure-ground of Death, if it were still possible to feel surprise at any instance of degenerate taste and perverted feeling in our travelled islanders—if it were not, too, the vulgarest thing in the world to wonder at anything.

The custom, so general in Switzerland, and so common in our own principality of Wales, of strewing flowers over the graves of departed friends, either on the anniversaries of their deaths, or on other memorable days, is touching and beautiful. Those frail blossoms scattered over the green sod, in their morning freshness, but for a little space retain their balmy odours, and their glowing tints, till the sun goes down, and the breeze of evening sighs over them, and the dews of night fall on their pale beauty, and the withered and fading wreath becomes a yet more appropriate tribute to the silent dust beneath. But rose-trees in full bloom, and tall staring lilies, and flaunting lilacs, and pert priggish spirafrutexes, are, methinks, ill in harmony with that holiness of perfect repose, which should pervade the last resting-place of mortality. Even in our own unsentimental England, I have seen two or three of these flower-plot graves. One in particular, I remember, had been planned and planted by a young disconsolate widow, to the memory of her deceased partner. The tomb itself was a common square erection of freestone, covered over with a slab of black marble, on which, under the name, age, &c., of the defunct, was engraven an elaborate epitaph, commemorating his many virtues, and pathetically intimating that, at no distant period, the vacant space remaining on the same marble would receive the name of "his inconsolable Eugenia." The tomb was hedged about by a basket-work of honeysuckles. A Per-

sian lilac drooped over its foot, and at the head, (substituted for the elegant cypress, coy denizen of our ungenial clime,) a young poplar perked up its pyramidical form. Divers other shrubs and flowering plants completed the ring-fence, plentifully interspersed with "the fragrant weed, the Frenchman's darling," whose perfume, when I visited the spot, was wafted over the whole churchyard. It was then the full flush of summer. The garden had been planted but a month; but the lady had tended, and propped, and watered those gay strangers, with her own delicate hands, ever more in the dusk of evening returning to her tender task, so that they had taken their removal kindly, and grew and flourished as carelessly round that cold marble, and in that field of graves, as they had done heretofore in their own sheltered nursery.

A year afterwards—a year almost to a day—I stood once more on that same spot, in the same month—"the leafy month of June." But—it was leafless there. The young poplar still stood sentinel in its former station, but dry, withered, and sticky, like an old broom at the mast-head of a vessel on sail. The parson's cow, and his half-score fatting wethers, had violated the sacred enclosure, and trodden down its flowery basket-work into the very soil. The plants and shrubs were nibbled down to miserable stumps, and from the sole survivor, the poor straggling lilac, a fat old waddling ewe had just cropped the last sickly flower-branch, and stood staring at me with a pathetic vacancy of countenance, the half-munched consecrated blossom dangling from her sacrilegious jaws. "And is it even so?" I half-articulated, with a sudden thrill of irrepressible emotion. "Poor widowed mourner! lovely Eugenia! Art thou already re-united to the object of thy faithful affection? And so lately! Not yet on that awaiting space on the cold marble have they inscribed thy gentle name. And those fragile memorials! were there none to tend them for thy sake?" Such was my sentimental apostrophe; and the unwonted impulse so far incited me, that I actually pelted away the sheep from that last resting-place of faithful love, and reared against its side the trailing branches of the neglected lilac. Well satisfied with myself for the performance of this pious act, I turned from the spot in a mood of calm pleasing melancholy, that, by degrees, (while I yet lingered about the churchyard,) resolved itself into a train of poetic reverie, and I was already far advanced in a sort of elegiac tribute to the memory of that fair being, whose tender nature had sunk under the stroke "that reft her mutual heart," when the horrid interruption of a loud shrill whistle startled me from my poetic vision, cruelly disarranging the beautiful combination of high-wrought, tender, pathetic feelings, which were flowing naturally into verse, as from the very fount of Helicon. Lifting my eyes towards the vulgar cause of this vulgar disturbance, the cow-boy (for it was he "who whistled as he went, for want of thought") nodded to me his rustic apology for a bow, and passed on towards the very tomb I had just quitted, near which his milky charge, the old brindled cow, still munched on, avaricious of the last mouthful. If the clown's obstreperous mirth had before broken in on my mood of inspiration, its last delicate glow was utterly dispelled by the uncouth vociferation, and rude expletives, with which he proceeded to dislodge the persevering animal from her rich pasture-ground. Insensible alike to his remonstrances, his threats, or his tender persuasion—to his "Whoy! whoy! old girl! Whoy, Blossom! whoy, my lady!—I say, come up, do; come up, ye plaguey baste!" Blossom continued to munch and ruminate with the most imperturbable calmness—backing and sideling away, however, as her pursuer made nearer advances, and ever and anon looking up at him with most provoking assurance, as if to calculate how many tufts she might venture to pull before he got fairly within reach of her. And so, retrograding and manœuvring, she at last intrenched herself behind the identical tombstone beside which I had stood so lately in solemn contemplation. Here—the cow-boy's patience being completely exhausted—with the intention of switching old Blossom from her last stronghold, he caught up, and began tearing from the earth, that one long straggling stem of lilac which I had endeavoured to replace in somewhat of its former position. "Hold! hold!" I cried, springing forward with the vehement gesture of impassioned feeling—"Have you no respect for the ashes of the

dead? Dare you thus violate with sacrilegious hands the last sad sanctuary of faithful love?" The boy stood like one petrified, stared at me for a moment, with a look of indescribable perplexity, then screwing one corner of his mouth almost into contact with the corresponding corner of one crinkled-up eye—at the same time shoving up his old ragged hat, and scratching his curly pate; and having, as I suppose, by the help of that operation, construed my vehement address into the language of inquiry, he set himself very methodically about satisfying my curiosity on every point wherever he conceived it possible I might have interrogated him—taking his cue, with some ingenuity from the one word of my oration, which was familiar to his ear——" Dead! Ees, Squoire been dead twelve months last Whitsuntide; and thick be his'n moniment, an' madam was married last week to our measter, an thick be our cow—"

Oh, Reader!

Is it to be wondered at, that, since that adventure, I have never been disposed to look with an *un*-glistening, and even cynical eye, on those same flower-plot graves? Nay, that, at sight of them, I feel an extraordinary degree of hard-heartedness stealing over me? I cannot quit the subject without offering a word or two of well-meant advice to all disconsolate survivors—widows more especially—as to the expediency or non-expediency of indulging this flowery grief. Possibly, were I to obey the dictates of my own tastes and feelings, I should say, "Be content with a simple record—perhaps a scriptural sentence, on a plain headstone. Suffer not the inscription to become defaced and illegible, nor rank weeds to wave over it; and smooth be the turf of the green hillock! But if—to use a French phrase—*Il faut afficher ses regrets*—if there *must* be *effect*, sentimentalities, prettinesses, urns, flowers—not only a few scattered blossoms, but a regular planted border, like the garnish of a plateau;—then, let me beseech you, fair inconsolables! be cautious in your proceedings—Temper with discreet foresight (if that be possible,) the first agonizing burst of sensibility—Take the counsels of sage experience—Temporise with the as yet unascertained nature of your own feelings—Proclaim not those vegetable vows of eternal fidelity—Refrain, at least, from the trowel and the spade—Dig not—plant not—For one year only—for the *first* year, at least—For one year only, I beseech you—sow annuals.

Chapter II.

In parts of Warwickshire, and some of the adjacent counties, more especially in the churchyards of the larger towns, the frightful fashion of black tombstones is almost universal. Black tombstones, tall and slim, and lettered in gold, looking, for all the world, like bolt upright coffin lids. I marvel the worthy natives do not go a step farther in their tasteful system, and coat their churches over with the same lugubrious hue, exempting only the brass weathercocks, and the gilded figures on the clock faces. The whole scene would unquestionably be far more in keeping, and even sublime in stupendous ugliness. Some village burial grounds have, however, escaped this barbarous adornment, and in Warwickshire particularly, and within the circuit of a few miles round Warwick itself, are very many small picturesque hamlet churches, each surrounded by its lowly flock of green graves, and grey head-stones; the churchyards, for the most part, separated only by a sunk fence or a slight railing from the little sheltered grass-plot of a small neat rectory, the casements of which generally front the long east window of the church. I like this proximity of the pastor's dwelling to his Master's house; nay, of the abode of the living to the sanctuary of the dead. It seems to me to remove in part the great barrier of separation between the two worlds. The end of life, it is true, lies before us. The end of *this* life, with all its host of vanities and perturbations;—but immediately from thence, we step upon the threshold of the holy place, before the gates of which no commissioned angel stands with a flaming sword, barring our entrance to the tree of life. It would seem to me that thus abiding, as it were, under the very shadow of the sacred walls, and within sight of man's last earthly resting-place, I should feel, as in a charmed circle, more secure from the power of evil influences, than if ex-

posed to their assaults, on the great open desert of the busy world. Therefore, I like this proximity so frequently observable in the little hamlets I have described. In one or two instances, indeed, I perceived that attempts had been made to exclude the view of the church and churchyard from the rectory windows, by planting a few clumps of evergreens, that looked as unmeaningly stuck there, as heart could wish. Miserable taste that! "but let it pass," as the Courier said lately of one of your finest poetical articles, Mr North.

I never saw a more perfect picture of beautiful repose, than presented itself to me in one of my evening walks last summer. One of the few evening walks it was possible to enjoy during the nominal reign of that freezing, dripping summer.

I came abruptly (in my evening walk, you know) upon a small church, and burial ground, and rectory, all combined and embowered within a space that the eye could take in at one glance, and a pleasant glance it was!

The east window of the church was lighted up with red and glowing refulgence—not with the gorgeous hues of artificial colouring, but with the bright banners of the setting sun; and strongly defined shadows, and mouldings of golden light, marked out the rude tracery of the low ivied tower and the heavy stone-work of the deep narrow windows, and the projections of the low massy buttresses, irregularly applied in defiance of all architectural proportion, as they had become necessary to the support of the ancient edifice. And here and there on the broken slanting of the buttresses, and on their projecting ledges, might be seen patches of green and yellow moss, so exquisitely bright, that methought the jewellery with which Aladdin enchased the windows of his enchanted palace, was dull and colourless, compared with the vegetable emeralds and topazes, wherewith "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand" had blazoned that old church. And the low head-stones also—some half sunk into the churchyard mould—many carved out into cherubims, with their trumpeters' cheeks and expanded wings, or with the awful emblems of death's-heads, cross-bones, and hour-glasses! The low head-stones, with their rustic scrolls, "that teach us to live and die," those also were edged and tinted with the golden gleam, and it stretched in long floods of amber light athwart the soft green turf, kissing the nameless hillocks; and, on one little grave in particular, (it must have been that of an infant,) methought the departing glory lingered with peculiar brightness. Oh! it was a beautiful churchyard. A stream of running water intersected it almost close to the church wall. It was clear as crystal, running over grey pebbles, with a sound that chimed harmoniously in with the general character of the scene, low, soothing, monotonous, dying away into a liquid whisper, as the rivulet shrank into a shallow and still shallower channel, matted with moss and water plants, and closely overhung by the low underwood of an adjoining coppice, within whose leafy labyrinth it stole at last silently away. It was an unusual and a lovely thing to see the grave-stones, and the green hillocks, with the very wild flowers (daisies and buttercups) growing on them, reflected in the little rill as it wound among them—the reversed objects, and glancing colours, shifting, blending, and trembling, in the broken ripple. *That* and the voice of the water! It was "Life in Death." One *felt* that the sleepers below were but gathered for a while into their quiet chambers. Nay, their very sleep was not voiceless. On the edges of the graves—on the moist margin of the stream, grew many tufts of the beautiful "Forget me not." Never, sure, was such appropriate station for that meek eloquent flower!

Such was the churchyard, from which, at about ten yards distance from the church, a slight low railing, with a latch wicket, divided off a patch of the loveliest green sward, (yet but a continuation of the churchyard turf,) backed with tall elm, and luxuriant evergreens, amongst which peeped modestly out the little neat rectory. It was constructed of the same rough grey stone with the church.—Long, low, with far projecting eaves, and casement windows facing that large east window of the church, still flaming with the reflected splendour of the setting sun. His orb was sinking to rest behind the

grove, half embowering the small dwelling, which, therefore, stood in the perfect quietness of its own shadow, the dark green masses of the jasmine clustering round its porch and windows, scarcely revealing (but by their exquisite odour) the pure white blossoms that starred "its lovely gloom."

But their fragrance floated on the gentle breath of evening, mingled with the perfume of mignionette, and the long-fingered marvels of Peru, (the pale daughters of twilight,) and innumerable sweet flowers blooming in their beds of rich black mould, close under the lattice windows. These were all flung wide, (for the evening was still and sultry,) and one opening down to the ground, shewed the interior of a very small parlour, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled bookcases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower-baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room; and at a table near the window sat a gentleman writing, (or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand,) for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady, (an elegant-looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure,) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf, her tiny feet, as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walk of life, twisting and turning with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her fair fat person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that little creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and half devoured with kisses, in an ecstacy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness, by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighbouring bay-tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and for a moment arrested its observant ear.—But for a *moment*.—The kindred natures burst out into full chorus;—the baby clapped her hands, and laughed aloud, and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts—and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined—and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of musical skill. I could have laughed, for company, from my unseen lurking-place, within the dark shadow of one of the church-buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget—one from which I could hardly tear myself away.—Nay, I did not.—I stood motionless as a statue in my dark, gray niche, till the objects before me became indistinct in twilight—till the last slanting sunbeams had withdrawn from the highest panes of the church-window—till the blackbird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still—and the mother and her nursling had retreated into their quiet dwelling—and the evening taper gleamed through the fallen white curtain, and still open window. But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in review before me. The mother, with her infant in her arms, had seated herself in a low chair within the little parlour. She untied the frock-strings—drew off that, and the second upper garments—dexterously, and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unwearied babe afforded opportunity; and then it was in its little coat and stay, the fat white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder-straps. Thus, the mother's hand slipped off one soft red shoe, and having done so, her lips were pressed, almost, as it seemed, involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to a distance the fellow shoe, and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, was hushed and quieted, but not yet to rest; the night dress was still to be put on—and the little crib was not there—not yet to rest—but to the mighty duty already required of young Christians. And in a moment it was hushed—and in a moment the small hands were pressed together

between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eyes were raised and fixed upon the mother's eyes, (there beamed, as yet, the infant's heaven,) and one saw, that it was lisping out its unconscious prayer—unconscious, not surely unaccepted. A kiss from the maternal lips was the token, of God's approval; and then she rose, and gathering up the scattered garments in the same clasp with the half-naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervour of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew with her little one—and then the curtain fell, and, still I lingered—for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps—a few notes of the harp, a low prelude stole sweetly out—a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones with a simple quiet accompaniment, swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage, and around it, and the perfect silence, and the deepening shadows, brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear cloudless Heaven, and the bright reflection of one, danced and glittered like a liquid fire-fly, on the ripple of the stream, just when it glided into a darker deeper pool, beneath a little rustic foot-bridge, which led from the churchyard into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighbouring hamlet.

On that bridge I stopt a minute longer, and yet another and another minute, for I listened to the voice of the running water; and methought it was yet more mellifluous, more soothing, more eloquent, at that still shadowy hour, when only that little star looked down upon it, with its tremulous beam, than when it danced and glittered in the warm glow of sunshine. There are hearts like that stream, and they will understand the metaphor.

The unutterable things I felt and heard in that mysterious music!—every sense became absorbed in that of hearing; and so spell-bound, I might have staid on that very spot till midnight, nay, till the stars paled before the morning beam, if the deep, solemn sound of the old church-clock had not broken in on my dream of profound abstraction, and startled me away with half incredulous surprise, as its iron tongue proclaimed, stroke after stroke, the tenth hour of the night.

A.

POMPEII.

Panoramas are among the happiest contrivances for saving time and expense in this age of contrivances. What cost a couple of hundred pounds and half a year half a century ago, now costs a shilling and a quarter of an hour. Throwing out of the old account the innumerable miseries of travel, the insolence of public functionaries, the roguery of innkeepers, the visitations of banditti, charged to the muzzle with sabre, pistol, and scapulary, and the rascality of the custom-house officers, who plunder, passport in hand, the indescribable *desagremens* of Italian cookery, and the insufferable annoyances of that epitome of abomination, an Italian bed.

Now the affair is settled in a summary manner. The mountain or the the sea, the classic vale or the ancient city, is transported to us on the wings of the wind. And their location here is curious. We have seen Vesuvius in full roar and torrent, within a hundred yards of a hackney-coach stand, with all its cattle, human and bestial, unmoved by the phenomenon. Constantinople, with its bearded and turbaned multitudes, quietly pitched beside a Christian thoroughfare, and offering neither persecution nor proselytism. Switzerland, with its lakes covered with sunset, and mountains capped and robed in storms; the adored of sentimentalists, and the refuge of miry metaphysics; the *Demisolde* of all nations, and German geology—stuck in a corner of a corner of London, and forgotten in the tempting vicinage of a cook-shop;—and now Pompeii, reposing in its slumber of two thousand

years, in the very buzz of the Strand. There is no exaggeration in talking of those things as really existing. *Berkley* was a metaphysician; and therefore his word goes for nothing but waste of brains, time, and printing-ink; but if we have not the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and the bricks and mortar of the little Greek town, tangible by our hands, we have them tangible by the eye—the fullest impression that could be purchased, by our being parched, passported, pummelled, plundered, starved, and stenched, for 1200 miles east and by south, could not be fuller than the work of Messrs Parker's and Burford's brushes. The scene is absolutely alive, vivid, and true; we feel all but the breeze, and hear all but the dashing of the wave. Travellers recognize the spot where they plucked grapes, picked up fragments of tiles, and fell sick of the *miasmata;* the draughtsman would swear to the very stone on which he stretched himself into an ague; the man of half-pay, the identical *casa* in which he was fleeced into a perfect knowledge that roguery abroad was as expensive as taxation at home.

All the world knows the story of Pompeii; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of these delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the commonplaces of poetry in all the northern abusers of the pen; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman; until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted into the centre of a colony, and man, finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, to be at once extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, and to live when Rome was a nest of monks and mummers, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of her feet. In the year of the Christian era 63, an earthquake shewed the city on what tenure her lease was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of hasty repair are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks; until, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, and on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, and the whole southern coast was covered with the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable foundation for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep; or roasted *sub aere aperto;* but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial. To those who look upon it now in its terrors, grim, blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid of three thousand feet high, painted over with garden, forest, vineyard, and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonnades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticos, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunrise, noon, and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet let down from the steps of a throne,—all this was turned into cinders, lava, and hot-water, on (if we can trust to chronology) the first day of November, anno Domini 79, in the first year of the Emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters; or, if the illustration of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius,* be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy of the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The Continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor, had their

share; the sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come.

At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky was stained with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered over with sand, charcoal, and smoke; and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

All was then at an end with the cities below; the population were burnt, and had no more need of houses. The Roman nobles had no passion for combustion, and kept aloof; the winds and rain, robbers, and the *malaria*, were the sole tenants of the land; and in this way rolled fifteen hundred years over the bones of the vintners, sailors, and snug citizens of the Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come; and their beds were to be perforated by French and Neapolitan pick-axes, and to be visited by English feet, and sketched and written about, and lithographed, till all the world wished that they had never been disturbed. The first discoveries were accidental, for no Neapolitan ever struck a spade into the ground that he could help, nor harboured a voluntary idea but of macaroni, intrigue, monkery, or the gaming-table. The spade struck upon a key, which, of course, belonged to a door, the door had an inscription, and the names of the buried cities were brought to light, to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of the blue-stockings of the 17th century, and all others to come, and the thankless, reckless, and ridiculous profit of that whole race of rascality, the guides, cicerones, abbés, and antiquarians.

But Italian vigour is of all things the most easily exhausted, where it has not the lash or the bribe to feed its waste, and the cities slumbered for twenty years more, till, in 1711, a duke, who was digging for marbles to urn into mortar, found a *Hercules*, and a whole heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a little temple. Again, the cities slumbered, till, in 1738, a King of Naples, on whom light may the earth rest, commenced digging, and streets, temples, theatres opened out to the sun, to be at rest no more.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in historians, that we can scarcely estimate the actual human suffering, which is, after all, almost the only thing to be considered as a misfortune. It is probable that the population of, at least, Pompeii had time to make their escape. A pedlar's pack would contain all the valuables left in Pompeii; and the people who had time thus to clear their premises, must have been singularly fond of hazard if they staid lingering within the reach of the eruption. But some melancholy evidences remain that all were not so successful. In one of the last excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with their ornaments, bracelets, and rings, and with their little hoard of coins in gold and silver. They had probably been suffocated by the sulphureous vapour. In a wine-cellar, known by its jars ranged round the wall, a male skeleton, supposed to be that of the master, by his seal-ring, was found as if he had perished in the attempt at forcing the door. In another, a male skeleton was found with an axe in his hand, beside a door which he was breaking open. In a prison, the skeletons of men chained to the wall were found. If it were not like affectation to regret agony that has passed away so long, it might be conceived as a palliation of that agony, that it was probably the work of a moment, that the vapour of the eruption extinguished life at once, and that these unfortunates perished, not because they were left behind in the general flight, but were left behind because they had perished.

A large portion of Pompeii is now uncovered. This was an easy operation, for its covering was ashes, themselves covered by vegetable soil, and that again covered by verdure and vineyards. Herculaneum reserves its developement for another generation; its cover is *lava*, solid as rock; and that again covered with two villages and a royal palace; and the whole under the protection of a still surer guard, Neapolitan stupidity, poverty, and in-

dolence. The Panorama gives a striking coup-d'œil of one of the two great excavations of Pompeii. The Forum, the narrow streets, the little Greek houses, with their remnants of ornamental painting, their corridores and their tesselated floors, are seen, as they might have been seen the day before the eruption. The surrounding landscape has the grandeur that the eye looks for in a volcanic country. Wild hills, fragments of old lavas, richly broken shores, and in the centre the most picturesque and sublime of all volcanoes, Vesuvius, throwing up its eternal volumes of smoke to the heavens.

LAMENT FOR INEZ.

Oh thou! who in my happier days
  Wert all to me that earth could hold,
And dearer to my youthful gaze
  Than tongue can tell, or words have told,
Now, far from me, unmark'd and cold,
  Thine ashes rest—thy relics lie;
And mouldering in earth's common mould
  The frame that seem'd too fair to die!

The stranger treads my haunts at morn,
  And stops to scan upon the tree
Letters by Time's rude finger worn,
  That bore the earthly name of thee.
To him 'tis all unknown; and he
  Strays on amid the woodland scene;
And thou, to all alive but me,
  Art now as thou hadst never been.

Ah! little didst thou think, when I
  With thee have roam'd at eventide,
Mark'd setting sun, and purpling sky,
  And saunter'd by the river's side,
And gazed on thee—my destined bride—
  How soon thou should'st from hence depart,
And leave me here without a guide,—
  With ruin'd hopes, and broken heart.

Oh, Inez! Inez! I have seen,
  Above this spot where thou art laid,
Wild flowers and weeds all rankly green,
  As if in mockery wild display'd!
In sombre twilight's purple shade,
  My steps have to thy grave sojourn'd;
And as I mused o'er hopes decay'd,
  Mine eyes have stream'd, my heart hath burn'd.

I thought of days for ever fled—
  When thou wert being's Morning-Star
I thought of feelings nourished
  In secret, mid the world's loud jar!
I thought, how, from the crowd afar,
  I loved to stray, and for thee sigh;
Nor deem'd, when winds and waves a bar
  Between us placed, that thou should'st die.

I saw thee not in thy distress,
  Nor ever knew that pale disease
Was preying on that loveliness,
  Whose smiles all earthly ills could ease;
But, when afar upon the seas,
  I call'd thy magic form to mind,
I little dreamt that charms like these
  Were to Death's icy arms resign'd.

Now years have pass'd—and years may pass—
  Earth not a fear nor charm can have,
Ah! no—I could not view the grass,
  That revels rustling o'er thy grave!
My day is one long ruffled wave;
  The night is not a lake of rest;
I dream, and nought is with me, save
  A troubled scene—Despair my guest;

Or if, mayhap, my slumbering hour
  Should paint thee to mine arms restored,
Then, then, the bliss-fraught dream has power
  A moment's rapture to afford;
Mirth cheers the heart, and crowns the board;
  My bosom's burden finds relief;
I breathe thy name—but at that word
  I wake to darkness, and to grief!

Well—be it so—I would not lose
The thoughts to thee that madly cleave,
For all the vacant mirth of those,
Who, heartless, think it wrong to grieve;
No—nought on earth can now retrieve
The loss my soul hath felt in thee;
Such hours of foolish joy would leave
More darkness in my misery!

Inez, to me the light of life
Wert thou, when youth's fond pulse beat high,
And free from care, and free from strife,
Day follow'd day without a sigh;
All that could bless a mortal eye,
All that could charm th' immortal mind;
And wean from frail variety,
Were in thy form and soul combin'd.

Though angel now, thou yet may'st deign
To bend thy radiant look on me,
And view the breast where thou did'st reign,
Still pining in its love for thee;
Then, let me bead to Heaven's decree,
Support this drooping soul of mine;
And, since to thine it may not flee,
Oh! teach me humbly to resign!

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THE LATE MISS SOPHIA LEE.

In the obituary, our readers will, we are persuaded, see with regret the name of Sophia Lee, author of "the Chapter of Accidents," "Recess," &c. Those amongst them who recollect the great success of these works, as well as their striking and original merit, will wonder that a writer, who, at an early age, could thus secure the admiration of the public, should have had self-command enough not to devote her after-life to that which was evidently both her taste and talent; but the correct judgment and singular prudence of Miss Lee early induced her to prefer a permanent situation and active duties to the dazzling, but precarious, reputation of a popular author. Together with her sisters, one of whom had also a literary talent, she established a seminary at Bath for the education of young ladies; and her name, like that of Mrs Hannah More, in a similar situation at Bristol, gave a distinction to it which it is to be wished was always as well deserved in every establishment of the kind. At intervals, however, she still found relaxation in the indulgence of her genius; and among her later productions, the tragedy of "Almeyda, Queen of Grenada," and the "Canterbury Tales," in which she associated herself as a writer with her sister, are most admired; and these, with the "Life of a Lover," and a ballad called the "Hermit's Tale," were all the works she ever published.

On the 13th of March, she closed a long and meritorious life with pious resignation, preserving almost to the last those strong intellectual powers, and that tenderness of heart, which rendered her valuable to the public, and deeply regretted, not only by her relatives, but by all to whom she was personally known.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Proposals have been issued for publishing Twelve Views of Calcutta and its Environs, from Drawings executed by James B. Fraser, from Sketches made on the spot. The Plates will be engraved in the very best style of Aquatinta, by R. Havell, and coloured to represent Drawings; the size 17 inches by 11, mounted in the best manner, at the rate of 2*l.* for each number.

A new Translation of Josephus, the Jewish Historian, is preparing for publication.

Captain Brook is preparing for the press, a Narrative of a Short Residence in Norwegian Lapland, with an Account of a Winter Journey, performed with Rein-deer, through Norwegian Russia and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous Plates, and various Particulars respecting the Habits of the Laplanders.

The First Part of the Irish Ecclesiastical Register, edited under the sanction of the Board of First Fruits. By John C. Brook, A. M. To be concluded in Four Parts.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Works, of the late celebrated Sculptor, Antonio Canova; with an Historical Sketch of Modern Sculpture; from original documents and observations, collected during a recent Tour in Italy; by J. S. Memes, Esq., A. M., are now in the press.

Shortly will be published, The Laws of the British West India Colonies, synthetically arranged, containing the Laws of the Legislatures of the different Islands, with the Acts of the English Parliament, and the Judicial Decisions of the English Courts, relative to the West Indies. By George Robinson, Solicitor.

In the press, Schweighæuser Lexicon Herodoteum. The above will be printed uniformly with all the late editions of Herodotus, printed in England.

Mrs Henford is about to publish a Compendious Chart of Ancient History and Biography, designed principally for the use of young persons.

The Prophecy, an Historical Romance, will shortly appear.

Mountain Rambles, and other Poems, by G. H. Storie, are announced.

Poems, by Thomas Wilkinson, are in the press.

The Diary of Henry Tèonge, a Chaplain on board the English Frigate *Assistance*, from 1675 to 1679; containing a Narrative of the Expedition against Tripoli in 1675, Descriptions of the Remarkable Places at which the Frigate touched, and the most curious Details of the Economy and Discipline of the Navy in the time of Charles II.

A work entitled, The Family Picture Gallery; or, Every Day Scenes, drawn by many close observers, is in the press.

Observations on a Bill now before Parliament, for the Consolidation and Amendment of the Laws relating to Bankrupts, and on the Law of Insolvency. By J. S. M. Fonblanque.

The complete Works of the Rev. Philip Skelton, of Trinity College, Dublin, with Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. Samuel Burdy, A.B.

Arom Smith's Narrative of the Sufferings he underwent during his Captivity among the Pirates in the Island of Cuba, is now in the press.

Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy, by the Author of Recollections of the Peninsula, will soon appear.

The Principles of Medical Science and Practice, deduced from the Phenomena observed in Health and in Disease.

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, in the year 1823, and Researches among the Vaudois, with Illustrations of the History of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps; with an Appendix, containing important Documents from Ancient MSS. By the Rev. W. S. Gilly.

Letters to the Right Hon. Sir John Newport, Bart., on Fees in Courts of Justice, and the Stamp Duties on Law Proceedings, by James Glassford, Esq., is now in the press.

Captain Wallace is about to publish Memoirs of India, comprising a brief Geographical Account of the East Indies, and a succinct History of Hindostan, from the early ages to the end of the Marquis of Hastings's Administration in 1823; designed for the use of young men going out to India.

A Familiar and Explanatory Address to Young, Uninformed, and Scrupulous Christians, on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper.

Liturgical Considerations, or an Apology for the Daily Service of the Church, contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Mr Solomon Bennett has issued the Prospectus of a work to be entitled, The Temple of Ezekiel, or an Illustration of the 40th, 41st, and 42d Chapters of Ezekiel.

Ellen Ramsey, a Tale of Fashionable Life, is announced for speedy publication.

The Laws of the British West India Colonies, synthetically arranged, by Geo. Robinson, Esq., will soon appear.

Poetic Vigils, by Bernard Barton, is in the press.

The Demon Dwarf, by the Author of the Syren of Venice.

The Author of Calthorpe has a Romance in the press, entitled the Witch Finder.

Idwal, a Poem, in Three Cantos, is announced.

Mr Bewicke has in the press, a Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurances, Bottomry, and Respondensia; containing Practical Rules for effecting Insurances, and for the adjustment of all kinds of Losses and Averages.

The Christian Father's Present to his Children. By the Rev. J. A. James.

A Work is in preparation, under the title of the Classical Cyclopædia, which seems likely to supply a desideratum in our literature. It is to contain, in a neat form, and at a very moderate price, the substance not only of what has been written, but of what has been drawn and engraved, in illustration of the Customs, Manners, and History of the Ancient Nations. It promises to be of general interest, from the nature of the subjects and the number of the plates, and of importance in the Schools, by the introduction of notes with copious classical references.

Mr Pringle of Cape Town is preparing for publication some account of the present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a volume of Sermons. By the late Rev. James Richard Vernon, assistant-preacher at St Paul's, Covent-Garden, and evening lecturer of St Mary-le-bone, Cheapside.

J. H. Wiffen's completed Translation of Tasso is in the press, and in a state of great forwardness. The First Volume will be issued to subscribers the latter end of April, printed from types cast expressly for the work, and embellished with Ten fine Engravings on wood, from designs by Mr Corbould, and a Portrait of Tasso, from an original painting presented to the Author. By W. Roscoe, Esq.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Cross and the Crescent; an heroic metrical romance, partially founded on Mathildi. By the Rev. James Beresford, M. D. Rector of Kibworth, Leicestershire, late Fellow of Merton College.

A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the proposed Annexion of the King's Library to that of the British Museum. By one of the People.

In One Volume, foolscap, The Loves of the Colours, and other Poems.

Mr Jennings, who recently published Doctor Meyrick's splendid volumes on Ancient Armour, has in the press a new work on European Scenery, by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards. It will comprise a selection of Sixty of the most Picturesque Views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium, and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his French and German Scenery. The first Artist of the Metropolis having been engaged to Engrave the Plates, and the most literal plan having been adopted, it is confidently trusted, that, in point of execution, this will far surpass his former works. The First Number will appear on the first of May.

EDINBURGH.

The Devil's Elixir; extracts from the Posthumous papers of Brother Medardus, a Capuchin. In two vols. 12mo.

An Account of the Life and Writings of the late Thomas Brown, M.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, will soon be published by the Rev. D. Welsh.

Traditions of Edinburgh, or Legends and Anecdotes respecting the City in former times, are preparing.

A Treatise on Mineralogy. By Fred. Mohs. Translated from the German, by William Haidinger. In 2 vols. post 8vo, with numerous Figures.

The Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackadder. By Andrew Crichton, S.T.P. In 12mo.

Speedily will be published, Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery, a Poem, in 365 Cantos. By Isaac Brown, late Manufacturer in the Plunkin of Paisley; with Curious Notes, by Cornelius MacDirdum, Ludimagister and Session Clerk. —"What do you lack, gentlemen, what do you lack? Any fine fancies, figures,

humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies, waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers? What do you lack?"—*Johnson's Magnetick Lady.*

Speedily will be published, Egmont, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, translated from the German of Goëthe.

The Rev. Robert Burns, Minister of St George's Church, Paisley, has a work in the press, on the subject of Pluralities in the Church of Scotland; exhibiting a view of their History in general—their inconsistency with the due discharge of Pastoral Obligations—the light in which they have been viewed by the Reformed Churches at large, and by the Church of Scotland in particular—and the power of the Church to put them down.—The work will also contain a particular examination of the Act of Assembly, 1817; and a review of the whole controversy regarding the appointment of Principal M'Farlane to the Inner High Church of Glasgow. The work is expected to be ready about the middle of March.

Dr Kennedy, of Glasgow, has in the press, a work to be entitled, Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease; comprehending Popular Rules for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicines; together with a variety of Prescriptions adapted to the use of the Nursery.—This work will form a neat volume in 12mo. of about 250 pages. It will be ready for publication in the early part of next month

Mr William Knox has in the press, a volume of Sacred Lyrics, entitled, Songs of Israel, which will be published in a few weeks by JOHN ANDERSON, jun., 55, North Bridge Street, Edinburgh.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

Part I. of an Historical, Antiquarian, and Topographical Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth, Surrey, accompanied by a Plan. 2s. 6d. each part.

Part I. of Monumental Antiquities of Great Britain, from Drawings by E. Blore.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Rossini, by the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Nugæ Chirurgicæ, or a Biographical Miscellany, illustrative of a Collection of Professional Portraits. By William Wadd, Esq., F.L.S.

Life of Joseph Brasbridge, Silversmith, of Fleet-street. 8s.

Vol. V. of Sir John Fenn's Original Letters.

EDUCATION.

A Concise New Gazetteer of the World, for the use of Schools, describing the respective Situation, Extent, and Boundaries, of its great Natural Features and Political Divisions. By C. Earnshaw. 6s.

Traduction Francaise, ou Clef du Manuel Epistolaire, a l'usage des Jeunes Demoiselles Anglaises. Par Mme. De Froux, Native de Paris. 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

An Easy and Familiar Drawing-Book, systematically arranged; chiefly intended to assist Beginners; with Illustrative Remarks, on the First Rudiments of Landscape Drawing, and Practical Perspective. By John Marten. 1s.

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A Portrait of Mrs Hannah More, from a Picture in the possession of Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., M.P. Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, A. R. A.; and Engraved, in the line manner, by W. H. Worthington. Proof impressions, on India paper, 2*l.* 2s.; Prints, 1*l.* 1s.

Thirty-five Views on the Thames, at Richmond, Eton, Oxford, and Windsor; drawn by W. Westall, Esq., A. R. A.—Any Number of this work may be purchased separately, price 9s. each, or on India paper, price 12s. 6d.

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A Treatise on the Law of Actions on Statutes, Remedial as well as Penal, in

general; and on the Statutes respecting Copyright; for offences against the Law concerning the Election of Members to Parliament; against the Hundred; and against Sheriffs or their Officers. By Isaac 'Espinasse.

A Few Remarks on the Question of the Right to Publish the Proceedings on the Coroner's Inquisition, with an Examination of the Case of the King v. Fleet.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY

A Short Treatise on Operative Surgery, describing the principal Operations as they are practised in England and France. By Charles Averill, Surgeon, Cheltenham. 6s.

Observations and Cases, illustrative of the Efficacy of Oxygen or Vital Air in the Cure of Cancerous and other Glandular Enlargements. By Daniel Hill, M. D. 2s.

The New London Dispensatory; containing a translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of 1824. By Thomas Cox, M. D.

A Treatise on the Radical Cure of Rupture By Wm. Dufour. 5s.

A Translation of the New Pharmacopœia of the London College of Physicians for the present year. By a Scotch Physician, resident in London. 3s. 6d.

Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis. MDCCCXXIV.

MISCELLANIES.

The Privileges of the University of Cambridge; in a Chronological Series, from the Earliest Times; together with additional Observations on its History, Antiquities, Biography, and Literature, including Accounts of some Libraries and curious Books and Manuscripts in them. By George Dyer, Author of the History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge. In two vols. L.2, 2s.

A Plan for the Establishment of a National Bank. By the late David Ricardo, Esq. M. P. 2s. 6d.

The Annual Army List, with an Index.

Letter to the Hon. J. Abercrombie, M. P. on the New Irish Tithe Bill. By ———

The West India Colonies: the Calumnies and Misrepresentations circulated against them by the Edinburgh Review, Mr Clarkson, Mr Cropper, &c. Examined and Refuted. By James M'Queen.

On Delights, their Origin, Variety, Uses, and Ends, together with the important Duties to which they point. By the Rev. J. Clowes, M. A. 3s.

Cheap Charity; a Dialogue on the present condition of the Negroes; being an endeavour to shew their real state in the West India Colonies, the exertions made by their owners for their improvement, and the mistaken opinions which prevail generally on the subject.

The Correspondence between John Gladstone, M. P. and James Cropper, Esq., on the Present State of Slavery in the British West Indies, and in the United States of America; and on the Importation of Sugar from the British Settlements in India. With an Appendix, containing several Papers on the Subject of Slavery.

Observations on the Vagrant Act, and some other Statutes, and on the office and powers of Justices of the Peace. By John Adolphus, Esq.

A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, so far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation; to the Repression and Abolition of the Slave Trade. &c. Compiled from Authentic Documents. By Lewis Hertslet, Esq. 2 vols. L. 1, 4s.

The Belise Merchants Unmasked; or, a Review of the late Proceedings against Poyais; from information and authentic documents gained on the spot during a visit to those parts, in the months of August and September 1823. By Colonel G. A. Lowe, late Commandant of the Cavalry of the British Legion, and Chief of the Staff to that Division in the service of Colombia. Price 2s. 6d.

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Reflections on the Lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley.

An Essay on the Inventions and Customs of Both Ancients and Moderns in the Use of Inebriating Liquors; interspersed with interesting Anecdotes, illustrative of the Manners and Habits of the principal Nations in the World. By Samuel Morewood. 12s.

Observations on the State of the Wine Trade; occasioned by the perusal of a Pamphlet on the same subject, by Mr Warre, addressed to his Majesty's Ministers. By Fleetwood Williams.

An Appeal and Caution to the British Nation; with Proposals for the immediate or gradual Emancipation of the Slaves. "Indemnity must precede Emancipation." By a Member of the Dominica Legislature.

Considerations on the State of the

Continent since the Last General Peace; being an Exposition of the Character and Tenets of the different Political Parties. By the Author of "Italy and the Italians in the 19th Century." 7s.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Geo. Canning, on the Composition of the Austrian Loan, the West India Question, Affairs of Ireland, and other important facts.

No. 1. of the Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academical Register.

Thoughts on the Funding System and its Effects.

Substance of a Speech delivered at a Public Meeting of the Inhabitants of Norwich, on the subject of British Colonial Slavery. By Joseph John Gurney. 1s.

The second Livraison of George Cruikshank's Points of Humour.

The Fifth Report of the Prison Discipline Society.

In One Volume 8vo, An Essay on the Relation of Cause and Effect in refutation of the Opinions of Mr Hume, with Observations upon some passages in the works of Dr Brown and Mr Lawrence.

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A Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Editor of the Edinburgh Review, on the Evidence in support of a Continuation of Miraculous Powers in the Church; partly intended as an Answer to the Third Article of the Seventy-seventh Number of said Work, on the Miracles ascribed to Prince Hohenlohe. 3s.

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The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal, (No. LXXVIII.) January, 1824.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1822; one large volume 8vo., closely printed in double columns. 1*l.* 1s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*April* 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 36s. 6d.	1st,...33s. 6d:	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.
2d, ...33s. 0d.	2d, ...30s. 0d:	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d, ...32s. 0d.	3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.

Average £1, 12*s.* 6*d.* 9-12ths.

Tuesday, April 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 20s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*April* 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...37s. 0d.	1st, ... 34s. 0d.	1st; ...24s. 0d.	1st, ...22s. 0d.	1st, ...23s. 0d.
2d, ...32s. 0d.	2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d, ...20s. 0d.	2d, ...21s. 0d.
3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d, ... 26s. 0d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.	3d, ...18s. 0d.	3d, ...19s. 0d.

Average L. 1, 11*s.* 7*d.* 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended April 8.

Wheat, 64s. 6d.—Barley, 34s. 5d.—Oats, 24s. 2d.—Rye, 47s. 7d.—Beans, 38s. 5d.—Pease, 37s. 3o.

London, Corn Exchange, April 5.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	64 to 72	Maple, new	— to —
Fine ditto . .	52 to 56	White pease .	37 to 39
Superfine ditto	58 to 64	Ditto, boilers .	40 to 42
Ditto, new . .	44 to 50	Small Beans, new	41 to 46
White, old .	50 to 78	Ditto, old . .	45 to 49
Fine ditto . .	52 to 56	Tick ditto, new	36 to 40
Superfine ditto	58 to 64	Ditto, old . .	41 to 43
Ditto, new .	50 to 54	Feed oats . .	18 to 21
Rye	38 to 42	Fine ditto . .	22 to 24
Barley, new .	30 to 32	Poland ditto .	20 to 22
Fine ditto . .	33 to 35	Fine ditto . .	23 to 27
Superfine ditto	38 to 40	Potato ditto .	21 to 25
Malt	53 to 56	Fine ditto . .	26 to 28
Fine	58 to 63	Scotch . . .	30 to 32
Hog Pease .	33 to 36	Flour, per sack	55 to 60
Maple . . .	36 to 39	Ditto, seconds	50 to 53

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Must. White, .	7 to 10 0	Hempseed .	— to — 0
— Brown, new	10 to 14 0	Linseed, crush.	42 to 50 0
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 4 0	— Ditto, Feed	50 to 54 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	43 to 46 0	Rye Grass, .	24 to 35 0
Turnips, bsh.	9 to 12 0	Ribgrass, . .	21 to 33 0
— Red & green	— to — 0	Clover, red cwt.	33 to 73 0
— Yellow,	0 to 0 0	— White . . .	60 to 91 0
Caraway, cwt.	46 to 50 0	Coriander . .	8 to 11 0
Canary, per qr.	53 to 58 0	Trefoil	2 to 18 0

Rape Seed, per last, £23 to £26, 10s.

Liverpool, April 9.

	s. d.		s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.		Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng. new	9 6 to 10 9	Sweet, W.S.	27 0 to 30 0
Foreign . .	9 9 to 11 3	Do. inbond	— 0 to — 0
Waterford	8 6 to 9 3	Sour free .	— 0 to — 0
Drogheda	8 6 to 9 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb	
Dublin	8 3 to 9 3	English	50 0 to 36 0
Scotch old	9 6 to 11 0	Scotch . .	— 0 to — 0
Irish old .	9 0 to 10 3	Irish . . .	30 0 to 36 0
Bonded . .	5 9 to 6 0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 2 to 1 3
Barley, per 60 lbs.		*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Eng. new	5 0 to 6 6		s. d.
Scotch . .	4 9 to 5 6	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.
Irish . .	4 8 to 5 2	Belfast, new	90 0 to 92 0
Oats, per 45 lb.		Newry . .	84 0 to 85 0
Eng. new	3 8 to 3 11	Waterford .	— 0 to — 0
Irish do. .	3 9 to 3 11	Cork, pic. 2d,	89 0 to 90 0
Scotch pota.	3 8 to 4 0	3d dry	80 0 to — 0
Rye, per qr.	40 0 to 46 0	Beef, p. tierce.	
Malt per b.	9 3 to 9 6	— Mess	72 0 to 78 0
—Middling	8 8 to 9 0	— p. barrel	48 0 to 52 0
Beans, per q.		Pork, p. bl.	
English .	44 0 to 50 0	— Mess .	76 0 to 78 0
Irish . .	42 0 to 46 0	— Middl. .	72 0 to 75 0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£26 to 27	Bacon, p. cwt,	
Pease, grey	38 0 to 42 0	Short mids.	52 0 to 54 0
—White .	48 0 to 54 0	Sides . .	48 0 to 50 0
Flour, English,		Hams, dry,	50 0 to 56 0
p. 240 lb. fine	50 0 to 56 0	Green . .	38 0 to 40 0
Irish, 2ds	40 0 to 54 0	Lard, rd, p.c.	45 0 to 47 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1*st to* 22*d March* 1824.

	1d.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	239 40½	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	94⅛ ¼ 4	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	93⅜ ½ ¼	94 3½	93⅛ ⅜	94½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	102⅞ 3 2⅞	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	107⅜ 8 7⅛	107¾ ⅞	106⅞ 7⅛ 7	107 6¾
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
India stock,	280 79	—	—	—
—— bonds,	69 73 72 pr.	78 pm	—	81 pr.
Long Annuities,	23⅛ ¼ 3-16	—	—	—
Exchequer bills,	39 40 37 pr.	52 51 54 pr.	48 50 p.	50 49 50 pr.
Exchequer bills, sm.	41 37 pr.	52 51 54 pr.	—	52 49 pr.
Consols for acc.	93 ⅝ 4 3⅞	94⅓ 3⅞ 4⅛	93⅛ ⅝	94 ¼ ⅜ ½
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, April 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 18. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 7. Altona, 37 : 8. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 85. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 7. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 7 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36½. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43¼. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¼, Palermo, 114½. Lisbon, 50¾. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 48. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d.
New Dollars, 4s. 9¼d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *April* 9.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muse.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	58 to	60	55	57	55	56	55	56
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	59	60	63	65	57	65
Fine and very fine, . . .	74	80	—	—	71	74	86	68
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	102	115	—	—	—	—	102	112
Powder ditto, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . .	90	104	89	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	82	84	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	82	90	78	80	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	72	87	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	27	—	24 6	25	24 6	26	25	28
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	60	70	—	—	40	70		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	88	98	59	76	71	85	60	76
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108	120	80	95	86	100	83	112
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	70	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	76	86	71	83	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	84	98	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	75	80	67	69	72	112
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	7¾	8	8	0	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	2s 5d	2s 4d	1s 11d	2s 2d	1s 10d	2s 0
Brandy, ...	3 4	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 10	3 2
Geneva, ...	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 9	0 0
Grain Whisky, . .	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 10	8 15	£8 15	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 10	9	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	10 —	11 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	8 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	10 0	10 10	—	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	7s 6	9s 0	9 6	10 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 8	1 11
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	16 0	17 0
Archangel, ...	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	17 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 0	12 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35	37	37	—	35	36	34 0	—
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	29	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	42	43	—	—	—	—	£39 46	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	38	—	38	—	39	40	36 0	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	52	54	—	—	—	—	£52	54
Dutch, ...	50	75	—	—	—	—	47	56
Irish, . . .	40	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	95	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	15 0	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	43	44	—	—	—	—	40	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	43	44	39	40	40	—	42	44
Pot, . .	40	—	38	39	36 9	37	42	45
OIL, Whale, . tun.	20	—	20	21	—	—	18	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	19 10
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¼	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7½	0
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¼	0 3¾	0 5	4	5
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	2¾
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 7	0 9½	7½	9
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1 10	1 92
Good, . . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0½	0 10½	1 0½
West India, . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	0 10	—	—
Pernambuco, . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	—	—
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Feb. 1	M.31½	29.455	M.40	S.	Fair, and
	A. 37	.475	A. 42		mild.
2	M.34	.589	M.45	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 45	.785	A.45		fair day.
3	M.31	.525	M.41	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 42	.222	A. 43		dull day.
4	M.32	.169	M.44	W.	Very change-
	A. 39	.240	A. 41		able.
5	M.30½	.389	M.43	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 38	.280	A. 41		daysunshine.
6	M.30	.542	M.38	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 37	.262	A .39		dull day.
7	M.38	.517	A. 46	SW.	Fair, and
	A. 46	.556	M.46		mild.
8	M.40½	.660	A. 47	Cble.	Slight show.
	A. 45	.992	M.46		rain aftern.
9	M.32	.998	A. 44	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 40	.998	M.45		fair day.
10	M.35	.664	A. 54	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 46	.792	M.43		dull day.
11	M.32½	.925	M.41	W.	Frost, morn.
	A. 39	.925	A. 43		sunshine.
12	M.35	.276	M.45	NW.	dull aftern.
	A. 46	28.984	A. 42		Ditto.
13	M.31½	.450	M.42	Cble.	Rain most of
	A. 40	.825	A. 40		day.
14	M.33	29.150	M.39	NE.	Dull, very
	A. 37	.196	A. 37		cold sh. hail.
15	M.24	.270	M.36	NE.	Frost morn.
	A. 32	.270	A. 37		day fair, cld.
16	M.26	29.205	M.36	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 34	.204	A. 37		sh. hail frn.
17	M.27	.116	M.38	SE.	Frost morn.
	A. 31	.154	A. 37		fair day.
18	M.28	28.929	M.36	SE.	Sleet foren.
	A .34	29.150	A. 37		fair aftern.
19	M.30½	.364	M.39	E.	Dull, and
	A. 39	.443	A. 39		very cold.
20	M. 30	.540	M.39	E.	Day fair,
	A. 38	.540	A. 39		rain night.
21	M.34	.620	M.40	Cble.	Day sh. rain,
	A. 38	.621	A. 39		night sleet.
22	M.34	.764	M.40	SE.	Dull, with
	A. 39	.805	A. 40		rain foren.
23	M.34	.775	M.40	SE.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.978	A. 40		rain foren.
24	M.33	.783	M.39	SE.	Dull foren.,
	A. 38	.705	A. 40		aftr. sh. rain
25	M.34	.686	M.40	E.	aftern.
	A. 39	.785	A. 39		Dull, with
26	M.28½	.750	M.38	E.	showrs. rain.
	A. 36	.750	A. 37		Hail and sleet
27	M.28½	.664	M.36	NE.	most of day.
	A. 34	.664	A. 37		Dull, with
28	M.32	.766	M.38	NE.	showers hail.
	A. 37	.760	A. 37		Morn. dull.
29	M.34	.780	M.40	Cble.	sunsh. day.
	A. 38	.610	A. 39		Fair, dull, and
					cold.

Average of Rain, 1.554 inches.

March.

	Ther	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.28½	29.448	M.38	N.	Mn. sh. hail.
	A. 35	.448	A. 35		fair rest day.
2	M.25½	.425	M.32	N.	Day frost,
	A. 26	.101	A. 31		nightsh. hail.
3	M.21	28.676	M.34	N.	Frost, hail,
	A. 31	.999	A. 32		and snow.
4	M.25½	29.450	M.32	SW.	Morn. frost,
	A. 30	.449	A. 35		aftern. fresh.
5	M.31	.898	M.37	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 37	.296	A. 39		cold.
6	M.30	.198	M.41	NW.	Shrs. hail
	A. 41	28.945	A. 47		and rain.
7	M.36	.726	M.47	NW.	Mn. shrs. hl.
	A. 40	29.104	A. 42		aftern. rain.
8	M.29	28.490	M.38	Cble.	Hail, snow,
	A. 32	.541	A. 38		and sleet.
9	M.26	29.155	M.40	SW.	Morn. snow,
	A. 35	.308	A. 38		hail, day fair.
10	M.26	.511	M.38	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 34	.717	A. 39		sun. but cold.
11	M.30	.184	M.40	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 39	.164	A. 38		shrs, rn, & hl.
12	M.29	28.968	M.40	NW.	Foren. sh. hl.
	A. 36	.894	A. 37		aftern. snow.
13	M.25	29.311	M.37	NW.	Keen frost
	A. 32	.655	A. 38		for day.
14	M.28	.598	M.39	SW.	Frost. morn.
	A. 35	.385	A. 39		day cold.
15	M.35	.385	M.40	Cble.	Foren. hail.
	A. 39	.377	A. 42		cold, fair aft.
16	M.40	.482	M.47	SW.	Morn. fair,
	A. 49	.760	A. 45		aftern. rain.
Mar. 17	M.35	29.848	M.47	W.	Fair & mild,
	A. 45	.776	A. 48		rather dull.
18	M.42	.855	M.49	SW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 47	.996	A. 49		h. shrs. aft.
19	M.36	.996	M.49	Cble.	Fair, mild,
	A. 48	.850	A. 49		with sunsh.
20	M.36	.750	M.56	SW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 49	.750	A. 49		aft. sh. rain.
21	M.38	.553	M.48	SW.	Morn. rain,
	A. 44	.416	A. 51		day fair.
22	M.29	.580	M.43	SW.	Frost. morn.
	A. 35	.550	A. 44		h. sleet aft.
23	M.25	.815	M.44	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 35	.961	A. 43		day dull, cld.
24	M.34	.998	M.41	E.	Rain. morn.
	A. 39	.999	A. 41		fair day.
25	M.35	.997	M.42	"	Fair, but
	A. 40	.997	A. 43	"	dull & cold.
26	M.33	.950	M.42	E.	Foren. sun.
	A. 37	.828	A. 43		aft. dull, cld.
27	M.32	.803	M.41	E.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 37	.803	A. 40		night snow.
28	M.28	.817	M.40	W.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 34	.709	A. 40		but cold.
29	M.30½	.621	M.41	Cble.	Foren. sun.
	A. 37	.504	A. 44		aft. dull, cld.
30	M.31	.404	M.45	N.	Morn. snow
	A. 37	.464	A. 38		aft. hail, sn.
31	M.24	.504	M.38	N.	Morn. frost.
	A. 32	.504	A. 37		day fair, cld.

Average of Rain, 1.061 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of Feb. and 31st of March, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, J. Harrow-alley, Petticoat-lane, furrier.
Alexander, J. Chiswell-Street, stable-keeper.
Aspinall, T. Hipperholme, Yorkshire, stone-merchant.
Barrow, J. Allensmore, Herefordshire, farmer.
Bates, S. Tipton, corn-merchant.
Berry, T. Bond-court, Wallbrook, wine-merchant.
Bird, G. Hollybush-place, Bethnal-green, calico-dyer.
Bowen, W. Winnington, Salop, shopkeeper.
Boswell, T. Surrey-street, Strand, tailor.
Brettall, T. Summer-hill, Staffordshire, scrivener.
Bridges, J. and J. Dew, Bristol, brewers.
Broadbent, W. Huddersfield, wool-stapler.
Brocklehurst, J. Phoside Hamlet, Derbyshire, cotton cord manufacturer.
Browne, T. Duke-Street, Grosvenor-Square, plumber.
Cannon, W. Molyneux-Street, Portman-Square, grocer.
Chadwick, J. Holborn-hill, watchmaker.
Chillingworth, E. and T. Cooper, Redditch, Warwickshire, needle-makers.
Clarke, W. Manchester, victualler.
Colbert, W. R. Maidstone, brewer.
Compton, P. A. Beckenham, Kent, farmer.
Cooper, H. Commercial-place, City-road, carpenter.
Coe, W. Darkhouse-lane, Billingsgate, victualler.
Cooke, J. Frome, Somersetshire, clothier.
Cranzaz, Sloane-Street, Chelsea, merchant.
Creswell, J. Huddersfield, wool-stapler.
Cross, R. Harley Tower, Shropshire, maltster.
Crossland, W. Leeds, drysalter.
Crowther, J. Wakefield, corn-factor.
Crowther, W. Islington, apothecary.
Corrie, W. C. Wellingborough, dealer in lace.
Crossfield, E. M. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
Daffern, W. Reading, coachmaker.
Davenport, J. Altrincham, Cheshire, shop-keeper.
Davenport, J. and A. Dunlop, Great Portland-Street, milliners.
Davids, T. Kennington Oval, brass-founder.
Daubney, T. Portsea, grocer.
Davies, L. and J. T. Dorlin, Liverpool, timber-merchants.
Dew, W. Praed-Street, Paddington, stone-mason.
Dodd, W. Liverpool, paper-hanging manufacturer.
Dorrington, W. Cornhill, broker.
Douglas, D. and M. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, linen-drapers.
Dowse, C. Chancery-lane, law-stationer.
Drew, R. T. Orchards, Bosbury, Herefordshire, timber-merchant.
Dryson, G. Lad-lane, Manchester, warehouse-man.
Eames, W. Dorset Mews West, Portman-square, horse-dealer.
Edie, R. Bread-Street, merchant.
Eldershaw, J. Hampton, Middlesex, linen-draper.
Ellis, W. Liverpool, draper.
Elverstone, E. E. Ilford, linen-draper.
Evani, G. Hastings, jeweller.
Freethy, T. Acton, Middlesex, carpenter.
Fox, F. and J. D. Brodribb, Bristol, tallow-chandlers.
Gatenby, A. Manchester, wholesale grocer.
George, and J. M. Horsham, Sussex, druggist.
Gillibrand, W. Bolton-le-Moors, plumber.
Glover, T., J. Oakden, R. Lomas, J. Dethick, and J. Green, Derby, flax-dressers.
Gomersall, J. and B. Leeds, merchants.
Green, W. and J. H. Sampson, and R. A. Smith, Sheffield, manufacturers of metal-wares.
Green, T. Lockerby, Hants, miller.
Hall, J. Stockport, grocer.
Hancock, J. Westbury, Somersetshire, shop-keeper.
Hargreaves, W. White Ash, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Hassell, G. Albany Chambers, horse-dealer.
Hawkins, J. and S. Claypole, Lincolnshire, millers.
Higgins, J. Gloucester, horse-dealer
Hilder, S. Brick-lane, Whitechapel, tea-dealer.
Hitchcock, G. Leicester, hosier.
Hobley, S. James-Street, Covent-garden, boot and shoe maker.
Holden, J. Broker's-Row, Moorfields, ironmonger.
Holmes, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Hood, W. Hardley, and T. Hood, Loddon, Norfolk, merchants.
Honeysett, W. Dalston, carpenter.
Houghton, A. Huddersfield, grocer.
Howard, J. T. and N. Houghton, Lancashire, hat-manufacturers.
Hughes, J. Wood-Street, Cheapside, tavern-keeper.
Hulton, W. sen. Bolton, money-scrivener.
Humphreys, W. Nunney, Somersetshire, innholder.
Jackson, A. Hillgrove-street, Gloucestershire, baker.
Jay, J. Regent-street, linen-draper.
Jeffreys, W. Quadrant-street, painter.
Jeremy, J. Great Surrey-Street, Blackfriars'-road, linen-draper.
Johnson, T. Heanor, Derbyshire, victualler.
Jones, C. Welshpool, draper.
Jones, E. and J. Norris, Budge-row, stationers.
Keele, J. Waterloo-road, Surrey, stationer.
Kelsey, H. Pall-Mall, milliner.
Kerslake, W. Exeter, brazier.
Kinnear. J. Brighton, banker.
Lamb, J. Newman-Street, Oxford-Street, clock maker.
Lamb, S. Cheapside, hatter.
Leader, E. jun. Wilson-Street, Finsbury-Square, upholsterer.
Leak, T. Kelpingham, Lincolnshire, victualler.
Levy, H. (otherwise Levett,) and L. Levy, Basing-lane, warehouse-men.
Lloyd, D. Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchant.
Lockington, C. Commercial-place, City-road, oil-man.
M'Adam, W. Leicester, dealer.
M'Kenzie, P. and W. Sheffield, upholsterers.
Mallyon, J. Goodhurst, Kent, victualler.
Matson, W. and C. Water-lane, wine-merchants.
Matthews, M. and J. Hopkins, Rochester, coal-merchants.
Mee, J. Myton, Hull, merchant.
Messenger, C. Oxford, cabinet-maker.
Milne, J. Liverpool, plumber.
Miller, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Moon, F. Mirfield, Yorkshire, woollen-merchant.
Montgomery, T. John-Street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Morgan, J. J. York-street, Commercial-road, carpenter.
Murray, J. Manchester, joiner.
Nash, T. Garden-row, Southwark, merchant.
Needham, E. Macclesfield, ironmonger.
Newman, W. Mincing-lane, merchant.
Newhouse, G. W. Little Brook-Street, Hanover-Square, tailor.
Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants.
Nichols, G. Bristol, victualler.
Nicholson, R. North Shields, ship-owner.
Nokes, E. Norwich, merchant.
Nuttall, J. Wood-road Mill, near Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Oakley, T. Poole, coal-merchant.
Packer, R. Tokenhouse-yard, packer.
Pearson, T. Harringthorpe, Yorkshire, miller.
Penney, S. Shepton Mallett, grocer.
Penney, T. G. Brighton, draper.
Peterkin, T. Gill-street, Limehouse, baker.
Perkins, J. Upper Thames-Street, stationer.
Persent, M. W. St James's Walk, Clerkenwell, table-cloth manufacturer.
Pickworth, H. Cursitor-street, coal-merchant.
Pierc , D. B. Tottenham Court-road, grocer.
Pim, T. B. Exwick, Devonshire, paper-maker.
Pinck, Chichester, linen-draper.
Pool W. Honduras-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant.
Preen, J. Worcester, silk-mercer.
Price, S. Trowbridge, grocer.
Price, T. Hackleton, Northamptonshire, baker.
Pritchard, R. Regent circus, Oxford-street, dressing-case manufacturer

Purdy, F. Mark-lane, broker.
Richards, T. Birch-mills, Staffordshire, miller.
Rist, C. Lombard-Street, auctioneer.
Riley, W. Birch-wood, Derbyshire, coal-merchant
Roe, J. Torpoint, Cornwall, merchant.
Rooker, F. Manchester, and J. Watt, Preston, cotton-manufacturers.
Ronaldson, J. J. Broad-Street-Place, merchant.
Sayers, J. Little, Yarmouth, Suffolk, wine and brandy merchant.
Scattergood, T. Nottingham, victualler.
Shaw, J. Wakefield, land-surveyor.
Smalley, R. Pontefract, mercer.
Skidmore, J. Sheffield, scissor-manufacturer.
Smith, T. Pickhurst-green, Kent, cattle-dealer.
Soloman, A. Clare-court, Drury-lane, clothes-salesman.
Southworth, W. Sharples, Lancashire, whister.
Sneade, W. Whitchurch, Salop, timber-merchant.
Stewart, W. Mitre-court, Cheapside, merchant.
Stokes, T. sen. Welchpool, Montgomeryshire, flannel-manufacturer.
Tarling, T. S. Leyton, Essex, tailor.
Timbrel, W. T. Bermondsey-square, worsted-manufacturer.
Trevent, W. Pembroke, draper.
Trotman, T. Dursley, Gloucestershire, mealman.
Turbeville, J. Canon Pion, Herefordshire, timber-dealer.
Twitty, W. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Underwood, J. Bloxwich, Staffordshire, maltster.
Vale, T. Leg-alley, Long Acre, coach-joiner.
Waistell, M. Conduit-street, Bond-street, milliner.
Wakeman, T. Fleet-market, stationer.
Walker, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, haberdasher.
Webb, R. F. Wapping-street, grocer.
Weetman, J. Liverpool, merchant.
West, H. Worthing, linen-draper.
Wilson, J. Borough-road, Southwark, builder.
Wharton, T. Finsbury-place, tailor.
Whincup, W. York, spirit-merchant.
Worsley, H. Plymouth, dealer.
Wolff, A. M. King's-Arms-Yard, merchant.
Yeoman, B. and T. Cooke, Frome, Selwood, clothiers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st February, and 31st March, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, William, grazier and cattle-dealer, at Hardington, county of Lanark.
Baird, Nicol Hugh, merchant, Port Hopetoun, Edinburgh.
Clarke, Ambrose, vintner and innkeeper, Dumfries.
Darling, James, manufacturer at Cumledge-mill, near Dunse.
Fyfe, Alexander, coppersmith, plumber, and tin-plate worker, Leith.
Gibb and Muir, merchants and warehousemen in Glasgow.
Haig, James, common brewer, Grahameston, Glasgow.
Hogg, John, mason and builder in Paxton, county of Berwick.
Hunt, William Alexander, merchant, Dunfermline.
Jamieson, Alexander, baker and grain dealer in Wallace town, Ayr.
Johnston, Joseph, cattle-dealer and horse-dealer, Muirhouse-head, parish of Applegarth.
Johnston, William, draper in Biggar.
Law, David, innkeeper, Kinross-green.
Macrae, Daniel, merchant in Nairn.
M'Gill, Quentin, boot and shoemaker in Content-upon-Ayr.
Pearson, Robert, some time baker and corn-dealer in Cupar, now mill-master and corn-dealer at Thomaston Mill.
Reid, Richard, writer, merchant, and ship-owner in Irvine.
Robertson, George, horse-dealer in Edinburgh.
The Milngavie Printfield Company, carrying on business at Milngavie and at Glasgow.
White and Co. brewers in Perth.
Williamson, James, merchant in Leith.

DIVIDENDS.

Boyd, Robert and Andrew, manufacturers in Inverleithan; a dividend 31st March.
Brown, William, maltster and grain-dealer, Broomage Mains, near Falkirk, a dividend on 30th March.
Drysdale Stodart, late mail-coach-contractor in Edinburgh; a farther dividend after 31st March.
Gibson, John, residing at Halbeath, and formerly at Biliquay, county of Durham; a final dividend on 29th April at noon.
Kedslie, Andrew, corn-chandler, Canonmills, Edinburgh; a dividend 20th March.
Kirkwood, John, junior, some time of Bridgend, Lochwinnoch; a first and final dividend 16th March.
Lamb, Kerr, and Co. and Kerr, Lamb, and Co. Glasgow; a final dividend on 11th May.
Lindsay, David, and Co. late general agents in Edinburgh; a dividend 22d April.
M'Alpine, James, general merchant and trader at Corpach, near Fort William; a dividend 27th March.
M'Leod, John, the Reverend, minister of the gospel and builder in Glasgow; a final dividend 20th March.
M'Nair, Alexander, merchant in Dingwall; a second and final dividend 24th March.
Melville, Robert, the deceased, merchant and fish-curer in Ulapool; a dividend 16th April.
Milne James, lately merchant in Keith; a dividend.
Muir, Archibald, merchant and general agent in Edinburgh; a first dividend 26th March.
Paterson, David, late banker and insurance broker in Edinburgh; a fourth dividend 31st March.
Steel, Alexander, hardware-merchant in Ayr; a first dividend 5th March.
Stewart, Charles, merchant in Pitnacree, Perthshire; a third dividend 1st April.
Stewart, John, junior, grocer in Inverness; a dividend after 9th April.
Wright, James, junior, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend 28th March.
Wylie, Alexander, late manufacturer in Glasgow; a final dividend after 10th March.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February.

Brevet M. Gen. *Sir* F. Adam, *K.C.B.* Local Rank of Lt. Gen. in Ionian Islands 10 Feb. 1824.
2 Life Gds. Lt. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 1 Jan.
Cor. and Sub. Lt. Milligan, Lt. by purch. do.
Ens. *Sir* W. Scott, *Bt.* from 51 F. Cor. and Sub. Lt. by purch. do.
Cor. and Sub. Lt. Rooke, Lt. by purch. vice Collins, ret. 24 do.
E. G. Howard, Cor. and Sub. Lt. by purch. do.
2 Dr. G. Cor. Hepburn from h. p. 19 Dr. Cor. vice Craufurd, 2 Dr. 22 do.
6 Dr. G. Capt. Stephenson. Maj. by purch. vice Fits-Clarence, prom. 29 do.
Lieut. Nooth, Capt. by purch. do

Cor. Richards, Lt. by purch. do.
E. Jerningham, Cor. by purch. do.
2 Dr. Cor. Craufurd, from 2 Dr. G. Cor. vice Edleman, h. p. 19 Dr. 22 do.
C. Norman, Cor. by purch. vice Markham, 9 Dr. 12 Feb.
11 W. H. Warrington, Cor. vice Partridge, res. 29 Jan.
13 Cor. Dalzell, Lt. by purch. vice Hislop, ret. 5 Feb.
Ens. Hart, from 65 F. Cor. by purch. do.
Coldst. Gds. W. G. Carter, Solicitor, vice Wilkinson, dead 29 Jan.
7 F. Capt. Beauchamp, from h. p. 19 Dr. Capt. vice Hulme, 96 F. do.
8 Lt. Maclachlan, from h. p. 49 F. Lt. vice Spratt, 96 F. 5 Feb.
10 M. Gen. *Sir* J. Lambert, *K.C.B.* Colonel, vice *Sir* T. Maitland, dead 18 Jan.
16 Lt. Conry, from 63 F. Capt. by purch. vice Berkeley, 2 W. I. R. 5 Feb.
20 Capt. Byrne, from 35 F. Capt. vice Gethin, 96 F. 29 Jan.
Ens. Darroch, Lt. vice Robinson, dead 25 do.
R. T. Furlong, Ens. do.
Lt. Church, from h. p. 31 F. Lt. vice Kidman, 96 F. 4 Feb.
Ens. Wigley, from 82 F. Lt. by purch. vice *Ld.* Hay, prom. 5 do.
25 Lt. M'Leod, from h. p. 22 Dr. Paym. vice Biddulph, dead 15 Jan.
28 G. H. Calcraft, Ens. by purch. vice Phelps, 51 F. do.
Lt. Peters, from h. p. 1 W. I. Re. Qua. Mast. vice Reynolds, h. p. 12 Feb.
29 Lt. Fosky, from 54 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Weir, res. Adj. only 29 Jan.
30 Lt. Ker, from h. p. 23 F. Lt. vice Ouseley, 96 F. 3 Feb.
31 Maj. M'Gregor, from h. p. 78 F. Maj. vice Nicholls, 96 F. 29 Jan.
Capt. Graham, from h. p. 17 Dr. Capt. vice Waller, 96 F. 5 Feb.
33 Surg. Gowen, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Surg. vice Thomas, cancelled 22 Jan.
35 Lt. Walsh, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Lt. vice Davies, 94 F. 29 do.
Capt. Craddock, from h. p. 64 F. Capt. vice Byrne, 20 F. 5 Feb.
44 Bt. Maj. Carter, Maj. vice Guthrie, dead 5 June, 1823
Lt. Caulfield, Capt. vice O'Reilly, dead 26 May.
—— Hemming, ditto, vice Carter 3 June.
Ens. Browne, Lt. vice Caulfield 26 May.
—— Carr, ditto, vice Hemming 5 June.
—— Shaw, ditto, vice Sargent, dead 6 do.
H. Usher, Ens. vice Browne 26th May.
G. Browne, ditto, vice Carr 14 Jan. 1824.
H. Nixon, ditto, vice Shaw 15 do.
51 Ens. Phelps, from 28 F. Ens. vice Scott, 2 Life Gds. 8 do.
54 Lt. Warren, from h. p. 84 F. Lt. vice Foskey, 29 F. 5 Feb.
63 —— Mackworth, Ens. by purch. vice Hart, 15 Dr. do.
Ens. Doyle, Lt. by purch. vice Conroy, 16 F. 12 do.
Hon. G. Spencer, Ens. by purch. do.
69 Lt. Smith, Capt. vice Lane, dead 11 May, 1823.
71 Lt. Gen. *Sir* G. Drummond, *G.C.B.* from 88 F. Col. vice Gen. Dundas, dead 28 Jan. 1824.
Lt. Lightbody, Adj. vice Torriano, res. Adj. only 15 do.
76 Lt. Faincombe, Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 12 Feb.
Ens. Champion, Lt. by purch. do.
F. Carr, Ens. by purch. do.
82 *Ld.* C. Wellesley, Ens. by purch. vice Harford, prom. 16 Jan.
E. T. Cunynghame, do. by purch vice Wigley, 20 F. 5 Feb.
83 Ens. Young, Lt. vice Hingston, Afr. Col. Corps 29 Jan.
H. F. Ainslie, Ens. do.
85 Lt. Watts, Capt. vice Ball, dead 6 Nov. 1823.
H. E. Taylor, Ens. 22 Jan. 1824.
87 Maj. Browne, Lt. Col. vice Miller, dead 18 May, 1823.
Bat. Maj. Streatfield, Maj. do.
Lt. Day, Capt. do.
Ens. Halstead, Lt. do.
E. De L'Etang, Ens. vice Doyle, 4 Dr. do.
N. M. Doyle, do. vice Halstead 15 Jan. 1824
88 Lt. Gen. *Sir* H. F. Campbell, *K.C.B.* Col. vice Drummond, 71 F. 28 do.
94 Lt. Davies, from 35 F. Lt. vice Orr, canc. 1 Dec. 1823.
Surg. Tilt, from h. p. 27 F. Surg. 25 Jan. 1824.
Ass. Surg. Lorimer, from h. p. 91 F. Ass. Surg. 25 Dec. 1823.
95 Lt. Tweed, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Lt. vice Sperling, canc. 15 Jan. 1824.
96 M. Gen. Fuller, Col. 28 do.
Lt. Col. Herries, from h. p. 100 F. Lt. Col. 29 do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Patty, from h. p. Port. Ser. Maj. do.
Maj. Nicolls, from 31 F. do. do.
Bat. Maj. Hulme, from 7 F. Capt. do.
—— Mansel, from h. p. 93 F. do. do.
Capt. Cairncross, from 2 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Gethin, from 20 F. do. do.
—— Garland, from h. p. 75 F. do. do.
—— Hyde, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Waller, from 31 F. do. do.
—— Brough, from h. p. 56 F. do. do.
Lt. Spratt, from 8 F. Lt. do.
—— Kennedy, from h. p. W. I. Ran. do. do.
—— Dowling, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Jones, from 2 F. do. do.
—— Kidman, from 20 F. do. do.
—— Robertson, from Ceylon R. do. do.
—— Nugent, from h. p. 17 F. do. do.
—— Cary, from h. p. 17 F. do. do.
—— M'Kenzie, from h. p. 24 F. do. do.
—— Ouseley, from 30 F. do. do.
Ens. Cross from h. p. 11 F. do. do.
—— Telford, from h. p. 9 F. do. do.
—— Oxley, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Costello, from h. p. 31 F. do. do.
—— Story, from h. p. 17 F. do. do.
—— O'Brien, from h. p. 65 F. do. do.
Lt. Sutherland, from h. p. 100 F. Adj. and Lt. do.
Serj. Murchison, from 3 F. Gds. Qua. Mast. 5 Feb.
Rifle Brig. Lt. Byrne, Adj. vice Kincaid, res. Adj. only do.
2 W. I. R. Lt. Locke, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Stepney, ret. 29 Jan.
Bt. Lt. Col. Berkeley, from 16 F. Maj. by purch. vice Del Houssaye, ret. 5 Feb.
Ceylon R. 2d Lt. Mylius, 1st Lt. 15 Jan.
—— Stewart, from h. p. 2d Ceylon R. 2d Lt. 25 June, 1822.
—— Mackay, from do. do. do.
R. B. M'Crea, do. do. 16th Jan. 1824.
Lt. Campbell, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. 1st Lt. vice Robertson, 96 F. 5 Feb.
Cape Corps Ass. Surg. Clarke, Surg. 15 Jan.
R. Afr. Col. C. Lt. Hingston, from 83 F. Capt. 4 do.
J. White, Ens. 2 do.
M. O'Halloran, do. 3 do.
G. Foss, do. 4 do.
J. Uniacke, do. 5 do.
C. Lizar, do. 6 do.
J. Godwin, do. 7 do.
R. F. Ring, do. 8 do.

Unattached.

Lieutenant *Lord* Edw. Hay, from 20 F. Capt. by purch. vice Krumm, ret. 29 Jan. 1824.

Staff.

Capt. *Lord* Edward Hay, from h. p. Sub. Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Islands vice Krumm. ret. 5 Feb.

Bt. Maj. Moore, Gren. Gds. Dep. Qua. Mas. Gen. in Windw. and Leew. Islands, with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army, vice Popham, dead 12 do.

Garrisons.

Gen. Geo. *Lord* Harris, *G.C.B.* Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, vice Gen. Dundas, dead 5 Feb.

Lt. Col. Hawker, R. Art. Lt. Gov. of Gravesend and Tilbury Fort. vice *Hon.* J. de Courcy, dead, 22 Jan.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Maj. Gen. *Sir* B. Bloomfield, *Bt. G.C.B. & G.C.H.* Colonel Commandant, vice Farrington, dead 4 Nov. 1823.

Royal Eng. 1st Lt. Brudgen, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Sperling, h. p. 24 Jan. 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Ass. Surg. Rhys, from h. p. 2 W. I. Reg. Ass. Surg. 25th Jan.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Banbury, 20 F. with Colonel Fitz-Gerald, 60 F.

——— Fane, from Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Isl. with Col. *Hon.* F. C. Ponsonby, h. p. 12 Dr.

——— Gilmour, from Rifle Brig. with Lt. Col. Brown, h. p. Port. Serv.

Capt. Marten, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. *Ld.* Belhaven and Stenton, h. p. 11 F.

——— Kirby, from 4 Dr. do. with Capt. Moore, h. p. 65 F.

——— Healey. from 7 F. do. with Capt. Brine, h. p. 39 F.

——— Elliot, from 17 F. do. with Capt. Marten, h. p. 11 F.

——— Brown, from 24 F. with Capt. Townshend, 41 F.

——— Mildmay, from 35 F. with Capt. James, h. p. 95 F.

——— Holmes, from 83 F. with Capt. Trydell, h. p. 16 F.

——— Robison, from 85 F. with Capt. Cockburn, h. p. 17 Dr.

Lt. Macdougall, from 16 Dr. with Lt. Vincent, 59 F.

——— Ware, from 14 F. with Lt. Liston, 38 F.

——— Stammers, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Clayfield, h. p. 26 F.

——— Norman, from 41 F. with Lt. Dickson, 69 F.

——— Cameron, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Carpenter, h. p.

——— Elliot, 76 F. do. with Lt. Grubbe, h. p. 43 F.

——— Home, from 86 F. do. with Lt. Macdonald, h. p. Yk. Lt. Inf. Vol.

Ensign Shawe, from 15 F. with Ensign Pearson, 92 F.

——— Grant, from 27 F. with Ensign Spencer, h. p. 24 F.

Surg. O'Flaherty, from 14 Dr. with Surg. Forster, 46 F.

Ass. Surg. M'Munn, from 46 F. with Ass. Surg. Hewatt, h. p. 94 F.

——— Ligertwood, from Staff, with Ass. Surg. Sweeny, h. p. 7 F.

——— Clifford, from Staff, with Ass. Surg. M'Loughlin, h. p.

Vet. Sur. Schroeder, from 3 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Constant, 15 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. De La Houssaye, 2 W. I. Reg.

Capt. Smith, 2 Life Gds.

——— Stepney, 2 W. I. Reg.

——— Krumm, Sub Inspec. of Mil. in Ionian Isl.

Lt. Collins, 2 Life Gds.

——— Hislop, 15 Dr.

Cornet. Partridge, 11 Dr.

Hosp. Assist. W. S. Chartress, h. p.

——— A. Munkittrick

March.

Brevet Capt. Lyster, 3 R. Vet. Bn. Major in the army 4 June, 1814.

——— Kerr, do. do. 12 Aug. 1819.

——— Forrest, E. I. C. Ser. (Insp. of Mil. Stores) Maj. in the E. Indies only 11 July, 1823.

1 Life Gds. Cor. and Sub. Lt. Millard, Lt. by purch. vice Locke, prom. 27 Feb. 1824.

Ens. Capel, from 43 F. Cor. and Sub. Lt. by purch. do.

7 Dr. Gds. W. Payne, Cor. by purch. vice Greenland, 8 Dr. 4 March.

8 Dr. Cor. Greenland, from 7 Dr. G. Lt. by purch. vice Westenra, ret. 25 Feb.

Lt. Glanville, from h. p. 19 Dr. Adj. and Lt. vice Westenra, res. do.

10 Dr. Lt. Col. Wyndham, from h. p. 19 Dr. Lt. Col. vice *Sir* G. A. Quentin, exch. rec. diff. between full pay of Cav. and Inf. only 18 Mar. 1824.

12 Bt. Maj. Barton, Maj. by purch. vice Erskine, ret. 19 do.

Lt. Reed, Capt. by purch. do.

Cor. Morris, Lt. by purch. do.

G. Marryat, Cor. by purch. do.

1 F. Ens. Graham, Lt. by purch. vice M'Beath, ret. 4 March.

J. B. Kerr, Ens. by purch. do.

Lt. Rafter, from h. p. 84 F. Lt. vice M'Conchy, 48 F. 26 do.

2 Ens. Littlejohn, Adj. vice Jones, 96 F. 29 Jan.

Ens. Cooper, from h. p. 78 F. Ens. 25 March.

4 Ens. Lonsdale, Lt. vice Cotton, dead 4 do.

Lt. Lonsdale, Adj. vice Gregg, res. Adj. only 18 do.

H. J. Warde, Ens. do.

10 F. Ens. Adams, Lt. by purch, vice Lane, ret. 11 do.

11 G. J. Crosbie, Ens. by purch. do.

15 Lt. Bain, from h. p. 38 F. Lt. vice Campbell, 99 F. 25 do.

14 Maj. Gardiner, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Johnstone, exch. 18 do.

16 P. Bernard, Ens. by purch. vice Colquhoun, prom. 29 Jan.

17 Ass. Surg. Martindale, from h. p. 67 F. Ass. Surg. vice Foote, exch. 18 March.

18 Ass. Surg. Lindsay, from 36 F. Surg. vice Burns, dead 4 do.

Lt. Macpherson, from h. p. 35 F. Lt. vice *Ld.* Wallscourt, 98 F. 25 do.

20 Lieut. Ovens, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut. vice Darroch, 24 F. do.

——— Warren, from h. p. 30 F. do. vice Armstrong, 99 F. do.

23 Surg. Weld, from h. p. 67 F. Surg. vice Dunn, h. p. do.

24 Capt. *Hon.* C. T. Monckton, from Cape Corps, Bapt. vice Gill, h. p. 27 F. 18 do.

——— Darroch, from 20 F. do. vice Stuart, 98 F. 25 do.

25 ——— Cary, from 89 F. do. vice Scott, 97 F. do.

27 ——— Ridge, from 47 F. do. vice Beauclerk, 99 F. do.

29 Ens. Douglas, Lieut. by purch. vice Browne, ret. 19 Feb.

G. Browne, Ens. by purch. do.

30 Lt. Tresidder, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Ramus, 98 F. 25 March.

31 Capt. Skinner, from h. p. 16 F. Capt. vice Shaw, 97 F. do.

Lt. Beckham, from h. p. 79 F. vice Plumbe, 99 F. do.

34 Ens. Montgomerie, Lt. vice Shaw, dead 11 do.
—— Hadwin, do. purch. vice Crawford, ret. 18 do.
E. Brodrick, Ens. vice Montgomery 11 do.
36 Hosp. Assist. Scott, Assist. Surg. vice Lindsay prom. do.
40 Maj. Kirkwood, from h. p. New Brunsw. Fen. Maj. vice Chamberlain, canc. do.
43 M. Lushington, Ens. by purch. vice Capel, 1 Life Gds. 11 do.
Lt. Cooke, Capt. vice Rylance, dead 31 Dec. 1823.
Ensign Freer, from 60 F. Ensign 19 Feb. 1824.
44 Bt. Col. Dunkin, from h. p. 34 F. Lt. Col. vice Hardinge, 99 F. 25 Mar.
47 Lt. Kyffin, from h. p. 22 F. Lt. vice Ridge, 27 F. do.
48 Lt. Campbell, from h. p. Lt. 26 Feb.
Bt. Lieut. Col. Cimitiere, Lieut. Col. 25 March.
Bt. Maj. Bell, Maj. do.
Lt. Cuthbertson, Capt. do.
—— Duke, do. do.
Capt. Willats, from h. p. R. African Corps, do. vice Bell do.
Ens. Lewis, do. do.
—— Roberts, do. do.
—— King, do. do.
—— Codd, do. do.
Lt. Woodhouse, from h. p. 83 F. do. 26 do.
—— Williamson, from 89 F. do. do.
—— Mountsteven, from h. p. 49 F. do. do.
—— Innes, from h. p. 14 F. do. do.
—— Morphett, from 87 F. do. do.
—— Lillie, from h. p. 23 F. do. do.
—— M'Conchy, from 1 F. do. do.
—— Atkinson, from h. p. 73 F. do. do.
—— Boultbee, from 69 F. do. vice Cuthbertson do.
Ens. Andrews, from 60 F. do. vice Duke 27 do.
—— Kellett, from 77 F. Ensign do. 25 do.
—— Ward, from h. p. 59 F. do. do.
—— Fothergill, from h. p. 12 F. do. vice Lewis do.
Gent. Cadet W. A. M'Cleverty, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Roberts 26 do.
W. Bell, Ens. vice King 27 do.
J. J. Grant, do. vice Codd 28 do.
49 Capt. Bartley, Major by purch. vice Lt. Col. Hill, ret. 5 Feb.
Lt. Sewell, Capt. by purch. do.
53 Bt. Maj. M'Caskill, Maj. by purch. vice Ingleby, ret. 11 do.
Lt. Silver, Capt. by purch. do.
Ensign Little, Lt. by purch. do.
P. Hill, Ens. by purch. do.
54 Lt. Hawkins, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lt. vice Mitchell, 97 F. 25 March.
57 Capt. Lewis, from h. p. 58 F. Capt. vice Chambers, 99 F. do.
60 Ens. Binstead, from h. p. 26 F. Ens. vice Caldwell, 99 F. do.
—— Nesbitt, Ens. vice Andrews, 48 F. 27 do.
63 Capt. Knight, from h. p. Capt. vice Marshall, exch. 18 do.
65 Bt. Col. *Visc.* Forbes, from h. p. Mueron's R. Capt. vice Hind, exch. 11 do.
67 Lt. Campbell, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. vice Mailleue, 99 F. 25 do.
—— Munro, from h. p. 42 F. do. vice Halcott, 87 F. do.
74 Capt. Crawley, from h. p. 17 F. Capt. vice Pattison, 97 F. do.
75 Lt. M'Queen, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Taylor, exch. rec. diff. 18 do.
77 —— N. Wilson, from 2 W. I. R. do. vice J. Wilson, 98. F. do.
Ens. Castle, late of Meuron's R. Ens. vice Kellett, 48 F. do.
83 Serj. Maj. Stubbs, Qua. Mast. vice Hall, dead 8 Sept. 1823.
84 Capt. Maberly, from h. p. 100 F. Capt. Lynch, exch. rec. diff. 11 Mar. 1824.
87 Lieut. Halcott, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Reade, 97 F. do.
—— Heard, from h. p. 71 F. do. vice Morphett, 48 F. 26 do.
89 Lieut. Keith, from h. p. 23 F. do vice Cary, 25 F. 25 do.
—— Harding, from h. p. 18 F. do vice Williamson, 48 F. 26 do.
95 Lt. Freestun, from h. p. 5 F. do. vice Hamilton, 99 F. do.
96 Surg. Callow, from h. p. 20 Dr. Surg. 19 Feb.
Assist. Surg. M'Andrews, from h. p. 62 F. Assist. Surg. do.
97 M. Gen. *Sir* J. Lyon, *K. C. B.* and *G. C. H.* Colonel 25 March.
Lt. Col. Hamilton, from h. p. Lt. Col.
Bt. Lt. Col. Austin, from h. p. Maj. do.
Maj. Bamford, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. do. do.
Bt. Major Morris, from h. p. Newfoundland Fen. Capt. do.
Bt. Maj. Haddock, from h. p. Newf. Fen. do. do.
Capt. Darrah, from h. p. 79 F. do. do.
—— Shaw, from 31 F. do. do.
—— Peddie, from h. p. 38 F. do. do.
—— Smith, from h. p. do. do.
—— Innes, from h. p. 2 Dr. do. do.
—— Pattison, from 74. F. do. do.
Bt. Capt. Mitchell, from 54 F. Lt. do.
Lt. Reynolds, from 73 F. do. do.
—— Cannon, from h. p. 94 F. do. do.
—— O'Neill, from h. p. 84 F. do. do.
—— Kelson, from h. p. 103 F. do. do.
—— Austin, from h. p. 52 F. do. do.
—— Scott, from 25. F. do. do.
—— Carmichael, from h. p. 1 Line G. Leg. do. do.
—— Courtney, from h. p. 79 F. do. do.
—— Reade, from 87 F. do. do.
—— Prior, from h. p. 35 F. (temp. rank) Ens. do.
Ens. Leslie, from h. p. 95 F. do. do.
—— Harvest, from h. p. 98 F. do. do.
—— Vincent, from h. p. 82 F. do. do.
—— Burlton, from h. p. 22 F. do. do.
—— Cheney, from h. p. 19. F. do. do.
98 Maj. Gen. Conrad, Colonel do.
Lt. Col. M. Fane, from h. p. Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Dunn, from h. p. 88 F. Maj. do.
Maj. Bayley, from h. p. 1 Garr. Batt. do. do.
Bt. Maj. Croasdaile, from h. p. 97 F. Capt. do.
Capt. Daniell, from h. p. 73 F. do. do.
—— Neame, from h. p. 8 F. do. do.
—— Vaughan, from h. p. R. Afr. Co. do. do.
—— Baron, from h. p. 34 F. do. do.
—— Fox, from h. p. 97 F. do. do.
—— J. Wilson, from 77 F. do. do.
—— M'Iver, from h. p. 78 F. do. do.
Lt. Stuart, from 24 F. Lt. do.
—— Logan, from h. p. 55 F. do. do.
—— Douglas, from h. p. 73 F. do. do.
—— Davidson, from h. p. 89 F. do. do.
—— Drummond, from h. p. 82 F. do. do.
—— Fielding, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Ramus, from 30 F. do. do.
—— Macquarie, from h. p. 48 F. do. do.
—— *Lord* Wallscourt, from 18 F. do. do.
—— Plumbe, from 21 F. do. do.
Ens. Dutton, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Roberts, from h. p. 104 F. do. do.
—— Whyte, from h. p. 8 F. do. do.
—— Graham, from 1 Vet. Bn. do. do.
—— Nicolls, from h. p. 72 F. do. do.
—— Gregory, from h. p. 71 F. do. do.
Serj. Maj. Cartray, from R. Staff Corps, Qua. Mast. 25 do.
99 Maj. Gen. G. J. Hall, Colonel do.
Lt. Col. Hardinge, from 44 F. Lt Col. do.

Bt. Lt. Col. Balvaird, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Maj. do.
Maj. Patrickson, from h. p. 67 F. do. do.
Bt. Maj. Johnstone, from h. p. Capt. do.
Capt. Crooke, from h. p. 1 Garr. Bn. do. do.
——— Jackson, from h. p. 43d F. do. do.
——— Macpherson, from h. p. 11 F. do. do.
——— Cooper, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. do. do.
——— Colthurst, from h. p. do. do.
——— Shervington, from h. p. do. do
——— Chambers, from 57 F. do. do.
Lieut. Rickards, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.
——— Hamilton, from 93 F. do. do.
——— Gaynor, from h. p. Yk. Chass. do. do.
——— Mailleue, from 67 F. do. do.
——— A. Campbell, from 13 F. do. do.
——— O'Leary, from h. p. 91 F. do. do.
——— Warton, from h. p. Yk. Chass. do. do.
——— Mackenzie, from 3 Vet. Bn. do. do.
——— Armstrong, from 20 F. do. do.
——— Beauclerk, from 27 F. do. do.
——— Burke, from h. p. 44. F. Adj. and Lt. do.
Ens. Last, from 2 Vt. Bn. Ens. do. do.
——— Patison, from h. p. 90 F. do. do.
——— Caldwell, from 60 F. do. do.
——— Smith, from h. p. 57 F. do. do.
Cor. Phibbs, from h. p. 19 Dr. do. do.
Ens. *Lord* Elphinstone, from h. p. 69 F. Ens. do.
A. Forbes, late Colour Serj. in 1st Bn. R. Art. Qua. Mast. do.
Rifle Brig. Capt Holden, from h. p. 10 F. Paym. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 26 Feb.
1 W. I. R. Lt. Col. Brown, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Lieut. Colonel vice Cassidy, Cape Corps do.
F. De Daubrawa, Ens. vice Mills, dead 29 Jan.
? Capt. Welman, from h. p. 3 Garr. Bn. Captain vice Wilson, 77 F. 23 March.
Cape Corps, Lt. Col. Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. Lt. Col. vice Ross, h. p. 6 W. I. R. 26 Feb.
Assist. Surg. Turnbull, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Assist. Surg. vice Clarke, prom. do.
Cape Corps, (Inf.) Capt. Batty, from h. p. 27 F. Capt. vice Monckton, 24 F. 18 do.
R. Afr. Col. C. Lieut. Swanzy, (temp. rank) Lieut. with perm. rank 16 Feb.
——— Jackson, do. do. 17 do.
——— Mollan, do. do. 18 do.
——— Mends, do. do. 19 do.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Hill, Surg. vice Burmester, dead 19 Feb.
——— Williamson, Apothecary, vice Burrows, dead do.
——— Fogarty, from h. p. 19 Dr. Assist. Surg. 4 Mar.
——— Palmer, from h. p. 30 F. do. vice Macabe, res. 10 do.
Hosp. Assist. Warren, Assist. Surg. 19 Feb.
——— Perkins, do. do.
J. M. Drysdale, Hosp. Assist. do.
G. Tower, do. do.
Hosp. Assist. Brydon, Assist Surg. to the Forces, vice Johnson, dead 18 Mar. 1824.
A. Esson, Hosp. Assist. vice Brydon do.
J. Hennen, *M. D.* do. vice James, dead do

The undermentioned Officers of the Hospital Staff of Ireland, to be Commissioned for General Service.

Dep. Insp. Comins
Staff Surg. Stringer
——— Purdon
——— Ormsby
——— Eagle
Apothecary O'Brien
Dep. Purv. Power

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. 1st Lieut. Stokes, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Dalzell, h. p. 17 Jan. 1824.
R. Eng. 1st Lieut. Heath, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 2 Mar. 1824.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Stretton, from 40 F. with Major Chamberlain, h. p. 84 F.
——— Berkeley, from 2 W. I. R. with Major Joly, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Major Leake, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Major Arbuthnot, h. p. Unatt.
Capt. Brett, from 4 Dr. with Capt. Burrowes, 8 Dr.
——— Maitland, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Calvert, h. p. 52 F.
——— J. G. Cowell, from 1 F. with Capt. Harvey, h. p. 56 F.
——— Crawford from 41 F. with Capt. Vanspall, 86 F.
——— Barker, from 5 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Robinson, h. p.
——— Reardon, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rundle, h. p. 57 F.
——— Kennedy, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Timson, h. p.
L. and Adj. Taylor, from 45 F. with Capt. Potts, h. p. 17 Dr.
Cornet Battier, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Ensign Macdonell, h. p. 35 F.
——— Buckley, from 24 F. with Ensign Cunynghame, 82 F.
Ensign Daly, from 3 Vet. Bn. with Ensign Raynes, h. p. 57 F.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 20. At Rome, the lady of William Herries Ker, Esq. of a daughter.

28. At Liverpool, the lady of Archibald Maxwell, Esq. of a son.

31. At Terregles House, Mrs Alexander Gordon, of a daughter.

Feb. 2. At London, the lady of Lieut.-colonel Lindsay, of a son.

— 20. At Cornhill, the Lady of David Young, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At Albury, Surrey, the Lady of Colonel Sir James Douglas, K. C. B. of a son.

21 At Lochton, the lady of Robert Nesbit, Esq. of Mersington, of a still-born child.

— At Royal Barracks, Dublin, the lady of Charles Short, Esq. 6th Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.

3. Mrs Irvine, 23, Northumberland street, of a son.

5. At Teviotgrove, Mrs Alex. Pott, of a daughter.

6. In Russel Square, London, the lady of R. Grant, Esq. of Red Castle, of a daughter.

— At John's Place, Leith, Mrs Dunlop, of a son.

8. Mrs W. Buchanan, Drummond Place, of a daughter.

— At 18 Hill Street, Mrs Halkerston Manners, of a daughter.

9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Spence, No. 1, Rose Court, George Street, of a daughter.

11. At Kitton Hall, Stamford, the lady of Stephen Eaton Esq. of a son.

— In Wellington Square, Ayr, Mrs Hill, Dailly, of a son.

12. At Rothmaise, Mrs Forbes, younger of Blackford, of a son.

— At 32, Drummond Place, Mrs Balfour, of Elwick, of a daughter.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Turner of Turnerhall, of a son.

15. At No. 14, Coates Crescent, the lady of Adam Hay, Esq. of a son.

— At Leith, the lady of Alan G. Brown, Esq. of Belfast, of a son.

— At Whitehall, the lady of James Dinwiddie, Esq. of a son and heir.

16. At Fernie Hill, Mrs Archibald M'Dowall, of a son.

— At Barrock House, the lady of John Sinclair, Esq. of a son.

17. At the house of Mrs Walker, in George Street, the lady of John Hall, Esq. junior, of Dunglass, of a son.

— At Whitehall Place, London, the Right Hon. Lady James Stuart, of a son.

— At Dulwich, Surrey, the lady of David Melville, Esq. of twins.

18. At Honeybrae, Mrs Capt. John Boyd, half-pay of the 82d regiment, of a son.

22. At Crammond, Mrs Hope Johnstone, of Annandale, of a son.

23. At Kelly, the lady of the Hon. Colonel Ramsay, of a son.

24. At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, of a son.

— Mrs Peddie, 4, Great King Street, of twin sons.

25. At Knowsouth, the lady of William Oliver, Esq. younger of Dinlabyre, Sheriff-Depute of Roxburghshire, of a daughter.

27. Mrs Cleghorn, Dundas Street, of a son.

March 1. In Charlotte Square, the Duchesse de Coigny, of a daughter.

— In Dundas Street, the Lady of William Currie, Esq. of Linthill, of a son.

3. Mrs Mack, 18, Dundas Street, of a son.

— At Erskine, Lady Blantyre, of a son.

— Mrs Campbell, Traquair Manse, of a son.

4. At Kilmardinny, the Lady of William Rose Robinson, Esq. sheriff-depute of Lanarkshire, of a son.

5. In Great King Street, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, of a son.

— At No. 24, York Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Dr Macwhirter of a daughter.

6. At Springfield, Leith Walk, Mrs James Cheyne, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs John Cockburn, of a still-born son.

8. Mrs Dundas of Arniston, of a daughter.

9. At No. 26, Queen Street, the Hon. Mrs Wardlaw, of a son.

10. At Perth, the Lady of Captain James Stewart, of Crossmount, of a son.

— Mrs Hewat, Dundas Street, of a daughter.

11 At No. 90, Prince's Street, Mrs Anderson, of a daughter.

— At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs M'Kenzie, of a daughter.

13. At Argyll House, the Countess of Aberdeen, of a son.

— At Uffington House, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Lindsay, of a daughter.

15. At Heriot Row, the Lady of D. Horne, Esq. of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Stevenson, Great King Street, of a daughter.

18. At Barcaldine, the Lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, of a son.

21. Mrs Lieutenant Mitchell, royal navy, of Trinity Cottage, of a daughter.

22. At Edenwood, Fifeshire, Mrs Campbell, of a son.

— At Bisrons, Canterbury, the Marchioness of Ely, of a daughter.

23. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir John Scott Douglas, Bart. of Springwood Park, Roxburghshire, of a daughter.

23. At 23, Royal Circus, Mrs Sibbald, of a daughter.

— At Dalzell-house, Mrs Hamilton of Dalzell, of a son.

24. At No. 3, Mary Place, Mrs John Linning, of a daughter.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, of a son.

27. At Duddingstone-house, the Right Honourable Lady Caroline Ann Macdonald, of a daughter.

— Mrs Haldane, 16, George Street, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 2. At St David's, Mr Andrew Meiklejohn, to Mary, daughter of Mr Grindlay, Falkirk.

— At Dumfries, Mr John Thomson, Maxwelton, late merchant in Manchester, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Francis Beatie, Esq. Dumfries.

— At Burntsfield Links, Mr James Gardner, Stockbridge, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Richard Dick, Esq. of Spylaw.

4. At Underwood, Ayrshire, Thos. Pelhame Hood, Esq. of Springmount, county of Antrim, Ireland, to Miss Kennedy, only daughter of John Kennedy, Esq. of Underwood.

10. At Prestbury, the Reverend S. T. Roberts of Ravindon, rector and vicar of the Union of Mothel, in the county of Kilkenny, to Sarah, third daughter of the late Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, Bart.

12. At Pitfour Castle, Perthshire, Robert Clerk Rattray, Esq. younger of Craighall-Rattray, advocate, to Miss Christina Richardson, daughter of the late James Richardson of Pitfour, Esq.

13. The Reverend G. P. Boileau Pollen, domestic chaplain to Lord Northwick, and rector of Little Bookham, in the county of Surrey, to Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart. of Dunglass.

16. At Hannah's Rest Estate, St Croix, West Indies, William Ruan, Esq. M.D. to Christina, second daughter of Mr William Dumbreck, South Coates, Edinburgh.

20. At Edinburgh, David Welsh, Esq. younger of Collin, writer to the signet, to Margaret, daughter of the late Colonel Andrew Ross, 21st Royal Scots Fusileers.

24. At St Mary's Church, Dublin, John Learmonth, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Margaret, second daughter of James Cleghorn, Esq. M. D. state physician.

25. At Duloe, Lieut.-Colonel James Drummond Buller Elphinstone, 3d guards, son of the Hon. H. Buller Elphinstone, to Anna Maria, only child of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Buller, Bart. of Trenant Park, in the county of Cornwall.

26. At Monrieth, Hugh Hathorn of Castlewigg, Esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monrieth, Bart.

26. At Wooden, Captain Robert Walker, of the royal navy, to Margaret, only daughter of George Walker, late of Thirlstane.

March 2. At Ormiston, Mr James Laing, Tarbat, Ross-shire, factor to the Honourable Mrs Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty, to Miss Isabella Thomson, second daughter of the deceased John Thomson, Esq. of Prior-Letham.

— At Tritonville, Dublin, Colonel James Maitland, of the 84th regiment, to Isabella Anna, eldest daughter of Thomas Manners, Esq. clerk to the signet.

— At London, the Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anne Constantia, third daughter of the Rev. C. C. Beresford.

4. At Barnton House, Sir Thomas Woollaston White, of Wallingwells, in the county of Nottingham, Bart. to Miss Georgina Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnton, Esq.

8. At Meadow Place, William Wallace, Esq. writer to the signet, to Zelica Cheshire, relict of the deceased Lieutenant Donald Grant.

11. At Drayton Basset, Staffordshire, the Hon. Henley Eden, eldest son of Lord Henley, to Harriot, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

— In St John's Chapel, William Henry Street, Esq. of St John, New Brunswick, to Mary, daughter of the late James Bruce, Esq. naval officer, Leith.

17. At the house of the Earl of Cassillis, in Whitehall, London, Captain Peel, of the grenadier guards, son of Sir Robert Peel, to Lady Alice

Jane Kennedy, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cassillis.

— At Howard Place, George Dickson, Esq. to Jane, only daughter of Major Colin Campbell.

19. At Prestonfield-house, Major Duncan Macgregor, 31st regiment, to Elizabeth Douglas Trotter, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, Bart.

25. At Trinity Cottage, Francis Sievwright, Esq. 59th regiment, to Mary, daughter of William Henderson, Esq.

26. At Edinburgh, Charles Craigie Halkett, Esq. of Hallhill, in the county of Fife, to Susan, youngest daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Bart. M. P. Berwickshire.

30. At Heriot Row, Robert Whigham of Lochpatrick, Esq. advocate, to Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Dundas of Beechwood, Bart.

Lately. At Kevock Bank, Mr James Winkworth, of Lauriston, to Marion Selkrig, youngest daughter of the late Mr Wm. Otto, wine merchant, Dalkeith.

— At Bangor, in Wales, Robert Hughes, at the mature age of 16, to Jane Davies, a *youthful* widow of 70!

DEATHS.

July 16, 1823. At Dinapore, Bengal, in the 26th year of his age, James M'Gregor, M. D. assistant surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service.

Aug. At Lacknow, in the East Indies, Major Alexander Fortune, of the 27th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, and Aide-de-Camp to the King of Oude.

19. At Lucknow, Bengal, of cholera morbus, John J. Gibson, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, and physician to his Majesty the King of Oude, only surviving son of the late James Gibson, Esq. surgeon in Edinburgh, and a few hours after, Mrs Anne Baillie, his wife.

— Of a fever, at Trincomalee, Lieut. Charles Hay, of the royal engineers, only son of Charles Hay, Esq. of Ballindoch.

25. Mr John Stevenson, a native of the parish of Melrose, Roxburghshire, and one of the proprietors of the Guiana Chronicle, George Town. He lost his life by an accident that befel him in the river Orinoco, Spanish Maine, South America.

Sept. 9. At Belgaum, in the East Indies, Colonel George Molle, of the 46th regiment, commanding the division of the army in that province.

22. Off Fatta, on his way to Fort-William, Captain James Rodger, of the Hon. East India Company's 9th regiment, Madras native infantry, eldest son of George Rodger, Esq. of Bridgelands.

26. At Mirzapore, East Indies, Mr Henry Mercer, second son of James Mercer, Esq. one of the depute-clerks to the bills, Edinburgh.

Nov. 12. At Black River, Poyais, Mr Thomas Stenhouse, son of the late Alexander Stenhouse, Edinburgh.

29. At Sympheropole, Alfred, infant son of Sultan Katte-Ghery-Krim-Ghery.

Jan. 7. At Aberdeen, John Davidson, Esq. of Kebbaty.

10. Mr Bowditch, the celebrated African traveller. He had been employed in surveying the river Gambia, and after exposing himself to the heat of the sun during the day, he became excessively chilled by the land breezes in the evening, whilst making astronomical observations, and caught the fever of the country. His youth, and temperate habits were so much in his favour, that he revived two or three times in a surprising manner, but his extreme impatience under the interruption of his pursuits constantly threw him back again, and he expired, after great sufferings, on the 10th of January, a victim to the cause of African discovery. His widow and three children are left entirely unprovided for; she accompanied him to Africa, and entered with the utmost zeal and enthusiasm into all his views and pursuits, which she was eminently qualified to promote, by her fine talents as an artist, and her extensive knowledge of several branches of natural history.

17. At Brodie House, James Brodie, Esq. of Brodie.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Howey, Esq. Akeld, Northumberland.

25. At his house, Gateside, Laurence Bonnar, Esq. of Ballingry, Fifeshire.

26. At Orbost, in the Isle of Sky, Mrs Campbell of Ensay.

— At Kirkbean Manse, the Reverend Edward Neilson, minister of that parish.

— At Dunblane, John Allan, Esq. collector of taxes for the south district of Perthshire.

— At Stranraer, James Bowie, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General.

28. At Alloa, Mr Andrew Haig.

29. At Eastloch, Mr John Purdie, farmer.

— At Florence, the widow of the late Pretender, aged 82. This lady is better known under the name of the Countess of Albany. In her domestic circle, she was treated with the distinction of a Queen, and always used the royal arms.

30. At Cupar Angus, the Reverend Alexander Allan, aged 71.

— At her house, 26, Broughton Place, Miss Janet Scott.

Feb. 2. At Killignay, Harris, Mrs Macleod of Unish.

— Mr John Nicolson, a youth of great attainments and high promise.

— At her house, at Woolwich, the once beautiful and admired actress, Mrs Hartley, aged 73. She was a cotemporary with Garrick, and, we believe, the only one that remained, excepting Mr Quick and Mrs Mattocks, who are still alive.

3. At her residence, in the King's Palace, St James's, London, the Right Hon. the Countess of Harrington.

— The infant son of Lieut.-General Sir John Oswald of Dunnikier.

— At his house, Leopold Place, Mr Alexander Armstrong, builder.

4. At Starr Bank, Anstruther, youngest son of Robert Patullo, Esq.

5. At Edinburgh, Anne Jane, daughter of the late Mr Alex. Dickie, Edinburgh.

— At Leith Hall, Mrs Hay of Rannes.

6. At Sunbury, James Haig, junior, Esq.

— At Lauder, the Rev. Robert Colvile, pastor to the first United Associate Congregation at that place.

— At Largs, Fife, Mr John Smith, ship-owner.

7. In James's Square, Mrs Agnes Williamson, wife of Mr William Scott, of the Bill Chamber.

8. The Reverend Peter Macnee, minister of the Scots Church, Bavington, Northumberland.

— At the Manse of Rosskeen, Ross-shire, the Reverend John Ross.

10. At No. 28, Dundas Street, Mrs Isabella Mitchell, wife of Mr Robert Purdie, music-seller.

— At his house, in Stafford Street, Edinburgh, Lieut.-colonel Robertson, late of the 21st regiment, or Scots Fusileers.

— At his house, Rankeillor Street, Andrew Bennet, Esq.

— At her house, 116, Prince's Street, Mrs John Forman, senior.

11. At Brae-Mar, in the 111th year of his age, Patrick Grant, the venerable Highlander to whom his Majesty, two years ago, graciously granted a pension of one guinea per week.

— James, only son of Mr Alex. M. Anderson, writer, North Nelson Street.

12. At Edinburgh, Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale, and of Friendship, Saint Elizabeth, Jamaica.

13. At Senwick House, Lady Gordon, spouse of Sir John Gordon, Bart. of Earlston.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Nesbit Glen, royal navy.

14. At Freeland, Erskine, Mrs Penelope Lesslie Johnston, wife of Major Walker, late 42d foot.

— At Argyll Park, Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Campbell of Inverary.

15. At Auldbar, Patrick Chalmers, Esq. of Auldbar, advocate.

— At the Manse of Kilwinning, the Reverend James Steven, minister of Kilwinning.

— At Bonnington, David, youngest son of Captain Alex. M'Vicar, royal navy.

18. At Craigforth House, Colonel Geo. Callander, of Craigforth.

18. At Burntsfield Place, near Edinburgh, Isabella, third daughter of Mr John Anderson.

19. At Leith Walk, Mr David Elder, aged 75.

— At Carron Vale, Robert, second son of the late Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale.

19. At Grove Place, Mrs Catharine Edington.

— At his father's house, in the parish of Beath, near Dunfermline, Mr John Berry, student of divinity, aged 23.

— At London, in the 73d year of his age, Sir John Orde, Bart. admiral of the red.

— At his house, Gayfield Place, Robert Scott, Esq.

21. In Dublin Street, Mr John Ramsay, solicitor Supreme Courts.

21. At her house at Seafield, the Hon. Mrs Campbell of Lochnell, daughter of the late George Lord Salton.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Edward Hibbert, royal navy, third son of Geo. Hibbert, Esq. of Portland Place, London.

22. At Catheart Manse, Mr Robert Dow, only son of the Reverend David Dow.

— At Stanhope, Mr Archibald Oliver Davidson, surgeon, aged 26.

22. In May's Buildings, St Martin's Lane, London, Mr John Davy, aged 59 years. His talents, as a musical composer, will long be remembered for their combination of sound science, and simple English melody. 'Just like Love,' 'May we ne'er want a Friend,' 'The Death of the Smuggler,' and 'The Bay of Biscay,' will remain lasting testimonies of his genius.

23. Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Mountgerald, aged 61 years.

25. The infant son of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

25. At Musselburgh, Mr George Stuart, merchant there.

26. At her house, St Patrick's Square, aged 72, Mrs Margaret Macalister, relict of William Handyside, Esq. of Kirklands.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr Hutchison Dunbar, late merchant, Edinburgh.

March 1. In Clifford Street, London, Lieut. Gen. Sir George Wood, K. C. B. of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal army.

2. At Avochie, Mrs Gordon of Avochie, widow of the late Peter Gordon, Esq. of Avochie, in her 84th year.

3. At Genoch, Marion, youngest daughter of John Catheart, Esq. of Genoch.

— At No. 16, Charlotte Street, Mrs Elizabeth Campbell, widow of the Rev. William Dun.

4. Charles John, infant son of John Hay Forbes, Esq. advocate.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr James Donaldson, minister of the Berean Congregation, in the 75d year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

— At his house, Baxter's Place, Edinburgh, John Gleed, Esq. solicitor of excise in Scotland.

— At his house, in Dean Street, London, Sir Thomas Bell.

— At Dundee, Dr Robert Henderson, aged 74.

— At the manse of Morven, the Rev. Norman M'Leod, minister of that parish.

6. At London, the Marquis of Titchfield, M. P. for King's Lynn.

7. At her brother's house, South Nelson Street, Miss Catherine Kennedy, younger daughter of the Rev. Thomas Kennedy, minister of St Madoes, Perthshire.

— At 8, Charlotte Square, William Ramsay, Esq.

— At the Grove, the seat of his lordship, after a long indisposition, Thomas Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde, and a Count of the kingdom of Prussia.

9. At her house, Albany Street, the Hon. Barbara Rollo.

— At Paris, the Duke of Cambeceres. He made a considerable figure in the Revolution, and was second consul with Buonaparte.

— At his seat at Easton Lodge, in Essex, the Right Hon. Charles Viscount Maynard.

11. In Picardy Place, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Isobel Cranstoun, relict of the Rev. James Scott, formerly minister of the gospel at Musselburgh.

12. At his house, Davie's Street, in the 63d year of his age, Mr Robert Steven, upwards of 40 years teacher in this city.

— At Edinburgh, James Forman, Esq. writer to the signet.

13. At Clifton, Bristol, Mrs Sophia Lees, distinguished in the literary world by the comedy of the "Chapter of Accidents," Canterbury Tales," &c. &c.

14. At her house, in George Street, Miss Louisa Hope, a daughter of the late Commissioner Charles Hope, of his Majesty's navy.

— At Cramond-house, John, the infant son of John J. Hope Johnston, Esq. of Annandale.

15. At the manse of Earlston, the Rev. William Shiels, aged 71 years. He was 43 years a minister of the Church of Scotland, 34 of which were spent at Westruther, and the remaining 9 at Earlston, both in Berwickshire.

16. Mary, youngest daughter of Mr William Patison, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At No. 12, Raeburn Place, Miss Catherine Ainslie, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Ainslie, saddler, Edinburgh.

17. At Nellfield, near Burntisland, Miss Anne Wemyss, daughter of William Wemyss, Esq. of Cuttlehill.

18. At Paisley, after a long and painful illness, Mr James Cross, inventor of the new weaving-machine, for superseding the use of draw-boys.

19. At Buccleuch Place, Mr. William Howden, jeweller in Edinburgh.

— Mrs L. Franklin, Gayfield Square, after having given birth to a daughter.

21. At View Park, Burntsfield Links, Archibald, youngest son of Mr Inglis, banker, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jeane Panton, relict of the Rev. George Panton. LL. D. in her 87th year.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Fotheringham, Esq.

— At Paris, Walter, only son of the Earl of Airley.

22. At Lauriston, Andrew Livingstone, Esq. of Grobdale.

23. At his house, Hill Square, after a lingering illness of several months, Lieut. James M'Donald, aged 48.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Dickson, widow of Captain Alexander Dickson, late of the royal artillery.

24. Sir Thomas Plumer, master of the rolls. He had long been in a declining state of health.

26. At Leith, George B. Vair, Esq. merchant, aged 29 years.

— Hon. W. F. Elphinstone, an East India director.

Lately, at Charlestown, South Carolina, Robert Primerose, Esq. only son of Mr Nicol Primerose, formerly resident there, and grandson of the late Mr Robert Primerose, surgeon, Musselburgh.

— At her son's house, No. 11, Society, Mrs James Brewster, aged 74.

— In his 80th year, the Rev. Dr Ford, late ordinary in Newgate.

— At his seat at Chisselhurst, of a paralytic attack, Sir Thomas Reid, Bart. a director of the East India Company, and who lately filled the office of chairman of the Court of Directors.

— At Stoketon, Cornwall, the Hon. Michael De Courcey, admiral of the blue.

— At Downington Priory, Berks, Admiral Sir A. Bertie, K.C.B. aged 70.

— At London, Luke White, Esq. M. P. for the county of Leitrim.

— At Paris, the Prince de Conde, after a long illness.

— Maria Louisa, Duchess of Lucca, formerly Queen of Etruria, and a Princess of Spain.

— At 4, Forth Street, Mr William Rankin, late of Calcutta.

— At Stockholm, Field-Marshal Wrede, at the age of 63, after a long and painful illness.

— At Cheltenham, aged 78, the Reverend Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. Prebend of Ely, and Rector of Willingham, in Cambridgeshire, formerly proprietor of several London newspapers. In early life, he fought a duel with A. R. Stoney, Esq. who afterwards married Lady Strathmore, and took the name of Bowes.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXVIII. MAY, 1824. Vol. XV.

THE INSTRUCTION OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

The formation of the Education Committee for Ireland, is a matter which we cannot pass altogether in silence. We are most anxious that the nation should estimate correctly every step that is taken with regard to Ireland; and when we reflect upon the prodigious delusion which the term Education never fails to produce when it is mentioned, we think it of the first importance, that the benefits which this Committee may be expected to produce, should be clearly stated.

The Education of the Poor, as it is called, is one of those cant phrases, which are always received with extravagant cheers by all parties. If the plaudits proceeded from men who had never been within a school, and who knew not their letters, there would be nothing odd in them; but when they are raised by persons who have in general received a tolerably good education, they fill us with wonder. We love to go to the bottom of things, and to speak out. We happen to know something of village schools, and we will therefore state what they are, and what the "education" is which the children of the poor receive at them.

The whole that the village schoolmaster professes to teach, and is capable of teaching, is, reading, writing, and the more vulgar branches of mathematics. He may hear his pupils read portions of the Scriptures, and make them commit to memory the Catechism; but as to his explaining the meaning of these, and teaching their application to human life, it is out of the question. He does not stipulate to do it, and he is not capable of doing it. His card, if he be sufficiently dignified to have one, specifies, that he teaches reading, writing, arithmetic, and perhaps even algebra, but it is wholly silent touching theology. He has in six or seven hours, without assistance, to give manifold lessons to thirty, forty, or fifty small children, the greater portion of whom are unable to read, and he finds this employment sufficiently ample to preclude him from becoming a lecturer on morals and religion. The parents of his pupils are generally abundantly dissatisfied with his exertions, but still they do not, like many of our statesmen, expect him to teach what he does not undertake to teach.

The children go to the school at the age of four or five, and at ten or twelve they leave it altogether. They are never under the master's eye, except during school-hours, and then the only thing thought of, as we have already said, is, to give them, with all possible rapidity, a smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic. When the boy, at ten or twelve, leaves the school, he can perhaps stammer through a chapter of the Bible—he has read to his master in his way the greater portion of the sacred book—he can, in a certain fashion, repeat the Catechism—he can write a legible hand, and even work a Rule of Three question; but as to his having laid in a stock of sound principles of conduct, it is absurd to expect it. He has learned what may be of use to him in the *employments* of life—he has learned comparatively nothing that will bind him to the discharge of its *duties*.

The children of the rich, only, find

in books a language to which they have been accustomed, and which is constantly spoken around them; but the children of the village poor find in books a language which they have never heard spoken. The language of books is to them like a foreign one. The significant words of almost every sentence are such as they have never heard, and to the sense of which they are utter strangers; and therefore, when they read to the master, they, like the mere English scholar reading Latin, only repeat a number of words of which they know not the meaning. How many people are there of expensive education—how many respectable tradesmen, merchants, men of fortune, even members of the House of Commons, who do not know the sense of half the words they find in a well-written volume? How then is it possible for these poor children to understand the Scriptures and the Catechism, so as to be able to regulate their conduct by them without the most able assistance?

The great mass of the village children are, on their leaving school, employed in husbandry labour: they cannot procure books, they have no leisure for reading, and they speedily forget what the schoolmaster has taught them. If about one in fifty of them has a natural taste for reading, it is almost impossible for him to gratify it. He has no money, he can reach no library, the whole that he can do is to borrow a scattered volume here and there, and then he has the meaning of half the words to hammer out of his dictionary, as though he were learning a strange tongue. If the children, when they leave school, are put to a trade, they are frequently exercised in writing and arithmetic, and they thus turn to account what they have learned from the schoolmaster; but those who go to husbandry labour, have comparatively no use for what they have learned, they have no means of exercising themselves in it, and therefore it is almost impossible for them to retain it. It seems to be thought by the advocates for country schools, that every one has, in a certain degree, a natural taste for reading. In reply to this, we will again refer to the middling and opulent classes. The vast mass of these, with abundant means in their hands, scarcely ever read anything save a newspaper; what then is to be expected from the country ploughboy, who, when he leaves school, cannot read a page without having to spell half the words in it, and who knows not the meaning of three-fourths of them; who is destitute of money and books, and who has to devote twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours of the day to severe labour?

We wish from our souls that our legislators would ask themselves what moral and religious principles—what good habits and opinions, they received, even at large and well-appointed schools, in the first twelve years of their lives; if they will do this, they will be able to form some idea, though a very inadequate one, of what village children learn of these in that portion of life from the illiterate village schoolmaster. Parents think themselves exceedingly fortunate if their children leave great schools and the universities without having learned at them depraved habits. The sons of opulent people, for at least some years after they finish a most expensive education, form the most vicious and immoral portion of the whole community. The school system has been many years in operation in Ireland, and yet it is confessed that its moral and religious fruits cannot be found; the same system has been still longer at work in England, and yet who shall say, except Mr Hobhouse, that the present generation of the lower orders is more moral and religious than preceding ones? The more furious of the Radicals of late years—the most blind of those who signed the late Queen's addresses and composed her processions—those who so lately maintained in opulence Cobbett, Carlisle, Examiner Hunt, Orator Hunt, and the thousand other sedition and blasphemy spewers—the men who, three or four years ago, placed our glorious constitution in the most imminent danger, were principally persons who had been at school, and who could both read and write.

The naked truth is, that country schools, *when they are not made the auxiliaries of parents and the clergy*, are not of the smallest use in teaching morality and religion. They accustom children to control—they make them acquainted, though imperfectly, with the *arts* of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which may be of service to them in earning their bread; they employ them during a portion of the day, which

they would otherwise spend in idleness and mischief, but they are beneficial no further. The schoolmaster is not, and does not profess to be, a teacher of religion. The children leave the school at twelve or thirteen, with characters wholly unformed—with no school-taught knowledge beyond a very limited one of the *arts* we have specified, without possessing the means of obtaining books, and without being able to understand books if they chance to meet with any. Their characters are almost altogether formed *after they leave school,* by those among whom they grow up to maturity. If these schools are made the auxiliaries of parents and the clergy, they are then of great use in sowing the seeds of religion. The parents make the children read the Bible to them, and explain it as far as they are able. The clergyman is careful that the schoolmaster teaches the children the Catechism, and causes them to read the Scriptures—by his instrumentality they are brought regularly to the church, and from this they acquire the habit of attending divine worship—he hears them repeat the Catechism, and he points out to them the meaning and use of that, which they have previously only repeated at school as a task, without being aware that it possessed either—and when he is doing this, he makes the most effectual appeals to their parents, on whom so much depends, to perform their part in giving them religious principles. The seed is thus sown, and it generally, at some period of life, though too often at the latest one, yields fruit. But after all, it depends in a very great degree on the character of those among whom the children are thrown *after they leave school,* whether their manhood shall be spent in vice and depravity, or the contrary.

It is the fashion, when the education of the poor is spoken of, to refer to the character of the Scottish peasantry, as a proof of the efficacy of schools in teaching morality and good conduct. A greater error could scarcely be committed. The History of Scotland will shew what first made the peasantry religious, even religious zealots; and it will shew that village schools had no hand in this whatever. The character and conduct of the Scottish clergy will shew what has kept, and what still keeps, the peasantry duly acquainted with their moral and religious duties. The boy in Scotland has parents who are moral, and, to a certain degree, religious; he leaves them to go under the control of a master who is so; he grows to maturity in society that is so; he is under the ministry of a zealous, able clergyman; and therefore he can scarcely be other than a moral, and, in a greater or smaller degree, a religious man. But give him the parents, the masters, the lack of control, the society, and the Romish priests of Ireland; and then what will he be, in spite of all that the schools can accomplish? The religious feuds of Scotland had this beneficial effect, that they gave a powerful, moral, and religious tone to the minds of the people, and this tone has been preserved to the present hour by means of a true creed and an admirable clergy; but it would never have been produced by schools, neither would they, unaided, have kept it in existence.

We must now speak more particularly of Ireland. It is openly confessed that no attempt to teach religion can be made in the schools of that unhappy country. The schoolmaster is expressly prohibited from opening his lips to his pupils on religion—he must not make them commit to memory the catechism, or any religious creed—he must not lead them to a place of worship—and the clergy must not interfere with them at all with regard to religious matters. The object to be looked at above all others in the management of the schools is, not to give the children religious knowledge, but to keep such knowledge from them. It must be remembered that, generally speaking, six, out of every seven of the children, are, *out of the school,* beyond the reach of the Protestant clergy; and the present state of the peasantry abundantly proves that the Catholic clergy are worthless, and far worse than worthless, as teachers of Christianity. As to the children reading the Scriptures, this can only be partially permitted; but were it generally so, we should attach but little importance to it. Whatever others may think, we cannot believe that a child, without able assistance, nay, without assistance of any kind, will be able to understand the Scriptures as a system of religion, and will be led to take them for its guide through life. It is even an impossibility. Such is the case touching religious instruc-

tion, so far as the schoolmaster and the clergyman are concerned; and what is it with regard to the parents? These parents are ignorant, barbarous, depraved, completely under the influence of the Romish clergy, and incapable of teaching the children to make any use whatever of what they learn at the schools, save the most pernicious use possible. The great mass of the children when they leave school go to husbandry employment, in which what they have been taught is of scarcely any service to them—they cannot procure books—they are frequently without masters and employment—they hear no other religious teachers than the Catholic priests—and they mix only with barbarous and depraved society.

If, therefore, an imperfect knowledge of the *arts* of reading, writing, and arithmetic, will civilize and reform the Irish peasantry, the schools, of course, will in time civilize and reform them; if *other knowledge* than this be necessary for the purpose, then the schools will be found to be of comparatively little service. We need not prove that they need other knowledge—that reading, writing, and arithmetic, however useful they may be to tradesmen and mechanics, are of very little use to the poorer part of an agricultural population—and that the peasantry must have other instruction beside what the schools will supply, or they must remain in a very great degree, if not altogether, what they now are. They must, or everything else will be worthless, have RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION; precisely that instruction which the schools are prohibited from giving; and they must be taught the arts, habits, tastes, prejudices, feelings, opinions, and rules of civilized and social life. It would be just as absurd to say that they will learn these in the first twelve years of their existence at village schools, as to say that a child between four and twelve would learn at such schools to be an expert watchmaker.

The question of course becomes this—If the schools unaided will not give to the peasantry that instruction which they need, what must they be combined with—what *additional* means must be employed—to give to the peasantry this instruction? Without casting any stigma on reading and writing, we assume it to be indisputable that the grand object of the legislature is, not to teach the peasantry these arts, but to teach them the distinctions between vice and virtue, guilt and innocence, and to induce them to abhor the one and cleave to the other; in a word, to reform and civilize them. We hold it to be equally indisputable that this can only be accomplished by providing ample religious instruction for the adults, as well as schools for the children; and by providing for the peasantry generally, as far as possible, a sufficiency of respectable, intelligent, moral masters.

Were the task of instructing the Irish peasantry to devolve upon us,—and heaven preserve us from one so mighty,—if we could not separate the children from the parents, the young from those of mature age, we should begin with the parents and those of mature age; or, at any rate, we should devote to them our chief attention. One reason for our doing this, among others, would be the conviction, that if we applied ourselves solely to the children, the parents and other adults would not even remain neutral between us and the children on the essential point of instruction, but would labour against us to the utmost, and render our success hopeless. The schoolboy—the youth on the verge of manhood—those who are in the first years of maturity, will seldom listen to moral and religious instruction, if they can avoid it; and they will scarcely ever profit from it, if, the moment after hearing, they are tempted to disregard it, by parents, friends, superiors, and the more aged and influential portion of the community. At forty, or fifty, the passions lose their power, and pleasures become tasteless; men then feel, what they will not feel sooner, that life will have an end, and they voluntarily seek religious instruction with a view to benefit from it. For the parents, the more aged portion of the peasantry—we would, in the first place, provide religious instruction. We would give to every village in Ireland a place of worship, and a devout, zealous, active, and eloquent clergyman; and we would enforce, with the utmost rigour of the law, the due observance of the Sabbath. We would devote our especial attention to the clergy, and we would toil day and night in destroying pluralitics, withstanding the operation of

interest in their selection, and rendering them what they ought to be.* We will yield to none in affection for the church, but we will ever insist on the clergy performing their duty zealously and efficiently. We would no more tolerate a clergyman in neglecting his duty, or delegating it to incapable hands, than we would tolerate a secretary of state in such conduct. In bestowing this attention on the Protestant clergy, our eye should never once be turned from the conduct of the Catholic priesthood. The really pious members of this body, who should labour assiduously for the spiritual good of their followers, we would conciliate and encourage to the utmost in our power; but if we detected one in countenancing crime—in distributing among his flock seditious and inflammatory writings—and in using his sacred office as the means of creating criminals and rebels, we would make a terrible example of him, if human power would enable us to do it.

The necessity for vigilantly watching the conduct of the Catholic clergy, is but too self-evident. Their doctrines touching the Protestant—the spirit which animates them towards a Protestant government—their ability to impose inviolable secresy on their followers at pleasure—the power which they arrogate to themselves with regard to the defining and forgiving of sins—their immunities, and independence of the government—the ignorance and profligacy of many of those who officiate among the peasantry—and their tremendous influence over the lower orders, all point them out as the objects of jealousy that should never slumber. Not many months since an individual, who holds a high situation in the Irish government, declared to parliament, that Pastorini's Prophecies had largely contributed to spirit up the peasantry to crime and rebellion. Now, why did not Mr Goulburn, as a matter of duty, inform the House of Commons, who distributed

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* We copy the following most excellent sentiments from a visitation charge, delivered by Dr Mant, the Bishop of Killaloe, we believe in 1820. We wish they were indelibly engraven on the heart of every clergyman in Ireland.

"You will not, I am sure, my reverend brethren, regard it as an idle or gratuitous assumption, that the removal of the errors of the Romish church from the minds of our parishioners, and the substitution of that reformed code of Christian truth, which we of the united Church of England and Ireland profess, is a task which, as far as we have power and opportunity, it is our duty to perform. It is our duty indeed abstractedly, as ministers of the gospel of Christ. * * * But it is more especially our duty, by virtue of that solemn pledge, by which we bind ourselves to our own church, on our admission to her 'higher ministries.'

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"I am not blind, my reverend brethren, to the difficulties of the case. I am not insensible of the numerous and great obstacles to be expected from ignorance, from superstition, from inveterate prejudices, from early predilections, and long-confirmed habits; above all, perhaps, from the subtlety and authority of those who are engaged in the ministry of that corrupt church, whose errors we are anxious to correct. I am aware, therefore, that opportunities of improvement may be not of obvious occurrence, and that, in all probability, occasion must be sought, or it will not be found. Still, I am not prepared to believe, that the exercise of our 'faithful diligence' in this respect will be altogether ineffectual. The minister of the established church is, in many instances at least, possessed of means which qualify him to improve the temporal condition, to diminish the distresses, and to augment the enjoyments of his poorer parishioners, and thus to acquire their confidence, and conciliate their affection. His relative situation renders him an object of respect in their estimation. His general information, the result of an ingenious and enlarged education, is calculated to impress them with a sense of his superior intelligence. And his religious proficiency, consequent upon those scriptural and auxiliary studies which he has promised to pursue, cannot but enable him to shew to their conviction the comparative merits of the different religious systems which are professed by himself and by them. Such advantages cannot, as far as I am capable of judging, be brought zealously and vigorously, but prudently withal and temperately, into action, without being blessed with some measure of success. Surely the door of the cabin would not be obstinately closed against the visits of such a minister; nor could the heart of the inhabitant resist the persuasions of disinterested benevolence, of meek condescension, and of learning honestly put forth for the cause of pure religion, capable of unravelling the wiles of an insidious sophistry, and furnished with materials of conviction from the armory of Christian truth."

the Prophecies, and who taught the peasantry to believe that they would be fulfilled? Why, when invectives were daily showered upon the Protestants, were not those held up to public scorn and indignation, who led the ignorant peasantry to believe that the extermination of the Protestants, the destruction of the Protestant church, and the realization of Captain Rock's projects, were on the eve of taking place? Mr Goulburn publicly lamented that the people of this country and Parliament had the most imperfect idea of the horrible state of Ireland; why then did he not, as a sacred duty, denounce to them the *instigators* to the atrocities, as well as the *instruments* by whom they were perpetrated? A sad and portentous system of concealment touching *causes*, has been for some time adopted by men in power, with regard to Ireland. Not many days since the public prints informed us that some persons had been executed for the murder of the Franks family, and that they died solemnly protesting their innocence. On the very day on which we trace these lines, the same prints inform us, that, from admissions which these men made in a memorial to a nobleman, and from words which they were overheard to address to each other during their trial, their guilt could not be doubted. The reasons why these wretched men were thus sent before their God with a lie in their mouths, are abundantly obvious. The fact is sufficient to freeze us with horror, and alas! such facts are not rare in the history of Irish executions. The persons who could thus send them may be called priests—teachers of the Christian religion—for a name is easily given; but if they be not wretches who ought to be driven from society—if they do not more richly deserve the halter than their dupes deserved it—then common sense is regulated by geography, and it becomes stark staring madness in Ireland. So long as the men who could distribute Pastorini's Prophecies among the peasantry—who can seduce the felon to spend his last breath in horrible guilt, for the purpose of exciting hatred against the Protestants and the Protestant government—so long as these men hold despotic authority over the peasantry, in the character of Catholic priests, it will be everything but impossible to instruct and reform the peasantry. It is not, perhaps, to be expected, that the government can obtain any influence in the nomination of the Catholic clergy, but it will lack one of the principal things that it ought to possess, so long as it shall be without the power to silence for ever, as spiritual teachers, such of them as become the firebrands of sedition, and the panders of wickedness. It is one of the most striking and revolting of the numberless incongruities which Ireland exhibits, that while the peasantry are placed under the operation of the Insurrection Act, those who gave them motives are almost wholly free from restrictions—the Romish clergy teach and act as they please, and the Catholic Association spreads its sickening slanders, falsehoods, and incitements to rebellion, throughout the country, without molestation or rebuke. This system must be changed; for while it continues, the execution of the most guilty of the assassins and incendiaries will be only one degree short of murder. If the operation of the constitution must be suspended in Ireland, at least let the effects fall impartially. Let the leader be bound, as well as the follower. If, after all, there must be one kind of justice for the ignorant, and another for the enlightened; at any rate, when the dupe is hanged, let his deluder be disabled for making any more victims.

By rendering the Protestant clergy as efficient as possible in numbers, spirit, and ability; and by purging the Catholic priesthood of its worst members, (if this be not now possible, it ought to be made so,) and restraining this body from intermeddling with other than religious matters, we think that the middle-aged and aged portion of the peasantry might be led to receive willingly religious instruction. If these were secured, there would be hope of the remainder. Gain parents and masters, and children and servants will follow. But to pretend to be anxious for the religious instruction of the peasantry, and to be at no pains to provide such instruction for parents, heads of families—those who are the teachers and guides of the young;—to affect to make the child of twelve religious, by making him read *without explanation* a few chapters of the Bible, while you suffer those who are to instruct and lead him

after that age to remain depraved barbarians, seems to us to be anything but wisdom, and to promise anything but benefit.

In what we say touching the clergy of the established church, we have an able ally in Sir John Newport. Notwithstanding the Whig and Catholic partialities of this most respectable individual, he is continually prompting the government to render the clergy as efficient as possible. He does this indeed in the way of question and remark, and in the worst manner possible for rendering it effective; but nevertheless his opinion on this point, when his character and creed are considered, is of very high importance, in whatever manner it may be delivered. He is—we say it with the deepest regret—almost the only individual in the whole legislature who does thus prompt the government, and who will say a syllable on the matter. The proposition to teach the children of the peasantry to read and write, is received with shouts of approbation; but no one can cheer the proposition, to teach morality and genuine Christianity to the parents.

We must not forget to say, that we regard the commutation of the tithes, to be essential for procuring a hearing for the clergyman. Whatever may be his character, if he have to collect these from his Catholic parishioners, there will always be sufficient animosity between them to render his ministry useless.

Our next grand object would be, to amend the form of rustic society in Ireland, and to form a channel, by which the feelings and opinions of the upper classes might flow upon the peasantry. We would select an individual for the Lord-Lieutenant, who should enjoy, what the Marquis Wellesley does not, and never will, enjoy, the confidence and esteem of the landholders—of the wealth and intelligence—of Ireland. He should, in addition to his other qualifications, be attached to agriculture, and perfectly skilled in the structure of English village society. Instead of quarrelling with the landholders on party and personal grounds, he should endeavour to win their favour by every conceivable method;—instead of shutting himself up in the Castle to dream of his own importance, he should spend a large portion of his time in visiting different parts of the country, to make himself acquainted with its localities and the state of the inhabitants—to scatter the seeds of civilization—to bring into fashion its curiosities, lakes, and scenery—and to ingratiate himself with the lords of the soil, and lead them to make their country the scene of summer attraction and festivity. He should strain every nerve to allure back the Absentees, and to prevail on the landholders to adopt the English mode in managing their estates. His grand objects should be the abolition of the jobbers, and the multiplication of good-sized farms, with a view to the creation of a substantial, intelligent, well-principled yeomanry. The absence of such a yeomanry in Ireland is a national grievance of the first magnitude, and the energies of the government could not be better employed than in endeavours to form one. A Lord-Lieutenant, by patronage, official appointments and recommendations to honours—by granting government aid in the making of roads, canals, drains, &c. for the improvement of estates, and by various other means—might constitute himself the leader and the bond of union of the landlords, in re-modelling society among the peasantry. Every one who knows anything of human nature may easily conceive what effects the repeated visits of the Lord-Lieutenant would have even in the most barbarous districts of Ireland. How greatly would it animate the good, and discourage the turbulent!—How beneficially would it operate on local authorities, and on all who have power over the peasantry!—How many petty abuses and evils would it silently destroy!—How much would it contribute to the subduing of party madness!—What money would it cause to be expended among the country people, and how powerfully would it work in promoting civilization!—How mightily would it tend to correct vicious opinions, and to circulate the principles of loyalty and genuine religion!—And how irresistible would the interest, favours, and appeals of the Lieutenant be over the landholders and gentry, with regard to the bettering of the condition of the peasantry!—Ireland wants a Lord-Lieutenant like this—a rich English nobleman of the old school; a man free from party trammels and party spirit; concilia-

tory, hospitable, and generous; well versed in the management of a large estate, and perfectly competent to put a country population into the proper form and condition.—Ireland, we say, wants a Lord-Lieutenant like this, and not a hackneyed politician. A large part of her principal evils cannot be reached at all by legislation, and the remainder of them can only be acted upon by it when the landlords shall be combined into a body (we say body, because we fear they will never accomplish much so long as they act singly) to give it direction and effect.

A numerous, respectable, and intelligent yeomanry,—or, in other words, a proper and natural number of large farmers, would do more towards INSTRUCTING the peasantry, than all the schools that can be established; and they would do more towards keeping the peasantry IN ORDER, than the Insurrection Act, or any law that can be framed. Such farmers frequent fairs and markets weekly, read the public prints, mix with the respectable traders and other residents of towns, and thus become acquainted with the habits and opinions of their superiors, whom, according to the laws of nature, they endeavour to imitate as far as possible. The labourers are under their control, are constantly or frequently in their houses, apply to them for advice, copy them as far as they are able in everything, and thus learn from them what they learn from the higher classes. The labourers learn from the farmers what is of far more importance to themselves and the country at large than a knowledge of the arts of reading and writing—they learn good conduct, domestic management, just opinions touching right and wrong, and the rules of civilized and social life. The farmer's eyes are constantly upon his labourers, their bread is in his hands; he thus possesses ample ability for compelling them to practise instruction, as well as to hear it—for restraining them from vice, as well as crime—and his own interest prompts him to the continual exercise of this ability.

The present state of the Irish peasantry is one of the most extraordinary things that the world exhibits in this age of civilization and refinement. The trade, occupation, bread, and consequently conduct, of every man who lives on an estate, are directly, or indirectly, in the hands of the owner of that estate. None but those who have been familiarized with English farmers and cottagers can conceive the degree of awe which actuates them in regard to their landlords. What will his landlord say? is the common exclamation, if any of them happen to be guilty of misconduct; and—I dare not from fear of my landlord,—is the general reply, if one of them be tempted to do what he thinks will excite his landlord's displeasure. The English landlord's influence does not slumber. We have ourselves seen farmers deprived of their farms for frequent drunkenness—for leading immoral lives—for being bad cultivators;—and we have seen a farmer compelled to marry a girl whom he had seduced, by his landlord's placing the marriage before him as the alternative to the loss of his farm. This operates in the most powerful manner, in preventing vice and crime; and in giving the best tone to what may be called, the opinion of the rustic world. The Irish landholders might if they pleased exercise similar influence over those who live on their estates; they might if they pleased only let their land to men of good conduct and character; and they might enjoy the same mighty means of controlling their tenants. Instead of this, a large portion of those who occupy their land know nothing of them, are perfectly independent of them, and care not a straw for them. Putting out of sight laws which can scarcely be executed, these occupiers are subject to no authority and influence whatever, save those of the jobber and the Romish priest. Yet these landlords are not barbarians—men ignorant of, and without the means of becoming acquainted with, their interest and duty. They are persons of rank, education, and wealth, who see the world, and who mix with the English landholders. The contrast between themselves, and a large portion of those who occupy their land, fills us with reflections which we shall conceal; but we cannot refrain saying, that it would be far less infamous for a man to suffer his domestic servants to be prostitutes and pickpockets, than for him to suffer his land to be occupied by rogues and assassins. The whole of that portion of the Irish population which is demoralized and brutalized—which almost daily commits crimes that can-

not be paralleled in any other country, and which the utmost exertions of the government cannot keep in order—might be speedily placed under the most effectual surveillance and control, if the landlords would only do their duty.

With regard to the instruction of the peasantry, the influence of the landlords might be almost irresistible. Let a man be the sole landlord of those who occupy his land, and let him only demand moderate rents, and his wishes will seldom be disobeyed by his tenantry. The Irish landlords are principally Protestants. If the term proselytism be out of fashiom, we will say nothing of it, whatever we may think; but at any rate we may be permitted to assume, that they wish their tenants to be instructed in those points of Christianity which are free from controversy—that they wish them to know correctly what the Protestant religion, the Protestants, and the Protestant government are—and that they wish them to live on reasonably friendly terms with the Protestants. They might gratify this wish—they might destroy the pernicious influence which the Romish priests exercise in matters not religious—they might rend the veil which these priests spread over the eyes and understandings of their tenants—and they might prevail on their tenants to hear, examine, and judge, and to become acquainted with the truth in fact, if not in doctrine. We are very sure that the words of a good landlord, in regard to what is just and reasonable, will never be addressed in vain to his tenantry—to men whose bread his nod can take away.

So long as the *adults* of the peasantry shall be without a sufficiency of able, active, zealous, religious teachers—as the aged and middle-aged, the parents and masters, shall be barbarous and depraved—as moral and enlightened masters shall be wanted to take the children under their control from the time that these leave school until they reach years of discretion—so long will the schools for the children produce very little benefit. We say this with reluctance; we would willingly sail with the stream if we could, but we cannot do it without closing our eyes to some of the most obvious truths that society exhibits.

The schools, however, will be of some service; perhaps they will operate the most beneficially, in personally interesting the nobility and gentry of Ireland in ameliorating the condition of the peasantry. Men do not love defeat. After commencing an undertaking, they will make sacrifices for its success, which nothing could have wrung from them previously. Perhaps the man who begins by interesting himself in a school, may end in lowering his rents, enlarging the size of his farms, and employing his influence in aid of the Protestant clergy. We will place one or two hints touching the schools at the service of the Committee.

It will, we apprehend, be readily conceded to us, that, as we have already said, the instruction of the peasantry in the arts of reading and writing is but a secondary object in the eyes of the legislature and the country. The grand object is, to teach them the distinction between right and wrong; to convince them that sedition, tumult, and rebellion; perjury, robbery, and assassination, are matters of both infamy and guilt. It unfortunately happens that religion cannot be taught in the schools—that ministers of religion must not enter them—that the Protestant clergy cannot catechise the vast majority of the children—and that authorities have no power to compel the Catholic clergy to give religious instruction to this majority. If no remedy be provided for this, the schools must miscarry altogether in their main object. We would advise that a book should be drawn up under authority for the use of the schools, which should comprehend the rules of morality and good conduct, and those principles of Christianity which are free from disputation. This book should not be confined to generalities. It should dwell expressly on the prevailing crimes and vices of Ireland; it should dilate specifically on the murder of the Franks' family and the other murders—on the perjuries, houghings, and burnings, and point out their enormity in the eyes of God and man. It should speak of illicit distillation, lawless combinations, the refusal to pay rents and tithes, and, in a word, of the whole conduct of Captain Rock and his followers. We say again, that it should treat expressly and specifically on the prevailing crimes and vices of Ireland,

for children will not give application to general precepts. It should not merely dwell on the criminal nature of the atrocities, but it should appeal to the spirit and pride of the children, with a view of rendering these atrocities the objects of shame and scorn; it should speak of the past and present great men whom Ireland has produced, kindle the flame of emulation, and, as far as possible, rally round its object all the best partialities and prejudices of human nature.

The book should of necessity be silent respecting the Protestants, but it ought not to be silent respecting England and the English government. It should enlarge on what England has in late years done for Ireland—on the repeal of obnoxious laws—the remission of taxes—the encouragement of trade—the late subscription; and it should shew how anxious the government, Parliament, and the whole English nation are, to do everything in their power that the benefit of Ireland may call for. It should shew that England and Ireland are parts of a whole; and that not only duty and interest, but innocence and honour, demand that the inhabitants of the two countries should regard each other as brothers.

The book might state the rules of integrity and general propriety, which the lower orders of England and other countries observe towards each other, and towards their superiors. It might detail the laws of honour, and the feelings and customs which govern the upper classes. Its more important portions might be illustrated and enforced by extracts from the Scriptures.

We merely wish to give a general idea of what the book should be, and we have said sufficient for the purpose. We may add, that it should contain nothing of a party nature, either religious or political. Against the use of such a book, no honest man could set his face, whatever might be his creed; and we fervently trust, that the opinion of the dishonest will have no weight whatever in a question of so much importance. Either give to the peasantry that instruction which their conduct imperiously calls for, or do not delude the nation by pretending to instruct them at all.

To make the children thoroughly acquainted with this book, both in spirit and application, should be the leading object of the schools; all other things should be regarded as secondary matters. This would be a work of some difficulty. The schoolmaster is too often the object of dislike and derision to his pupils; and his tasks and lectures are generally disregarded in those things in which he cannot enforce attention and practice. He can compel them to practise his lessons touching reading, writing, and arithmetic; but in matters of mere opinion and belief, or that only relate to future conduct, his power is exceedingly small, and the prejudice of his pupils causes his exertions to be of very little value. We fear that on this point his efforts would be rather counteracted than aided by the parents. We would therefore advise, that the gentry, accompanied by both the Protestant and the Catholic clergyman, should at stated periods visit the schools, and carefully examine the children, touching their knowledge and understanding of the book. In doing this, they should dispense as much instruction and excitement as possible, in the shape, not of long formal harangues, but of familiar and kind conversation. Prizes should be given to those children who acquitted themselves the best, and the day should be concluded with a cheap school-feast. If the visitors gave the parents a friendly call at the same time, it would only be the work of an hour, and they would find their account in it. If the great only knew how powerfully and beneficially their kind notice acts upon the lower orders, they would be much more profuse of this notice than they now are, even for the sake of selfish enjoyment.

We would recommend the Committee to pay particular attention to the instruction of the girls. The heart of woman is by nature far better than that of man. Woman is the most docile—her affections are the most easily won—she is the most readily inspired with horror of crime—the sins to which she is prone by nature are not those which desolate Ireland—and she is in that wretched country far less exposed to temptation than the man. Teach the rustic belles to scorn men of vice and crime, and the rustic beaux will soon cease to be such men; give good principles and feelings to the wives, and they will soon flow to the husbands. But it is with regard to children that the instruction of the

females is of the greatest importance. The mother is the best of all the teachers that the labourer's children can obtain. The father is seldom in his dwelling except in the hours set apart for rest, and the care and instruction of the children he resigns altogether to the mother. The children are constantly with her, unless they spend a few hours of the day at school; they must learn from her, as soon as they can lisp, to offer prayers to the Deity; she is almost the only individual who can enforce their regular performance of this duty; and she is the person to imprint on their minds, as soon as they are capable of receiving impressions, the distinctions between right and wrong—the leading principles of religion—the primary rules of good conduct—and to compel the practice. She is the model which is constantly before their eyes, when they are every moment learning what they will scarcely ever forget. The clergyman they perhaps cannot understand—the schoolmaster they in all probability dislike and disregard; but they look upon the mother as a being who cannot err, and they religiously believe every word that she utters. Her precepts become so inseparably interwoven with their affection, that they are scarcely ever forgotten, so long as a spark of this affection remains. If the mother be vicious and depraved, it is scarcely possible for human power to prevent her children from being so.

It must not be forgotten, that, after the children leave school, the principal purveyors of their literary food will be the Catholic clergy and the Catholic Association. This will be a mighty evil, and the government will not do its duty, if it do not keep the press of Ireland under the most effectual control, with regard both to newspapers and to tracts and pamphlets. If the Catholic Association is to be permitted to make such speeches as it is now in the habit of making, and to circulate them among the peasantry, then, for Heaven's sake! keep the peasantry unacquainted with the alphabet.

We are led, by something which lately fell from Mr Dawson in the House of Commons, to conclude these hasty observations with some others, equally hasty, on what is called Conciliation. During the last session, the Whigs applied every epithet of charge and abuse that our language could furnish to the Orangemen; and not merely to the Orangemen, but to the whole body of the Irish Protestants. This was called Conciliation, and no one could be found to reply to it save a disbelieved Orangeman. More followed. First one minister, and then another, rose to declare that the Orange processions were things not to be endured: this was done without a syllable being said in favour of the principles of the Orangemen, and it naturally cast a deep stigma upon them. This was also called Conciliation. The Marquis Wellesley publicly quarrelled with the Protestants—cheered, according to report, the playing of Catholic party tunes at the theatre—and performed other impartial feats; and Mr Plunkett, in the House of Commons, denounced the Protestants as a faction. This was likewise called Conciliation. The ministers then implored Parliament not to say a word, in discussing Irish affairs, that could offend the Catholics—and of course nothing was said of the Catholics and their Associations save eulogy. Colonel Barry, indeed, read the character of the Catholic Association, but Parliament could not on any account pass an unfavourable opinion of this body. This was, moreover, called Conciliation. We hoped that, before this, this unjust and preposterous system had cut its own throat—and we only speak of it, because it seems to be still in existence.

As to the Orange processions—the processions of a few hundreds of people among seven millions—who defends them, even among the respectable Orangemen? They are in principles highly meritorious, and if they be mischievous in effects, would not a private wish on the part of government, have done as much in putting them down, as public and official reprehension? We say Yes. If the ministers, in their personal intercourse with the heads of the Orange Association, had earnestly requested them to discontinue the processions, and had overlooked the excesses of the ignorant members of the body, the processions would have been discontinued, to the abatement of party spirit, and not to its increase. The conduct of the Marquis Wellesley and Mr Plunkett towards the Protestants, and the repeated stigmas cast upon the Orange As-

sociation by ministers, coupled with their anxiety to extenuate, pardon, and conceal all the offences of the Catholics, have constituted party-conduct of the worst description, and have produced all the effects that such conduct could produce. They have virtually constituted an offensive alliance with the Catholics, and a fierce attack upon the Protestants, and they have naturally placed the parties in a state of bitter warfare. Never, in the memory of man, did party spirit rage more furiously in Ireland than it has lately done, and the case could not possibly have been otherwise from the conduct that has been adopted by men in power.

We blush to think, that the idea, that the Orange Associations produce the Catholic ones, has to be combatted. The Orangemen combine for *defensive* purposes;—to protect themselves, the Protestant religion, the constitution, the laws, and the government;—*ergo*, the Catholics combine for *offensive* purposes,—to put an end to the payment of rents and tithes; take the land from its owners, exterminate the Protestants, destroy the dominion of England, and make Ireland an independent Catholic state. This may, for anything that we know, be very choice logic; but we are men of plain understandings, and it is lost upon us. Those who advance it, should maintain, that loyal associations produce radical ones, that religious societies produce infidels, and that, because we wish to defend the constitution, our neighbours must needs wish to destroy it. We may be told, as we often are told, that the Catholics are quiet, meek souls, who are free from party spirit, and who could do nothing wrong, were they not goaded to it; but the conciliators, the emancipation-men, must pardon us, if we disbelieve it. When we look at the words and deeds of Captain Rock, and at the language of the Catholic Association, and the heads of the Catholic Church, we really cannot for our lives see that the annihilation of the Orangemen would change in one jot their sentiments and conduct. We may no doubt be in error, for, according to the authority of many great men, the operation of causes is directly the reverse in Ireland, of what it is in all other countries.

If a government ought to make no distinction between its friends and its enemies—the good and the bad—true principles and false ones, let this be at once broadly promulgated according to the good old English fashion, and let us no longer labour under the delusion that it ought to encourage the loyal and discourage the disloyal—to trust and reward according to desert—and to promote the spread of good feelings and principles as much as possible, by kindness and favour on the one hand, and displeasure and coercion on the other. Let it be remembered, that the contest in Ireland is not between Whigs and Tories, but between the loyal and the disloyal, the friends of England and its enemies, a religion that is the nurse of freedom, and one that is hostile to freedom in the highest degree.

The secret of all this, we think, may be easily discovered. Some wiseacre or other has seemingly fancied that a quarrel with the Protestants would be in effect a reconciliation with the Catholics—that if the former were cast off by the government, the latter would crowd round it in all the ecstacies of devotion. It seems to have been thought that the parties were both loyal, and both friendly to England; that they merely contended as the Whigs and Tories contend, and that the smile of the Lord-Lieutenant could win the one as easily as the other. The trial has been made; its issue has been a very natural one, and it has yielded to its parents everything but success and honour. As we stated in our Magazine for April, the Catholic Church is compelled to follow its present conduct—to keep its followers in the state in which they are—by regard for its own power and existence; and a richer bribe than that of the whole body of the Protestants, will not induce it to commit suicide.

There is genuine conciliation, and there is spurious conciliation: we have lately had admirable specimens of both. The King went to Ireland as a conciliator—a genuine conciliator. He did not, like the Marquis Wellesley, quarrel with either party on personal, or other grounds; and he did not identify himself with either party:—he did not, like Mr Plunkett, call either Protestants, or Catholics, a faction; and he did not endeavour to make the one a sacrifice to the other. His conduct was distinguished by the most

firm and scrupulous impartiality; and, what was of even more consequence, it consisted wholly of condescension, kindness, and benevolence. This, and this alone, rendered it irresistible to party spirit. Every one knows what effects his Majesty produced, how long these effects endured, and how they were destroyed. Let the King's conduct be contrasted with that which has been followed by some of his servants, and it will be seen, what is really conciliation, and what is party conduct concealed under the name.

We should not, after all, have touched on this subject, if it had not been very closely connected with the instruction—we will not say education—of the Irish peasantry. If a people be put under a regular course of instruction, it is of the very first importance that the words and deeds of their rulers should mark as strongly as possible the distinction between good and evil, both in men and things. Ministers are constantly imploring Parliament not to say a word that may give offence to the Catholics; and this proves, what could not otherwise be doubted, that what is said in Parliament finds its way to a large portion of the people of Ireland. Now what are the Irish peasantry to think, when they find that one side of Parliament declares that the Protestants are a vile faction, who only exist to injure and enslave them, while the other side says not a word in contradiction of it; when they find the ministers repeatedly reprobating the conduct of the Orangemen, and in the same breath supplicating Parliament to say nothing against their own; when they find the Protestants vilified in every possible way, while their own atrocities are extenuated, or concealed; and they are made the objects of incessant eulogy? Is this the way to put them out of love with their guilt—to remove their disaffection—to destroy their confidence in their leaders—and to teach them to esteem the Protestant, and to judge charitably of his religion? Is this a portion of the system of conciliation—of the grand Eady-nostrum which is to tranquillize Ireland? we compassionate those from our souls, whose duty it is to answer the questions. If the words of Parliament find their way to the people of Ireland, let them be such as the people ought to hear. Let them be the words of truth and justice. Let Parliament deal impartially between the parties, let it spare the misdeeds of neither, but do not let it, with conciliation in its mouth, teach the Catholics to hate the Protestants, and to regard their own crimes as justifiable. Let it not, under the mask of conciliation, become the greatest agitator and party leader of Ireland. Let Parliament solemnly point out the distinction between bad men and subjects, and good ones—between bad feelings and principles, and good ones. Let it solemnly, but with temper, moderation, and benevolence, point out the difference between the two religions, in truth and merit—censure the civil despotism of the Catholic clergy—define the civil and religious duties of the layman, and fearlessly denounce guilt, whether it be civil or religious—whether it be committed by Protestant or Catholic. This might perhaps not be conciliation, but it would be something of infinitely more value. It would be INSTRUCTION, and instruction that would not be lost. It would do more to tranquillize Ireland, than all that conciliation has done to inflame it. We ask no favour for the Protestants. If they unjustly monopolize power and trust in Ireland, let the Irish government be impeached for suffering them to do it—if they obstruct the administration of justice, let them be prosecuted—if they commit guilt which old laws cannot reach, let new ones be framed to punish them—if they be guilty of oppression, let them be held up for it to the scorn of the world; only, instead of the Billingsgate of Brougham, let us have the sober and decisive words of legal evidence to prove it. We say we ask no favour for the Protestants, for it would be a degradation to which we could not stoop, to ask favour from men in authority for those who fight the battles of our holy religion, our constitution, and our country. But we do ask justice for the Protestants. If, when there are atrocious and dangerous parties in the state, as well as praiseworthy ones—false and demoralizing creeds, as well as just ones; and when these are engaged in fierce conflict, our rulers affect to belong to no party and to remain neutral, if it have come to this, at least let them act

impartially between the combatants. We ask for justice for the Protestants, less for their own sake than for that of the Catholic peasantry. They may be attacked and vilified by Parliaments, Lord-Lieutenants, Irish Attorney-Generals, and Ministers, until the peasantry regard them as unprincipled tyrants, whom it is meritorious to destroy, and this may bring upon them all the injuries and sufferings to which humanity is liable; but we think that it will bring equally great injuries and sufferings upon the Catholic peasantry, and we think, moreover, that it will cause a loss to both Ireland and England, alike terrible and irreparable.

Y. Y. Y.

SKETCHES OF THE FIVE AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, AND OF THE FIVE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES, FROM THE MEMORANDA OF A TRAVELLER.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the policy of the American government will not be materially influenced by the character of the next President. All nations are more or less determined in their course of dealing, at home and abroad, by the moral and intellectual character of their chief magistrates, whatever may be their title, rank, or authority. The Americans always have been so, and always will be so, whatever they may imagine to the contrary.

A bird's-eye view of the successive administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, will establish this proposition in part; and, as we are justified in expecting like effects from like causes, and that what has been will be again, if the first part of the proposition be established, the latter would seem to be a legitimate inference.

I have no disposition to meddle with the domestic economy of nations; nor with what is considered the tea-table politics of any country; but it is pleasant to observe the influences of both upon the great human family, and to shew ourselves wiser than our neighbours, in tracing any effect to a cause that has been perpetually overlooked by other men.

This is one of those cases. The character of the American government, from the day of its first organization, has been little else than the character of the man highest in office for the time. And yet the politicians of Europe would tell us, that it is a matter of no moment to the world, whither Mr A, B, C, or D, is to become the next President of the United States; and the Americans, themselves, have never suspected, and will never admit, that the character of their chief executive officer is, in reality, the character of the government.

For my own part, I do not scruple to say, that I could tell under whose administration any important law had passed, or any important treaty had been entered into by the American people, on hearing it read for the first time, although the date were not mentioned, solely from my knowledge of the five individuals, who have been five successive Presidents.

Washington, the first President, made the government like himself, cautious, uniform, simple, and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect—everything from principle. There was no vapouring, and no chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness.

Mr Adams was the second President. He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adventurous; and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the very moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements.

The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned, by Mr Adams, for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing, and attitude. The quiet dignity, and august plainness of the former, were put aside for something more absolute and regal. The continuance of the American government under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations, and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple and grave. But, under Mr Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a

sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable.

Then came Mr JEFFERSON. He was the third President. He was, undoubtedly, a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and hypothesis, experiment and trial? He turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a work-shop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is, that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit, or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes; but they were, generally, unintelligible, so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his fame at Muclecello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state—altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world.

To him succeeded Mr MADISON—the fourth American President. He was altogether of a different constitution—loquacious, plausible, adroit, and subtile. Out of his administration grew the war between his country and this. It has been a question much agitated among many sensible men, and respectable politicians, whom I have known in different countries—whether Mr Madison, whose temper was neither quarrelsome nor warlike, really wished for, and promoted, and expeded the war, or not? I have heard the same question warmly debated among his countrymen and friends. They had, probably, never seen, or had overlooked the significance of a paper in the "Federalist," (a work produced by Mr Hamilton, Mr Jay, and Mr Madison, in defence of the constitution then about to be adopted by the American people)—written by Mr Madison himself, when a young man, in which he shews, plainly and convincingly, how vast an augmentation of patronage, and, of course, *power*, the President of the United States would derive from a state of war. No man saw it so clearly at the time—no man remembered it, after the debate was over, so distinctly, and no man could have profited by it more resolutely than did Mr Madison, when he came to be what, when he foretold the evil, he had no more idea of being, than he has now of being an Emperor—the President of the United States, with ample power to fulfil the prophecy.

The next, and last of the American Presidents, is Mr MUNROE, a remarkably plain, sensible man—very honest, and, but for this last message of his, which is wholly unlike anything that he has ever written, or said, or done before, I should be inclined to think of a very prudent, cold, and phlegmatic temperament. Yet, what is his administration, but a history of the man himself—or rather a biography?

If all this be true, have we no interest in understanding the true character of the five men, out of whom the next President of the United States will be chosen?

My opinion is, that we have, and that we ought to have, and therefore I shall give a sketch, first, of the President now in office, and then, of the five candidates, out of whom one will be chosen to succeed him.

Mr Munroe, the actual President at this time, is an old-fashioned-looking man, whose manner is a compound of natural, strong simplicity, and artificial courtesy. He is very awkward, and very affable; with a countenance and address so distinguished for substantial good sense, and downright honesty—like that which we oftentimes meet with in humble life among the uneducated, that if you should encounter him, accidentally, in the company of men of the world, without knowing him, you would take him for a sensible man, quite unaccustomed to such society, and altogether above the folly and affectation of imitating them. But, let some one tell you that this sensible, uneducated man, is no less a personage than the President of the United States, and you would be likely to discover something almost awful in his plainness of manner; something, before whose quiet rebuke the grandeur and beauty of courtly bearing would fall away, like affectation. Yet is it not so?—Mr Munroe is really an awkward man; and so are most of the candidates, at this moment, "all, all awkward men."

And yet his acquired courtesy, and a sort of farmer-like, or republican cordiality, which, being tempered with much gravity and reserve, induces you to think that more is meant than said, operate upon those who see him, very like that insincere, graceful, and flattering manner, which we look for in the European courtier; and have made it a common remark throughout the United States, and particularly in the city of Washington, that an unsuccessful applicant will come away better satisfied with Mr Munroe, than a successful one will from Mr Adams, the present Secretary of State.

I paid this gentleman (Mr Munroe) a visit once, on the very evening before he was to send a message to Congress. The front of his house, which is really quite a palace, was entirely dark: there were no lamps lighted, no servants in waiting, and I had to find my way as I could among the marble pillars, and over the broad marble pavement of the great hall, into the private study of the President. I was quite struck with the appearance of everything that I saw there:—the man himself—the furniture—and the conversation, were all of a piece, and rather out of keeping, I thought, with the marble chimney-piece, and magnificent ceiling and carpeting. There were a couple of common candles,—tallow, I dare say, lighted upon his table, and the furniture, though costly, was very plain and substantial. In fact, there was an air of rigorous economy about all the decorations of the room, except those which were furnished by the Congress: and the economy too, not of a chief magistrate, so much as of a private gentleman, who had neither the power nor the disposition to be more prodigal.

And now for the candidates. Mr Culhoun, the present Secretary of War (or Minister of War), is one of the five, and the youngest among them. He has distinguished himself in Congress, by his intrepid eloquence, and, in the cabinet, by some bold and able, but hazardous undertakings. He is nearly six feet in height, walks very erect, so that his stature appears even greater than that: has very dark expressive eyes: high cheek-bones, and a square forehead, with a physiognomy rather of the Scotch character: talks with singular rapidity and vehemence, when at all excited, and electioneers more barefacedly, and with less address, than any other of the five candidates. He is too young a man for the office, and has little or no chance of success: he is very ambitious, and fully aware of the consequences if he should fail. His adversaries say that he will jump before he comes to the still; and *must* clear the passage, or be thrown out for ever. They are probably right. But if he should be elected, and it is quite possible, though not probable that he will be, he will seek to distinguish his administration by very high-handed measures. Such a course would be natural to most ambitious young men, who find it easier to design than imitate; pleasanter to open a new path for themselves, than to follow any that another has opened; and a much finer thing, to suggest a great improvement, for another to carry into execution, than to assist in consummating the plans of another, particularly in a government, which, on account of the quick rotation in office, will seldom permit any one man both to originate and consummate any great political measure.

Mr Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, (corresponding with our Chancellor of the Exchequer,) is the second candidate. He is a tall, stately man, more than six feet high, and large in proportion. He was a schoolmaster; and, it is said, has killed his man, a circumstance not at all against him with the Southern Americans, but very much so among the men of New England, who reprobate duelling as absolute murder. Mr Crawford is fuller of political resources than Mr Culhoun, and manages his cards more adroitly; but then his enemies, and those who are opposed to him, are men of a more serious temper, and a more steady determination, than those of Mr Culhoun. Their opposition to Mr Crawford is chiefly that of principle; and not political, so much as moral principle; while their objection to Mr Culhoun grows chiefly out of his youth, temper, and indiscretion. The influence of Mr Crawford's character, should he be elected, will be chiefly felt in the domestic administration of the government: that of Mr Culhoun, on the contrary, would be most operative upon the foreign relations of the American people.

Mr John Quincy Adams, the present Secretary of State (premier), son of the former President Adams, and the third candidate, is one of the ablest statesmen, and most profound scholars of the age. The chief objections to him are, that he is the son of a distinguished federalist,—that he is an apostate from the federal party,—that his father was a President before him, which, in a country so very republican as that of the United States, in its horror of anything *hereditary*, is, or ought to be, an insurmountable objection to the son, although three other Presidents, and a whole generation, have already intervened between the reign of the father, and the pretension of the son; and that he is the present Secretary of State, occupying an office from which the President has been taken so frequently, that it has come to be considered as a certain stepping-stone, and the very next one to the Presidential chair. These are formidable objections to a jealous people, whose *theory* of government is about the finest that the world ever saw; and it is quite possible that they will outweigh all other circumstances—practical virtue—and great talent—in the day of trial.

Mr Adams has represented his country at several European courts; and it is known that his influence has been felt and acknowledged in the most unequivocal manner by that of Russia.

He is a fine belles-lettres scholar; was a lecturer on judicial and popular eloquence in Harvard university, (New England;) and has published a very valuable work, on the subject of Rhetoric and Elocution. The most unlucky and most unworthy thing that he has ever done, to my knowledge, is one that he can never be justified for having done. He consented, some years ago, to deliver the fourth of July oration at the Capitol in Washington; and in delivering it, forgot that he was no longer John Quincy Adams, an American citizen, justly exasperated at the indignity with which the genius, and literature, and hospitality of his countrymen had been treated here, and fully justified in expressing his indignation—he forgot that he was no longer a private citizen, in whom such a thing would be justifiable—and did not recollect that he was the Secretary of State for the United States—the chief organ of the government, in whose language on such an occasion, all philippic, reproach, and recrimination, would be undignified and mischievous: a perpetual precedent for other and humbler men. I could applaud the spirit of the man—but cannot help pitying that of the politician and statesman, while so employed. As the oration of Mr John Quincy Adams, the polite scholar, and accomplished gentleman, it was pleasant to read; but as the work of a statesman,—the deliberate manifestation of sentiment, by the Secretary of State for the United States of America, it was undignified and indiscreet.

In a time of peace, Mr Adams would be better calculated to advance the reputation of his country abroad, than any other of the five candidates. Literature, and literary men, would be more respectable under his administration, than they ever have been; and the political negotiation of the country would continue to be, what it has been, during his occupation of the office which he now holds in the cabinet, profound, clear, and comprehensive.

Let any one imagine the effect of his presence and manner upon some foreign ambassador, (no matter from what country of Europe he may come,) who should see him for the first time as I have often seen him—The gentleman from abroad, familiar with the pomp and circumstance of royalty at home, and through all the courts of Europe, it may be, and full of strange misapprehension of republican simplicity—imagining it to be what it generally is, either rude and affected,—worn for the gratification of the mob—or the natural manner of uneducated people, who are not so much superior to, as they are ignorant of, courtly parade, yet prone to imitation nevertheless, has prepared—we will suppose, for an introduction to the President of the United States:—a single attendant announces him.—He is ushered into the presence-chamber, without any ceremony, into a very plain room, furnished not so handsomely as it is common to see that of a respectable tradesman in England.

He sees a little man writing at a table—nearly bald, with a face quite formal and destitute of expression; his eyes running with water; his slippers down at the heel—fingers stained

with ink; in warm weather, wearing a stripped seasucker coat, and white trowsers, and dirty waistcoat, spotted with ink; his whole dress, altogether, not worth a couple of pounds; or, in a colder season, habited in a plain blue coat, much the worse for wear, and other garments in proportion; not so respectable as we may find in the old-clothes bag of almost any Jew in the street.—This man, whom the Ambassador mistakes for a clerk of the department, and only wonders, in looking at him, that the President should permit a man to appear before him in such dress, proves to be the President of the United States himself. The stranger is perplexed and confounded; he hardly knows how to behave toward such a personage. But others arrive, one after the other—natives of different countries, speaking different languages.—Conversation begins. The little man awakes. His countenance is gradually illuminated—his voice changes. His eyes are lighted up with an expression of intense sagacity, earnestness, and pleasantry. Every subject is handled in succession—and every one in the language of the stranger with whom he happens to be conversing, if that stranger should betray any want of familiarity with the English language.—What are the opinions of this Ambassador here? what does he know of the address and appearance of Mr Adams? Nothing. He has forgotten the first impressions; and when he has returned to his house, it would be difficult to persuade him that the President of the United States is either dirty in his dress, little, or poorly clad.—

General Jackson is the next candidate. He is a man of a very resolute and despotic temper; so determined and persevering, that, having once undertaken a measure, he will carry it through, right or wrong; so absolute, that he will endure neither opposition nor remonstrance. He has a powerful party in his favour; but his enemies are also very powerful, and ready to go all lengths in preventing his election. He has gone through every stage of political and active service.—He has been successively a judge, a general, a governor, and a senator. He is a man of singular energy, decision, and promptitude—a good soldier, and would have been a great captain, had he been educated in the wars of Europe. His countrymen hold him to be the greatest general in the world; but he has never had an opportunity to shew his generalship. His warfare with the Indians; and his victory at New Orleans, though carried on with sufficient skill for the occasion, were of a nature rather to develope his talent as a brave man, than as a great general.

His countrymen give a bad reason for desiring to promote him to the Presidency. They admit the great ability of Mr Adams and Mr Clay in the cabinet; but then they contend that General Jackson has no rival in the field.

Granted, if they please—but what does that prove? In case of war, General Jackson's services would be wanted in the field, not in the Presidential chair. And in a time of peace, his talents as a general would be useless. It would have been a better reason to give for his election to the war office; and yet it would have been a bad one there. In a time of peace, the manner of General Jackson, who is a very erect, stiff, tall, military man, about six feet high, would be less likely than that of any other of the five candidates, to make a favourable impression upon foreigners. It is dignified to be sure, and conciliatory; but then, it does not appear natural, and is far from being easy or graceful.

If General Jackson should be elected, there would be a thorough revolution in the present system of things. He would, probably, do a great deal of good—but might do a great deal of harm, in his thorough-going, revolutionary, and absolute spirit. His officers would all resemble himself: his influence would assemble all the rash and adventurous material of the nation about him—and honest as he undoubtedly is, lead the country into many a situation of peril. A man who, after having received the fire of his adversary, where the parties were permitted to fire when they pleased, walked deliberately up to him, and shot him through the head (a story that is generally told, and generally believed in America:)—a man who ventured to reform the judgment of a court-martial, and order two men to execution, because he thought them worthy of death; a man who suspended the Habeas Corpus act, of his own free will, at New Orleans, and, I be-

lieve, actually imprisoned, or threatened to imprison, the judge for issuing a writ; a man who imprisoned, or arrested, the governor of Florida—invaded a neighbouring territory, of his own head, with an army at his back—and publicly threatened to cut off the ears of sundry senators of the United States, for having ventured to expostulate with the government, on account of his high-handed measures, however he may be fitted for a time of war, is not very well calculated, I should think, to advance the political reputation, or interests of his country, in time of peace.

The last of the candidates, Mr Clay, one of the American Commissioners at Ghent, and for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives, a situation of great influence and authority, is better known in Europe, than any of the others, except Mr Adams. He is a plain-looking man, with a common face; light hair; about five feet ten; talks with great animation, and declaims with surprising fluency and boldness. He exercises a very commanding influence over a powerful party in his country; and if elected, will contribute greatly to extend the reputation of the government. He is neither so profound, nor so comprehensive, as Mr Adams in his political views; but he is an able, and honest politician; with friends a thousand times more enthusiastic than are those of Mr Adams; but they are neither so numerous, so thoughtful, nor so respectable.

His manner is very unpretending, and very awkward: he has a good deal of electioneering expedient—but it is easily seen through. I remember having seen him enter the city of Washington, alone, and unattended by a servant, on horseback, with his portmanteau, or valise, stuffed behind the saddle, two or three days before the election of Speaker. He had been reported sick and dying for several successive weeks—and was, finally, said to be actually a dead man. And when he appeared, it was in the manner which I have described, although the issue of his election as Speaker, was generally believed to be, in one alternative, conclusive upon his chance for the Presidency; that is,—if he were *not* elected Speaker, it was believed that he had no chance for the Presidency, although, if he were elected Speaker, his election to the Presidency was not, by any means, certain to follow. These reports, and the republican entry, were, probably, electioneering tricks: the first (for Mr Clay had never been sick at all) was got up by his friends to try the pulse of the people; and the latter was his own.—

I have now described the five Presidents and five candidates; but I forgot to mention, that nine out of the whole ten, were either educated for the bar, or actual practitioners of the law, at some period or other of their lives. In fact, I believe, that all but Washington were originally destined for that profession, although I am not certain about Mr Munro, Mr Culhoun, and Mr Crawford. The law is seldom or never studied in America, as an accomplishment; and until lately, has never entered into their plan of collegiate education. But, for nearly half a century, it has been the favourite profession of ambitious fathers, and needy young men of talent, as the only highway to political distinction, and as the most respectable and certain means of obtaining a livelihood, without capital or mechanical labour.

A. B.

OFFICE OF LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh Review.

We observe, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, an article on the office of Lord Advocate of Scotland. This paper is evidently the work of a very coarse hand; at once commonplace in statement, and feeble and inconclusive in reasoning. The object of the writer is, to procure the abolition of the office; and our sole reason for even noticing so paltry an effort is, that we look upon its appearance in the old Whig Review as the signal, usually given in such cases, for a general rising of the party in behalf of the proposed change, which, in this instance, is no less than the suppression, (or the degradation, worse than suppression,) of one of the most ancient, honourable, and, we will add also, useful offices which can be held within the kingdom of Scotland.

The writer begins by an invidious comparison of the political institutions of Scotland with those of England, before and since the period of the Revolution; much to the disparagement of the former country, of course, according to the approved fashion of the moment in which he was scribbling. But his ignorance of the subject, as well as of the true principles of freedom, is displayed on the very threshold. England was *not* free in any practical sense before the Revolution of 1688. More ungovernable tyrants nowhere existed than Henry VIII. and both his daughters,—and the whole Stuart dynasty of England, with one exception; and although there were Parliaments in those days, they were powerless to resist the mandates of despotism; while juries were fain to second them with all the might of perjury and baseness. It required indeed the instinctive steadiness of the English character to make the people cling in better days to their parliaments and juries, after the shameful experience they had had of what both were capable of perpetrating and enduring; for it is absurd to tell those who know what was done in England in the reigns of Charles and James the Second, that there was any other difference in the tyranny which oppressed both nations, than that which sprung out of the greater obstinacy and enthusiasm of the people of Scotland. The spirit of freedom, bordering perhaps on anarchy, appears indeed to have been even higher in Scotland at the era of the Revolution, than it was in England; the Scotch Convention of Estates having, as every one knows, boldly voted that King James had, by his misgovernment, *forfeited* the crown; while the co-ordinate assembly in England was puzzling itself with subtleties, and devising forms of expression to avoid the jacobinical conclusion.

But if the writer is thus ignorant of the real history of the period on which he presumes to comment, he is, if possible, still more ignorant of the true foundations of public freedom. Parliament is *not* an adequate safeguard of liberty, neither is trial by jury—reason might have indicated as much, and history has demonstrated it. All positive institutions are barren, unless they are cherished by the generosity of the soil in which they are planted. The security of freedom is in the mind and will of the people themselves—in their intelligence, energy, and virtue—not in the mere existence of Parliaments, but in the publicity of their proceedings—not in trial by jury as an institution, but in the controlling vigour of public opinion—in the liberty of the press, honestly exercised, to probe and to punish, but not to inflame—in *privileges*, in short, undefined, but invaluable, which give life and soul to positive institutions—privileges, however, which, be it remembered, England did not in any shape possess at the period which this writer has selected for vaunting her freedom over the slavery of Scotland, and of which Scotland is at this moment in as full and absolute possession as the sister kingdom. It is this system of tacit compromise, betwixt the letter of the law and the energy of opinion, that governs our greatest political concerns—it is the still small voice of policy that addresses the actual holder of office with more effect than the thunders of legal enactment, and renders it practically safe to commit powers to him necessary to his efficiency, although apparently dangerous to liberty—powers, however, which seldom are abused in

fact, and never can be abused with safety beneath the frown of a vigilant, enlightened, and high-minded people. —By this standard alone can the office of the Lord Advocate, or of any other public functionary in our land, be fairly tried.

The writer complains that the powers of the Lord Advocate are undefined and unknown,—and immediately proceeds with exemplary consistency to edify his readers by an enumeration of them. But the fact of powers vaguely claimed being practically unknown, affords conclusive evidence that they are not wrongfully exercised, nor indeed exercised at all. The discussion which even their occasional use, and far more, their abuse, would instantly elicit, could not fail to draw them out of the twilight of antiquity. It is to contend with a phantom, therefore, to wage battle with the *unknown* powers of the Lord Advocate; and it were beneath the dignity of the legislature to employ itself in enacting laws to put them down. The practical question which can alone deserve the attention of Parliament, and of the public, is, the practical power which this officer is in the habit of exercising—its adaptation to the ends, political and legal, for which the office was first instituted, and has been since continued. Taking, therefore, the writer's enumeration of these powers—which, bating its clumsy and wilful exaggeration, has in it nothing new—let us see whether he makes out his position that the office calls for regulation.

The Lord Advocate is the Public Prosecutor in Scotland; and the Reviewer's minute subdivision of his powers, however formidable it may appear to persons unacquainted with the subject, is truly comprised in the above sentence. The law of Scotland discourages, and ever has discouraged, the trade of the private informer, and has wisely taken the great initiatory step of criminal justice as much as possible out of the hands of private malice, and confided it to those of public duty. Private parties may indeed prosecute, but not without tendering to the sage jealousy of the law the guarantee of a reasonable interest in the proceedings. The law has constituted the prosecution of crimes a public trust, and committed this trust to the hands of an eminent public officer. Nor is there a Scotsman, whose opinion on such a subject can be of any weight, who would desire to have this system changed, or who would not grieve to see his country demoralized by the birth of a base brood of informers—But the public officer to whom we owe our protection against such a pestilence, must have power to perform his duty with effect; he must, in short, have all the powers which the Reviewer has ascribed to the office, so far as they are faithfully recounted.

The Reviewer complains that the point is not yet clearly decided whether the Lord Advocate, on failure of his prosecution, is bound to name his informer; and farther, that the crown is not liable in costs to parties accused but acquitted. The last point seems too ridiculous even for passing notice, when one considers the numerous acquittals which inevitably occur, not from the innocence of the accused, but from defect of evidence, or errors of a nature merely formal. The liberal reimbursement, superadded to the lamented impunity of a villain whom chance, not merit, has saved from the halter, would be an odious spectacle indeed.—The other branch of complaint, that the point is not yet clearly settled, whether the Lord Advocate is bound to name his informer, is one selected with the curious infelicity that characterizes this writer. If there were practical tyranny, could this question have remained unsettled?—Can there be a better proof than its very uncertainty that wanton prosecution is unknown, and that this office, whatever may be its abstract power, is practically attempered to the spirit of the age?—Why then unnecessarily superinduce the encumbrance of a coroner's inquest, or of a grand jury, on the proved integrity of a high office, which has upon the whole been so exercised, that the question of the responsibility of the holders has never been sufficiently agitated even to have been solemnly decided,—although the slightest provocation would assuredly have generated the fullest discussion?

We stop not at present to remark on the charges which immediately follow, farther than to state, that, right or wrong, they are directed not against the office of Lord Advocate, but against the criminal law of Scotland; for it is the law of prescription in crimes, not the Public Prosecutor, that suspends a charge over a culprit *not in*

prison for twenty years—it is the act 1701 also, not the Public Prosecutor, which provides, that a culprit *in prison*, if he do *not choose*, or if *he neglect* to avail himself of it, shall not take the benefit of that statute; and when the Reviewer complains that the presiding judge continues to name the jurors who are to act upon trials, our answer again is, that the nominating judge is *not* the Lord Advocate, no more than the whole Court of Justiciary, (to which it is imputed as heinous tyranny, that it presumes to declare new crimes,) is that public officer. Our object at present is not the vindication of the criminal law of Scotland, or of the supreme criminal court on the points we have enumerated—although we shall undertake this vindication also before closing the article—but merely to shew the reader that, however artfully introduced, these points are essentially foreign to the immediate subject of discussion.

That the Lord Advocate appoints deputies to act for him, but for whom he is himself responsible, is no more than is done, in one shape or other, by every public functionary in the kingdom, who has duties to perform too extensive to admit of the personal superintendence of one individual. But "the Lord Advocate is the organ of the administration under which he acts, in matters purely political; it is from this that the principal dignity and influence of his office is derived;" and we take leave to add, that it is from this also that the rancour against it, in the present instance, has mainly flowed.—But although the writer's opinion is, that the Lord Advocate ought to be less of a political character than he now is, so little is his mind made up on this subject, that he adds, "to what precise extent his exclusion from politics ought to be carried, it may not be easy to define." He is quite bewildered, and contradictory, indeed, on this point, and having no precision in his views, has, instead of an argument, treated his readers with the jargon of what is called liberal politics on the occasion. With the same breath with which he invokes the disjunction of the political and legal characters of the Lord Advocate, he admits, that "he can never be expected to be indifferent about the success of his party, and we are by no means romantic about the extinction of party feelings,—*which are salutary and necessary things.*" This writer, therefore, does not expect, he does not even desire, that the great law-adviser of government should be without the "salutary and necessary" stimulus of party feeling. His object is not to eradicate, but to degrade the feeling; he wishes to see the office shorn of its political splendour, and administered by subaltern, and therefore, it is probable, by more vulgar and rancorous agency.

Never, in fact, was such a wretched farrago of contradictions put together, as by the Reviewer, upon this part of his subject. He feels inwardly, although he would fain warp the truth, that the sum of the question is betwixt our ancient system of criminal procedure, and the popular accusations of other countries,—and that if our own system is to be retained; and he ventures not even to hint at any essential change;—the Lord Advocate as public prosecutor, must still remain invested with nearly the same powers as at present. Hence it is, that after having in the beginning of his paper recounted and shuddered at the prosecutor's powers, he turns round and rebukes those who have suggested their abridgment, in these terms: "It is not unusual," says he, "to hear it proposed that the Lord Advocate should not be privileged to decline disclosing his informer; that he ought not to be saved from actions of damages; that he ought to have no right to delegate his authority to others; and that some liberal provision should be made for private prosecutions; now it is plain, that these and many similar remedies that might easily be named *are inconsistent with the existence of the office.*"—Are you then, although compelled to retain such an office, to strip it, not of party feeling, be it remembered, for that is confessedly indelible, but of political power? Are you to degrade the individual, to whom the highest trust connected with the criminal jurisprudence of the country is committed, into a sordid agent, instead of being, as he is at present, a high functionary of government? Are you to inflict this degradation for the miserable reason assigned by this writer: viz. that as you can now dispatch a letter from the capital of Scotland to that of England in forty-eight hours, all local administration of the affairs of

Scotland may be dispensed with,—as if there were not a moral distance, a distinct character, belonging to each of the kingdoms, more insuperable than the local distance which has shrunk in the rapidity of modern travelling? Is Scotland to be governed without local aid from any of her public functionaries, like Yorkshire, Northumberland, or Wales, while Ireland has still the splendour of her vice-regal establishment, to console her for the absorption of her rank and wealth by the metropolis of England? —The fact, indeed, that the Lord Advocate has been able to retain the influence which the writer affects so much to dread, in spite of the natural ambition of the secretary of state, to engross it for his own office, is decisive against the whole argument, since the political power could have been retained only on the tenure of public services performed. But what shall be said of that man's consistency, who, pointing to the example of England for our instruction, tells us that the Lord Advocate ought not to be a statesman, because he is in fact but a lawyer—of England, where the crown lawyers are always in parliament—of England, where a mere lawyer is always a distinguished member of the cabinet, and where, both in ancient and modern times, men elevated from the profession of the law, have become illustrious among the most eminent statesmen of the land? But what is quite right in England, may be quite wrong in Scotland. And why? "In the former country there are grand juries *and popular elections*, and many other institutions which stand between the people and the official accuser." We call upon this writer to explain in what manner *popular elections* can avail men upon their trial for crimes; and with reference to the alleged undue influence of the public prosecutor *in another quarter*, we take leave to remind him, that as in every country, to use his own words, "in which there is no parliament, the law necessarily becomes the next important political element, there can be no ground for his alarm, on account of the seductive powers of the Lord Advocate, (so grossly and ludicrously exaggerated,) over the purity of the Scottish bar. For since parliament itself, although exposed defenceless to such arch-betrayers as the cabinet ministers, yet maintains a tolerably fair reputation with all but the radicals, its tiny succedaneum in the north cannot be supposed less secure, nor can its possible fall be quite so important to the public, should it even yield to the dangerous arts of his Majesty's Advocate.

And here we cannot but remark, that our Scotch Whigs seem lately to have been driven into some humiliating bargain with their compeers of the sister kingdom, to push Scotland, first for experiment's sake, along the rough road of their fantastical reforms, reserving England untouched, until the issue of the experiment upon her neighbour shall be known. Hence it is their practice not only to deal out a tenfold portion of abuse against every Scottish institution, but even to cover their scandalous designs upon Scotland, by some hollow compliment to the institutions of England. In this base spirit, the writer before us alleges that the power of the Lord Advocate is not only enormous, but surpasses the authority possessed by any one individual in England, or under any free government in Europe,—the sum of this stupendous power consisting after all, as is indeed admitted in the next sentence, in the right to imprison for 140 days at the utmost before trial, and in the further right of declining to prosecute at all, where no just ground of accusation exists—which this honest reviewer candidly interprets as a right of awarding impunity to those whom the public prosecutor may feel disposed to favour!

Now if it be necessary (as we presume to think it is) to secure felons by imprisonment, till preparations can be made for trying and punishing them, it is not clear that the above period could be sensibly abridged, even if the public prosecutor's office were abolished, and the private informer invited to take his place,—while in all other respects the change would be most pernicious and degrading.—As to the other branch of this stupendous power —the right to decline prosecuting, the writer has scandalously, and we fear wilfully, mis-stated the matter, for the purpose of gaining over ignorant partizans. The Lord Advocate may refuse to prosecute when he sees just grounds for such refusal, but he cannot refuse to concur with the private party who chooses to take up the accusation;

and when we state that the private party is not otherwise restrained, except that he must have a legal, which is here generally synonymous with a moral interest, in the matter at issue —that he must swear he believes the charge to be true which he takes it upon him to prefer—and that, if he fail, he shall, as is usual in other cases, be condemned in costs—most of them safeguards against groundless prosecution, generally established, we believe, even where popular accusations are most favoured—it will at once be perceived that crimes can seldom go unpunished in Scotland for want of an accuser, even should the Lord Advocate fail in his duty. To talk of his power of extending impunity to favoured delinquents, therefore, is one of the most impudent deceptions for which even the Edinburgh Review has hitherto to answer. But the fact, that the powers of the office have *not* been abused, is the best proof that they are not such as to admit of safe and profitable abuse, when we consider by how many men of very different tempers and talents it has been filled. This decisive fact becomes apparent, even through the veil of the writer's sophistry; it turns up at almost regular intervals in the round of his eternal contradictions. "It may be conceded," says he, "that, in general, the practice of the office has, in ordinary cases, been judicious, moderate, and impartial:" and this is conceded of an office said to present temptations to abuse beyond, not merely the average, but the utmost resistance of human nature. On this essential point of abuse, indeed, the writer shies all explanation. "We must decline," he says, "entering into any details;" substituting for this indispensable commodity, a string of truisms to prove, *on general principles*, that the office *must* have been abused, and ought to be reformed. We might answer him, that there is no power, however salutary, however necessary, which may not be abused—that risk of abuse is part of the very definition of the word power—and we might further remind him, that there is no power under Heaven fraught with such enormous and frequent abuse, as his own very contemptible one of scribbling, upon which, however, he would no doubt denounce it as the highest crime to trench, by sharpening the libel laws.—It is, at all events, a mere farce to talk of the Lord Advocate's powers in the lofty strain of this writer, when inviting an effort for their curtailment, and to describe them as surpassing the powers possessed by any man in England, or in any free state of Europe. There is not a head of one of the great public Boards in England—of the Treasury, for example—who has not effective political power, compared with which that of the Lord Advocate is not even to be named; for, while his Lordship has, for the protection of the community, to deal, for the greater part, with its very dregs, upon whom no punishment which he could either inflict or avert would weigh as a feather in the scale of influence, the head of such a Board is daily, and hourly, disposing of numerous applications where the parties are not without political weight nor insensible to political favour; and yet, such is the force of public opinion, or, what this writer will less believe, perhaps, the common honesty of public men, that this vast business is, in the general, conducted without a breach of honour, or the imputation even of corruption.

The writer not only insists on *purifying* the Public Prosecutor, as he is pleased to express it, by withdrawing him from the contagion of politics, but he demands a thorough revision of the act 1701—the Magna Charta of Scotland, and therefore the subject of fitting derision for this great reformer—about which he tells an unfounded story of its having been framed by an enemy of freedom in disguise, whose real object was not to shield the prisoner, but inextricably to perplex the law.

He contends, in the first place, for an abridgement of the period of one hundred and forty days, the limit allowed to the prosecutor for preparing and closing the prosecution; but he does not say what the abridged period ought to be. He admits that even more than the present period may, in some cases, be necessary, as more than five months intervene betwixt the circuits; and, to crown the whole, and strangle his puny argument in the birth, he further admits, that the granting of the Prosecutor's application to the Court for further time, "might, perhaps, soon become a matter of course!"

—thus, encumbering the criminal proceedings with an unmeaning mockery, and leading, in the issue, to a more disastrous prolongation of imprisonment than is ever permitted under the law as it now stands.

His next objection to the act is, that an application to the Court is required to receive the benefit of it—an application attended, he says, with expense, endangered by technicalities, and often foregone from the reluctance of prisoners thus to wage war with the prosecutor—for which reasons, this writer proposes that the benefit of the statute should be extended to all persons indifferently, and as matter of course. Not to mention the deception which this statement attempts to practise on those who may not chance to know that the cost and difficulty of the application are imaginary—not to notice the flat contradiction betwixt this mendacious *hint*, that the Lord Advocate may take offence, because a wretched prisoner claims the protection of the law, with the large admissions of the writer, as to the honest and humane exercise of the office, and, indeed, with the relative condition of the parties thus supposed to give and take offence—we would merely observe, that, since in order to secure, the party needs only to *will* the benefit of the law, there can be no ground for reasonable complaint. Cases not unfrequently occur, where a short imprisonment of the delinquent may answer all the ends of justice, but not all the demands of law, were it rendered imperative to bring him to trial; and surely, in such cases, his interests are not inadequately consulted when he may, if he decline reposing on the indulgence of the prosecutor, take the verdict of a jury and the judgment of the Court upon his case—as it is at all times in his power to do.

But the writer's complaint in behalf of those who are neither imprisoned nor indicted, but only charged or suspected of crimes, and who can have no remedy but to run the usual course of prescription, appears to us, upon the whole, the most groundless of all his murmurings—since we can discern no other difference betwixt persons once suspected or charged, but neither imprisoned nor indicted, and any other known or suspected criminals in the land, except that the presumption of guilt in the case of the former is probably stronger than in that of the latter; so that the Reviewer's appeal, if it have any meaning at all, plainly resolves into a complaint against the vicennial prescription of crimes in Scotland, a complaint which will hardly gain a favourable hearing with those who know that crimes prescribe in Scotland, in half the period which must elapse to extinguish, in this manner, a common bond or obligation for debt.

The prisoner, and through him the community, are, however, it is said, exposed to further and indefinite risk, by "the three circumstances" which fill the Reviewer with horror, "of the Court naming the jury—having the power to declare new crimes—and all its judgments being irrevocable." These three "circumstances," however, have, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the office of the Lord Advocate, but concern the constitution and powers of the Supreme Criminal Court alone.

On the first "circumstance," about which the people of Scotland neither know nor care, except as it is the sole circumstance which has intimated to them the political existence of so distinguished a legislator as Mr Thomas Kennedy, the Reviewer declines to say anything, and we shall therefore extend to him, in return, the mercy of our silence.

As to the power of the Court to declare new crimes, it is right that the matter should be thoroughly understood both here and in England. The Court cannot declare a new crime to which a capital punishment is to be annexed. In fact the sum of its power in this respect is to award some inferior but not inadequate chastisement for offences that may emerge new in their type and circumstances, but analogous in moral depravity to some class or classes of crimes, as to which it has for ages exercised unquestionable jurisdiction. And here again we ask, where is the wrong that has been done?—where the practical evil that demands a remedy?—Has the Court, in any instance, authoritatively declared *that*, which the moral feelings of the people had not already pronounced, to be a crime?—Is it no advantage, that, while in other countries statutes, although multiplied on statutes in endless confusion, are ever distanced by the rapid inventions of crime, in Scotland there is confided to the appoint-

ed interpreters of the law, a power which can overtake its bar's ingenuity, and measure its guilt by the scale of morals rather than of forms?

It is safer, we are told, to trust to a legislative body than to a tribunal for fixing the character and measuring the punishment of crime—for legislatures are merciful, tribunals severe. Is it indeed so, and does history support the theory? Have there been the same unanswerable complaints, the same successful appeals to the fountain of mercy, against the judgments of the Scottish Criminal Court, that have been made in England against the capital punishments denounced by act of parliament? Have any of the new crimes declared by the Court of Justiciary led to the punishment of two or three only of an hundred convicts, the remainder being necessarily pardoned, because of the extreme severity of the law, and the sufferers having been abandoned to their fate, not on account of anything proved against them to the Jury, but from aggravations known to and reported upon by the Court alone?—The examples brought by this writer to illustrate his argument on this part of the subject, are, the cases of the English combination and libel laws—as to the first of which it can be no reproach to the Court of Justiciary that it wisely declared for Scotland what the legislature enacted for England—while our sedition law, which corresponds with the law of political libel in England, being no part of the *quasi* legislation of the Court, but of the ancient law of the land, has been most absurdly cited by this reformer; the more especially that a recent statute has shewn the desire of parliament to approximate in this respect the law of England to that of Scotland, by declaring the reiterated offence of political libel a transportable felony.

The complaint of the *irreversibility* of the judgments of the Supreme Criminal Court is, in the way at least in which this writer manages it, a piece of most unmeaning declamation; and it is very difficult, indeed, to discover what is the precise object of this branch of the discussion. So far as we can observe, it results in this, to use the Reviewer's words, that "when a legal question arises, which is of importance and difficulty, and on which the Court itself is perhaps divided, we certainly would *give the Court, or the prisoner with the approbation of the Court*, an opportunity of having the point more fully and deliberately discussed, though not to the exclusion of the original Judges, before other persons on whose integrity and learning the state has equal confidence."—Not to mention that such points are of comparatively rare occurrence in the administration of criminal justice, and that when they do occur, the prisoner has in practice the full benefit of the doubt in the shape, if not of acquittal, yet of pardon, we would beg leave to ask this person in what precise form his project is to be executed—for to us it seems impracticable—whether by calling in the aid of Judges, Scotch or English, necessarily ignorant of our criminal law, to correct the opinions of men officially conversant with it? We see no other way in which this valuable aid is to be secured, and yet the mere proposal is fraught with revolting absurdity. Nor do we observe how the empowering the Court, or the prisoner with the sanction of the Court, to take this extraneous assistance, would curb that spirit of tyranny, in "temper, language, and manners," which this writer is pleased to ascribe to the Court of Justiciary; and of which he selects as a specimen the state trials about the commencement of the late war with France. We answer him in this respect boldly—that he insinuates a gross and scandalous libel upon his country which he has not courage to express in open and manly language. We tell him, that the men whose memory he reviles, were some of them, blunt in manners, perhaps, but high and honest of heart, loyal to their sovereign, and devoted to their country, which their manliness probably saved from the last of national calamities. We tell him further, that they had to deal, generally speaking, on the occasion referred to, with the scum of the people, emboldened to insolence as well as crime, by the prevailing frenzy of the day; and that we know of no reason why the ermine should calmly brook insult from the audacity of guilt planted at the bar. We tell him, finally, that such of "the greatest statesmen of the age" as traduced these honest men, and lived not to recant the charge—who died "and made no sign," have long since departed from the heart and memory of the British people.

The question as to the introduction of Grand Juries into Scotland, as it is argued by this writer, may be disposed of in a few sentences. He is not quite sure, after all, that we ought to have Grand Juries—he only leans to that opinion, "after taking as deliberate and large a view of the subject as we can;" and having already libelled the Judges, he now libels the people of Scotland, to justify his hesitation. "What protection," says he, "would they (Grand Juries) afford in opposition to the Crown, in a country, not only without popular election, but of which the great body of the inhabitants do not feel that they personally have the slightest connection with the representative system? Might they not merely enable the accuser to diminish his responsibility, without at all abridging his power?" Yet he is for risking the experiment even with this slavish people; and proceeds with commonplace refutations of imaginary objections to the measure, such as that it will involve a change in the formal part of our criminal law, and may seem to imply a reproach on its actual administration—objections which it is far from our intention to urge. But what are the benefits to be secured by the change? They are two in number, says this writer—first, the exercise of a civil or political right,—by a people whom he has just described as so utterly servile, that to vest them with such a privilege would be to strengthen the hands of despotism;—second, the tendency to prevent "the law from being unequally administered, by its terrors being liberally dealt out to one set of people, and very sparingly, if at all, applied to another."—Mark his selection of cases to prove an existing evil. The first is a case which occurred in 1802, when the Lord Advocate declined to prosecute. What then? The private party *did* prosecute—the prisoner was acquitted by a jury of his countrymen—and the previous decision of the Lord Advocate, so far from being impeached, was thus solemnly confirmed! The other occurred in the time of Duncan Forbes, upon whom, by the way, this scribbler delivers a most execrable panegyric—and was a case in which that great lawyer dissuaded the government from bringing a charge of treason, which, he had no doubt, was founded in law. Why? because he was satisfied that the Grand Jury, inflamed with popular prejudice, would decline to do its duty, and extend impunity to guilt! And such is the mode in which this able reformer seeks to propitiate the country in favour of the introduction of Grand Juries!

Passing over, because heartily despising the trash that follows about the probable return of bad times, and the provision to be made for facing them—which this most consistent writer couples, of course, with the usual boast of his party as to the progress of intelligence, and the "demands of an age not far off, and that will not demand in vain," we come directly and at once to the expediency of introducing Grand Juries as a curb on the *political* partialities of the prosecutor—this being the only aim which the writer proposes to himself—confessing, as he does, fully and frequently, that in cases *not* political, the discharge of the duties of the public prosecutor is far above suspicion. Now we beg leave to apprize our English readers more especially, to whom the fact may not be known, and whom this fawning scribbler is ambitious to mislead, that as to charges of political crimes, the people of Scotland are equally protected with themselves by the law as it now stands—that in charges of treason the ordeal of a Grand Jury must be gone through in Scotland, just as in England; and that if the Lord Advocate can, without a Grand Jury, prosecute for sedition, he does no more than the Attorney General does in England, in the kindred offence of political libel. And this statement, which is not only true, but altogether unimpeachable, may go far, we hope, to relieve the anxiety of our English neighbours, who take so tender an interest in our affairs, and whose aid this most candid writer is so eager to invoke.

We have thus taken the trouble to examine this foolish article on the office of the Lord Advocate, and we are not aware that we have omitted anything in it that bears even the semblance of argument—as little are we conscious, on a calm review of what we have written, that we have left any part of the fabric undemolished. No task, indeed, could have been easier—the slightest shock was the signal for the general ruin—and our only feeling is that of contempt for the achievement now that it is accomplished. We

have indeed had a most faithful ally in the Reviewer himself, as there is hardly a position laid down by him which he has not substantially retracted or contradicted in pure folly. Still it was necessary, on a subject so important to Scotland, to expose these contradictions; and, if we are to be regaled with some fresh measure of reform in this instance, to furnish the materials for discussion on the one side of the question as well as the other. This we have now done, and in having done it, we are satisfied that we have discharged a duty to our country. We have shewn the public, moreover, that if in this instance those who are charged with the guardianship of the institutions and establishments of Scotland are ultimately to fall beneath their adversaries, they will have the consolation, not of yielding to talent, to power, and to truth, but of being basely overcome by supreme ignorance and contemptible imbecility.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay First.

The same temper of mind which, in old times, spent itself upon scholastic questions, and, at a later age, in commentaries upon the Scriptures, has, in these days, taken the direction of metaphysical or statistic philosophy. Bear witness, Bullion and Corn Laws! Bear witness, the new science of Population! and the whole host of productions to which these happy topics have given birth, from the humble magazine to the bold octavo, and more ambitious quarto. The type of the disease has varied at different times, but the disease remains the same;—a colliquative diarrhœa of the intellect, arising from its strong appetite, and weak digestion.—

Aut Southey, aut Diabolus, apud Quarterly Review, No. XXIX.

In the very practical science of Political Economy, perhaps it might be difficult to mention three subjects more practical, than those unfortunately selected for a comparison with scholastic questions.—*Malthus.*

Political Economy, when considered in all its bearings, is one of the most important and useful branches of science.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Objects of these Essays—Outline of their plan and arrangement.

It is our intention, in the course of a series of papers, to investigate, establish, and explain the primary and fundamental principles of Political Economy; to deduce from them the less obvious and more complicated doctrines, and to apply these principles and doctrines to the elucidation and solution of the most interesting and important practical questions on this subject. We are fully sensible that we are undertaking an arduous and difficult task; and that we are exposing ourselves to two sets of prejudices, equally strong and formidable. It may be proper and serviceable, therefore, in the first place, to consider the difficulties and prejudices which we must encounter and overcome, before we can hope to proceed in a fair and regular course, or to command a patient and candid attention to our labours.

We have classed the difficulties and prejudices which beset this subject separately; but a closer attention to the nature and origin of the former will convince us that they spring from the latter, and may therefore be considered in conjunction with them. That Political Economy is a science attended with difficulties, we do not mean to deny; but that its chief difficulties arise less from its nature than from the manner in which it is generally studied, we trust we shall prove, not so much by formal consideration of those difficulties, as by shewing that they disappear, or are greatly lessened and weakened, when it is studied in a different manner from that usually pursued. Fortunately the prejudices to which we have alluded as creating or nourishing the difficulties, though strong and formidable, are of such an opposite nature and tendency, that they may be set in array against each other; and thus, by their mutual combat and distinction, may be made to disappear without any direct attack from us.

There are, as we have said, two sets of prejudices; the one which represents Political Economy as utterly un-

worthy of the name and dignity of a science; as not only not having attained a right to be classed with the sciences, but as essentially incapable of attaining that right. With some this prejudice assumes rather a different and less contemptuous and hostile appearance. They do not deny to Political Economy the appellation of a science, but they maintain that it is a science of little or no practical utility; that its principles and maxims, whatever abstract truth they may possess, are utterly worthless, when applied to the solution of any of the great questions that regard national wealth; and that, consequently, Political Economy, however it may amuse, interest, or sharpen the intellects, however clear, well-founded, and perfect it may be in theory, can never be of any use when applied to the solution of practical questions, or as a guard against what is prejudicial, or a guide to what is advantageous in the progress of national wealth.

The other set of prejudices is of a directly opposite nature and tendency. Those who entertain them maintain, that in all its essential principles and doctrines Political Economy is perfect, or nearly so; that these essential principles and doctrines, so far from being abstract and purely theoretical, have been directed by a careful and legitimate deduction from facts and experience; and consequently are not only capable of being applied to what may happen, and what ought to be done or avoided, but, from their very nature and origin, are, in every respect and particular, admirably adapted to such application, and may therefore be safely trusted for the solution of every difficulty, and as enlightening guides under every circumstance.

According to those, therefore, who are under the influence of the first set of prejudices, we are about to undertake a task which cannot be accomplished, or which, if it could, would be of little or no real service; while, according to those who entertain the second set of prejudices, we are about to undertake a task already accomplished, and therefore uncalled for and unnecessary.

It is obvious that it is absolutely impossible that both these opinions can be correct and well-founded; yet they are maintained with nearly equal conviction of their truth and justice, and what is singular, they seem almost to grow in strength, and to increase in the number of their respective advocates, at the same time, and under the same circumstances. For while the writings of Malthus, Ricardo, Say, Sismondi, and other celebrated modern political economists, are praised by one party, as having perfected the science, and explained everything that has taken place, and pointed out everything that ought to be pursued or avoided, and thus left nothing to be done, either in the theoretical or practical department of this study; the works of the very same authors are confidently and triumphantly appealed to by the opposite party, as proving that Political Economy, if really capable of reaching the dignity of a science, has not yet attained it; and still more plainly and decidedly, that as a practical study, it is utterly worthless.

There is no branch of human inquiry or science which we apprehend is so singularly situated; certainly none which draws, as Political Economy does, or ought to do, all its facts or principles from circumstances and events constantly occurring; and, we may add, from the observation and experience of every individual. For though it respects more directly and comprehensively whatever relates to the real nature of national wealth, to the means by which it may be acquired, secured, and increased, and to the avoidance of those national acts, and the overcoming of those natural disadvantages by which its limits might be contracted, or its course impeded; yet, as nations are composed of individuals; as the mode in which an individual conducts his business, redoubles in its effect the effects of the Political Economy of the government under which he lives, and as the influence of his wise or injudicious conduct of his affairs extends beyond himself into the community of which he forms a part, —from all these causes, individual as well as national experience offers ample and various illustration of the principles of Political Economy, to those who will attentively examine and study it. And yet so it is, as we have stated, notwithstanding all that has been written within the last fifty years, not only on the general doctrines of this science, but also on most of its principal topics; and

notwithstanding this period has supplied an almost superabundant addition of facts to those which had previously been recorded, it is still disputed whether it has either attained, or can possibly attain, to the nature and rank of a science by one party; while, by another party, not only its first and fundamental principles, but nearly all the most important and difficult applications of them, or deductions from them, are regarded as fixed on the firm basis of demonstration. These opposite and conflicting sentiments regarding Political Economy, have, in a great degree, grown up, since the time of Adam Smith. When he first published his Wealth of Nations, and for some time afterwards, an opinion intermediate between these two extreme opinions prevailed. His work was regarded as in a great measure founded on the experience of mankind: those parts of it which were deemed unsound or erroneous, were thus deemed chiefly because that experience did not warrant and confirm them; and those parts of it which were considered speculative, and not adapted for practice, were thus regarded, not so much because they were not built on sound principles, and accordant with facts, but because they required an unoccupied and untrammelled stage, on which their natural and full operations might be displayed. Few or none were so hardy in their scepticism as to maintain, that Political Economy, as laid down and illustrated in the Wealth of Nations, was nothing but an unsubstantial and metaphysical creature of the imagination, drawn from no experience, applicable to no practice, and either mere speculative philosophy, or absolutely unintelligible. Such charges, at this time, were brought out against the doctrines of the French economists, who, in what they taught regarding land as the sole and exclusive origin of taxes, were generally thought to be plainly and utterly contradicted by facts, and in what they taught, respecting the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, to have bewildered themselves in words, without any clear and definitive meaning.

But those who thus thought respecting the Economists, and their peculiar doctrines, did not, from the unsoundness or absurdity with which they justly charged them, infer that Political Economy was either a nullity, which, as a science, neither had nor could have, a real existence, or that, though a proper subject for speculation, or for the exercise of a subtle and metaphysical mind, it never had been, and never could be, of any real and practical utility; while those who thought most highly of Smith's Wealth of Nations, did not represent it as having exhausted the subject, or as perfect and unobjectionable, either in all its principles, or in all its applications of those principles. It was reserved for the supporters and contemners of Political Economy, of the present day, to diverge so widely from the middle line; and by such conduct, we cannot help thinking, the real interests of Political Economy have been much injured; while many, who, being of no party, may be desirous of contributing their mite towards its perfection, are deterred from the apprehension of being regarded by one party as undertaking a work of supererogation, and by the other party, as pursuing an object which is unattainable.

Previously, therefore, to any approach, even to the most simple and obvious principles of Political Economy, the ground must be cleared of both those parties: for though they are strongly and diametrically opposed to each other, they have a common interest in uniting their forces against all who believe neither in the perfection nor the absurdity of this branch of study.

Our first object, therefore, will be to attack the Perfectionists. What we conceive to be the truth on the various topics which they have discussed, will be stated when we enter fairly and fully into the science itself: the main and direct object of our attack upon them, will be to prove, that they are at variance with each other, and with themselves on many of the elementary principles of Political Economy, as well as in the more involved and recondite doctrines, and even in the practical application of those principles and doctrines that are sound and substantial; that in many places it is impossible to affix any clear and definite meaning to their words—that their reasoning is often inconclusive, and that though some incidental topics may have been well illustrated by them, the illustra-

tion has not proceeded from a penetrating and comprehensive view of Political Economy as a science.

If we can substantiate these charges, we shall then have proved that the stage is not fully occupied—that there is room and opportunity, as well as occasion, for the task we have undertaken. Whether the task is of a nature that can be accomplished; that will repay the pains bestowed upon it; —whether, if accomplished, it will end in any useful and practical result, will remain for a subsequent and separate investigation. We should despair of succeeding in our first undertaking,—we should even deem it highly presumptuous to enter upon it, if the materials were not supplied us by those we mean to attack; and if we were not able, as we have already stated, to point out such numerous and palpable contradictions in their writings, besides positions so vapidly or obscurely laid down, and inferences so erroneously drawn, that the task requires little more than an extensive and careful examination of their works.

We are well aware that the opposite party, those who ridicule the notion that Political Economy has assumed, or can possibly assume, the rank of a science, and who regard the writings of Malthus, Ricardo, &c. as either absurd or unintelligible, or as containing doctrines and reasonings quite remote from, and unconnected with practice, will cheerfully, and without much deliberation, award us the victory: but we are anxious to obtain much less prejudiced judges of our labours, and we shall deem our task very imperfectly accomplished, if, in executing it, we convince only them, that they have bestowed well-merited ridicule on Political Economy. In fact, if our labours had no other result except this, we should in reality be fighting against ourselves; for though we should destroy one party, yet their destruction would add to the strength and the boldness of the other. And yet we are afraid we cannot altogether avoid this consequence; for those who are sceptics and scoffers on the subject of Political Economy, will naturally hail any attempt to prove that its most celebrated advocates and illustrators are unintelligible, contradictory, erroneous, or even only speculative, as their triumph, and a confirmation of the justice of their scepticism and scoffing. Hence we shall strengthen those whom we next design to attack. But the inference which they will draw, though a natural one, by no means follows: and we hope to prove that Political Economy is neither so perfect as one party maintain, nor so completely out of human intellect, as the other party insinuate by their scepticism and ridicule.

We shall, however, deem our first attempt very badly executed, if we do not prove—to the satisfaction of those who are neutral and impartial, and, we even trust and hope, also to the satisfaction of those who are not very strong in their belief, that modern Political Economists have exhausted the subject, and removed all the difficulties, and cleared up all the obscurities under which it previously laboured—that little, in fact, has been added to the science;—that the writings of these Political Economists will in vain be studied by those who are anxious of obtaining a perspicuous and comprehensive view, or of ascertaining in what manner its doctrines bear on any great practical question. If we can secure the approbation, the faith, and the advocacy of those two classes to what we advance, we shall not regard either as a triumph or a misfortune, and the source of future difficulty, the having confirmed the prejudices of the scoffers and ridiculers of the science; nor shall we be cast down, or think our labours useless, because the very staunch believers in the perfection of modern Political Economy, still adhere to their belief with undiminished confidence and pertinacity.

It may, however, be said, that we shall have but imperfectly cleared the stage, by proving that it is not fully, and ought not to be exclusively occupied by Malthus, Ricardo, &c. that if we succeed in this attempt, we merely place Political Economy in the state in which it was before they commenced their labours; and that the work of Adam Smith will then resume the full and undivided sway with Political Economists—if justly, our farther labour is unnecessary—if unjustly, our prior labour will have been of little benefit towards proving that Political Economy needs our illustrations.

But assuming that we prove the insufficiency of the writings of modern Political Economists only, and that

they have added little to the science as it was left by Adam Smith—we think we shall have accomplished a needful and useful task. The contrast between the Wealth of Nations, and the modern writings on Political Economy, is obvious and strong in many respects. The former is written in a style, which, though prolix, is so transparent, that the author's meanings and reasonings can easily be traced, whether they be sound or otherwise; and this of itself is a great advantage and merit, on all subjects, especially on Political Economy. In perusing the Wealth of Nations, we are sometimes a little puzzled by finding words used in a loose or double sense, but we soon ascertain in what particular sense they are used: we not unfrequently detect weak and inconsequent reasoning arising from this ambiguity of language, or from other causes, and we certainly feel the want of simple and fundamental principles, and of a regular and systematic arrangement of matter, and deduction of consequences. But all is plain and perspicuous; these is no subtlety—no metaphysical refinement; what is laid down and argued, might have been said in fewer words, but the multiplicity of words, though tiresome, does not obscure the meaning of the author. How different from these are the writings of the most celebrated modern Political Economists. On a subject which is entirely founded on facts, which are of notorious and of constant occurrence, more subtlety of thought and language is displayed than on the most abstruse points of metaphysical speculation. We can always perceive what Adam Smith means, and this is going a great way to ascertain whether his arguments and opinions are sound or not; whereas, it is often extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to determine the precise meaning of modern Political Economists, and of course to determine whether their doctrines be true or erroneous. If, then, we retread our steps to the Wealth of Nations, we shall have done much towards destroying both sets of prejudices, which we have already represented as lying in the way of our present design; for, looking to this work as the text-book of Political Economy, we believe that not even its warmest admirers will contend that it is free from errors, or that it has carried Political Economy so far as it may be carried; nor will those who ridicule and scoff at Political Economy, as laid down in modern works, be disposed to treat with the same degree of scepticism and scorn that science as taught in the Wealth of Nations.

If, therefore, we succeed in proving that Ricardo, Malthus, &c. have perplexed the subject, and exposed it to unmerited prejudice—that their leading positions and doctrines are either old and obvious truths, couched in subtle and uncouth terms, or utterly unfounded—that they hold diametrically opposite doctrines, sometimes among themselves, and not unfrequently individually; and that Political Economy has been little, if at all, advanced by them, beyond the confessedly imperfect state in which it was left by Adam Smith; we may then be permitted to draw the inference, that there is room for our discussions; and to turn our attention to the examination of the other proposition that stands in our way, viz. that Political Economy is an impracticable subject not worth studying.

In examining the nature and bearings of this opinion, as well as the hold which it possesses on the minds of those who entertain it, it will be necessary to proceed with caution, and in a regular and methodical manner; since, if we do not meet it fairly, and in its different bearings, we shall effect little towards the proof of its unsoundness. The opinion that Political Economy deserves not our study, arises from several sources. Some entertain it, because they are convinced that in its very essence it is of such an abstract and speculative nature, that it can never be applied either to explain what happens in the commercial concerns of nations, or to point out what ought to be pursued or avoided by them: the ground of this particular opinion rests on the conflicting and contradictory notions entertained, and counsel given by the most celebrated Political Economists, with respect to the great questions lately agitated on the Corn Laws, Poor Laws, Bank Restriction, &c. Those who entertain this opinion, do not refuse to Political Economy the appellation and the dignity of a science; but they contend, that though its principles are clear and definite, and the deductions from them legitimate and unimpeachable, yet, as they do not make allowance for the disturbing

forces which actually exist in society, the practical results must always differ most materially from the results which in speculation and theory are drawn from the science.

Those opponents of Political Economy, it is obvious, must be treated in a different manner from those who advance much farther in their scepticism and ridicule: the latter—who seem to have gained in strength and numbers, in consequence of those very publications, to which many appeal and look up as having placed Political Economy on a solid and firm basis—broadly and positively assert, that even as a speculative study, Political Economy is involved in inexplicable mystery; that much that is taught is incomprehensible or contradictory—that much is directed in the teeth of the common sense and uniform experience of mankind, and that the remainder consists of palpable truisms, couched in obscure or ambiguous language.

As we have already remarked, our very success in the first attempt we shall make, viz. to prove that modern writers on Political Economy, instead of having rendered it more clear in its principles, and more extensively and fully explanatory of what is taking place around us, have involved the subject in mystery, and unsettled its very foundations—will put weapons into the possession of all those who are sceptics and scoffers, on the utility and reality of this science.

We must, therefore, be careful and precise in our meaning, and strict and conclusive in our logic, when we come to examine and repel the statements and arguments of these opponents: we must separate with a broad and distinct line, the facts which they draw from the writings of modern Political Economists, as establishing their position, that Political Economy is either a merely speculative and useless science, or a mere jargon of words without meaning and value—from the facts to which they appeal, in support of either of these accusations against it—from the very nature of the subject, and the excessive and inexplicable intricacy in which it is necessarily involved. The old adage will assist us in this respect, that the abuse of a thing is no good argument against its use. And if we can succeed in proving —which we flatter ourselves we shall be able to do—that Political Economy—professing to develope and explain the sources and causes of social wealth, and the means by which it is distributed—must have its foundation in facts and experience; and, therefore, can be reduced to general laws, which, as drawn from these facts, must be such as will explain all other facts and events that may occur, relative to social wealth; we shall then have, in a great measure, destroyed one of the principal strongholds of those who deny to Political Economy the name and dignity of a science.

Whether these facts are sufficiently numerous, from which to deduce any simple and general laws—whether the really operative part of circumstances and events, bearing on Political Economy, can be thoroughly and satisfactorily separated from those which are inert, so as actually to arrive at such laws, as will bear the closest examination and scrutiny, and will not fail us when we come to apply them to the most involved and difficult cases—and whether the very frame and texture of the language employed on Political Economy, does not create a larger portion of those obscurities and difficulties, which have brought it into such discredit and contempt—all those points must be separately and carefully discussed.

It certainly will be a most extraordinary, and, we will add, an unprecedented and unparalleled circumstance, if it should prove that it is impossible so to class the facts that relate to the sources and distribution of social wealth, as to draw from them any general laws; and no less extraordinary, if the result should be that laws strictly and logically deduced from these facts, should fail us, or lead us astray, when we wish to apply them either to direct our conduct in the management of social wealth, or to explain what is constantly taking place respecting its increase, diminution, and distribution. We are no advocates for the doctrine formerly, we believe, much more common and popular than it is at present, that what is true in theory may be false in practice: on the contrary, we believe that what is really true in theory, must be true in practice; that the reverse position virtually involves a contradiction; and that in proportion as the knowledge and experience of mankind become more correct, extensive, and minute,

the falsehood and absurdity of this doctrine has become, and will become, more glaring. We are perfectly aware, that in all sciences, except pure mathematics, there are disturbing forces, and that these alter the result, and make it different from what mere theory would suggest or establish; but a result not exactly corresponding with that which theory gives, certainly will not warrant the doctrine, that what is true in theory, is often false in practice; besides, as the bearing and amount of these variations must become the subject of accurate foreknowledge and calculation, in proportion as mankind advance in knowledge; we shall at last be able to make that allowance for them which they require —neither more nor less—and then to bring about a perfect coincidence between the results of theory and practice.

As, however, the almost proverbial opinion to which we have alluded, is greatly relied on by those who ridicule and scoff at Political Economy, and as this science, being conversant with those affairs and events which are necessarily much involved, of course presents many combinations of circumstances, which cannot always be foreseen, nor easily unravelled and reduced to their elements, it will be necessary to enter into a strict inquiry, whether Political Economy, though true and well founded in theory, is of no use, or will even prove an unsafe and dangerous guide in practice.

Even after we shall have terminated both these preliminary and preparatory investigations, and, we anticipate and trust, in such a manner, and with such effect, as to convince our readers, both that Political Economy still requires much elucidation before it is rendered a simple, easy, intelligible, consistent, systematic, and practical science; and that it not only requires such elucidation, but admits of it; and that it amply deserves to form a part of general education, as being much more intimately and extensively connected with social good than it is generally supposed to be—there still remain other preparatory inquiries, before we can fairly enter upon the consideration of the science itself.

As there is confessedly great and general doubt and uncertainty respecting the first principles of Political Economy, and palpable contrarieties of opinion among its most able and celebrated authorities—it will be proper, or rather highly advantageous, to investigate and examine the nature and sources of the difficulties which seem to beset this science, and to have given rise to those doubts, uncertainties, and contrarieties of opinion. We shall thus be able to prove, that they do not exist in the subject itself; and, moreover, by pointing out that they originate in the manner in which it has been studied, guard ourselves, in our investigations, against meeting with, or creating similar causes of error. This preparatory investigation will be serviceable to us, not only against those who believe our task is unnecessary, but also against those who believe it is vain and useless. For if, in addition to our proof, that modern Political Economists are obscure and contradictory, we point out the causes which have necessarily led them into obscurity and contradiction—we strengthen our proof against them; and in the same manner, if, in addition to our proof, that Political Economy may be rendered intelligible, systematic and practical, we point out the causes that have reduced it to such a state as to become the subject of scepticism and ridicule, we shall strengthen our proof against those who deem our task vain and useless.

In this part of our investigation, it will be necessary, as well as serviceable, to draw a plain and broad line of distinction between those causes which have involved Political Economy in obscurity and contradiction, or impeded its progress towards its perfection as a science, and its ready and safe application to practice, in common with other similar branches of knowledge, and those causes of error, obscurity, and imperfection, which are peculiar to Political Economy.

We shall thus be enabled to proceed in a more regular and systematic manner, as well as to hold up to more palpable and easy avoidance those difficulties, whether in the subject itself, or in the manner in which it has been usually studied, that have rendered it, with many, an object either of disdain or despair. But we have another end in view in thus purposing most carefully to separate the causes and sources of error and contradiction common to Political Economy, and other topics of similar research, from those which

are peculiar to it. We are convinced, that, in all branches of human knowledge, greater advances would have been made if the mode we propose had been adopted. If the difficulties that naturally and necessarily beset any investigation, either into the laws of the physical world, or into the powers of the human mind, or the feelings and passions of the human heart, or into the conduct and transactions of man in society, were deeply, fully, and closely examined; and if the examination were, moreover, carried into those difficulties that have been heaped on those that are natural and necessary, by the ignorance, errors, and prejudices of man, or by the imperfection and abuse of language, many subjects which still resist the human intellect, and baffle the united efforts of the most penetrating and persevering minds—subjects not merely speculative, but closely interwoven with practice, and with the highest interests or the most solemn duties of man—would, before this, have been moulded into the form of a simple and complete science.

Political Economy is comparatively a recent study, and the human intellect was not brought to bear upon it till the admirable and grand advantages that might be derived from the Baconian mode of investigation, were clearly and fully understood and appreciated. And yet we apprehend that, when we enter into an examination of the causes that have retarded its progress, we shall find that this mode of investigation has not been pursued; that it has been, on the contrary, most palpably neglected in the study of a subject, the very nature of which interweaves it most closely and intimately with the constant experience of every civilized nation. In proportion as nations advance in civilization and refinement, the sources from which the facts of this science must flow, are multiplied, as well as the interest and importance of the science itself; and yet the science, certainly, has not advanced in anything like the same proportion. Whence comes this? The answer to this inquiry must be sought in that division of our labours that will be set apart for examining into the causes that have retarded the advancement of Political Economy.

In another point of view, this inquiry will also be interesting and useful, independently of its direct bearing on our main object. It is a trite remark, that obscurities and differences of opinion often have no real existence, but put on that form in consequence of the vagueness and ambiguity of the language employed. This remark is peculiarly and strongly applicable to Political Economy, and, while we are examining into the sources of error in this science, we shall have an opportunity of offering some observations on the use and abuse of language, not merely as an instrument for receiving and communicating ideas, but also as a medium of individual thought. The use of language is so very obvious, and so constantly felt and experienced, that its abuse, and the impediment to the attainment of truth, as well as the clear communication of it when attained, springing from this abuse, are seldom adverted to or duly regarded. The three last chapters of Locke's third Book on the Human Understanding, on the imperfection of words, on the abuse of words, and on the remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses, if frequently studied, and thoroughly comprehended, and strictly applied, would remove from many branches of knowledge most of the clouds in which they are involved—and, perhaps, from none more completely than from Political Economy.

In the course of this part of our investigation, we shall perceive that many of the difficulties and obscurities which beset Political Economy, arise from the want of a perspicuous and precise marking out of its nature and boundaries. Till these are determined, therefore, it would be in vain to attempt or expect that our future disquisitions should be instructive and satisfactory. In this point of view, also, Political Economy resembles other branches of human knowledge, that have hitherto eluded the firm and comprehensive grasp of the intellect, in a great measure because their nature and boundaries have not been accurately determined.

This part of our preliminary inquiry will naturally divide itself into two separate and distinct heads: What Political Economy does not comprehend, and what it does comprehend. If what it does not comprehend be included in it, it is obvious that we shall be exposed to the risk of searching for facts out of the pale of its jurisdiction,

which facts do not in reality bear upon it; and, of course, general principles, deduced from such facts, will only lead us astray, whether we apply them to account for what is taking place relative to the creation and distribution of social wealth, or to guide us in our practice. We are much mistaken if we do not make it appear, that a large portion of the ambiguity, uncertainty, and inapplicability of Political Economy, has arisen from resting on facts that do not lie within its legitimate sphere.

On the other hand, if Political Economy is not extended so as to embrace on every side all it ought to embrace, it is obvious that it cannot rest on such a broad and firm basis of experience and observation as actually belongs to it.

A similar remark may be made with respect to the terms employed in discussing the subject of Political Economy. It will appear that several terms are employed in the discussions to which meanings are attached that carry us to facts beyond the pale of this science: Two evil consequences arise from this source—ambiguity of language where the terms have two meanings, one applicable to the facts that legitimately belong to Political Economy, and the other to facts not connected with it. This evil will more immediately and fully fall under our consideration when we are examining the sources of the difficulties that encompass this study. The other evil arises where the terms employed have such strong and familiar associations with loose and popular notions on Political Economy, as to lead us insensibly to mingle these loose and popular notions with those sound and legitimate principles, to which alone the legitimate facts of the science, and philosophical deduction from those facts, would give birth.

No part of the preparatory and preliminary investigation into which we shall enter, in order to fit ourselves and our readers to enter on the study of Political Economy with facility and effect, will require or admit of more thorough and watchful attention than this. And in this point of view, also, Political Economy is analogous to many other branches of human knowledge, which have been impeded or obscured by not having their exact nature and limits distinctly laid down. Physiology may be brought forward as a palpable and pregnant instance of the truth of our position. At one time, mathematical principles—at another time, chemical principles, were deemed solely and exclusively capable of illustrating and explaining all the various and complicated phenomena of the human frame. And it is only very recently that physiologists are impressed with a firm and governing conviction, that the laws which govern the living subject, though they may in some points coincide with mathematical or chemical principles, are, in their most essential character, quite peculiar and anomalous. The application of algebra, or the fluctional calculus, to reasoning in Political Economy, is another instance of the improper mixing of sciences, as well as a proof that this science resembles others with respect to the causes which have impeded its progress, or obscured its real nature and limits. The application to which we have just alluded, has another indirect evil consequence, for we are so much the creatures of habit, and under the influence of associations and first impressions—that a student of Political Economy, on perceiving the principles or reasonings of this branch of knowledge thrown into a mathematical form, with what bears all the appearance of a strict analytical proof, is insensibly led into the belief, that they are not only true, but true to a mathematical certainty; whereas they may really be without foundation, and undoubtedly cannot rest on the same basis of certainty as the mathematics.

After these investigations, we shall be prepared to approach very near to Political Economy itself. Still, however, before we really enter on it systematically, it will be proper, as well as advantageous, to attend, for a short time, to another preliminary and preparatory inquiry. This will have for its object, the means and sources of all that is necessary for the existence of man, or the object of his desire—supposing that each individual depends exclusively on himself for its acquisition. Without entering at present on a full, precise, and formal definition of Political Economy, it may be generally and loosely stated to have reference, primarily, to the sources and means of the objects of man's desires: what relates to the interchange and distribution of these, is a secondary

and dependent investigation. But a little reflection will convince us, that the primary inquiry will be conducted in the most simple and perspicuous manner, if we suppose that each individual depends exclusively on himself for the acquisition of all he wants or desires. It is true, that Political Economy can have no application or even existence in such a state, because it necessarily supposes an interchange of articles;—but it is equally true, and palpably obvious, that the means and sources of what is to be interchanged must be investigated and determined, before the laws that regulate interchange, and their effect on social wealth, can be ascertained and explained. As in the most complicated machine, the combination of powers which renders it effective, as well as the incidental and unavoidable circumstances which tend to disturb or impede its motions, may all be traced to a few simple facts, which, on account of their simplicity and universality, are denominated Elementary Principles; and as the structure of the machine will be best understood, and its power most duly and accurately calculated, by him who best understands these principles, it is obvious that the investigation of these ought to precede the attempt to explain every machine constructed in conformity with them. The most simple machine will best unfold their nature and practical application; in it they will be seen most clearly and fully, apart from everything that renders them obscure and complicated. And whoever has studied them in this their simplest state, will be qualified to proceed to the tracing and study of them, in more complicated machines, where their operation is not so manifest, or where it is counteracted or diverted from its natural tendency by foreign and extrinsic causes.

In like manner, if we wish to make ourselves acquainted with the more complicated doctrines of Political Economy, or to trace the working of its principles in the more complicated relations of social wealth, it will be advantageous to consider society in its simple state; where, indeed, by a division of labour, the acquisition of property and the interchange of commodities, Political Economy has room to display itself, (for, till these circumstances exist, there can be no Political Economy, as there could be no such thing as optics without light,)—but before the sources and interchange of social wealth have assumed their present complicated form. As all the real sources of what man deems necessary and desirable, may be traced and studied, even in a state where each individual is supposed to do all for himself; and in this point of view, they will appear more distinct and clear than when a division of labour takes place. So, after this division is supposed to have taken place, and Political Economy, of course, has come into existence and operation—its elementary laws may be ascertained with more ease and certainty, in a rude state, where the interchange of commodities is very limited and very direct, than in a more advanced state, where the commodities become extremely numerous, and their interchange necessarily very complex.

We have thus sketched the plan we mean to pursue, as preparatory to the peculiar and immediate object of these Essays. In the first place, we shall endeavour to prove that Political Economy cannot be learnt with effect or satisfaction in the writings of modern Political Economists, by pointing out their manifold obscurities and contradictions, and the inapplicability of their doctrines to explain undoubted facts, or to serve as guides in difficult cases. In the second place, we shall endeavour to prove that Political Economy is susceptible, not only of speculative and theoretical perfection, but also of as much practical perfection as any other science that has the actions of man for its object. In the third place, we shall examine into the causes and sources of those errors and difficulties which beset Political Economy, in order that we may not only account for the obscurities and contradictions of modern Political Economists, but also guard ourselves against them in our investigations. In the fourth place, we shall endeavour to fix the limits of this science, so that we may not pass beyond them, or overlook anything that they really embrace. And, lastly, we shall lay open the sources of all that man requires or desires, before we proceed to the peculiar and exclusive business of Political Economy, which relates to the interchange of commodities. And this interchange we shall first consider in its most simple state.

N.

KIDDYWINKLE HISTORY.

No II.

"We must ascertain what has become of our poor friend," said Mr Smallglebe to his companions, as they passed the threshold of the Nag's Head. The proposal was cordially assented to, and they directed their steps towards Mr Slenderstave's domicile. "I fear his loss is very great," said Mr Littlesight. "Perhaps his half-year's interest," grumbled Dr Many-draught. "His money is in the funds," observed Mr Ailoften, "and it will be well if the wench have not got his securities." "Hope the best, hope the best," said Mr Smallglebe, somewhat testily; the allusion to the theft was almost more than he could bear.

After solemnly splashing through the mire of Catwallop Lane, the party reached the door of Mrs Judy Mugg, dealer in straw bonnets, in whose dwelling the poet occupied apartments. Mr Slenderstave had gone to bed dreadfully ill—in agonies; Mrs Mugg said this, and her countenance amply confirmed it. "Perhaps he needs spiritual consolation," said Mr Smallglebe. "He undoubtedly wants medical assistance," said Dr Many-draught. "I am sure he must," replied Mrs Mugg; "I will ask him." She flew up stairs, and then flew down again with the information, that Mr Slenderstave was somewhat more composed, but could not be seen or spoken to on any consideration. The gentlemen then separated in sadness, and each sought his own pillow.

The particulars of Mr Slenderstave's loss must now be detailed. It may be easily supposed that such a man, a poet, a novelist, and a person of fashion, was a worshipper of the fair sex; that he could not exist in this miserable world without having a goddess to adore, and a furious passion to struggle with. The first thing that Mr Slenderstave thought of, after getting his shop fairly opened, was to find out some delicious creature to make love to. He was by no means irresistible to the fair of Kiddywinkle. He ogled here, and sighed there, and sent a tender billet to this place, and made an oral declaration in that place, and was rejected and scorned everywhere. If his various fallings in love had been matters of reality instead of imagination; if he could possibly have loved anything but his own self, Mr Slenderstave's heart would have been broken at least a dozen times in the single year in which he carried on business. But although he fancied his love to be boundless, and the tortures which its want of success inflicted to be such as no mortal had endured before him, it was mere selfishness throughout, and he ate heartily, slept soundly, and enjoyed his usual health, amidst his manifold rejections. He speedily ran round the narrow circle of the beauties of Kiddywinkle, and then he was in despair; he next formed for himself an ideal Laura, and contented himself with worshipping her in the newspapers under the signature of Petrarch, and with gallanting, and making indirect, but, alas! unsuccessful advances, to the obdurate fair ones who had already refused him. Report stated that he occasionally flirted, and with much success, with Mrs Mugg, but it can scarcely be credited. That he was duly qualified for making an easy conquest of her cannot be doubted; but then she was seven years older than himself—she was somewhat lame, and marvellously ill shapen—she was horribly pitted with the small-pox, had lost an eye from the same disorder, and would have been exceedingly ugly if the small-pox had never touched her; and she was moreover the relict of a shoemaker. Mr Slenderstave had taste and gentility, and therefore it cannot be believed that he would look at Mrs Mugg. What will not slander say, particularly in small societies!

Mr Slenderstave went on in this way for five years, and then Mr Littlesight came to reside in Kiddywinkle. Of the latter gentleman's five children, all were settled in the world except Miss Margaret, his eldest daughter. It was an unfortunate matter for this fair creature, that she was the first-born. Mr and Mrs Littlesight, for many years after they were married, in truth, until they got the world fairly under their feet, were remarkably plain, thrifty, plodding people. The husband rose with his servants, frequently worked as laboriously as any of them, and expended nothing that necessity did not wring from him. The wife closely copied his example.

Miss Peggy, or Peg, as she was then called, in consequence, after picking up a smattering of knitting, sewing, reading, and writing, was put to all the drudgery which a farm-house provides in such profusion. She washed tables and floors, stood at the wash-tub, milked the cows, foddered them in winter when the boys were at plough, made hay in hay-time, assisted the reapers in harvest, and, in fact, toiled at everything that falls to the lot of the female servants of farmers. This continued until she was sixteen years of age. Her parents then, upon examining their affairs, found that, independently of an excellent stock and crop, and a farm that enabled them to save three hundred per annum, they had three thousand pounds out at interest, and, in consequence, they determined to adopt a new system. They first forsook the kitchen-table and fire-side, and betook themselves to the parlour; then Mrs Littlesight ventured upon a straw bonnet and a sarsenet gown; then she hired two maids instead of one, ceased to labour in the kitchen without her gown, and, in fact, to labour in it at all, save to weigh her butter, count her eggs, inspect her infant poultry, and scold the girls for about three hours per day; then Mr Littlesight found that work did not agree with him, abandoned it, bought a superfine coat, exchanged his wool hat for a beaver one, sported a white neck-cloth on Sundays, and mounted a half-bred ride-horse, decorated with a new saddle and bridle; and then it was determined that Miss Peggy should go for twelve months to a boarding-school. Miss Peggy's toil had agreed excessively well with her health, but it had contributed in no degree to fit her for the place to which she was now destined. She was tall; her mien and frame displayed the spirit and strength of the amazon, and she was vulgar, uncouth, awkward, slow, and stupid, as any female, old or young, in the county. To the boarding-school she went, where she gave to the governess immense trouble, excited prodigious merriment among the other pupils, whom she moved amidst like a giantess among pigmies, and learned to read novels, sigh for sweethearts, lisp after the fashion of Cockaigne, shudder at the horrid vulgarity of country people, and fall passionately in love with all kinds of extravagant finery. Beyond this, she profited but little. After leaving the boarding-school she had a few offers, but they were from homely, vulgar farmers, therefore they would not do. Miss Littlesight could think of nothing but a gentleman, and no gentleman could be brought to think of Miss Littlesight. Her gentility sat upon her, exactly as a West-end barber's costume and "head of hair" would sit upon a brawny Irish labourer, and even the "profane vulgar" saw that it was a *misfit* altogether. Her two sisters were luckily only mere children when the parents changed their system; they escaped toil, were sent to the boarding-school at an early age, continued there long enough to become, in some measure, fine ladies in reality, captivated two drapers' shopmen before they left it, and married as soon as they were marriageable; but poor Miss Peggy remained a spinster.

When Mr Littlesight removed to Kiddywinkle his daughter was about thirty-two. The change, from severe labour to none at all, had blown her out wonderfully in thickness, and her girt, in certain parts, would not have been very much less than her altitude. Her face was, however, what the ploughmen called "a pratty an;" it was circular, the features were good, the expression was sweet, the cheeks were immoderately puffed up, and their colour was the deepest that ever ravished on the cheeks of milkmaid. Then her dress—heavens! what silks and laces—what bonnets and pelisses—what exquisite shapes and dazzling colours! It was an ecstatic sight to see her sailing, as majestically as her heavy weltering gait would permit, to the church on the Sabbath. The arrival of a *new* young lady at Kiddywinkle was a matter of intense interest to Mr Slenderstave. He ogled, and she ogled again; he heard that she had been inquiring who the "fine young gentleman" was who sat in a certain pew, and he was in raptures. He got introduced, Miss Littlesight was all kindness, and he felt assured that he had made a conquest. The moment for making a declaration arrived, and this, past experience told him, was an awful affair. Mr Slenderstave, however, hit upon a happy expedient; he took an opportunity,

when they were alone, to draw the County Herald from his pocket, put it into Miss Littlesight's hands, and direct her attention to certain verses which graced the first column of the last page. She examined them with great attention, and behold! they were addressed to Miss M—— L—— of K——. They told Miss M—— L—— that she was a seraph who had set the world on fire, and that the writer was smit, wounded, chained, heart-broken, actually dying for her; and they bore the signature of Petrarch. Here was a discovery! The elegant and refined Mr Slenderstave—the fashionable and learned Mr Slenderstave—the fine author—the actual Petrarch of Kiddywinkle was in love, and with her, Miss Littlesight! It was almost too much for nature. Her face burned, her heart beat and rose to her mouth; she gasped, and really feared she should choke. At length, after reading the verses eight times, she ventured to glance at the silent Mr Slenderstave, and lo! he was supporting himself against the wall, shaking like a man in the ague, and exhibiting a face that was almost terrifying. She smiled tenderly;—he strode majestically across the room, dropped, in the most dignified manner, on his knees at her feet, seized her hand, and then—the pen of an angel could scarcely describe what followed! The attitudes—the novel and sublime language—the rhapsodies—the ecstasies—ye powers! they surpassed all attempt at description. Suffice it to say, that Miss Littlesight and Mr Slenderstave, without loss of time, swore, by everything above and below, to adore each other to eternity.

This may all appear very ridiculous. Of the few everlasting topics of laughter which this world of tears contains, the passion, and adventures, and sufferings, and joys of lovers, form almost the most prominent one. As soon as men and women escape from the raptures of successful, and the agonies of despairing, love, their first care is to make a jest of those who are enthralled by either. The youth whose peace is blasted and whose reason totters—the fair one whose heart is cleft, and who is sinking into an untimely grave—from attachment that may not hope, are perhaps regarded with compassion; but still the compassion is profusely tempered with ridicule. This might be overlooked in the animal portion of mankind, which, I regret to say, seems to be greatly on the increase, but, when it extends farther, it is not to be endured. I should be loth to place at my table the person who could turn into mockery one of the most striking distinctions between man and brute—the chief source of human happiness—the passion which shuns the worst hearts, and blazes the most intensely in the best—and the leading instrument of civilization and bond of union of society. I say this to shield my lovers from derision. If, after all, it should be thought that Mr Slenderstave and Miss Littlesight ought to be excepted—that their loves form fair objects of joke and merriment—I cannot help it: the blame will not burden my shoulders—I have entered my protest—I have done my duty.

The love-matters of these refined persons took the usual course. The parents, on being consulted, protested that they should not marry or love each other on any consideration whatever. Mr Littlesight in a mighty rage declared, that if his daughter had fallen in love with a plough-lad, without even a copper in his pocket, he might have yielded—there would have been some dignity, something English about such a lover;—but such an outlandish jackanapes as Mr Slenderstave, who was a Jacobin rascal into the bargain—such a man should never have a child of his, while he had breath to prevent it. Mrs Littlesight, who was a masculine, fiery person,—a woman of vulgar ideas and language, and who had had immense experience in vituperation—vowed that she would break the spindle shanks of Mr Slenderstave, if she ever caught him with her daughter. This, of course, rendered the attachment unconquerable. Miss Peggy bribed the servant, and, by her instrumentality, smuggled the poet about three times a-week into the kitchen, where she had transient tastes of his bewitching society. This did not last long. On a certain evening Mrs Littlesight suddenly remarked, that her daughter was absent; she made the house ring with the cry of "Peggy," but nothing answered; she searched all the upper stories, but no one could be found, save the servant in the garret, who declared, that she could give no account of Miss Littlesight, and she then descended into the kitchen.

No one could be seen, and she was on the point of returning, when she thought she heard a noise in the coal-hole. She listened, and presently a suppressed cough was clearly distinguishable. Mercy on us! thought Mrs Littlesight,—here are thieves in the house! and seizing the besom, she boldly advanced to the place that emitted the fatal noise. On opening the coal-hole's door, and gazing round with all due caution, what, alas! should she discover, but Mr Slenderstave and Miss Littlesight huddled up in the farthest corner? If I had not pledged myself to speak the truth, no consideration upon earth should induce me to reveal what followed. To cry "Ye villain ye!" place the candle upon the floor, and grasp the besom with both hands, was, with Mrs Littlesight, the work of a moment. Mr Slenderstave made a nimble dart, with the view of flying past her, he received a furious blow on the ribs and darted back again. Five times did he repeat this manœuvre, and as often was he thumped back by the merciless blows of his enraged enemy. Had he been assaulted in the midst of the kitchen, escape would have been easy; but to be pent up in a confined coal-hole, whose only point of egress was commanded by an irresistible foe—it was horrible. His ribs began to suffer dreadfully from the application of the besom—the ill-starred weapon had once come chuck in his face, and, besides endangering his eyes, had damaged his cheeks, and made his cravat the colour of the coal-heap—he saw that it was impossible for him to cut a passage through the enemy, therefore he contented himself with taking up a defensive position against the farthest wall, and fighting the besom with his legs, though with poor success—and had it not been for the impetuosity of Mrs Littlesight, there is no knowing how many hours, or even days, he might have been kept in this perilous situation. When he would no longer come forward to receive the blows, his foe rushed into the coal-hole to reach him. This was the critical moment. He flew like lightning through the door, then flew like lightning through the kitchen door, and then was seen no more by Mrs Littlesight. The besom was next applied with great success to the back of Miss Peggy, as she scampered up stairs to lock herself up in her chamber.

As a faithful historian, it is my duty to say, that Mrs Littlesight positively declared to her neighbours, that he cried out murder! and wept like a child all the time she was thrashing him. It is incredible, and must be regarded by every one as a malicious falsehood; the more especially, as Mr Slenderstave denied it *in toto*, and moreover protested, that if she had but been a man, he would have knocked her down in a twinkling; and in addition, would have "called her out," to the almost certain outlet of her brains.

This was Mr Slenderstave's last visit to the kitchen, and of course to the coal-hole. Miss Peggy and the servant spread before him innumerable temptations to attract him thither once more, and declared it to be impossible for the same visitation to befall him again, but it was unavailing. If his oath was to be believed, he loved Miss Littlesight, but he loved himself likewise, and therefore he could not think of rushing, even for her, into the jaws of destruction. Mr Slenderstave was for some time, as well he might be, grievously enraged. Independently of the bruises and the jeopardy, there was the disgrace; and it was no small matter to be grinned at by every man, woman, and child, in Kiddywinkle, until he scarcely dared to put his head out of doors. At first he determined to bring his action of assault and battery, to teach the woman that the limbs and lives of the King's subjects were of somewhat more value than she chose to rate them at; but this determination evaporated in a most woful and pathetic elegy. He, however, to the last day of his existence, marvelled how he escaped being destroyed; and the remembrance of that awful hour never visited him without throwing him into a cold sweat, and causing his teeth to chatter.

As Mr Slenderstave would not be so fool-hardy as to venture again within the precincts of Mrs Littlesight's dwelling, he saw Miss Peggy but seldom. They were, however, most heroically dying for each other. She gave him her miniature, a lock of her hair, a silken purse, worked with her own fair hands, and passionate epis-

tles without number. These he had spread before him on that day when the robbery was committed at the Nag's Head, that the sight of them might assist him in the composition of his novel. He hastily crammed the miniature and the lock of hair into the purse, and then crammed the purse and its contents into his waistcoat pocket, as he departed for the little parlour; and these precious pledges—more precious to their owner than anything that the world contained, save and except the lovely person of Miss Littlesight—which he had again and again sworn never to part with, except with life—these precious pledges were abstracted by the soft hand of the bewitching beggar girl, together with three shillings and sixpence in sterling money! It was a loss sufficient to drive any lover to distraction, but more especially such a lover as Mr Slenderstave.

On the morning after the robbery, all Kiddywinkle was in commotion. At first, it was merely said that Mr Slenderstave had been plundered of five, and Mr Smallglebe of fifteen, pounds—then the loss of the former was raised to forty, and that of the latter to one hundred and fifty—then, no doubt from some misapprehension touching the misfortune that befell the poet's legs, it was asserted that these legs had been broken by the beggar man, who had moreover given to Mr Ailoften a brace of black eyes—then it was stated that the parson, shame to him! had got drunk, lost his money at cards, attempted in revenge to take liberties with the robber's wife, and had three ribs broken by the husband in consequence—and then it was bandied about as the naked truth, that Mr Slenderstave, having got somewhat mellow and frisky, had tempted the woman into the Inn's yard, and had been followed by the man, who from jealousy had put a knife into him without the least compunction, and that he was then in the last agony, Mr Smallglebe having been praying with, and Dr Manydraught having been physicking him, for the whole night.

Let me not be suspected of exaggeration, if I make no asseveration touching the truth of what I am now relating. I should, in sooth, regard it as a huge compliment, to be told, that I could equal slander in invention; and that I could rival report in imagining the outrageous and the incredible.

Mr Slenderstave, of course, was invisible. His four friends had an early meeting to decide on the steps that were to be taken, and the heavy loss of the vicar—his purse contained twenty-five pounds—rendered it necessary that these steps should be serious ones. Dr Manydraught opened the discussion: "We must lose no time," said he, "we must have no half measures—the villain must be pursued—seized—hanged—gibbeted!—Curse it! sir, if we let things like this pass, we shall not be able to sleep on our pillows without having our throats cut!"

"It is very just," said Mr Littlesight; "things have come to a pretty pitch, when one cannot give away a shilling in charity, but one's purse must be taken from one into the bargain!"

Mr Smallglebe was in a quandary. He was mightily afflicted and irritated by the loss, for, look at it as he would, he could discover no justification for the beggars. If they had stood before him, I firmly believe, in the heat of the moment, he could have felt in his heart to give the man a gentle horse-whipping, and the maiden a biting reprimand; but the thought of prosecuting—whipping—transporting!—he knew not how to bear it. The words of the Doctor made him tremble. He threw a look at Mr Ailoften, which seemed to say—your opinion? but Mr Ailoften was silent, and he was compelled to speak himself. He, however, resolved to keep at a distance from the main point as long as possible. "It is," said he, "an astonishing affair—it seems like a dream—like magic—like a thing out of the course of nature. The man seemed to be so mild, and civil, and harmless, and well-instructed: then the maiden—I protest, from her meekness and winning behaviour, I could have loved her as a daughter. It appears even yet almost impossible that such people could do such an act. We should be thankful, my dear friends, that we are placed above temptation. What have they not perhaps suffered from want—the unkindness of friends—the——"

Dr Manydraught lost all patience.—"My good sir," he exclaimed, "do not be reading us a sermon, when you

ought to be giving up the criminals to the instruction of justice. There is nothing at all remarkable in a pick-pocket's having a smooth tongue, and meek, sanctified manners. You must to the Justice, and take out a warrant immediately."

"Prosecuting," said Mr Smallglebe, in some confusion, "is a hard thing—scarcely a just thing in a member of my profession. We should forgive, rather than punish." This lucky thought re-nerved the Vicar.—"Yes, we should set an example of christian forgiveness.—Really one could not have expected it from people of such an exceedingly innocent aspect—from such a young and prepossessing female in particular.—I never witnessed, and I suspect the world never witnessed, such a thing before."—

"Upon my conscience," cried the Doctor, "the man has lost his senses with his purse! Does the Church teach you to disobey the direct injunction of the laws—to break down the safeguards of society—and to give impunity to the criminal, that he may persevere in crime, and be placed beyond the reach of reformation?"

"The Vicar certainly," observed Mr Littlesight, with some sternness, "speaks more like an old wife than a scholar: however, books will not teach people everything."

Mr Smallglebe's countenance fell.—"If I must prosecute," he stammered, "I must; but what says Mr Ailoften?"

"I have been marvelling," said Mr Ailoften, with a sarcastic smile, "how it can be possible for philanthropists and liberals to speak of instituting prosecutions."

Dr Manydraught's choler rose ten degrees higher: he, however, kept it silent by taking a huge pinch of snuff, although his nose, in sucking up the dust, made the room echo.

"I think I had better not prosecute, after all," said Mr Smallglebe.

"I," continued Mr Ailoften, "could prosecute in consistency, and would prosecute as a duty; but the case is different with those who groan over the sorrows of prisoners, and rail against magistrates, jailors, and jails; and it is more especially different with those who defend and eulogize what are called liberal opinions. To teach a man to scorn the commands of his God, and to despise the laws, and then to punish him for practising the instruction;—to become the patrons of thieves and murderers, to call them *unfortunates*, to fight their battles, to deplore their privations, to admire their obduracy, to trumpet forth their complaints as the marrow of truth, and to defame, and labour to excite public hatred against those whose legal duty it is to keep them in durance and punish them;—to do this, and, by doing it, to lead the ignorant to believe, that, if there be danger, there is nothing wrong in imitating them, and then to prosecute men for felony! It is abominable! Whatever it may be in law or worldly opinion, it is, in unsophisticated truth, as heinous a crime as human means could compass. No, no; philanthropists and liberals cannot in conscience prosecute."

Dr Manydraught could almost willingly have made a felon of himself by shooting Mr Ailoften; he, however, restrained his wrath as far as possible.—"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it drives one mad to hear you, sir,—a man of the world, a man of sense and information—speak in this manner."

"Perhaps," replied Mr Ailoften, with remarkable composure, "my words sting—I wish them to do it.—I would, if I could, fill the speck that I occupy in my country with pure English feeling. I would strike not merely the instrument, but the hand that fashions it—not only the actor, but the prompter. I have lived to see a most deplorable change take place in the feelings of the uninstructed part of my countrymen. I have lived to see the death of their enthusiastic loyalty, their horror of guilt, and their pride in virtuous and honourable conduct; and, what is worse, I have lived to see them disaffected, irreligious, scoffing at moral restraints, and boasting of their profligacy. I am not fool enough to think that this change has been produced by chance, and I am not blind enough to be ignorant of what has produced it. It would be indeed miraculous if the Press should preach vice and guilt, and yet make no proselytes—if members of Parliament should attack christianity and loyalty, and yet not be followed by the multitude—if a party, comprehending a large portion of the nation, should unfurl the banners of jacobinism, and yet have no success—if the philanthropists should whine and cant over cri-

minals, and yet not lead the ignorant to believe that crime is little less than praiseworthy. I know that men will learn profligacy very rapidly without instruction, and, therefore, I must know that their proficiency will be wonderful under first-rate teachers."

"It is useless replying, it is useless replying," said the Doctor, biting his thumbs.

"I will NOT prosecute!" said Mr Smallglebe, with great vehemence; "my conscience tells me that my words and actions have not tended to lead men to sin; but still it tells me to pardon my ignorant fellow-creatures, who are rendered sinners by the snares of the great and the knowing. Perhaps these poor beings have been led to rob me by being taught to despise the precepts of religion and virtue by writers of great talent—Noblemen and legislators!"

"It is but too probable," replied Mr Ailoften; "and still you *must* prosecute. It is your duty as a man and a clergyman. What the Bible prescribes may be safely performed. If the trebly guilty teachers cannot be reached, you still must not spare the pupils. There will be nothing very painful in the matter; there will be no blood shed, and no tortures inflicted. If they be sent to prison, they will obtain such exalted and powerful friends, as no degree of purity could have obtained them out of it; and, if they do not fare better than they have ever previously done, they will at least fare better than half the innocent labourers in the country. Then, as to the punishment—transportation—gratuitous conveyance to join a tribe of gentlemen and ladies!"—

Mr Smallglebe groaned deeply.—"You must then," he responded, in a tone which could scarcely be heard, "accompany me to the Justice." He sat a few moments absorbed in thought, then suddenly exclaimed, "But our friend Slenderstave was robbed likewise—if he refuse to prosecute, if he will forgive the wrong, I can do no less. He shall not outdo me in christian charity; and, therefore, I will not stir a step until I know his determination." The recollection of this matter, this discovery of a chance for escape, quite delighted the worthy Vicar.

Dr Manydraught departed forthwith, to make himself acquainted with Mr Slenderstave's intention. Although the pastor's heart was all kindness and benevolence, it is by no means certain that he did not secretly wish that the man of verse might be confined to his bed by illness for at least three days, in order that the robbers might be enabled to elude pursuit. Mr Slenderstave was a liberal—a person who sneered prodigiously at religion, and parsons, and laws, and restraints—a gentleman who saw merit, rather than evil, in vice and licentiousness, and who, moreover, grieved lustily over the miseries of prison inmates, and the barbarity of their tyrants; yet Mr Slenderstave actually swore to Dr Manydraught, that he would flay, rack, and hang, if possible, the wretches by whom he had been robbed. He sprung out of bed, and dressed himself with alacrity truly wonderful in a person labouring under so much anguish, and, in a few moments, stood at the side of Mr Smallglebe in readiness to proceed to a magistrate, to the infinite consternation and sorrow of the Vicar. Mr Smallglebe was now left without excuse, and the party proceeded to a Justice of Peace, obtained a warrant, and put it into the hands of Tommy Temple, tailor and constable of the parish, with the promise of a reward of five guineas, if he succeeded in capturing the offenders.

Notwithstanding the name of Tommy Temple, there was nothing very magnificent in his person. He was tall, slender, and ill-looking; he was never suspected being over-courageous; and he was wholly inexperienced in those conflicts which usually attend the caption of desperate reprobates. Occasionally, there was a fray between drunken men at some alehouse or other, which he was called upon to appease—or two labourers' wives quarrelled, fought, and then got warrants against each other, which he had to execute; but these constituted the most dangerous of his duties. In truth, he was so seldom employed in his public capacity, that his post was well nigh a sinecure. Tommy perceived that the business which was now put into his hands was perfectly different from any that he had ever previously been called upon to execute, and that it involved much peril; he therefore called upon the deputy-constable, Neddy Blossom, wheelwright, joiner, and cabinet-maker, a square-built, downright kind of person, to accompany

him. Tommy would willingly have taken four or five men more, but the gentlemen ridiculed the idea, that two men would not be an overmatch for a man and a woman; and he bethought himself, that if the five guineas were divided among more than two persons, the shares would scarcely be worth taking. He therefore rapidly slipped on his Sabbath habiliments,—his best great-coat, his new jockey-boots, his white neckcloth, with a chocolate one neatly tied over it; while Neddy merely drew on a pair of huge jack-boots: and they departed in the stage-coach, in the direction which it was supposed the robbers had taken, Tommy displaying the symbol of office in his hand—a staff about four feet in length, and an inch and half in diameter, having sundry golden letters at its upper end, indicative of its exalted uses, and the name of the venerable place to which it belonged. Neddy was only armed with a huge oaken towel, which bore no tokens of official dignity.

After the coach had travelled about twelve miles, it stopped at a small public-house to change horses. Tommy, bearing the staff before him, and duly followed by Neddy, stalked into the parlour, called for a tankard of ale, and interrogated the landlord touching the people who had called at his house in the preceding twelve hours.

"Haa!—What!"* said mine host, winking, "you're efther summat!—Weel, hang all rogues, say I.—An audish fellow an' a young lass called us up at twelve yesterneet. They gat thersens middlin drunk, an' they at it agheane this mornin. They've nobbat just left us. I changed this faave pund bill for 'em."

Tommy received the note with due dignity, examined it, and behold it displayed certain marks which proved it to be one of those that had been stolen from Mr Smallglebe. "Gad rot ye!" he exclaimed, "you lanlauds arn't a haupenny betther than thieves. Why didn't ye stop 'em? A jackass mud ha' knawn 'at they hadn't getten the money honestly.—I've a right goad maand to tak ye up."

Tommy flourished his staff, and seemed hugely vexed; Neddy bristled up to his back, and looked savage; and the landlord stepped backward a couple of paces, and was quite chopfallen.

The constable relented, extended the tankard to the staring host, and, in a milder tone, desired him to say what route the robbers had taken. The latter, after taking a long draught, replied, "They're gheane forward, nut faave minnets sen. They were hauf drunk; an', if ye run, you're seer te owertak 'em."

Tommy whipped off the tankard, paid the value, and set off on foot at full speed; Neddy running after him with all his might at the distance of five yards, which, from the weight of the jack-boots, was speedily increased to fifty.

After passing with incredible swiftness over several hundred yards of the road, the wind of the constable in chief began to fail; and, upon glancing over his shoulder, he perceived that he was in imminent danger of losing sight of his deputy. He moreover bethought himself, that if they came up with the pickpockets, a battle would be inevitable, and that therefore it was necessary to arrange a scheme of operations. Moved by these things he made a dead stop until Neddy reached him, and then they proceeded at a more reasonable pace.

"Ye're heavy heeled te-day, Neddy," said the constable with much importance, "but it's nobbat some odd ans 'at can touch me at runnin' when I lig mysen out.—We're sumbody te-day,—we're e grand saavice,—we're likenesses of his Majesty."

"Laud bliss me!" exclaimed the astonished Neddy, who could not conceive how this could be.

"Yis, yis," responded Tommy, in the same pompous tone, "it's true eneauf. That is, Ise the King's rippyhentive: this means, Neddy, 'at Ise in a way King George. Noo, you're maa deppaty,—maa saavant;—Seah, you're his Majesty saavant."

"It's varra clear," replied Neddy, tossing up his head, and stalking through the mud with as much mock

* My readers will here recognize the Yorkshire dialect. I fear that they will scarcely get the true sound of the words, notwithstanding the pains that I have taken in spelling them; the Cockney pronunciation is so horrible, and its ravages have been spread so widely.

dignity as the tragedy king displays in his march across the stage of the theatre.

"Noo, Neddy," continued the constable in a more winning tone, "we'd bether cum to a sattlin about this faave guineas. Noo, Ise king—you're saavant. I pay all damages; if parish pay me agheane, weel—if nut, I lose it. It'll nobbat be fair, an' I seer sic a reasonable man as yoursen, Neddy, 'ill awn it, 'at I sud ha' fower guineas, an' you yan."

"Then Ise back agheane," said Neddy; and he wheeled about to verify his answer.

"Hang ye, ye greedy taistril!" replied Tommy, in deep vexation, "then I'll gie ye thotty shillins."

"Oaf, oaf," answered the obstinate deputy. "I'll be dashed if I gan another step for less 'an oaf. If ony beanes be broken, ony een be knocked out, I runs seame risk as yoursen, an' I'll have seame pay."

The mortified chief was compelled to consent; after a few moments of sullen silence, he proceeded—"Tawkin o' brokken beanes an' that, we're efther a parlous bizness. I've read id papers 'at those pickpockits are terrable dags; they stab cunstubbles—shut them—rip em open. It'll be weel, Neddy, if we get yam ony mair alaave."

"Dang ye," said Neddy, "you desaave your head thumpin, for nut tellin me this afore we staatit. If I'd knawn, I wadn't ha' storr'd a feate frea Kiddywinkle. However, Ise ne wase yit, an' I'll yam agheane."

"You may be ashamm'd o' yoursen te speake it," answered the constable in great choler.

"Why noo," rejoined the deputy, "suppoase this greate fella 'at we're seekin sud paal hoot a pistil an' shut ye, or sud ram a knife inte your guts, or sud splet your skull wiv a waakin stick, or sud toss ye intiv a dike an' drownd ye, or"——

"Hod your noise!" cried the constable, who was shivering from head to foot. He had dilated on the danger to Neddy, more to deliver himself of a boast, than from thinking seriously of its existence; or, at any rate, he did not then dream of any one suffering but his deputy; but when the latter not only actually assumed it to be possible for him to be slain, but enumerated the various modes in which he might be put to death, it was more than the courage of man could bear. "I think as you say," he proceeded, after an inordinately long fit of silent trembling, "it's best te ton back—there'll be laatle sense e been sent tid worms afore yan's taame for fifty shillins."

"You tawk like a waase man," responded Neddy. The constable and his deputy turned fairly round, and directed their steps towards Kiddywinkle.

After proceeding about fifty yards, Tommy Temple again broke silence. "We're tossin," said he, with a groan, "faave guineas awa as if it was muck."—"It's varra true," solemnly responded Neddy Blossom.—"An' mebbe," continued Tommy, "thas pickpockits wad ha' gien thersens up at seet of us."—"It's varra possable," replied Neddy.—"An' if nut," proceeded the former, "what's an awd fellow an' a young haram-scaram lass? if we couldn't maister 'em, we owt te be skinn'd wick."—"It wad be a bonnin sham," answered the latter, "if yan on us wasn't ower monny for 'em."—"Then let's efther them agheane," said the constable triumphantly.—"Ise willin, as you seame te wish it," rejoined the deputy with much animation.

The two peace-officers suddenly whisked round, and once more swiftly travelled in pursuit of the robbers. The road was full of turns, so that they could seldom command a view of more of it than a few hundred yards. They paced along for half an hour, and still the pickpockets were not overtaken; this seemed to increase their courage marvellously, and Neddy even volunteered a song respecting the capture of a highwayman, and got through it very creditably. At length, upon turning one of the angles of the road, they discovered a man and a woman not a hundred yards before them. Both suddenly and involuntarily halted. Neddy's legs rebelliously carried him five steps backward before he could assume sufficient self-command to render himself motionless. Tommy looked at Neddy, and perceived that his face was white as a sheet;—Neddy looked at Tommy, and saw that his visage resembled in colour the inside of an old-milk cheese.

"We'll keep gangin, however," said Tommy Temple, "if we deant like their looks, we weant meddle wiv 'em

—they can't tell 'at we're cunstubbles, if we keep wer awn seacrit."—"Yis," answered Neddy Blossom, "bud they mud want to rob us for all that." The constable thought this hint deserving of some deliberation; however, it was finally determined that they should proceed—that Tommy should conceal his staff, and that if upon coming up with the couple, there should be any thing awful in their appearance or demeanour, they should not be molested on any consideration.

The travellers were soon reached, and they proved to be a decrepit old village labourer and his wife. Our officers threw the salutation—"A nice motherate day, gude foaks," passed them, and then their courage not only returned, but seemed to blaze more fiercely than ever. After walking at a great rate for half an hour longer, they found their strength begin to flag, and the calls of hunger to be somewhat pressing. "I've some keak an' bacon e me pocket," said Tommy, "let's gan aback o' that haystack, an' hev a laatle rist." The haystack stood just behind a towering thorn hedge, which ran along the side of the road, and a large gate offered an easy passage to it. The gate was opened, our officers approached the haystack, and lo! under its side, lay a man fast asleep, and, under its end, lay a young woman fast asleep likewise. The constable in chief silently slipped on his spectacles—drew forth his written description—examined the slumberers most attentively—was overwhelmed with proofs—and whispered to the deputy with a look of horror, "It's them!"

The officers retreated about twenty yards to hold a council of war, taking care, however, in the meantime, to retain the command of the gate. On examining the landscape to see if help could be had, should it be needed, five or six men and boys were perceived ploughing in a field almost within call. This was a most inspiriting circumstance. "If we could get weel astraade on 'em afore they wakken," said Tommy, "we could knock their brains out if they meade owt te deah."—"If they were o' their legs," replied Neddy, "I wadn't meddle wiv 'em for a thoosan pund, frae fear o' pistils; but as it is, we can't weel be owerset."—"Then we'll at 'em," said Tommy fiercely.—"Varra weel," answered Neddy, with much firmness.—"You tak t' man, an' I tak t' woman," said the former.—"I'll be shot fost," rejoined the latter, "Ise nobbat t' saavant, an I'll owercum t' woman."—"I auther ye, ye stuped leatherheade!" said the constable, holding the staff of office across his eyes,—"d'ye knaw whea's maisther?"—"Say ne mair," answered the deputy, "if it mun be seah, it mun."—They placed themselves in due order, and marched to the attack; the commander taking the direction of the end of the stack, and his assistant that of its side.

The frequent visits of carts to take away portions of the hay, had converted the turf for many yards round the stack, into mire six inches deep. Our officers waded through this mire as silently as possible, but nevertheless they made sufficient noise to awaken their prey, when they were within a few paces of it. The man and woman suddenly sprung upon their feet, and were amazed to behold two men approaching them with staves upraised as if to beat out their brains. Their rising greatly deranged the plan of operations of their foes, who halted and stood for a moment on the defensive. "I auther ye," cried Tommy, flourishing his staff, and using the most terrifying tone possible, "I auther ye, id king neame, te souenther—to gie yoursens up tiv us, twea of his majesty's cunstubbles, for thievin, ye beggally villans!—If ye deant sit doon this minnit, for us to tie your hans behint ye, and tak ye tiv a justice 'at ye may be hang'd, we'll brek all beanes e your skin!"—"Go to hell," replied the fellow with a grin, "if you dare to touch either of us, I'll knock out your top lights!" He threw his arms across and shewed fight, while the girl made a similar speech, and imitated his motions.

Notwithstanding what Neddy Blossom had said, he was not at heart a coward. He thought nothing of a battle with a country-man like himself; but he had never seen a pickpocket by profession, and from the tales that he had heard, he believed such a thing to be a monster, armed with all kinds of deadly weapons, and invincible. He saw that the fellow was but a man, his careful glances could discover nothing like a pistol or any other weapon, and he plucked up his courage. "Nay then," he spoke, "if ye be in fo' 't, here's at ye;—dang me, if I

can't be ower monny fo' sike a taler lewkin beggar as you!"—This speech greatly comforted the heart of the constable, who thought that, if relieved from the hostilities of the man, he could not fail of an easy victory over the girl. Neddy reared his towel and boldly advanced, while the man stood motionless in an attitude of defence; but lo! just as he was going to strike, the fellow darted upon him like lightning, gave him such a blow between the eyes, as made him for some moments uncertain whether they were in or out, and disarmed him. Neddy, however, was not yet conquered. He rushed at his foe, who in his turn was giving motion to the towel, dealt him such a stroke on the body as made his whole bowels cry out for mercy, and then brought him to the ground by a huge hit on the right eye. Neddy got astride of his prostrate enemy, shook his fists in his face, and was told that the fellow would have "no more."

During this terrible conflict the constable and the girl were not idle; they in fact commenced operations, precisely when the deputy and the pickpocket commenced them. Tommy Temple was a person of some sagacity—a man fond of a whole and an unbruised skin—and he at first had recourse to stratagem. "Cum—cum, maa hunny," said he, with a seductive smile, "let's ha' ne nonsense—thou's se pratty it wad gan te my heart te deah th' a mischief:—Be a good lass an' gan' wie me quietly, an' upod wod of a cunstubble thou sall be ne waase fo' 't.—I'll be bun te say 'at Justice 'll set th' free, an' mebbe tak a fancy te th' intid bargain."—"Hold your b——gab, ye old ugly jackanapes!" replied the girl, shaking her little clenched fist at him,—"touch me if you dare!—If ye do—if ye do—I'll give your old bread-basket what will serve it instead of provisions for a fortnight!"—The constable was foiled in his tactics, called nicknames, and braved, all in the same breath, and this completely overpowered both his temper and his fears. He started forward in a grievous fury to knock her down. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in his thin white face when he was in a rage, that the girl burst into loud laughter as he approached her; Tommy could not for his life conceive what she was laughing at, but he was nevertheless assured that it was not from fear, and it rendered him still more furious. She set off at full speed round the haystack, and he set of at full speed after her. After encircling it four times, she suddenly stopped behind one of the corners, and as Tommy came flying round with all sail set, expecting that she was at least ten yards before him on the other side, she gave him such a terrible smack on the eye, as made him cry "Oh!" as loudly as if he had been shot. The female sprung forward again, with the intention of making a few more circuits round the stack, but hearing him groan bitterly, and seeing him stand with his hands clapped upon his eye, she flew at him again, seized the end of his staff with one hand, and now pommelled him on the ribs, and then scratched his face with the other. The constable finding himself thus savagely dealt with, began to kick her with all his might, whereupon she caught one of his legs, gave it a jerk up, and then!—Gracious powers! there was then seen Tommy Temple the tailor, habited in his Sabbath garments, his new great-coat, beaver little the worse for wear, and white neckcloth, with a chocolate handkerchief over it, laid on his back, and half buried in mud!—There was then seen Tommy Temple, the valourous constable in chief of Kiddywinkle, laid prostrate under, and wholly at the mercy of a female pickpocket!

It therefore happened that much at the same moment, Neddy Blossom was triumphantly bestriding the prostrate man, and the female was triumphantly bestriding the prostrate Tommy Temple. This was a most awkward and embarrassing state of things. It neutralized the success of both parties, and seemed to say that they should remain in their present position for ever. "Neddy hunny, come an' seave my life!" groaned Tommy;—"Gad bon your soft head!" responded the deputy in deep vexation, "I cud cloot you mysen for lettin sike a creature as that ton you up." Neddy looked wistfully to see if he could serve his leader, this threw him off his guard, and the robber took advantage of it. The latter, instructed perhaps by the example of the girl, seized the leg of his conqueror, and raised himself up with such force, that he fairly threw the deputy on his head in the mud; he then ran off, and the girl ran after him.

"Dabbish maa buttans!" ejaculated

Neddy, as he gathered himself up again and scraped the mud off his eyes, "bud I'll hei my pennaths hoot of 'em for this." He then, forgetting to pick up his hat, pursued them at full speed, and the constable was impelled by shame to rise and follow him. The ploughmen who commanded a full view of them, had stopped their horses to gaze, at the beginning of the fray, although they could not tell for their lives what to make of the matter. When, however, they saw, first the pickpocket, then the girl, next Neddy without his hat, and then the constable, all flying after each other with the utmost swiftness, they were assured that all was not right, and they sallied forth in a body to intercept the runners. "A wager!" cried the man, "make way! a wager!" "It weant deah," replied the first ploughman, as he seized him by the collar; the girl was next stopped, then the officers came up, and finally Tommy Temple's official character was made known—his warrant was exhibited—his tale was told—a cart was procured from a neighbouring village, into which the pickpockets were put, with their hands tied behind them—five shillings were given to the ploughmen to drink—and the constable and his deputy drove off with their prisoners in triumph to Kiddywinkle, at which ancient place they arrived in perfect safety.

Thus ended this most eventful, perilous, triumphant, and memorable expedition of Tommy Temple and Neddy Blossom. Neither of them ever saw a day like that, either before or after it. Their wives ever afterwards esteemed them to be quite the equals of Wellington in military genius and bravery, and even glory. The wife of Tommy Temple was often heard to say that "her husban wad ha' been meade a barronite for what he then did id king sarvice, if greate foaks had had ony deacency aboot 'em." Never did the heroes afterwards enter company, without giving an exceedingly long and luminous history of the exploit. They did not give it exactly as I have given it, but this may be easily accounted for. They were interested—I am disinterested—and this makes a mighty difference. Had I been one of them, I should not have written as I have written. They bolstered, veiled, added, suppressed, embellished, and magnified, until they at last produced a story which actually made one's flesh creep on one's back, it was so full of daring, and horrors, and wonders.

The man and woman were taken before the magistrate—the whole of Mr Smallglebe's money, save about a guinea, was found upon them—the evidence of the vicar, the poet, and the publican, to whom they paid the note, was duly taken, and they were committed for trial. I may, perhaps, give some account of the trial in a future page of this history. I record with unfeigned sorrow, that, after the most minute search, no trace of Mr Slenderstave's lost treasures could be discovered; and the girl, upon being interrogated, actually confessed that she had thrown the whole of these treasures—these invaluable treasures, save the three and sixpence, into a ditch, as things of no worth! This naturally rendered the poet inconsolable; and, alas! miseries thickened upon him. The rumours to which I have alluded in another place were duly conveyed to Miss Peggy Littlesight, who forthwith privately sent her servant to Mr Slenderstave's lodgings to make inquiries touching their truth. The girl ascertained that the poet's legs had not been broken—that no knife had been put into him—that no personal injury had befallen him—and Mr Slenderstave swore upon his honour that he was neither mellow nor frisky, and that he did not tempt the young beggar into the inn's yard. He, however, thoughtlessly dropped a boast, that he perhaps could have done it, had he been so inclined; and he was constrained to admit, that the female had abstracted all Miss Peggy's pledges from his waistcoat-pocket. Miss Littlesight ruminated deeply upon this. She could not conceive how Mr Slenderstave could know that he could have tempted the girl into the yard, except from experiment; and she could not conceive how it could be possible for the girl to empty his waistcoat-pocket, if he had kept at a decorous distance from her, and had not violated his solemn vows of eternal constancy. The servant, upon being called upon for her opinion, and upon hearing the fears of her young mistress, declared that it clearly amounted to positive proof, that Mr Slenderstave had been acting most

faithlessly and wickedly. Miss Peggy, without losing a moment, went into hysterics; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to guide a pen, she forwarded a note to the poet, which informed him, that he was a brute—a villain—a monster;—that he might revel with beggar girls as he pleased;—that he should have no more of her precious gifts, wherewith to purchase their smiles;—that she discarded him, and would never see him more;—and that she was on the point of leaving the world for ever! Mr Slenderstave received the note—read it—and took to his bed immediately.

Thus ends the second part of Kiddywinkle History.

WORKS ON IRELAND.*

Memoirs of Captain Rock.—Crocker's South of Ireland.

In one of D'Israeli's entertaining volumes, an account is given of a French comedy, the scene of which is laid in a madhouse—all the persons of the drama—lovers and ladies—fathers and children—physicians and servants, are insane; and the interest of the piece arises from the zeal with which each pursues his respective interests—regardless of the effect of his conduct on the fortunes or opinions of any of the others, because of their madness he forms a perfectly just estimate, though incapable of perceiving the exhibition, or acknowledging the existence of disease in his own mind. The story is skilfully told—some incidents are so managed as to excite much laughter; and the play, considered as a work of art, deserved the success with which it was rewarded. Yet an Englishman may be allowed to express his joy, that in our literature, fantastic as it occasionally is, there is no such work; and in honour to human nature, it should perhaps be also a subject of congratulation, that the writer who could thus deliberately sport with the most grievous calamity to which man is subject, was himself a lunatic.

When we read Captain Rock's Memoirs, and remembered the scenes of blood which for three years have desolated the fairest provinces of Ireland—while, with fear and trembling, we at this hour think of the insecurity of our friends there, the first feeling excited by the book, was sorrow that any one could be found to jest with such a subject. The next feeling of natural consolation is, if this be a fit subject for jesting, thank God the insult to a degraded country is not offered by a native of Scotland or England—that the author of this weak and very wicked book, is an Irishman. Again, thank God that the writer who has given such offence and pain, who ridicules the distresses of the peasantry, while he justifies their crimes, and does what he can to perpetuate their ignorance, is a Roman Catholic.

It is not easy to describe this mischievous publication; though professing to be "the Memoirs of Captain Rock," and though written in the name of that "celebrated Irish chieftain," little advantage is taken of the fiction—a series of essays connected by no one principle of association—suggesting no plan for the removal of any one evil mentioned—exhibiting no general view of politics,—and in which the least interesting portions of Irish history, drawn from the most obvious sources of information, repeated and reprinted even to satiety—are loosely, hastily, and unskilfully put together,—forms the body of the work;—the pertness and vivacity of a superficial thinker ("looks wise, the pretty soul, and thinks he 's thinking,") sporting with his subject, and *such a subject*, ("dallying with wrong that does no harm" forsooth,) gives occasionally, though not often, some relief to the wearied reader. Did we not know the habits which newspaper readers form, we should have actually thought it impossible for any one, (not compelled,) to finish the perusal of this volume. Often did we think, in our weary study,

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* 1. Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by himself. London. Longman and Co. 1824.

2. Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry. By T. Crofton Croker. 4to. London. Murray. 1824.

of that magic book told of in the old romance—

"He said the book he gave to me,
Was of ——— historie,
Which historie was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do—
Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents that dare not read within:
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of harden'd metal like steel or accumie:
The volume of the book did seem to me,
As the Book of Martyrs, or Turk's Historie."

The fiction is in some respects convenient.—When the conspiracy formed against the religion and governments of Europe was in active operation, among the means most effective, was the publication of dramatic poems, novels, and pamphlets, under assumed characters: the history of Christianity was ridiculed in what seemed to be attacks on Judaism—its philosophy in discussing, as it would seem, the right to respect which Mohammedanism and other establishments had in Pagan countries. The scene was placed at a distance, and in fictions, often ingenious, the merits of the existing governments were insidiously (and unfairly, because indirectly) discussed,—in the entire work, a delusion to which the reader willingly subjected himself was created;—he was called upon to assume the character, and invest himself with the prejudices of the native of a foreign land, while he beheld the author personating some fancied character, and in that disguise, artfully attacking, or weakly vindicating, the institutions of his country,—and thus it is, that of the thousand questions which Voltaire discusses, scarcely one is fairly stated; for the primary objects of thought, deceptive ciphers are placed; the reasoning is conducted as an intellectual game of substitution and analogy; and if, with all the advantages of previous arrangement in his favour, the infidel seems to lose the game, he may state the value of the counters as he pleases; and affecting to disregard the loss, may have impudence enough to claim praise for the construction of the automaton, whose movements he was directing, or for the magnificence of the costume, under the folds of which he hides himself. Who could be angry with the wooden chess-player? Who fall out with Candide? Who will be fool enough to break his head against this Rock?—Though there is no attempt whatever to give an apparent reality and distinctness to the conception of a lawless fanatic—though this book, expressing, we hope and trust, the feelings and opinions of but one individual, does not even affect to personify or represent any class of society in our sister island—though there is not a single incident or description of any one scene connected with the disturbances, which the name is intended to recall; yet is the form of such a fiction very convenient. An Irish poet, of some distinction, a few years ago, in an Eastern Tale, found the opportunity of expressing the violent party feeling of some of his countrymen; and lest the resemblance should elude the reader, it is carefully pointed out to him by a flattering note. In Captain Rock the same sentiments are more easily exhibited;—that which would in the mouth of a real Captain Rock be treason,—that which, uttered in a village pot-house, would lead to crime, to be punished probably by death, is now, when published in a form calculated to do a thousand-fold injury, allowable, it would seem, on the ground of its dramatic propriety. Captain Rock, it will be said, must speak as it would become him to do—as if the selection of a subject was no part of the author's work—as if it was no encouragement to the bandits of the South of Ireland, to find their feelings expressed, and arguments, such as they are, suggested to them—as if there was no sin or danger in "sowing the dragon's teeth, which may rise up armed men,"

"With trait'rous promises the foe befriending,
And words and wit to vulgar errors lending."

The writer would not probably speak in his own person, as Rock is made to do, of the same obnoxious individuals; but the disguise which removes the danger of expressing coarse abuse, also in part neutralizes its effect, and gives (what perhaps was the author's intention) to his praise the appearance of unmeaning, gratuitous, and unanswerable insult.

It is scarcely possible that any reader should not, from the title of this book, be led to anticipate some account

of the late insurrections in Ireland. Of this, however, there is not one word. There is a narrative of Irish affairs, from the year A.M. I. to the year of the Union. The reigns of Ollam Fodlah, Dubhlachta, Flabhertach, Brian Boromhe, Elizabeth, George III., &c. &c. are commemorated: every measure whatever, both of England and the local government, is condemned; and though the writer endeavours to support his assertions by the help of quotations from authors, whom, while he transcribes, he cannot forbear sneering at, he feels it necessary to admit that he has written rather what he could tell, than what he has proved. In a work of which every page seems written in blood, "the celebrated Irish Chieftain" affects to have suppressed matter which he might have advanced in support of his argument, from the fear of prosecution. This fear is expressed in the following language by Captain Rock, who, in a few pages, gives us a particular account of the plan and extent of his education.

"Matthew Lanesburgh, the Francis Moore of the Continent, in apologizing for the delay of his Almanack for 1824, pretty plainly intimates, that it was owing to the interference of the Holy Alliance, who had denounced some parts of his works as dangerous to the peace of Europe. 'I have, therefore,' he says, 'consented to sacrifice these passages, because, je tiens infiniment à ce qu'on me lise.'

"From the same motive I have, myself, in the course of these pages, rejected many historical facts and documents, though of considerable importance to the illustration of my subject; because I am well aware, that in the present times, *matter of fact has got much into disrepute*, and that statements to be at all listened to, must be measured by a minute-glass,—because I know, too, that of all the bores of the day, poor Ireland is (what some of her antiquarians wish to prove her) hyperborean—and because, in short, like the worthy almanack-maker just mentioned, 'je tiens infiniment à ce qu'on me lise.'"

The account of the chieftain's education is far the best chapter of the work. Mr North, whose description in parliament of the hedge-schools, and the books read there, provoked such contradiction from the Irish clergy and convention, could scarcely have calculated on being able to produce in his favour a witness so entirely unimpeachable as Captain Rock is on such a subject—the passage being direct and simple narrative, exhibits less of the affectation of fine writing than the same number of pages in any other part of the work.

"That particular hedge-school, which had the honour of educating *me*, deserved rather, perhaps, to be called a university—as the little students, having first received their rudiments in the ditch, were from thence promoted, in due time, to graduate under the hedge.

"It is a mistake to say that the Irish are uneducated. There are many, it is true, among us, who might exclaim, like Skirmish, 'If I had handled my pen as well as I have handled my bottle, what a charming hand I should have written by this time!' But there is no doubt that the faculty of reading and writing is quite as much diffused among the Irish as among the English peasantry.

"The difference is not in the *quantity*, but the *quality* of our education. The charter-schools having done their utmost to sicken us against catechisms, and our own priests not suffering us to read the Bible,* we are driven between both, to select a course of study for ourselves; and the line of reading most usually adopted is as follows:—

"In History—Annals of Irish Rogues and Rapparees.

"In Biography—Memoirs of Jack the Bachelor, a notorious Smuggler, and of Freney, a celebrated Highwayman.

"In Theology—Pastorini's Prophecies, and the Miracles of Prince Hohenlohe.

"In Poetry—Ovid's Art of Love, and Paddy's Resource.

"In Romance-reading—Don Belianis of Greece, Moll Flanders, &c. &c.

"Such being the leading works in that choice catalogue, from which, according to the taste of the parties, is selected the chief reading of the cottagers of Ireland.

"So educated and so governed, is it wonderful that the Rock family should flourish?"—P. 188.

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* On this passage is the following note, which, from the writer we review, will be felt as an important admission. "The arguments of the Roman Catholic Clergy, against the use of the Bible, as a class-book, are well founded; but the length to which some of them carry their objections to a free and general perusal of the Scriptures, is inconsistent with the spirit as well of civil as of religious liberty."—P. 187.

Such studies qualify Captain Rock for discussing the question of education; the graduate of the hedge regards with indifference,—which perhaps, with all the sneers, the learned editor envies,—the "bene se gessit quamdiu apud nos commoratus est" of the national university. Charter-schools and free-schools are regarded with distrust and derision; diocesan and parochial schools are pronounced ineffective—and it is but too true—yet if foolish fears prevent Roman Catholics from attending the schools, are they entitled to transfer the blame of their ignorance to those who provide the means of education for them, and, in every way they can, point out its unspeakable advantages?—even the Kildare Street Society is not spared, though in their schools every sacrifice has been made, in the hope of removing the objections of the Roman Catholics. The existence of a Bible, even of the Doway translation, in the school, of which a chapter is occasionally read aloud by the master, is held to be a sufficient compliance with the principle of scriptural education, in the faith of which the society exists; for this purpose it receives its public grants, and is enabled to collect private subscriptions, and is the legatee of considerable property. And this principle, we hope and trust, it will never attempt to alter or deny—with Mr North in the House of Commons to advocate and explain its reasons, we fear very little the effect of any misrepresentation.

Captain Rock says,

"Out of the public funds, granted to this institution for the purposes of education, the greatest portion, it seems, finds its way to the favoured region of Ulster,—that being (according to the usual rule for appropriating money in Ireland) the part of the country where such assistance is least wanted. By their own report, indeed, it appears that one northern county, Antrim, has shared twice as much of their assistance as the whole province of Connaught; and, in conformity with this system, we find, out of a list of one hundred and twenty-seven schoolmasters appointed by them, no more than forty-nine Catholics."—P. 179.

With what a serious air is this statement made!—The illiberality of the Kildare Street Society proved by having nearly half its masters Roman Catholics! If this be indeed the case, when we remember the disproportion in number of Roman Catholics (qualified to conduct a school) to well-educated Protestants, a stronger proof could scarcely be advanced of the anxious preference given to Roman Catholics.—Again, *The parts of Ireland which least want education, receive most assistance from the society.* To be sure they do—how could it be otherwise? Is not this what a moment's consideration would compel us to anticipate? The poor of Antrim feel the blessings of education. They solicit, and obtain, and deserve the aid of the society—And is the society to become weary of well-doing? to desert the field which has amply repaid her labours. No; each year, we trust that in the North new schools may be founded. Similar assistance is by the same society anxiously offered to the South, and contemptuously rejected; but if the society had never established or assisted a school, the publication of its most valuable and interesting books, which have already superseded the library described in a former extract, has done more to benefit the country than any words can adequately express. Good has been thus done, which has its reward on earth, and after earth. Other men and other societies have in the same unhappy country been also in their way busy,—"*sowing the wind, to reap the whirlwind.*"

It would occupy more time than we can at present command, and more space than could be reasonably allowed for an article on a volume "born to be forgot," to follow Captain Rock in his miscellaneous and unconnected observations. All who disbelieve the doctrines, and despise the forms of the Church of England, meet in this military orator a warm and very violent advocate. In vain has it been shewn that the right to tithe is as the right to any other property—this writer is determined to regard it as a tax. Is it accidental, that in quoting an excellent pamphlet on the subject, the title is misprinted, and the reference therefore gives no information which will enable the reader to compare the statements of Captain Rock with the unanswerable argument of S. N., to whom, in vanity, which, if we guess rightly, he will soon repent in shame, he opposes himself?—from that pamphlet, and one more lately published by the same writer, extracts

ought to be printed in the Magazine—they have done, as Dean Burrows or Lord Norbury has said, *essential* [S. N.] service.

Captain Rock does not believe the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe, though the work under that name was to have been one of his cottage classics—but as his "father was a great believer in miracles, both old and new," the son has the opportunity of saying, that it is in vain to tell us that Folly confines herself to any particular creed. She is no such bigot, but, like Pope's Belinda, "shines on all alike in their turn." An attempt was made by the bishops of the Roman Catholics to represent the cure of some nervous diseases, in which the sufferers had all the assistance of medicine, as miraculous proofs of their own divine mission. These cures are said to have been performed by a native of Germany residing there, on patients in Ireland whom he had never seen, though it is proved by Dr Pfeuffer's Memoir, that he failed in every case in which he undertook to perform cures by sympathetic prayer on the sick of a German hospital—the belief of these German miracles, which no man now believes, (they being now three months old,) but which are yet preached in Ireland, perhaps to keep alive a faith in Pastorini's Prophecies of hatred and blood, is represented as only an instance of the credulity to which man's nature is subject, and is compared with a narrative found in the depositions collected after the Rebellion of 1641. "Which," says this veracious commentator, "proves how implicitly a Protestant Bishop could believe in psalm-singing ghosts," p. 248. In another part of the work, the same depositions are thus alluded to—

"How far those depositions are worthy of belief, on which the heaviest charges of cruelty against the Catholics rest, may be judged from the following specimen of their rationality. It was deposed, that the ghosts of the Protestants, drowned by the rebels at Portadown Bridge, were seen for a long time moving in various shapes upon the river; and Doctor Maxwell, Bishop of Kilmore, (one of the most credible, perhaps, of all the deponents,) enters into grave particulars about these ghosts in his deposition, and describes them as 'sometimes having been seen, day and night, walking upon the river, sometimes brandishing their naked swords; sometimes singing psalms, and at other times shrieking in a most hideous and fearful manner.' We see by this, too, that Protestant Bishops occasionally can rival even Catholic ones in their deglutition of the miraculous." P. 94.

Before we make any remark on the logic which could justify the falsehood of one church by the supposed credulity of an individual belonging to another—before we expose Captain Rock's misrepresentation of Doctor Maxwell's evidence, by a reference to the depositions in question, and without delaying to remark on the contrast between the eager efforts to believe the "lying wonders" of our own days, and the strife of Dr Maxwell's mind to disbelieve that of which he expressly says he had no other evidence than the assertions and the oaths of others, and yet allows its due weight to human testimony, we must, even at the hazard of appearing tedious, quote the following passage from Sir W. Temple's admirable Preface to his History of the Rebellion.

"To speak truth exactly, is highly commendable in any man, especially in one that takes upon him to be a public informer; to raze, to corrupt a record, is a crime of a very high nature, and by the laws of the land most severely punishable. Histories are called *Testes temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ;* and certainly he doth offend in a high degree, who shall either negligently suffer, or wilfully procure them to bring false evidence; that shall make their dark lanterns to give light but on one side, or, as *ignes fatui*, to cause the reader to wander from the truth, and vainly to follow false shadows, or the factious humours of the writer's brain. To be false, to deceive, to lie, even in ordinary discourse, are vices commonly branded with much infamy, and held in great detestation by all good men. And therefore certainly those that arrive at such a height of impudence, as magisterially to take upon them not only to abuse the present, but future ages, must needs render themselves justly odious. They stand responsible for other men's errors; and whereas, in all other notorious offenders, their sin and their life determines at furthest together; the sin of these men is perpetrated after their decease; they speak when they are dead, make false infusions into every age, and court every new person that shall many years after cast his eyes upon their story to give belief to their lies."—The depositions, though taken after the most mature deliberation, were, says Sir W. Temple, "held by the Irish to be very injurious to their countrymen;

but;" he adds, "it is not much to be wondered, if they who had it in design to destroy all the public records and ancient monuments in the kingdom, to banish both the English law and government, do so bitterly declaim against these evidences of their cruelty, and lively attestations given in to perpetuate the memory of them to their eternal infamy.

"If they could imagine which way to silence, or by what means to blast the credit of these examinations thus solemnly taken, and prevail, according to their most impetuous desires, upon the late treaty of peace, to have all the indictments legally put in against the principal rebels to their adherents, taken off the file and cancelled, they would not be out of hope, as these times now are, to palliate their rebellion with such specious pretences as that their barbarous cruelties, acted beyond all parallel, being forgotten, it should with great applause pass down to posterity, under the name of a holy and just law, for the defence of the Catholic cause."—*Sir W. Temple's Preface.*

Having thus prefaced, let us glance over these examinations, which prove *to Captain Rock*, "that Protestant Bishops can occasionally rival Catholic ones in the deglutition of the miraculous."—*Rock*, p. 94.

"Robert Maxwell, clerk, Archdeacon of Down, sworn and examined, deposeth and saith, *inter alia*;—

"That, by command from Sir Phelim O'Neil, the rebels dragged the deponent's brother, Lieutenant James Maxwell, out of his bed, in the rage and height of a burning fever; and, lest any of his acquaintance or friends should bury him, they carried him two miles from any church, and there cruelly butchered him, when he neither knew what he did or said; and thus Sir Phelim paid him two hundred and sixty pounds which he owed him; and his wife, Grissel Maxwell, being in child-birth, they stript stark-naked, drove her about an arrow's flight to the Black water, and drowned her."

Then follows an account of unspeakable horrors.

"The number of the people drowned at the bridge of Portadown are diversely reported, according as men staid among the rebels. This deponent, who staid as long as any, and had better intelligence than most of the English amongst them, and had best reason to know the truth, saith, 'there were (by their own report) one hundred and ninety drowned with Mr Fullarton. At another time, they threw one hundred and forty over the said bridge; at another time, thirty-six, or thirty-seven; and so continued, drowning more or fewer, for seven or eight weeks; so as the fewest which can be supposed to have perished, must needs be above one thousand; besides as many more drowned between that bridge and the peat lough of Montjoy; besides those who perished by the sword, fire, and famine, in Conbrassil, and the English plantations adjacent; which, in regard there escaped not three hundred out of all those quarters, must needs amount to many thousands.

* * * * * * There are above one hundred and fifty-four thousand now wanting within the very precinct of Ulster.'

"And this deponent farther saith, 'that it was *common talk among the rebels* that the ghosts of Mr William Fullarton, Timothy Jephes, and the most of those who were thrown over Portadown Bridge, were daily and nightly seen to walk upon the river—sometimes singing of psalms, sometimes brandishing of naked swords, sometimes screeching in a most hideous and fearful manner. The deponent did not believe the same at first, *neither doth he yet know whether to believe it or no*; but saith, that divers of the rebels assured him that they themselves did dwell near to the same river, and being daily affrighted with those apparitions, but especially with their horrible screeching, were, in conclusion, enforced to remove farther into the country: their own priests and friars could not deny the truth thereof. But, as it was by the deponent objected unto them, they said it was a cunning slight of the devil, to hinder this great work of propagating the Catholic faith, and killing of heretics; or that it was wrought by witchcraft. The deponent himself lived within thirteen miles of the bridge, and never heard any man so much as doubt of the truth thereof. Howsoever, he obligeth no man's faith, in regard he saw it not with his own eyes; otherwise he had as much certainty as morally could be required of such a matter."

We have been thus particular in our extracts, not only because Captain Rock is occasionally very facetious on the subject of Dr Maxwell's credulity, but because from this selected specimen he argues that the depositions of 1641 are undeserving of credit or attention. Dr Maxwell's credulity consists in his repeating both strong and guarded expressions of doubt of the common reports of the neighbourhood at the time, which were, that in the paroxysms of a diseased conscience, the rebels imagined that they beheld the ghosts of their victims; does it not confirm, rather than impeach the evidence of the most shocking cruelties recorded in the history of mankind,

that the recollection of them should have thus affected the imagination, as the guilt of the solitary murderer is proved by his unconquerable conviction of the presence of the dead? Suppose, however, that Dr Maxwell was infected with the credulity of his neighbourhood, and believed the tale as it was told to him, does this invalidate his testimony when he speaks from his own knowledge? If it be incredible that ghosts appeared, is it therefore fair to argue as Captain Rock does, that the Protestants of Ulster were not murdered?—Because the rebels of Portadown were affected with superstitious fear, and Dr Maxwell has sworn to this fact, are we warranted in disregarding the Archdeacon's account of his brother and his wife? Because murderers go mad, are we therefore entitled to describe their guilt as a maniacal delusion?

It would be wearisome to follow the writer of this inflammatory volume through all his falsifications of history, and indeed of little use;—those to whom his book is addressed, are more likely to look to the colouring, than to the truth of the narrative. To argue sophistically is more easy than to expose a sophism, and in our remarks on a volume of sophisms, we are anxious rather to shew the spirit in which the book is written, than to write a commentary upon it The perpetual attempts at wit, repeated and disappointed, and proving the poverty of the mind, which, in defect of other food, is obliged to put up with such entertainment, remind us of Captain Rock's own "evening conversaziones round his small turf fire, and his frugal repast on that imaginative dish, *potatoes and point.*"*

We almost regret having been led into exposing the misrepresentations of Archdeacon Maxwell's evidence, and sharing the *inconsequence* of the conclusion Captain Rock draws from the assumed premise of the Archdeacon's credulity. We will not discuss with the incendiary writer, the many questions of Irish history which he treats, as though, we think, a regard to self-preservation should make us study the dreadful record of a nation rising up as one man, to murder the defenceless, with whom they had been living on terms of brotherhood and peace, which has since become impossible, yet these are "things to think of, not to tell;" in this our day, it ought, however, to be holden in remembrance who were the instigators of the massacre—how they were men who "had, in regard of their knowledge of the laws of the land, very great reputation and trust," and how on the eve of the rebellion—

"They began to stand up like great patriots, for the vindication of the liberties of the subject, and redress of their pretended grievances, and having by their bold appearing therein, made a great party in the House of Commons, some of them did there magisterially obtrude, as undoubted maxims of the law, the pernicious speculations of their own brain, which, though plainly discerned to be full of virulency, and tending to sedition, yet so strangely were many of the Protestants, and well-meaning men in the house, blinded with an apprehension of ease and redress, and so stupified with their bold accusations of the government, as most thought not fit, others durst not stand up to contradict their fond assertions; so as what they spoke was received with great acclamation, and much applause, by most of the Protestant members of the house, many of which, under specious pretences of public zeal to this country, they had inveigled into their party."†

This is a fact, which requires no comment from us; these are truths which should be "φωναντα συνετοισι."

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* "When there is but a small portion of salt left, the potatoe, instead of being dipt into it by the guests, is merely, as a sort of indulgence to the fancy, *pointed* at it."—Rock, p. 243.

We suspect that this is a Cumberland treat, and not known in Ireland, but Captain Rock is authority. It is thus alluded to in Anderson's ballads:—

"I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week;
If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,
She cuts me nae mair than would physic a sneype,
Then we've 'tatey and point every Monday."

† Sir W. Temple, Hist. of Rebellion.

We come to the last recorded adventure of the captain.—

"One evening the captain, who is rather of a romantic disposition, was, it seems, indulging himself with a walk by moonlight, on the banks of the river Suir, meditating, no doubt, on the events of his long life, and sighing after that peace which he *might* have enjoyed, had the measures of the government not forced him into such riotous distinction. From this reverie he was awakened by the tramp of horses, and saw rapidly advancing toward him a party of that gendarmerie, to whom, at present, is confided the task of civilizing Ireland." He "was conducted to the gaol of Tipperary. A Sessions under the insurrection act, being always ready in that town, he was tried the following day, and the crimes with which he was charged were, Firstly, being out in the open air by moonlight; and secondly, not being able to give an account of himself.—Being found guilty of the transportable offence, namely, that of being out by moonlight, the captain is at this moment on his way to those distant shores, where so many lads 'who love the moon' have preceded him." *Rock*, p. 371.

Had the friends of Thurtell, "*the benevolent*," after his being hanged on the merits of his case, endeavoured to excite sympathy in his favour, because —injured man—he was convicted on a holiday, we should then perhaps have a parallel to the strange inculpation of the laws, under which the supposed author of such a book is removed from the society which, now that his power of injuring it more materially is taken away, he continues to insult or disturb by his writings. When a volume of satirical verses was a few years ago attributed to a popular poet, an advertisement was inserted in the papers, saying that the knowledge of low life exhibited in the work might have saved a gentleman of his rank in society from the character of writing the work in question. Should public rumour attribute Captain Rock's Memoirs to an individual, whom we are disposed even yet to regard with better hopes than such writings warrant, to none more than to ourselves would pleasure be afforded, by an authorised contradiction of a report which cannot but be injurious.

To Mr Crofton Croker, we perhaps owe some apology, for connecting with our review of Captain Rock's Memoirs, the "Researches in the South of Ireland." He will, we feel sure, excuse this seeming want of courtesy, when our only choice is between adding to this article some account, however imperfect, of his very interesting work, and the delay of another month. Mr Croker's book consists in dissertations on the civil and ecclesiastical history; the scenery; the architectural antiquities; the romantic superstitions; and the literature of Ireland, connected by a slender thread of personal adventure, in a tour through the southern counties, in company with Miss Nicholson and Mr Alfred Nicholson, whose illustrations increase the beauty and the value of the work.

Mr Croker's style, though manifestly that of an unpractised writer, is simple, manly, straight-forward, without pretence and without disguise; he has gone through Ireland in the spirit of a man disposed to be pleased, and seems wherever he travelled to have been cheerful, and in cheerful society. His own style exemplifies the rich and characteristic humour which distinguishes his countrymen, which he shares abundantly, and of course is well qualified to enjoy and to record.—He seems to have mingled, in free and happy intercourse, with persons of every different rank, and to have entirely escaped the yellow fever of Irish politics. In his work "politics are carefully avoided;" whether this will be considered as a recommendation or a defect, he tells us that he has yet to learn; "but on a subject which has called forth such angry discussion (adds Mr Croker) I feel neither qualified nor inclined to offer an opinion."

Mr Croker and his companions had the good sense, in parts of the country where the roads were bad, to take advantage of any means of conveyance that offered. We give one of their adventures—Would that we had the opportunity of illustrating it as Mr C. has done, with a wood-cut, which absolutely laughs the reader in the face.

"Having hired a car at Lismore to take us to Fermoy, and wishing to walk part of the way along the banks of the Blackwater, we desired the driver to meet us at a given point. On arriving there, the man pretended not to have understood we were three in party, and demanded, in consequence, an exorbitant addition to the sum agreed on. Although we were without any other means of conveyance for eight Irish miles, it was resolved not to submit to this imposition, and we accordingly withdrew our luggage, and dismissed the car,

intending to seek another amongst a few cabins that appeared at a little distance from the road side. A high dispute ensued with the driver, who, of course, was incensed at this proceeding, and endeavoured to enlist in his cause the few straggling peasants that had collected around us, but having taken refuge, and placed our trunks in the nearest cabin, ourselves and property became sacred, and the disposition to hostility, which had been at first partially expressed, gradually died away. When we began to make inquiries for a horse and car of any kind to take us into Fermoy, our endeavours were for some time fruitless. One person had a car, but no horse. Another a car building, which, if Dermot Leary were as good as his word, would be finished next week some time, 'God willing.' At length we gained intelligence of a horse that was 'only two miles off, drawing turf—Sure he could be fetched in less than no time.' But then again, 'that big car of Thady Conner's was too great a load for him entirely—Surely the *baste* would never draw the car into Fermoy, let alone their honours and the trunks.' After some further consultation, a car was discovered more adapted to the capabilities of the miserable animal thus called upon to 'leave work and carry wood,' and though of the commonest kind, we were glad to secure it. By means of our trunks and some straw, we formed a lodgment on the car, which being without springs, and on the worst possible of roads, was not exactly a bed of down. The severe contusions we received on precipitating into numerous cavities, though no joke, caused some laughter, on which the driver turned round with a most facetious expression of countenance, suggesting that,—'Maybe the motion did not just agree with the lady; but never fear, she would soon get used to it, and be asleep before we were half way to Fermoy.' This prediction, it will readily be supposed, was not fulfilled, and I believe it was three days before we recovered from the bruises of that journey. It is difficult to say whether our situation will excite mirth or sympathy in the minds of our readers, but a sketch may do no injury to the description."—Pp. 31, 32.

We continue our extracts, selecting not the passages of greatest interest, but those which are most easily detached, and require no comment to render them intelligible; we will therefore suppose Mr Croker and his companions dismounted from the vehicle, which, in spite of the assistance of picture, Mr Croker is unable adequately to describe.

"From Cappoquin to Lismore, the banks of the river become still richer and more close; magnificent ash-trees dip their waving branches in the stream, and have attained a surprising growth and beauty. Within about two miles of Lismore, the frequent stoppages occasioned by locks induced us to land, and pursue the remainder of the way on foot. A walk of increasing beauty brought us within view of its fine castle, rising out of trees above an extensive bridge, with numerous arches, and one of striking dimensions.

"The entrance to the castle is under an old gateway with towers, from whence a level walled avenue, shaded on one side by a row of aged and stately pine-trees, leads to a second gateway, over which are sculptured the arms of the Earl of Cork, with the often-quoted motto, 'God's providence is my inheritance.' This is the entrance into an extensive court-yard, the north and east sides of which, if not recently erected, are so disguised as to have a modern appearance.

"A tame eagle was pluming his feathers in the sun beside the door of the Castle; and the sight of the monarch bird, in its present situation, chained to a slight wooden perch, seemed a fine emblem of the wild and lawless spirit of feudal days, controlled, if not subdued, by the power of civilization, beyond the reach of which it had long soared in proud and fancied security. There was no difficulty in obtaining permission to see the interior. A book lay on the hall table, where strangers write their names, and a servant is in attendance to conduct them from room to room. The guide, though particularly civil, was totally ignorant of any anecdotes connected with the place; in vain I inquired for the apartment consecrated by the memory of the philosophic Robert Boyle, who was born here;—for that where the feeble monarch, James II., is said to have started back from the window, appalled at beholding its height above the river; or for any of those places identified with Raleigh or Broghill. Had I not been previously aware of the association of these names with Lismore Castle, I should have gone through its chambers with as little interest as through those of any other well furnished house. In fact, it is no more; and the local association of such sacred titles as soldier and statesman, philosopher and poet, is never once recalled to the memory—a visionary charm that should be religiously preserved. Little will, therefore, be found attractive in Lismore Castle, beside the natural beauty of its situation."—Pp. 125, 126.

Mr Croker travelled in Ireland before the late disturbances exhibited all parties in a state of maddening excitement; he had, therefore, opportunities of witnessing many of the national customs, which were dying away gra-

dually, and which, interrupted by the violence of a servile war, are likely to be soon forgotten. Among the most remarkable of these are the KEENS and FUNERAL CEREMONIES; of the elegiac verses chaunted on these occasions we are glad to see a few specimens printed, and their preservation, while it was yet possible, thus effectually secured.

"Having a curiosity to hear the Keen more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I procured an elderly woman, who was renowned for her skill in keening, to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Harrington, led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, and though in fact subsisting on charity, found everywhere not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected, and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance, with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitative; but, as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones; and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension, and strong feeling, of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut—perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object. From several Keens which I took down from this woman's dictation, I have selected four, and to each attached a short explanatory introduction."

From the Lamentation of Donaghue for his Children:—

"Children, dear children, do you pity me? do you see me? Look on me, your poor father, crying and lamenting for the sunshine of his eyes; for the life of his life, for the soul of his soul! What is he now? a poor broken-hearted old man, weeping alone in the cold corner of a stranger's house!

"Great is my grief and sorrow! Sadness and tears weigh heavy on my Christmas. To have my four young and stout men thrown on the will of the waves! If the great ocean, or the dark caves of the ocean, would restore the three bodies that now lie in its depths, how beautifully they would be keened and lamented over in Affadown!

"Great is my grief and sorrow that you did not all go from your father on board ship! Or, if my sons had left me for a season, like the wild geese,* to go to a foreign land, then might I have expected from my Maker, the help of my four mild and clever young men at some future time!"

From another lamentation, called the "Smith's Keenan," chaunted by his sister over the corpse of the deceased:—

"Oh! brother, dear brother! I might have known that you were laid low, when I did not hear the sound of your forge, or of your sledges, striking strong and noisy!

"Dear brother, and my darling brother, you have the marks of a wife that did not love you: she left my brother hungry in the winter, and dry in the summer, without a Sunday dress, and the sufferer from long fasting.

"You, woman, his wife! my brother's wife! You, woman, who are both dumb and deaf—go home; go anywhere—leave your husband to me, and I will mourn for my brother.

"You, woman above, with the dry eyes! my brother's wife! come down, and I will keen you. You will get another husband, if you are young enough; but I can never get another brother!"

(*The Priest comes forward and speaks.*)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn stranger, why will you provoke your brother's wife?"

(*She answers.*)

"Hold your tongue, stubborn priest!—read your Litany and Confiteor:—earn your half-crown, and begone. I will keen my brother!"—P. 180.

No legal provision is made for the poor in Ireland; the consequence is, a nation of paupers—property insecure—beggary everywhere existing—and individuals in such strange relations of established and thankless dependence on the society around, as justifies the following sketch:—

"Buckaughs are a description of non-residents, that within these few years have considerably diminished.—The name implies a lame or mutilated person; but vigorous young men may be found, who, ha-

* The wild geese was a peculiar name given to such young men as volunteered into the Irish Brigade.

ving assumed the ragged garb, crave the privileges of the impotent and aged:—In Ireland there are no gipsies, but their place is filled by Buckaughs, who have the same wandering habits, and adopt the same unsettled mode of life, without, however, entering into associations or troops.

"A Buckaugh is a solitary and isolated being, one who seems to stand alone in the world, without apparent occupation or pursuit. He is met travelling both on the high road and in unfrequented paths, at all hours and in all seasons, his beard unshaven, and his body encased in a garment composed of shreds and patches, or, to use the more expressive local idiom, 'a coat all stitches and pack-thread.' Loaded with innumerable bags and wallets, he strides on, assisted by a long walking-pole shod with iron, and terminated by a formidale spike. In the evening, the Buckaugh is seen seated beside the turf fire of the poor cottager's hearth, partaking of his humble fare, the wallets and staff deposited in a corner of the cabin, and at night he reposes beside them on a bundle of straw. It is not uncommon to find these men with considerable literary acquirements; they are generally the possessors of several books and Irish manuscripts, which they have collected, and bear about from place to place with incredible fondness, nor can money always purchase part of their travelling library; their knowledge of writing renders them acceptable guests to many farmers, whose correspondence is often entirely carried on by such agency. By the younger members of the family, Buckaughs are looked upon with much regard, and made the mutual confidant of their rustic amours. Deeply conversant with character, this singular class of mendicants are quick, artful, and intelligent, but assume a careless and easy manner, seldom hesitating, when it is for their own advantage, duping those who have confided in them, and yet I have heard instances of the almost chivalrous honour of a poor Buckaugh."

Cloyne is visited and well described by our traveller; an interesting account is given of the fortunes of the *See*, and the successive spoliations of church property, but we prefer quoting from the personal narrative, as we have not left ourselves room to discuss such parts of the work as require the support of historical references.—

"Of the caves in the neighbourhood of Cloyne," says our author, "I particularly visited that called Carrig-a-Crump. The descent was difficult, through a narrow and steep crevice of the rock, and the footing extremely slippery. At the end of this passage was a perpendicular fall of about seven feet. My guide sprung nimbly down into the profundity of gloom, that expanded before us, and I followed, by throwing myself into his arms. Proceeding a short distance, the cave became higher and more extensive, and we advanced some way, stepping from one large mass of stone to another, the bases of which were completely concealed by deep water. As our lights were, in many places, but sufficient to make 'darkness visible,' Larry, (the guide,) when I moved before him, repeatedly begged 'my honour not to be too bold.' We soon found ourselves in a chamber of considerable size, the roof of which seemed supported by a ponderous stalactical pillar, on a base proportionably massive, ornamented with clustering knobs of small stalactites that hung over each other like hands, with the figures spread out. Above, appeared gloomy galleries, with entrances resembling rich gothic arch-ways; but we were without the means of ascent, and consequently unable to explore any of them. Whilst I was gazing upwards, my guide, with a true knowledge of effect, placed the lights on the opposite side of the central pillar to that on which I stood, leaving me in darkness, and illuminating half the chamber. Under this management, a projecting point of rock, without much effort of fancy, assumed the appearance of a colossal figure in repose, leaning on a club, that, to the vivid imagination, might seem the genius of the cave, slumbering in his favourite grotto of spar.

"We turned away into another part of the cave, adorned with fewer stalactites, and somewhat circular in shape; nearly in the centre, a single stalactical column rose with an air of elegant lightness out of the water, the cool and sparkling appearance of which can be assimilated only to liquid crystal. Having succeeded in crossing it, we ascended a kind of terrace, so smooth and level, as almost to appear artificial, where lay two circular masses of spar, resembling fragments of an enormous broken column; from this terrace four or five passages struck off, but they were so full of deep water, and so narrow, that I did not venture down any of them. Larry, however, whilst I remained on the terrace, had penetrated some distance into the largest, and commenced whistling an old Irish ditty, the effect of which appeared to me where I stood, as if many flutes were playing in unison. My guide spoke of a passage into a large chamber which he called '*the white hall*;' but it was so narrow, low, and muddy, he recommended my not exploring it. On my return, I passed near the entrance by which the cave had been formerly visited. It was, I understood, of such dimensions, that a man on horseback might ride in some distance; but the falling of a quantity of earth had closed up this mouth, and it was not without repeat-

ed efforts that we emerged from darkness into day-light."—Pp. 252, 253.

The plates are good specimens of the progress which lithography is making in this country. Some of the views are very picturesque, notwithstanding the topographical accuracy, which is carefully preserved. Many wood-cuts by Mr Brook also relieve the writer from the necessity of minute description—their execution is spirited and effective.

A few sentences more and we have done. The superstitions described in this volume are not generally different from those of the English peasantry in the days of Elizabeth, or of the Scotch in a considerably later period; and therefore, though the particular facts given in illustration are new, yet the effect is not of novelty. We remember Ellis, and Strutt, and Leyden, and Scott, and forget that Mr Croker's descriptions, though perhaps less likely than theirs, are far more instructive,—theirs is a record of superstitions, as regarded by the poets and annalists from whom their respective works were compiled, or as they were witnessed in their diminished and poetical effects on minds prepared to resist their worst influence by religious education, by the operation of fixed laws—by moral habits and by the unspeakable and incalculable blessing of free and daily intercourse with persons of higher condition; the fairies of "sweet Saint Mary's Lake," with whom if we cannot sympathize, we may yet watch them in their playful pastime, regarding them only as an exhibition of the credulous human heart, sporting with the creations of its own fancy—and among the "lights and shadows of life," affecting to give an outward reality,—and substantive body to an inward dream—as we have known a great poet fall in love with the young and enchanting heroine of his own romance. In the South of Ireland, the fairy superstition is one of the forms in which entire ignorance disguises itself—one of the thousand creeds in which "the mystery of iniquity" is expressed, and exists actively operating;—though separable from Popery, it is not, and will not be, separated, except in argument, intended to deceive. The prevailing superstitions of each country have been sanctioned by her sophistry, both in theory and in practice, and their emblems inextricably interwoven in the tawdry robe of ceremonies that wraps the shoulders of the immortal old lady of Babylon. If religion be more than a name, the boasted unity of that church is but nominal. Compare the daily life of the Italian, of the Frenchman, of the Spaniard, of the Irishman, each differing from the other in every act, not arising from the unalterable necessities of nature;—each adoring his own saints, or rather his particular images, sometimes of the same saint; each, in fact, practising idolatries, never essentially different, and often not even varying in form from those of his Pagan ancestors, yet all supporting the same spiritual tyranny—all included under the same talismanic and "wonder-working" name.

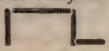
The belief of witchcraft has prepared the mind for the belief of miracle—has perverted the moral sense, and deadened the ordinary principles of action—the delusions of Hohenlohe were but incidents more impudently and loudly published, similar to thousands of daily occurrence. Holy wells are not merely the markets where bargains of marriage are made, and the spots where party disputes are decided by clubs and cudgels, but also the scenes of continued miracle.

Mr Croker thus describes a scene which he witnessed in the county of Cork:—

"After a walk of about seven Irish miles from the village of Inchegeela, we gained the brow of a mountain, and beheld the lake of Gougaun, with its little wooded island, beneath us; one spot on its shore, swarming with people, appeared, from our elevated situation, to be a dark mass, surrounded by moving specks, which continually merged into it. On our descent, we caught the distant and indistant murmur of the multitude; and as we approached, and forded the eastern extremity of the lake, where its waters discharged themselves through a narrow and precipitous channel, an unseemly uproar burst upon us, though at a distance of nearly half a mile from the assembly. It was not without difficulty that we forced our way through the crowd on the shore of the lake, to the wall of the chapels on the island, where we stood amid an immense concourse of people: the interior of the cells were filled with men and women in various acts of devotion, almost all of them on their knees; some with hands uplifted, prayed in loud voices, using considerable gesticulation; and others, in a less noisy manner, rapidly counted the beads of their rosary, or, as it is called by

the Irish peasant, their pathereen, with much apparent fervour; or, as a substitute for beads, threw from one hand into the other, small pebbles, to mark the number of prayers they had repeated; whilst such of the men as were not furnished with other means, kept their reckoning by cutting a notch on their cudgel, or on a piece of stick provided for that purpose.

"To a piece of rusty iron shaped thus



considerable importance seems to have been attached; it passed from one devotee to another with much ceremony. The form consisted in placing it, with a short prayer, across the head of the nearest person, to whom it was then handed, and who went through the same ceremony with the next to him; and thus it circulated from one to the other.

"The crowd in the chapels every moment increasing, it became a matter of labour to force our way towards the show through the throng that covered the causeway. Adjoining the causeway, part of the water of the lake was inclosed, and covered in as a well, by which name it was distinguished. On gaining the back of the well, we observed a man, apparently of the mendicant order, describing, on a particular stone in its wall, the figure of a cross with small pieces of slate, which he afterwards sold to such devotees as were desirous of possessing these relics. The number of slates thus treated at various periods had worn in the stone to which they were applied a cross nearly two inches in depth, and which every new sign served to deepen. The door, or opening to the front of the well, was so narrow as scarcely to admit two persons at the same time. Within, the well was crowded to excess, probably seven or eight persons, some with their arms, some with their legs, thrust down into the water—exhibiting the most disgusting sores, and shocking infirmities. When the persons within came out, their places were as instantly filled by others. Some there were who had waited two or three hours before they could obtain access to this healing fount. The blind, the cripple, and the infirm, jostled and retarded each other in their efforts to approach; whilst boys and women forced their way about, offering the polluted water of the well for sale in little glass bottles, the bottom of broken jugs, and scallop shells, to those whose strength did not permit them to gain this sacred spot. The water so offered was eagerly purchased—in some instances applied to the diseased part, and in others drank with the eagerness of enthusiasm. In the crowd, mothers stood with their naked children in their arms, anxiously waiting the moment when an opening might permit them to plunge their struggling and shrieking infants into the waters of the well.

"Were this all, I could have beheld the assembly with feelings of devotion, mixed with regret at their infatuation and delusion; but drunken men, and the most depraved women, mingled with those whose mistaken ideas of piety brought them to this spot, and a confused uproar of prayers and oaths, of sanctity and blasphemy, sounded in the same instant on the ear."

These works will have the effect of directing attention to the state of morals and of education in Ireland. The object which a good man proposes to himself in the gratuitous instruction of the poor and ignorant, is the gradual elevation of the mind of the individual in a state of society, which is itself slowly but progressively rising into something better—the condition of the child whom we educate is necessarily altered—thoughts and feelings incompatible with indolence are the grovelling vices of the poor—the vices necessarily attendant on domestic discomfort—on penury wasting away unregarded, while it contemplates, in silent helplessness, its melancholy privations; or more frequently watches, in murmuring discontent, day after day, that hope which nature compels man, in whatever state, to entertain, expiring—or when it burns for a moment more vividly shining, is only to lead to crime;—for on what source of comfort unconnected with crime can the uneducated, unemployed, irreligious poor, fix their hope? The one only virtue in the case supposed, (and what candid man will assert that case to be fictitious?) is, that virtue, which, in a being formed for active duties, is most akin to vice—sullen, heart-depressing submission—submission unconnected with one thought of obedience to God or man—ignorant of the one, and beholding in the other only the instrument and victim of an overhanging destiny, which accomplishes unexplained purposes by means in which the effect seems to have no correspondence with the cause;—and this is life passed among the poor—in its advancing stages—that period in which educated man is perhaps most happy—in an endless succession of vague, dreary, dull, and disgusting thoughts, without any relief whatever from the faculty which realizes thought into enjoyment, by uniting the notions

received from numberless sources of information with distinct imagery of the past, with defined prospects of the future; but instead thereof, employed in conjecturing how some misunderstood prophecy of evil will perhaps be accomplished—reading with conscious and malignant dulness the fortunes, good or evil, of those around them; or, with stupid expectation, exaggerating familiar facts into portent and miracle—listening to those who pretend to tell them the dates of events, unrevealed even to the Son by Him who has reserved the times and seasons in his own power—unhappy, and, it is to be feared, deriving a gloomy satisfaction from the very number of those who share their misery and their hopelessness.

We have spoken not of crimes, but of the condition which unavoidably gives birth to crime. We write calmly, and wish not to disturb our own imagination, or that of others, by distinctly picturing scenes of disgust and guilt, —we write in the hope (justified by the circulation of our journal) of being read by many, and will not repeat what they already know. Specified acts of guilt would also be plausibly referred to particular occasions of immediate excitement; and thus the true cause be removed from view. We mention only evils which cannot but be; which, obvious and observable as they are, yet are little likely to be mentioned. In this dreary vacuity, which words are incapable of representing, do the old always exist in this unhappy country; and, in the present disastrous time, the general want of employment has degraded prematurely into this state the young, the robust, the cheerful,—has at length succeeded in robbing the Irish peasant of his characteristic animation, and has given him, in its stead, the suspicious downcast look, that seems shrinking from daylight and from notice. We trace not the effects on the female sex, where the abandonment is even more complete.

In this society, where the old live on with no better possible effect on the rising generation, than that of depressing one period of life with the gloom of another—having no dearer occupation than that of relating to the young events which all good men wish forgotten, or remembered as a fearful warning—where the men of middle age are either during the day separated from their children by employment, or, being unemployed, increase the causes of discontent—In this society of the wretched, the half-naked, and the half-starved; and existing in strange contrast with luxury, and opulence, and learning—in this utter destitution of all that is good, are each day expanding into life the children who will be the men and women of a few years hence—whom, therefore, if not *now* instructed, it will be for ever impossible to save from this fearful ruin. On the soil which we have described are each day springing up new shoots of human life, extracting from the same unhealthy ground their scanty nourishment, and exposed for ever to the droppings of the parent tree, which, in their turn, they taint and impoverish. And these are scions of a plant removed from paradise. Under these circumstances are each day expanding into growth and thought the bodies and the minds of thousands and of tens of thousands; which bodies may yet become fitting temples of the living God,—which minds, possessed of capacities which man cannot conjecture, far less estimate, were made in the image of God. Will, then, their brothers of mankind, children of the same family, refuse to assist in removing these crying evils? Have we no share in these sins? Do we disbelieve our responsibility? Or, believing it, can we still provoke the judgment of God, when we know that the moral character and the happiness of a whole district is often perceptibly altered by the conduct of an individual? It is a fearful thing when our own vices, when what we ourselves have done is reflected to our eyes in such an altered form, that we cease to recognize our own sins mirrored in the countenance and condition of our dependants—so strange, so alien, is the aspect which they now assume;—when what we have left undone, good omitted, assumes a shape positive and undeniable in the effects of our neglect upon the minds we might have improved—in murder, perhaps—in blood shed, though not by our hand, yet through our guilt; and if, in that most solemn and most affecting description of a scene which we must witness, and for the approach of which we who are called by the name of Christ profess to pray, the language which He utters to the beloved of His Father is this—

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye received me; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,"—If such be the language in which He who still exists in mysterious union with that nature which He once assumed, whom we still daily "mock, and wound, and crucify," speaks of the lightest acts done in his name, who has attached a blessing and a reward to a cup of cold water, oh, let us thoughtfully ask ourselves, whether, in strictness of reasoning, we are not compelled to believe, that the judgment against us must be in the same way estimated—whether we shall not be condemned, not simply for the sins committed in our own person, not solely for the crimes against society, and the sins against God, in which each of these our neglected brethren are compelled by our fault to continue—fearful, beyond all calculation fearful, as is this estimate, yet have we reason to fear that the account is still more heavy—that the weight in our scale of condemnation is the good omitted by each of these in addition to his sins, multiplied by its effects on the circle, which each influences more or less, for good or for evil; and, to aggravate the guilt yet more, in every instance, he whom we disobey, and yet call "Lord! Lord!"—he personally, he individually suffers—His blood it is which cries against us in every wrong that through us is inflicted on them that are "heavy laden and in sorrow"—on them who, yet more miserable, wise in their own esteem, know not the weight of their chains, know not their sickness, and think not of a physician. Can we, whose support is derived from their labour, whose luxuries are purchased by the sweat of their brows, make (without hearing the echo of an accusing conscience) even the answer of the first murderer—"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XV.

TO FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ.

On the Last Westminster and Quarterly Reviews.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN the last letter I wrote you on the subject of the Westminster Review, you know I could not help expressing a degree of regret for the utter prostration you and your almost invisible party had experienced from the hands of the radical thorough-stitch workmen of the new concern. Though you expressed yourself unkindly on the occasion of my condolence, yet, believe me, it was not dictated by any angry motive. Why should I feel angry? *You* can now do no harm, being quite effete and impotent; *they* are fresh and vigorous, and come forward to wage war against us with all the *gaieté du cœur* of youth, and quite untrammelled by any of those circumstances which used to make your blows hit short. Your lads pretended to respect the constitution—*they* are not guilty of such spoonery. Yours had some show of caring for the religion of the country—*they* turn up their noses at superstition, and class the church established with the *Somnia, terrores magicos, portentuque Thessala,* as a thing only fit for the sneer of the philosopher.

That this must make them more effective antagonists, at least antagonists whom we will be called upon to fight with more ardent zeal, and a more eager girding up of the loins, is evident. Why, then, my old friend, should I wish to mortify *you* by cheering *them?* Credit me when I tell you, that your peevish and malapert observations on my letter lowered your character for good sense very much in the opinion of all who heard them.

In their second number, Mill continues his merciless castigation of your sins, negligences, and offences, against the cause of radicalism. It is undeniable that every strappado from his knout takes away its yard of cuticle from your shoulders. This must be the more galling to you, when you reflect that it is inflicted by an old coadjutor. It is really too bad to find him

raking up passages which no one whatever remembered, from musty volumes, in which his own articles stood, probably, side by side with the objects of his present vituperation. In spite of his British India—a book as unreadable as Southey's Brazil—you must allow Mill to be a clever fellow. He displays the thorough shuffling of your Review; your holding with the hare, and running with the hound; your coquetting with the good and the evil genius of the country, most unanswerably. You cannot get out of his clutches by any manœuvre whatsoever. This is the misfortune of such writers as you are, or rather of such a miserable party as that to which your Review has sold itself. As for us, we will be told that we are wrong, illiberal, mulish, obstinate, prejudiced,—what you will in that way; but it is utterly impossible to accuse us of want of consistency. Nobody can mistake our party; nobody can extract from our pages sentences flattering any side of the question, directly or indirectly, save that which we openly advocate.

But as for you—here comes Mill, *proving*—it is in vain to conceal it—*proving* that you meant only to CAJOLE the people with fine words—[W. R. p. 506.] of making the cry of liberty only a mere hollow phrase—[p. 509.] of wishing to curb the press by the law of libel—(we could say more about that than Mill could, and, ere long, shall do so,) [P. 510, 512.]—of uttering sentences on constitutional subjects, in which *unintelligible jargon is employed to cover* UTTER FALSEHOOD.—[P. 515.] Need I go on? Scarcely, indeed; except to recommend you, who have at all times shewn such an affection for the liberty of the press, to give a public proof of it, similar to that displayed by your friend Leslie, and bring an action against Mill for calling you, by implication, a trimmer, a shuffler, a blockhead—and, by direct assertion, a something still worse, which I decline repeating.

He finds out one very assailable point in your ill-buckled cuirass. It is the old raw, which we have so often hit. It is your inconsistency on libel. We have long ago laid down the true Whig definition of that offence. A libel, according to the Whigs, is anything which tends to expose the stupidity or rascality of Whigs and Whiggery. Fair and candid criticism on Tories, is whatever can hurt their feelings, or blast their reputation, whether true or false—whether obtained by pimping, breaking open drawers, reading private letters, or plain invention—whether couched in false criticism on the private life and supposed actions of the obnoxious individual—in muttered calumny against his habits, or in unsparing ridicule against his bodily imperfections or appearance. Retain these canons in the memory, and the whole course of your Whig persecution of the press is quite clear. With us, it was a libel to say, that Leslie did not know a letter of Hebrew—although his own witnesses swore that what he spoke of as "*the* Hebrew alphabet," was, in fact, the old Samaritan one; with you it was quite laudable to *insinuate* that the Earl of Elgin was a thief, although nothing could be more ludicrously absurd and abominable; with us, it was unbearable to call a self-puffing review, a parrot—with you, it was beautiful and gentlemanlike criticism to style Copplestone a retromingent animal;—it was odious in the Quarterly to expose poor Jack Keates' nonsense—with you, it was quite good-humoured to tear open the private life of Coleridge. If we said that poor Johnny was an apothecary, we were wrong; if you told Thellwall that he was a tailor, you were right. When we, in our own defence, were obliged to expose the irregular life of the late Queen, we were held up as monsters; but in your delightful Mr Tom Moore, it was amiable to blackguard women of the highest respectability, without the slightest *public* provocation.

If Mill had duly attended to this fact, he would not have wondered at your former blustering against government prosecutions, and your late indignation at the contempt with which the ministry treated the virulent publications which swarmed from the polluted press of London during the Queen's tumult. In truth, at that time ministers did very right in passing over these squibs, as powerless as they were wickedly intended, in perfect silence, as the result has proved: but about the same time it pleased you Whigs to enter upon a crusade against the Tory press, which was putting you down most mercilessly, and you would have been glad to have had some countenance in the conduct of the ministry.

Hence, you declared that Hone and Co. should be prosecuted for their writings, adducing for it the most absurd reason that was ever generated in the head of a donkey,—because, as you said, everybody else was *sickened* at the activity and audacity of their authors. Mill's answer to this is really a clean cut:—"This is," says the unrelenting radical, "an assertion which, if true, proves conclusively that the publications in question cannot have done any mischief; and consequently, that it would have been altogether unjustifiable, upon all principles, to punish the authors." What can you say to that on your own principles, my dear Mr Editor? You know I have always clamoured against prosecuting anybody opposed to the right views, being perfectly convinced that WE can put down the people engaged in abusing our institutions by the honest agency of superior talents, and being just as contented to leave all the dirty work of the Jury Court or King's Bench to the Whigs.

So far for your concern in this Westminster. As for Mill himself, his own doctrines are exactly as pestilential as can be well expected. In the articles of his creed, the rich are engaged in an interminable persecution against the poor; the upper orders are vitious and depraved; all governments so called, are in reality misgovernments, for submitting to which the people are great fools; every code of law, except the unwritten code extant in Jeremy Bentham's breast, or the unread one concealed in his works, is abominable. Our judges are convenient instruments of tyranny; our juries just as bad; in a word, everything is out of joint, flat, stale, and unprofitable. The world wants a re-organization to be given it by the conclave of philosophers, congregated about Cobbett's antediluvian lawyer in Queen's Square Place.

It is a pity that we are not favoured with a few facts to support the assumption of this universal perversity which pervades the management of the things of this earth. Let us, however, take them on the word of James Mill, Esq. author of British India, employé of the East India Company, by the grace of conciliation—and squabasher of you, Francis Jeffrey, Esq. of George's Street, Edinburgh, by the grace of superior νους. Under the new regime we shall not only have him and his friends as legislators in matters political, but literary. Plato, you may perhaps have heard, turned Homer out of his imaginary republic. Mill banishes Shakspeare from his. We shall have to acknowledge the morality of Voltaire, and the immorality of Scott. We shall be entrapped for saying, that the poetry of Anacreon, which recommends and panegyrizes unnameable crimes, is not quite free from reprobation; and shall be compelled to puff off the promiscuous concubinage hinted at by Plato—*Vive la philosophie!* Voltaire, no doubt, used always to say, that squeamishness on such subjects was mere matter of laughter, and Voltaire is Mr Mill's most favourite moralist.

In the New Arcadia, all I should wish to know is, how the women will feel. Some of them, no doubt, pleasantly enough; for we have marriage denounced as the invention of priests, "who have laid down," says Mill, p. 537. "not that system of rules which is most conducive to the well-being of the two sexes, or of society at large; but that which is best calculated to promote *their* ascendancy." Charity is merely the virtue of priestcraft, and the bugbear erected by the aristocracy; of course, to perish when the aristocracy falls beneath the guillotine of the mild and tolerant *philosophers*, who are to rule in the renovated world, "when Murder bares her gory arm," and the Goddess of Reason rides forth like a new Tullia over the body of all that is venerable, noble, and kingly.—But I shall not bother you or myself any longer with Mr Mill. I shall only add, my dear sir, that much of his peculiar horror of you and your evil doings arises from your having neglected the eminent treatise on Special Juries, and wickedly reviewed the Treatise de Legislation, both written and composed by the old man of the mountain, Jeremy Bentham himself. This was unpardonable in you. I own it is rather spoony in Mill to let the reason of his wrath appear so manifestly.

I have commenced my remarks on the Westminster Review, with its last article, purely out of compliment to you, my dear sir, because you happen to be torn to pieces past all surgery in it. I now shall go over the other articles *currente calamo*. The first is on Spain,—a better paper, I mean as to composition, than any that ever shone

in your pages. As to matter, it is just newspaper stuff. We are told that a self-acting nation is invincible, and here we see nine or ten millions overrun by a hundred thousand soldiers, commanded by a princely fellow indeed, but a man of no military name. The reviewer does not know how to account for it. He imputes it to treachery, as if any set of men could commit treason sufficient to destroy a nation, unless the great bulk of the nation went with them. It is imputed to bribery, without deigning to reflect on the state of the French exchequer. It is imputed, in short, to anything but the true thing—viz. that the constitution was forced on the Spanish nation by a body of mutinous soldiers, bribed by some noisy demagogues, and the mobs of two or three large towns. The moment the Spaniards could speak out, they did so, and abandoned the poor quacks in power. We said so this time twelvemonths, when fellows came over here begging for iron and gold—You and your people boldly held the contrary; you wrote, sung, danced, masked, fiddled, spouted, all for the Spaniards. We told you Spain would not strike a blow. We, as usual, were right—You, as usual, wrong. Yet, of course, you will go on with as much brass as ever, prating eternal absurdities, and stroking down your beard, mistaking the τραγον of a Buck-goat for that of a Solon. The poltroonery of the Cortes' people, was, however, still more amazing to the radicals than to you, and accordingly we have this reviewer foaming at the mouth. He is rabid, because Ferdinand was not murdered—he is outrageous, because a messenger of the poor captive monarch was not destroyed—he howls, because the Faction, as he calls the Royalists, were not exterminated—and shouts with joy when he has to tell how his friends, on one occasion, succeeded in a massacre over defenceless men. If there be one feature more characteristic of this class of writers than another, it is this intense and insatiable craving for blood. But I am happy to say, that in spite of all your exertions to further their object, there is no chance whatever of their famine being quenched and their maw filled!

Need I, my dear sir, say anything of the man who writes in behalf of the spoliation of the West India proprietors, a job which goes by the name of the Abolition of Slavery? No, no; not, I am sure, to you. You have written too much on the same side of the question not to be perfectly alive to all its humbug. My dear Jeffrey, you *know* what the saints are driving at too well. This radical is certainly no saint, but the great bond of being engaged in a robbing transaction, binds them in union not to be broken. The views of all the three parties engaged in this concern—Whig, Saint, and Radical—are equally respectable, and, I rejoice to find, now fully appreciated by everybody worth regarding.

For Göthe's Memoirs of himself, Jones's Greek Lexicon, or Hibbert's Apparitions, I suppose, neither you nor I care a farthing. You formerly had a most blackguard review of old Göthe in your own work, and you know nothing of Greek or metaphysics; so let that trio of articles pass. (The quackery, dishonesty, and base ignorance, of Colburn's translator of Göthe, aré, however, effectually and thoroughly exposed in the first of them.)—Nor shall I detain you with remarks on the tithes and Captain Rock; for, with the blessing of Heaven, I shall, ere long, lay utterly bare this new ground taken up by the economists against tithes, and prove, on their own mock scientific principles, that, whatever argument is applicable to the doctrine of *rent*, they are profoundly ignorant of *tithes*, and defy them to answer me. I have not time this month; but, if North opens his pages to me, as I hope he will, they shall hear arguments as cool as their own, and considerations quite divested of clamour, or appeals to anything but mere matter of fact. As for Captain Rock, having already written an article on that subject, I am too sick of it to say a word about it here, except to express my agreement with the radical reviewer, that your old antagonist, whose poetry you once declared fit only for the meridian of a brothel, is merely a little pedant, straining after effect, and discussing subjects of statesmanlike interest in epigram, antithesis, and paltry quibble. Indeed, there are few men whose opinion on any serious subject would be so little likely to catch the ear of any party as Moore's.

Landor's Imaginary Conversations, a friend of mine has praised in the only periodical, the praise of which is in the slightest degree valuable—it is needless to say, Blackwood's Magazine

—and, of course, I incline to feel favourably towards it. I never have seen the work, and, with the blessing of God, never shall see it; but, by the extracts here given, it appears to me to be a mass of ignorance, bad principle, ill writing, and self-conceit. I wish, my dear Jeffrey, you would review Savage Landor in your own snappish way—for you are pretty much on a par with the author. Just think of a man, whose name is scarcely heard of, "cherishing the persuasion that posterity will not confound *him* with the Coxes and FOXES of the age!" Yes, Jeffrey, your own Charles James Fox! In us, who always fought to the hilt against him and his rump, such language might be pardonable, though it would not be in very good taste; but in Landor!! Again, he tells us that a pen between his (Landor's) two fingers has more power than the two Houses of Parliament! Poor Balaamite! Then read his etymological disquisitions on the Italian language—*in every one* of which he is wrong—and his great discovery, that a tumble-head-over-heels is named after the ducal house of Somerset!* Byron is quite right in calling this fellow a deep-mouthed Bœotian. Therefore, as I said before, I give you leave to blow your penny trumpet after him as lustily as any man of your inches can be expected to do. Remember that he classed—very justly, I must own, it being the most sensible thing I ever have seen from his pen—the "Jeffrisii and Brogamii," with the other "librariorum vernæ." So have at him. Get an Italian moonshee for about a fortnight, and he will teach you as much Tuscan as will defeat the Bœotian, and shew you off as a kind of small scholar—a thing you want.

Whom have we behind? O! Bowring—Babylonian Bowring—late from jail. "Here am I, an please your honour, as just out of French prison, where I was clapt by the d—d mounseers under Bilboas," is the address with which this patriot comes on the stage. He has lately been making money by translating horrid trash from all the barbarous dialects on the face of the earth, and scribing for the magazines. He is the author also, of a hymn-book, for that excellent set of men the Unitarians. The French wanted to hang him on a charge of treason, but he escaped that fate by whining most lustily, and declaring upon his honour he only intended to cheat the post-office—on which the royalist government relented, and let him go. Had it been one of his own fashion, it needs no ghost to tell us what would have been his fate. But here we have him settling the world. Here, he says, Austria, take half Moldavia and Bessarabia, and the peninsula formed by the Danube and the Black Sea, as far as Kistenji, with the double lake of Babada Razala, converted by a stroke of Mr Bowring's pen into a most excellent harbour. Alexander of Russia, look east (what will Mill's employers say to this hint of his brother reviewer?) and take the kingdom of Armenia. Ionian islands, left about, and join the new Achæan League, after the manner of Neufchatel. Mahmoud of Istamboul, issue a Hatti Scherif declaring Islamism in danger, and bring into the field Zaporeschans, Belibasches, Zaims, and Timariots. Gentlemen of Greece, read Mr Blaquiere's pamphlet, and re-establish Greece as a united power, what you have never made it since the days of Agamemnon. All this fine fanfaronade is mixed up with the hardest words Bowring could find out, by hunting through the gazetteer. Herzegouinians, Paponians, Montenegrins, and other big names of rascally populations, dance through his pages in all the glory of polysyllableism. Not a tangible proposition is made in the whole paper; except, I must own, where he is most *knowingly* indignant against Oxford for not patronizing by subscription the *Christians* of Greece. The men of Rhedycina knew too well the fate of subscriptions when entrusted to whig hands, such as those of some of *your* friends, Mr Jeffrey, to do anything so absurd. But I pardon Bowring a great deal, for his shewing the utter nonsense of the alarm against the Russian power, excited some years ago by Wilson, late Sir Robert. He does not leave that poor scribbler a leg to stand on. The reason is plain. Bowring is acquainted with the lan-

* The word is, as every one knows, *soubresault*, corrupted *somerset*; and yet the Westminster fellows, who talk so boldly of furnishing us with a new body of grammars and lexicons, and dictionaries, and what not, quote, without correcting, Savage Landor's savage and asinine blunder.

guage and the views of Russia—Wilson knows no language under the sun, and is in politics totally uninformed on that and every other subject.

As I am sure you are tired of the Westminster, I shall now regale you with the last Quarterly. You are of course aware that I amuse the public pretty regularly with comments on the leading reviews, generally shewing their utter absurdity and want of information. The public have hitherto agreed most cordially with me, and though it will gratify you, yet I am sorry to have it to say, my old friend, that on the present occasion Gifford, like some of ourselves, begins to exhibit manifest symptoms of the near approach of second infancy. The last number of your old rival the Quarterly is, *absque omni dubio,* by far the worst that ever yet floundered across the lordly threshold of *Joannes de Moravia.* Perhaps it appears the less excusable for this reason, that its immediate predecessor was, as numbers now-a-days go, a concern by no means to be sneezed at, really. On the contrary, there occurred in that particular number, several glimpses of something like a knowledge of the world of real men, as also of the world of real letters; two matters, the very existence of which is not necessarily implied in the manufacture of the lumberer now in my eye. Here we have got back again to the very heart of all that old hierarchical humbug, over which, in former days, when I was more in the habit of meeting you than I have lately been, you and I have cracked so many excellent bottles and tolerable jokes. Southey, who opens this number with a prosy article on Dwight, [at whose baptismal name of Timothy you formerly sneered so much, to the dissatisfaction of all America,] ought without doubt to take orders. What has kept him a layman so long?—answer me that, and *eris mihi parvus Apollo,* by my honour. An ordinary man hates the idea of being a clergyman, on account of the disagreeable necessity of clerical decorum imposed by that situation in life: and for the same reasons, many good fellows of my acquaintance (even whigs) have recalcitrated against every proposal of the Bench. But what should hinder the doctor? Could black silk apron, breeches and stockings to match, increase, in any degree worth mentioning, the already felt and venerated gravity of this pillar of our church and state? Would his articles in the Quarterly, or his Books of the Church, &c. come forth in their present shapes with a bit the less grace, or one whit less to our edification, because the doctor had preached them *ore rotundo* in Keswick church? Would not the vision of Judgment have made a prime funeral sermon—the Poet's Pilgrimage a prime thanksgiving one, and so on with the rest? And I for one, must say, that it would give me the sincerest pleasure to hear of the worthy doctor's being in the receipt of a round £3000 per annum, like another Philpotts or Davison, instead of drawing his tithes exclusively from that barren field on which Gifford, like Proteus of old, beholds his obese black cattle pasturing and snoring.

To return from this digression. Dr Southey has never once thought of recollecting that Horace has wrapt up a pretty considerable d—d deal of sense (as the Yankees would express it), in his precept *nil admirari.* I admit that in the private circle, over a tumbler or a cup of coffee, or a pot of home-brewed Cumberland beer, than which few better things are to be met with in this sublunary state of existence,—I admit that chatting in a quiet overly way, by the fire-side, or with one's pipe in mouth, in fine summer weather, under the porch, after the true patriarchal fashion—I admit, I say, that in these circumstances there *is* something not merely pardonable, but even amiable—I speak from my own feelings—and taking, in the *bonne foi* and simplicity with which such a man as Doctor Southey lifts up his eyes and hands, to testify the genuine surprise produced upon an unsophisticated understanding, by the sudden promulgation of a piece, either of moral or physical novelty. But it is against all rules to carry into a crowded company a pair of roving, rolling, wonder-shining optics. Nothing can be more absurd. How much more ridiculous, then, this habit of staring in print, wherein this worthy LL.D. so daringly upon every occasion indulges himself! I really *am* surprised when I see a man come to his years, lifting up such a trumpet about little buds and leaves, and insects that eat corn, and all that sort of stuff, in the very front and forehead of a respectable middle-aged re-

view like the Quarterly. Even when a writer in the Quarterly Review is totally ignorant of his subject, (as the Doctor always is when he meddles with his favourite sciences of physiology and political economy,) it is highly reprehensible for a writer in such a review, to take unnecessary pains to exhibit his ignorance in the eyes of all the men, women, and children, whom The Emperor of the West has the satisfaction of enrolling among his tributaries.—But I go further than this. In a word, I venture to suggest, for his majesty, Joannes The First, that it is quite reprehensible, in the present state of things, to suffer such topics as these to be meddled with at all in such a work, by people who are absolutely and totally in a state of Cimmerianism as concerns them. I stick to this position. Political economy is a drug: so is natural history: so is every branch of what the new people are so fond of calling (however absurdly) by the name of philosophy. I do not say that one can pick up a Sir Humphry Davy at every corner of the street, nor a Brewster, nor a Thomson, nor a Jameson, no, nor even a Leslie—but I do say, that second and third-rate natural philosophers and historians, are by no means so scarce as blackberries; and I also do say, that these people would harmonize better than even first-rate ones (were such discoverable) would do with the general tone of the Quarterly Review: and I do say, between ourselves, that it has long appeared to me highly absurd, in John Murray, William Gifford, and Company, to make no effort towards rivalling the very moderate performances which your honour has had the glory of ushering into the world, *anent* all that class of topics—but I say still more strongly and earnestly, that of all absurdities whereof any review of anything like decent character has in our time been guilty, there never has been any one at all comparable to that into which the Quarterly Review was betrayed, in the evil day, and the τρεις και τετρακις unhappy hour, when first the notion of suffering Dr Southey to meddle with political economy, natural history, or indeed with any subject demanding accurate human knowledge, was hatched by the steam of toddy within the brain of Gifford.

To Timothy Tickler, who is no LL.D., but an honest man, the review of Timothy Dwight, who is both an LL.D. and a huge proser, by Robert Southey, *ditto, ditto,* appears to be a piece of most infantine stuff—and I have no hesitation in saying, that I sympathize with my defunct namesake, "*Timotheus sum; nihil Timotheani a me alienum puto.*"

The second article, on William Rose's Orlando Furioso, is evidently a piebald affair, half Foscolo, half John Murray, or rather one of his clerks.—I am sorry to say that I consider Ariosto himself as an unreadable concern, so that of course a translation of him does not particularly interest my feelings. Indeed I may as well observe, once for all, that all poetical translations are and must *ex rerum necessitate* be mere fudge. Understand my meaning, however, my friend—I know that in the days of your youth you were very fond of doing into English bits of Apollonius Rhodius, and other classics, *melioris ævi et notæ;* and if you have forgotten the chuckle with which you in those simple and engaging days heard me commend occasionally the display of your juvenile talent in some of these pieces, you have a very bad memory: that is all the remark I think fit to make on the matter. But I commended these things because they shewed talent in spite of an absurd plan and subject—and in this way the consistency of my opinions is seen to remain unimpeachable. As for Foscolo, it is well known that Murray or his clerk translates his articles into English from the original Italian, and I cannot but say that I consider the existence of this manufacture as a grand feature in the literary history of our time. We go to Italy for an Italian Reviewer of our own Gothic poetry, and they put us off with a Zantiote. I wonder we do not also hear of some Turk or Tartar being imported into Albemarle-street, in order to furnish us with respectable criticisms on our new romances. Seriously, Gifford is wrong as to this matter, and you were right. Ugo Foscolo's *ultime lettere,* and some of his minor verses, are beautiful productions undoubtedly, but to set up any outlandish heathen of this kind, and give him permission to open his humbugging jaws, in the periodical literature of this great and civilized empire, this, I maintain, is indefensible and atrocious quackery. It is as bad as our friend Taaffe and his "Comment on Dante," a work of which one

volume has appeared, and nine others are on the stocks; but never, *me teste*, destined to be launched in the dock-yard of his Western Majesty. There are some sensiblish remarks in this article on the origin of the Arabian Tales, Amadis de Gaul, Mother Bluebeard, the Emperor Charlemagne, and similar new and unhackneyed topics; and a variety of ingenious little devices are fallen upon for the purpose of introducing, in a modest and drawing-room-like fashion, the puff of Mr W. S. Rose, which the scribe had been hired to produce. How much more straight-forward and manly is the style in which *we* do such things! When you want to puff Brougham, you don't go beating about the bush and whispering his praises under your breath, as if you were afraid that anybody would at once say, here is Mr Brougham lauding himself—No, no, out at once comes your parallel between him and Demosthenes, or something of that cut. In like manner I, after I have supped, undertake to play a spring upon the fiddle of public opinion in honour of Jemmy Hogg, Johnny Leslie, or any other of my chums; and if you hear anybody complaining of me for being a timid or a stingy master of the puffery, depend on it, 'tis the voice of the said Jemmy or Johnny himself, and no other mother's son. But here, just because Rose is a writer in the Quarterly, see what a fuss and difficulty there is about giving him a little bit of a puff there. If he had written for North or you, in how much more manly a style had he not been dealt with! As for the verses quoted in the Quarterly from his translation, I confess they appear to me to be praiseworthy, and I only wonder how either Foscolo or his Englifier had the wit to pick them out.

"On the Recollections of the Peninsula," &c. is Article Third—a very pleasant little book, and a twaddling little review, by a very near connection (as I opine) of one of the scribes reviewed. One is pleased with the display of natural affection wherever it occurs. After all, Jeffrey, you never said a truer thing than when you remarked some time ago, apropos to Barry Cornwall's appearance in the poetical horizon, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit, except the charming flow of the benevolent affections—the delights of friendship—the luxuries of HOME." I remember and quote these bonny long-nebbed words of yours with great satisfaction. I approve such sentiments, old bachelor though I be.

The fourth article is a thundering affair of and concerning some old baboon of the name of Belsham—somehow I always confound Belsham and Bentham—an Unitarian. These scamps were always horrible perverters of Scripture, but I confess I was not prepared for the *de haut-en-bas* tone in which this particular heathen dares to prate of St Paul. The reviewer is some tremendous fire-shovel—nobody out of black breeches could possibly have imagined that any rational creature would bother himself with listening to a shallow, ignorant, blasphemous numskull, such as this Belsham. And by the by, since I am talking of them, what excuse has a certain northern University to make for itself, for having created at least one D. D. of this sect? Doctors of Divinity, that disbelieve the divinity of our Saviour! Pretty divinity, I say.—Compare this twaddling specimen of mere dotardlike *odium theologicum*, with the masterly crucifixion inflicted by Archbishop Magee. After him 'tis mere slaying of the slain, even to allude to the existence of the crew. And here we have a light and mercurial allusion in the shape of thirty closely-printed pages octavo. The man is no Warburton.

The Travels of A. de Capell Brooke, Esq. A.M. are reviewed in a manner more like your own flimsy style of doing such things, than the Quarterly's. The Tractatus on *Malaria* seems confoundedly dull work to me—even though *you* are cut up in it. I hate to see heavy fellows battering at you. Hang it, *they* have no right to meddle with my amusements.

"Mexico" is the attractive title of one of Southey's most plodding performances. I suppose it is an *excursus* detached from the forthcoming quarto Poem of PARAGUAY. I wish the Doctor would join some of the Patriots at once.

The new correspondence of the poet Cowper, gives occasion to the next article—and candour confesses, that not having seen the book, I was pleased much with the extracts herein given of it. As for the observations of the Quarterly, they are mere imbecility. The concluding paragraph about "religious reading," is excessively disgusting—quite as much so, though in

a somewhat different tone, as the allusions to such subjects in your own *magnum opus*. I hate both extremes;—heresy and humbug are equally alien to my notions of things.

The Review of Hajji Baba is a very laboured performance. One sees how seriously the necessity of puffing the thing has been felt in certain quarters. Downright, drudging, determined laudation, does the business. To deny that this little work has merit, would be ridiculous. It does, I well believe, embody the whole of Mr Morier's diligent observations of Oriental affairs. But when the Quarterly at once, and distinctly, says, that this book is totally devoid of merit as to the portraiture of human passions and feelings, why does it quote as a specimen, almost the only passionate scene that occurs between its boards? Avoid this sort of nonsense, if you meddle with Mr Morier's *chef d'œuvre*,—but, the book not being Constable's, you will not probably think of this.

What have we next?—O! the Dry Rot,—Rot "the Dry Rot!!!"

Poor Parry! I confess I give up him and the whole concern now. May all this, however, be otherwise than we expect!

I observe, that the Captain has, during his last two voyages, favoured us with Melville Island, Cockburn Cove, Point Croker, Barrow Bay, Clerk's Clump, Hope's Heights, &c. &c.—all this is as it should be; but if he comes back another time without having immortalized some equally efficient pastrons of his, by such christenings a, Gifford's Headland, Southey's Sound, Murray's Moorings, Davidson's Drift, &c. &c. &c. I shall unquestionably set him down as one of the ungrateful. If he had been blessed with a real sense of the fitness of things, he would certainly have called some of these new insects he has discovered after you, my dear fellow; and I'm sure, I for one, shall take no offence, if he does call the biggest of all his hyperborean Bears after

Yours, in the bond of
Periodicalism,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside,
May 16, 1824.

P.S. The only good article in the Quarterly, is the last—that on the Chancellor. But as you have read the same thing so often in Blackwood, you will not perhaps be much amused with it. It is, however, you may depend on it, a real good, smashing article—and if there was any life in Brougham, Denman, &c. before, it must have acted as the completest of extinguishers. Long live the old Lad, say I. He loves Porter and Port, and Church and King—like myself. What would not your party give to have a toe of him on your side—Your lawyers!—*Lawyers* indeed!—Bombazeen is good enough for the best of you, says

T. T.

FINE ARTS.

THE exhibitions of this spring are, without exception, the worst we remember. In London a sort of rival to the Royal Academy's concern has been got up, near Charing-cross, by a set of artists who have chosen to take something in snuff—in other words, who consider themselves to have been ill used in this world by the pictorial ὁι εν τεχνει. We are sorry to observe two painters of real eminence joining this new squad—the efforts of which will most manifestly come to nothing. We allude to Martin and Haydon. The former produceth one of the Egyptian plagues, done quite in his old style—indeed, a vast deal too like his Belshazzar's Feast, his Joshua, &c. &c. But with all this, Martin is so decidedly a man of originality and genius, that we regret his feud with the Academy. Let him make his bow, and go back to the only fountain of professional honour, worthy of *his* looking after, ere it be too late.

Do you the same thing, Mr Benjamin Robert Haydon, if you be a wise man. Your present performance of Silenus and Bacchus is indeed so very cockneyish a concern, that we doubt whether it would have got beyond the antechambers at Somerset-house—but doing a bad thing does not undo a good thing. You, sir, are still the man that painted that head of Lazarus—and he who denies that that is the finest thing our age has witnessed, in the highest and purest branch of the art, is no judge of painting—on that you may rely. Do let us hear no more of your Greek mythology—and do let us hear, that your

next good picture figures at Somerset-house, in the midst of that good company, from which nothing but some absurd caprice of your own could have even for a moment excluded you.

The *worst* picture in this new exhibition, is one of a widow throwing off her weeds, and rigging herself in gay colours once again—painted by one Richter. This gentleman has the delicate imagination and airy touch of a dray horse.

The Somerset-house show is also excessively bad, upon the whole, this year. What in the name of wonder possesses the committee to admit all these things? Artists indeed! Sign-posts, tea-trays, stoneware plates, and saucers, are works of the sublimest art, compared with ten-twelfths of the affairs that blaze along these interminable walls.

But, bad as the "tottle of the whole" is, here are good things—here are *the* good things. Here are three or four portraits by Sir Thomas Laurence, painted in the very finest style of art—graceful beyond all rivalry, masterly beyond all reach of detraction. The Duchess of Gloucester is such a thing as no other painter, since Sir Joshua, could come within a hundred miles of—Mrs Halford is another gem of the first water—what gentle ladylike loveliness!—But perhaps the greatest triumph of all is, the Sir William Curtis—like—yet oh! how unlike!—the very ideal of flattery, and yet the truth, the very truth too! This is true genius.

There is a portrait of a sweet young lady in an ancient Florentine dress, by an artist—whose name we at this moment forget—which deserves to be lauded in the same breath with Sir Thomas's chefs-d'œuvre. The only other thing in this department that much struck us, is a small full-length of a young lady in a Chinese hat, hung in a very bad light, and a great deal highe r up than it should have been. This also is a delicious picture—the artist's name is Foster.

Leslie, the American artist, stands clearly and decidedly at the head of those who exhibit cabinet pictures this year. His "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess," is quite as good as any picture Wilkie ever painted—full of excellence as to drawing, and to colouring—and above all, as to conception. This artist now stands fairly where his genius entitles him to be. We congratulate America.

Wilkie has two very small and very good pictures—one of a smuggler selling gin, and the other, of the two girls dressing themselves in Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd. This last, however, is by no means such a favourite with us as that most pathetic bijou (from the same poem) which is in Sir Robert Liston's collection. Mr Wilkie has not any first-rate works ready this year—but it is said he is to make up for this gloriously next season, by his "John Knox at St Andrews."

After these, the next best thing is, "M. Porceaugnac between the two physicians." This delightful, airy, and truly classical little picture, is also, we believe, the work of an American—his name is Newton. He also seems to have found a beautiful and a novel field for himself—*Pergat!*

Mulready's "wooing the widow," is well painted; but there is considerable coarseness in the conception. It is, however, fifty leagues above Mr Richter's jolly Widow of Suffolk street.

William Allan has a picture of "Queen Mary resigning the crown at Lochleven"—and this picture contains some exquisite painting, and one magnificent figure—that of Lyndesay "with the iron eye." We cannot flatter her majesty this morning. The subject, however, is popular, and so is the picture.

The exhibition at Edinburgh—to descend from great things to small—is miserably off for the want of Sir Henry Raeburn, who is dead, and Allan, and the Nasmyths, who do not choose to take a part in it—for what reason, good, bad, or indifferent, we do not know. Some noble landscapes, of Thomson of Duddingstone's, are the chief embellishment—after two little pieces of Wilkie, one of which, the Gentle Shepherd Piping, has already been alluded to. The other is quite as clever, but not so touching—the subject, "Duncan Gray came here to woo."

The best portraits, on the whole, are undoubtedly those of young John Watson—we cannot, however, be pleased with his Earl of Hopetoun. The dress in that picture is, to be sure, so barbarous a specimen of modern Athenian gusto, that no wonder if a painter of any judgment was too much disgusted to be able to do himself justice.

D. B.

REMARKS ON THE NOVEL OF MATTHEW WALD.*

ALTHOUGH a great variety of long-winded discussions have been written about the comparative advantages and disadvantages of composing works of this class, in the first person, and in the third person, we venture to say, that the truth of the matter lies not far from the surface, and may be expressed in three syllables. Whenever the novel writer places his reliance chiefly on the *incidents* themselves which he is to narrate, the historical third person is by far the better plan for him to adopt: whenever, on the other hand, his chief object is the developement of *character*, the use of the first person furnishes him with infinitely superior facilities for the easy and full attainment of the purpose he has in view. Accordingly we find, that the skilful romance-writer, who does make use of the third person, never fails to throw himself out of that by the introduction of dialogue whenever the developement of character happens to become for the moment his principal concern; and perhaps, in a long romance, where many different characters are to be equally, or nearly so, the objects of the reader's sympathy, this partial use of the advantages of the first person may have many things to recommend it; as, for example, the greater variety, not only in the substance, but in the tone of the narrative—an advantage of high importance in a work of considerable bulk—and many other things of the same kind.

In works of more limited extent, and where the writer's purpose is to bind the reader's attention and sympathy on the progress of thought and feeling in *one* human mind, we conceive it to be quite clear, that the use of the first person is the best expedient. Provided we are called upon to sympathize solely or chiefly with *one* human being, perhaps this is the best expedient, even when the operation of external events, uncontrollable by him, upon that human being, forms the principal fund on which the writer's imagination is to draw. But where the particular nature of the incidents in which the being is involved, is decidedly a point of small importance when compared with the nature and peculiarity of the mind on which these incidents are to exert their influences, then above all, it seems to us clear and manifest, that the uniform adoption of the autobiographic tone is not only the best expedient, but the only good one.—How frigid would the display of the Passion of Julie D'Etange have been in any form but that of confession—how vain the attempt to pourtray Werther by any hand but his own! The story of Gil Blas indeed might have been told as well or nearly so in the third person, because, exquisite as the character of the hero is, there is nothing profound, or dark, or even dubious, in it—nothing but what a third party might have easily enough been supposed capable of completely understanding, and completely laying before us. But whenever the depths of the heart and the soul are to be laid bare, let us have the knife of the self-anatomist—nay, without saying anything about *depths*, since many human minds may be very shallow things, and yet highly amusing as well as instructive in their display, whenever *the secret peculiarities of one man* are the principal object, let that man tell his own story—yea, even if that man be a Reverend Mr Balquhidder, or a Provost Pawkie.

Mr Matthew Wald does tell his own story, in the remarkable volume before us, and every person who reads it must admit that it is a story eminently unfit for being told by any one but its hero. It is indeed a story, not only abounding in, but overflowing with, variety of highly interesting incident and adventure; but throughout the whole of its tenor, everything is decidedly and entirely subordinate to the minute and anxious, although easy and unaffected, anatomy of one man's mind; and that mind is so distinct and *per se* in every particular of its structure, that we feel throughout, and are scarcely ever unconscious of the feeling, that on whatever particular stream in the ocean of life its lot had been cast, amidst whatever theatre of action this man's fate had placed him,

* The History of Matthew Wald. By the author of Valerius, Adam Blair, and Reginald Dalton. Blackwood. Edinburgh. 1824.

however much he might have been elevated above, or depressed below, the condition in which we find him, by the accidents of birth and fortune, and even of education, the issue in the main must still have been the same. It is impossible to suppose for a moment, that if Matthew Wald had been born a duke or a peasant, he could have been either a mean or a happy man. The chief sympathies which he excites are placed far beyond the reach of any external accidents whatever. A haughty, scornful, sarcastic, shrewd, bitter spirit, blended with some tempestuous passions, and softened by a few feelings of the purest and most tender depth—these are the main elements of this mind. They would have been the same had he revelled under a canopy, or sweated on a high-road; and in either case the man would have been unhappy, and his feelings would have commanded our sympathies, because his feelings would always have been the feelings of a strong-minded, independent, and self-relying human being; and because no human being can be happy who carries through life the habit, or we might rather say the passion, of psychological contemplation, without being either debased by the personal indifference of a mere cynic, or ennobled with the personal calmness of a true philosopher; or, which is a better, and happily a more attainable thing, blessed with the personal humility and submission of a true christian.—We conceive that the story is not less instructive than interesting.

Under any modification of form and circumstance, such a tale must have been both interesting and instructive; but it is much the more interesting, without question, because, from its being written in the first person, we are reminded at every step, or rather, to speak more accurately, we are kept continually impressed with the sense, that he, of whose fortunes we are reading, possessed not only a powerful intellect, but a high and imaginative genius; and most assuredly, the story gains from the same circumstance no trivial access of instructiveness, since the natural pride of man can never be too frequently admonished, how incapable are even the highest powers and accomplishments of intellect of atoning for the want of that moral equilibrium in which the true happiness of *man* consists,—in the absence of which the noblest gifts of our Creator serve not more surely to embellish the narrative, than to deepen the substance of human misery.

The main outline of the story may be sketched very briefly: Matthew Wald is the only son of Captain John Wald, an officer in the army of George II., who, upon the death and forfeiture of his elder brother, (the Laird of Blackford,) in 1745, is fortunate enough to obtain a grant of the family estates. The forfeited gentleman has left a widow and only daughter, whom Captain Wald adopts and protects. At his death he is found to have restored by his will the estate to his brother's child—and young Matthew, having nothing but a very small patrimony, is brought up to the verge of manhood under his aunt's roof. It had been tacitly understood, as was under all the circumstances natural and right, that he and his cousin should marry in due time; and from the earliest dawn of his mind, it is easy to see that a passionate love for the fair Katharine Wald had been growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of Matthew.

The happy days in which this juvenile passion filled his, and at least seemed to fill her mind, are painted with a few exquisite touches of natural pathos—the remembrance of those days shews like the image of some old and treasured dream.

The mother of Katharine, however, marries the parson of the parish, one Mr Mather, and from this moment Matthew's fair dawn of existence is overcast. Mather has owed his living, and indeed all his advancement in life, to the noble family of Lascelyne; and while Matthew is absent at College, he contrives, by a train of cunning devices, to have his former pupil, the Honourable George Lascelyne, domesticated beneath the roof of Blackford, where Katharine, in the buoyancy of youthful vanity, suffers herself to be torn from the old *tacit* faith that bound her to her cousin, and at least believes herself to be in love with this handsome young nobleman, (whom in the sequel she marries.) Mr Wald, our hero, it must be observed, is a hero of rather an unheroic stamp, in so far as personal advantages are concerned; and we think some fair romance read-

ers will stare not a little when they perceive how completely, in spite of all this, their sympathies are made to grow upon the unlovely Matthew. The passages in which he, returning hastily from St Andrews, after a three years' absence, beholds his cousin sprung from childhood to womanhood, gazes upon her bloom of unimagined loveliness, and almost in the same breath is heart-sickened by the discovery of what has been done while he was away, are among the most striking and characteristic parts of the work. As such, we shall extract a small specimen of them, though we are well aware that the effect of such things is sorely marred by mutilation.

"Katharine happened to go out of the room soon after breakfast, and I slunk up stairs to my own old garret in a mood of considerable sulkiness. I flung myself down in a chair, and my eyes rested upon an old-fashioned hanging mirror, which, by a great crack through the middle, recalled to my recollection an unfortunate game at Blindman's Buff that took place several years before, when my beautiful cousin was a match for myself in every species of romping. From the old days my attention wandered back to the present, and I began to study, with some feelings not of the most delightful description, the appearance of the image now before me. The triumphs of the Fife friseur had been quite obliterated during my journey, and a huge mass of raven black hair was hanging about my ears in all the native shagginess of the picturesque. I perceived at one glance, that my whole dress was in the extreme of barbarous bad taste,—that my coat was clumsily cut, and would have taken in two of me,—that my waistcoat was an atrocity,—and that my linen was not only coarse but soiled. I had it in my power to remedy this last defect; so I stripped off my clothes, and began to scrub myself by way of preparation. But, clean shirt and all, the thing would not do. 'Fool!' said I to myself, 'do you not see how it is? What nonsense for you to dream of figging yourself out, as if anything could make *that* look well! Do you not see that your complexion is as black as a gipsy's—your growth stunted, everything about you as destitute of grace as if you were hewn out of a whinstone? What a pair of shoulders that bull's neck is buried in! The sturdiness of these legs is mere deformity! Shapeless, uncouth, awkward, savage-looking ragamuffin that you are, seeing your own reflection as you do, how could you dream that anything in the form of a woman could ever fancy these grotesque proportions?'

"I heard voices under my window at this moment, and, peeping out, saw Mr Lascelyne and my cousin standing together in conversation beside the dial-stone. He had laid aside his robe-de-chambre, and was dressed for riding. A short green frock, and tight buckskin breeches, descending, without a crease, to the middle of the leg, exhibited the perfect symmetry of his tall and graceful person. His profile was purely Greek, nothing could surpass the bright bloom of his complexion. But it was the easy, degagee air of the coxcomb—the faultless grace of every attitude and action, that cut me deepest. I saw it all—Fain would I have not seen it;—I tried to deceive myself;—but I could not be blind. I saw Katharine's eye beaming upon him as he chattered to her. I watched his airy glances—I devoured their smiles. He took her gaily by the hand, and they disappeared round the corner of the house.

"I sat down again, half naked as I was, in my chair, and spurned the slipper from my foot against the mirror. It hit the line of the old crack; and the spot where it lighted became the centre of a thousand straggling radii, that made it impossible I should be henceforth offended otherwise than with sorely broken fractions of my sweet form."

As yet, however, it is only suspicion. Conviction follows a few days afterwards, in the course of an excursion to some fine scenery in the neighbourhood of the paternal mansion. The party has been scattered in riding through the forest, and Matthew finds himself for some time alone. He is endeavouring to recover the trace of his companions—

"I had got a little off the river, to avoid some apparently impassable thickets, and was walking my little Highlander quietly along the top of the knoll, when I heard what seemed to be a woman's voice down below. I halted for a moment, heard that sound again, and, advancing a few paces, saw distinctly Katharine Wald and Mr Lascelyne seated together at the root of a tree, fast by the brink of the water. Tall trees were growing all down the bank, but the underwood consisted of bushes and thorns, and I had a perfect view of the pair, though they were perhaps fifty paces under the spot where I stood. A thousand tumultuous feelings throbbed upon my brain; and yet a mortal coldness shook me as I gazed. Her right hand covered her eyes as she wept, not aloud, but audibly, beside him. He held the left grasped in his fingers on her knee. I saw him kissing the drops off it as they fell. She withdrew that hand also, clasped them both fervently upon her face, and groaned and sobbed again, as if her heart would break.

I heard him speaking to her all the while, but not one word of what he said. I caught, however, a glimpse of his cheek, and it was burning red. Katharine rose suddenly from beside him, and walked some paces alone by the margin of the stream. He paused—and followed. I saw him seize her hand and press it to his lips—I saw her struggle for an instant to release it, and then recline her head upon his shoulder—I saw him, yes! I saw him with my eyes—I saw him encircle her waist with his arm—I saw them glide away together under the trees, lingering upon every footstep, his arm all the while bearing her up. Heavens and earth! I saw all this as distinctly as I now see this paper before me—and yet, after they had been a few moments beyond my view, I was calm—calm did I say?—I was even cheerful—I felt something buoyant within me. I whistled aloud, and spurred into a canter, bending gaily on my saddle, that I might pass beneath the spreading branches.

"I soon saw the old ivied walls of the castle, bounded airily over the sward, until I had reached the bridge, gave my pony to the servants, who were lounging about the ruin, and joined Mr and Mrs Mather, who were already seated in one of the windows of what had been the great hall—the luncheon set forth near them in great order upon the grass-grown floor.—

"'So you have found us out at last, Matthew,' said the Minister—'I was afraid you would come after pudding-time.'

"'Ay, catch me at that trick if you can,' cried I, as gay as a lark.

"'Well,' says he, 'I wish these young people would please to come back again; they have been seeking for you this half hour.'

"'Indeed,' said I; 'I am heartily sorry they should be wasting their time in such a goose-chase—one might wander a week here without being discovered—I was never in such a wilderness. But I believe I must go and see if I can't find them in my turn.'

"I stepped toward the gateway in this vein, and was fortunate enough to perceive that they had already reached the place where the servants and horses were. Katharine had pulled her bonnet low down over her eyes; but she smiled very sweetly, (though I could not but think a little confusedly,) as I told her we were waiting for her, and apologized for the trouble I had been giving. To Mr Lascelyne, also, I spoke with a freedom, a mirth, a gaiety, that were quite delightful. In a word, I was the soul of the luncheon party: It was I who drew the corks and carved the pie: It was I who plunged down the precipice to fill the bottles with water: It was I who brimmed the glasses for every one, and who drained, in my own proper person, twice as many bumpers as fell to the share of any two besides. I rattled away with a glee and a liveliness that nothing could check or resist. At first, they seemed to be a little surprised with the change in my manners, especially Lascelyne; but I soon made them all laugh as heartily as myself. Even Katharine, the fair weeper of the wood, even she laughed; but I watched her eyes, and met them once or twice, and saw that there was gloom behind the vapour of radiance.

"I supported this happy humour with much success during great part of the ride homewards, but purposely fell behind again for a mile or two ere we reached Blackford."

Matthew takes his leave very abruptly after this, and becomes involved in a great variety of adventures—we say a great *variety*, because the incidents are not merely thickly set, but really extremely diverse in character, and opening up glimpses into a great many widely different fields of human life and action. He goes to Edinburgh, where a crafty attorney seduces him, taking advantage of his inflamed and vindictive state of mind, into a rash and unworthy attempt towards recovering his father's estate, upon some legal quibble—which attempt being, as it ought to be, fruitless, Mr Matthew is left all but a beggar in fortune, and burdened with a sense of shame and remorse, which ever after broods and rankles in his naturally upright mind. He then becomes tutor in a gentleman's family, and forms a sort of gentle attachment (for he never dares to say the word *love*) for a beautiful natural daughter of Sir C. Barr, with whom a highly pathetic episode connects itself. The Baronet dies, and being thus thrown upon the world again, Matthew resolves to study medicine. He does so with great success, struggling with the world as so many Scottish students do, and at length reaps the fruits of his labours in a respectable establishment as a country doctor, and in the hand of the fair Joanna Barr, who, after her father's death, has been left in a situation of dependence and penury. While he is exerting himself in his professional career, an accident which we shall not stop to detail, brings to light the fact that Joanna's mother had in fact been married to the deceased Baronet. Mr Wald is put into possession of a plentiful estate—moves in the highest walks of society—is invited to stand for the borough, and repairs to London as M. P.

In so far the external appearance of

things is not only fair, but eminently fortunate: But all this while the original passion has been smouldered, not extinguished. The love of his cousin had been doomed to be *the* passion and *the* fate of his life. Of this, by unobtrusive and highly skilful touches, the reader has been all along kept to a certain extent aware, and *surprise* is not the feeling with which we at last find this apparently happy and successful man plunged into the abyss of misery —not by any stain of sinful indulgence —for of this the total impossibility is felt from the beginning of Katharine Wald's story to the end—but by the natural consequences of one single interview, in which Matthew's wife is made, for the first time, to suspect that she has never possessed the true love of her husband. The effect of this upon a feeble constitution, and a highly sensitive, and not strong mind, is fatal; and the calamity recoils in fearful force upon Wald himself, and all that are dear to him. Katharine having been deserted and betrayed by her husband, Lord Lascelyne, is by mere accident discovered to her cousin. That discovery plunges her cousin into the misery of bereavement and remorse. Lascelyne, meantime, suspecting that his wife is Wald's paramour, forces himself upon the agonies of this stern and comfortless mourner. He dies by the hand of Mr Wald; and everything is gloom, total gloom. Matthew becomes, for a time, altogether insane; and his own narrative closes with some terrible reminiscences of the worst of all human miseries.

How, left altogether alone in the world, his mind gradually inures itself to his fate, in so far, at least, as to admit of his wearing, to common eyes, the appearance of a serene, occasionally even a joyous old man; and how, when nature was at last sensible of approaching dissolution, he was drawn back, after an absence of thirty or forty years, to die among the scenes which had witnessed the only perfectly happy portion of his career—of all this we are informed in a postscript, written as by another hand.

With the final catastrophe of Matthew's own tale, or rather with the circumstances by which that catastrophe is hurried on, (for as to expecting any but a woful issue to such a man's story, this was quite out of the question,) we are by no means pleased. The incident at the garden wall, at p. 336, is to our taste altogether extravagant and absurd—and we think the same thing might easily have been brought about by means quite simple and natural. Laying this defect out of view, we venture to say, that this narrative will be universally a favourite with all who are capable of appreciating strength and originality of conception—as to incident, and still more as to character—and a very extraordinary command of language. This volume is written throughout with a commanding vigour and energy, and whenever the subject demands it, the author rises into the most genuine eloquence of passion—and yet, with but a few trifling exceptions, nothing, it appears to us, can be more simple, easy, and graceful, than the whole tone of expression. The work is, moreover, rich in shrewd, sagacious, home-thrusting remarks upon human life and manners; and altogether Matthew Wald affords indubitable evidence of the rapid progress which its author has made in the knowledge of mankind, since he first appeared in the field of romance, and also in the art of composition. No one who ever read any one of his books, could deny to him the possession of intense energy, both of thought and expression. The style of Matthew Wald exhibits prodigious improvement as to harmony of tone: it is quite free from the faults of prolixity and turgidity, and bears the impress not merely of great but of uniform power.

We must extract one or two passages—the first shall be from that part of the history in which Mr Wald discovers, from the inspection of an old casket of letters, that his wife's mother had really been married to Sir Claud Barr. The sketch of the old Scotch Judge is eminently graphic, and we believe there is little doubt who sat for the portrait.

"The larger casket, when I forced its lid, presented to my view a packet sealed with three seals in black wax, but nothing written on its envelope. I broke the seals, and found that the contents were letters; the letters, in short, which had passed between Sir Claud Barr and his lovely Fleming previous to their elopement. My first thought was to destroy them immediately; but, glancing my eye over one, I was so much struck with the natural and touching

elegance of the language, that I could not resist the inclination which rose within me, and fairly sat down to peruse the whole at my leisure.

"They were all in French; and most interesting as well as curious productions certainly they were. I have never read many genuine love-letters, and I doubt very much whether most of them would reward a third person for the trouble of reading them. But here—I speak of the poor girl's epistles—there was such an openness of heart, such a free, infantine simplicity of expression, such pride of passion, that I knew not whether my admiration and pity, or my scorn and indignation, were uppermost. One letter, written just before the elopement, was a thing the like of which I have never seen,—I had never even imagined. Such lamentation, such reproaches, mingled with such floods of tenderness, such intense yet remorseless lingering over an intoxication of terror, joy, pride, and tears! Men, after all, probably know but little of what passes in the secret heart of woman; and how little does woman dare to say, far less to write, that might illuminate them! But here was the heart of a woman, beating, and burning, and trembling, beneath the bosom of an artless child. No concealment—none whatever; —the victim glorying in the sacrifice in the same breath with which she deplored herself!—How much the meanest and the basest of all selfishness is man's!

"The deceiver's letters were written in bad French, comparatively speaking, and altogether bore the impress of a totally inferior mind; yet some of them were not without their bursts of eloquence too. At the beginning, said I to myself, this man meant not to betray her. I read a long letter through; and found, after a world of verbiage, one line that startled me,—'Oui, mon ange, oui, je vous le jure; VOUS SEREZ, VOS ETES, MON EPOUSE.'

"I knew enough of the law of my country, to be aware of the extreme danger to which the use of expressions of this sort had often led; and I could not help passing a sleepless night, revolving a thousand fancies, the most remote shadow of which had never before suggested itself to me. Joanne observed how restless I was, but I resolved not to give her the annoyance of partaking in an agitation which might, I was sufficiently aware, terminate in absolutely nothing. So I kept my thoughts to myself for the present, but spent a great part of next day in conning over the section *Marriage*, in half a dozen different law-books, which I contrived to borrow among my neighbours. Still I found myself entirely in the dark. I could make no clear sense out of all the conflicting authorities I saw quoted and requoted, concerning *consensus de futuro, consensus de præsenti, copulæ subsequentes*, consent *rebus ipsis et factis*, promises *in æstu datæ*, and I know not how much more similar jargon.

"I recollected that one of the Judges of the Court of Session, with whom I had met sometimes at the county club, had just come home to his seat in our neighbourhood, and resolved to communicate my scruples to him, rather than to any of the pettifoggers in the country. Accordingly, I mounted my horse, and arrived about noon, with all my papers in my pocket, at that beautiful villa from which the Lord Thirleton took his title of courtesy.

"I found his lordship sitting on the turfen fence of one of his belts of fir, in his usual rural costume of a scratch-wig, a green jacket, Shetland hose, and short black gaiters. A small instrument, ingeniously devised for serving at once as a walking cane, a hoe, and a weed-grubber, rested against his knee; and while reposing a little to recruit his wind, he was indulging himself with a quiet perusal of a 'condescendence and answers,' which he had brought with him in his pocket.

"I waited till, having finished a paragraph, he lifted his eyes from his paper; and then, with as little periphrasis as I could, introduced to him myself and my errand.

"'Love-letters, lad?' said he, rubbing his hands; 'let's see them, let's see them. I like a love-letter from my heart, man—what signifies speaking—*semel insanivimus omnes.*'

"I picked out the two letters which, I thought, contained the cream of the matter, and watched his face very diligently while he read them.

"'Od, man,' says he, 'but that lassie writes weel. I cannot say that I make every word of the lingo out, but I see the drift. —Puir thing! she's been a bit awmorous young body.'

"'The point, my lord,' said I, 'is to know what the Court would think of that passage?'—(I pointed out the line of Sir Claud's penmanship, which I have already quoted)—'You are aware how they lived together afterwards. What, if I may ask, is the law of Scotland as to such matters?'

"'Hooly, hooly,' quoth the Judge; 'let me gang ower this again.—Troth, they're queer words these.'

"'My dear lord,' said I, 'I want to know what the Court would be likely to say to them.'

"His Lordship took off his spectacles, and restoring them to their case, rose, hoe in hand, from his seat—'My dear Doctor,' quoth he, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'it really surprises me to see how little the people of this country ken about the affairs that maist nearly concern them.'

"'True, my lord,' said I; 'I am very sensible that I am no lawyer. But it is our greatest happiness that we have among us learned persons who are able to instruct us

in these matters when we have occasion.—Your lordship can easily inform me what the law of Scotland——'

"'The law of Scotland!' cried he, interrupting me: 'the law of Scotland, Doctor Waldie! Gude faith, my worthy friend, it's eneugh to gar a horse laugh to hear you—The law of Scotland! I wonder ye're no speaking about the crown o' Scotland too; for I'm sure ye might as weel speir after the ane frae the Bullers o' Buchan, as the other frae their Woolsacks. They might hae gaen on lang enough for me, if they had been content wi' their auld impruvements o' ca'ing a flae a flea, and a puinding a poinding—but now, tapsalteerie's the word—but wheesht, wheesht,—we maun e'en keep a calm sough, my lad.'

"'I am afraid,' said I, 'your lordship conceives the law to be very unsettled, then, as to these matters?'

"'The law *was* settled enough, Doctor Waldie,' he replied; 'but what signifies speaking? I suppose, ere long, we shall be Englified, shoulder and croupe. Isna that a grand law, my man, that lets folk blaw for forty years about the matter of forty merks, if they will, and yet tries a puir devil for his life, and hangs him within the three days, ay, and that without giving him leave to have onybody to speak a word for him, either to Judge or Jury?—My word, they might learn to look nearer hame.'

"His lordship was thumping away at the turf with his hoe all this while, and seemed to be taking things in general so hotly, that I despaired of getting him to fix his attention on my particular concern; and said, the moment he paused, 'Well, my lord, I suppose the short and the long of it is, that you think there would be no use in my trying this question.'

"'Hooly, hooly, there again,' quoth he, quite in his usual tone—'It's not ae stroke that fells the oak, and while there's life there's hope, young man. Do you really think that I'm sic a ramstam gowk, as to bid you or ony man fling the cloak away ere you have tried how it will clout? Na, na, hooly and fairly, my dear Doctor.'

"'Then your lordship inclines to think favourably——'

"'Me incline to think favourably, young man!—tak tent what you're saying. Do you think that I'm gaun to incline to think either favourably or unfavourably here, on my ain dykeside, of a case that I may be called upon, in the course of nature, to decide on, saul and conscience, in the Parliament-house mony days hence? Ye should really tak better care what ye say—young calves are aye for being at the end of their tether.'

"'O, my lord; I'm sure your lordship can't imagine that I could have had the least intention of forming any opinion derogatory to your lordship's well-known impartial character. Really, really, you have quite mistaken me. I only meant to ask you as a friend, if I may presume to use such a word with your lordship, whether you thought I should, or should not, encounter the risk of a lawsuit as to this matter.'

"'That's no a thing for me to speak about, my good friend; it's my business to decide law-pleas when they're at their hinderend, not when they're at the off-setting. Ye must advise wi' counsel.'

"A sudden light flashed upon me at this moment; I bowed respectfully to his lordship, and, without informing him of my intention, went round by the other side of the firs to his mansion-house. Here I inquired whether the young laird was at home, and was told that he was out shooting partridges, in a turnip-field not far off. I desired that he might be sent for, and the young gentleman obeyed forthwith.

"By the time he joined me, I had sealed up five guineas, under a sheet of paper, and superscribed it 'For Michael Thirler, younger of Thirleton, Esq. advocate.' I placed this in his hand, and found that I had at least secured a most patient and attentive, if not a very intelligent listener. In a word, I saw plainly enough, that the young advocate, thus suddenly taken, was no more able to give me an opinion touching the law of marriage, than to cut a man for the stone—but this did not discourage me. I left my papers with him, saying, that the chief favour he could confer on me, would be to weigh the matter with the utmost deliberation ere he said one word about it; and adding, that I should have the honour of calling on him next day about the same hour, if he had no objections. I saw how much this arrangement delighted him, and departed in full confidence that I should soon get value for my gold.

"Accordingly, when I returned next day, I received from the hands of my young counsellor, a long, formal, and masterly opinion, in which every disputable point of the case was gone into fully, and which concluded with a clear and distinct recommendation of my projected action.

"The old lord came into the room, while I was conning it over, and stepping up to my ear, whispered, 'Ay, ay, ye ken there's an auld saying, Young lawyers and auld doctors—and maybe half of it may be true.' I nodded in answer to his friendly gesture, and received a cordial invitation to stay and try 'whether a puir paper-lord might not hae a drap of tolerable Bourdeaux in his aught.' This temptation, however, you may suppose I for once resisted. It was now high time that my wife should be informed of an affair that so nearly interested her.

"Poor soul! she heard me to an end

without speaking; took the lawyer's opinion into her own hand and read it once more over; and then threw herself, weeping aloud, upon my bosom.—'I am not a base-born girl,' she cried; 'you will, after all, have no reason to be ashamed of your wife!'—'Tears,' says the proverb, 'may be sweeter than manna.'—Surely these were such."

The narrative of Mr Wald is so condensed, that we have little doubt the materials for a three volume book have been melted down into one—an example, by the way, which we would gladly see followed in more quarters than one—but all this renders the business of selection much more difficult than we are used to find it in the reviewing of modern novels. The passage which we are now about to quote, will lose, we are well aware, a great deal from being presented in an isolated shape, yet we think few readers can be entirely blind to the dreamlike beauty of this dream of madness. Bear in mind that Wald's wife has died in childbed, and, as he thinks, however erroneously, in consequence of a fault of his, and then listen to his dim reminiscence in long after years of one of the many torturing visions of his shattered mind.

"A softer, in so far,—at all events, a more connected dream, floats at this moment over my memory. Let me arrest the vision. Remain for an instant, thou little mountain-lake, and let no wind disturb the image of that old castle upon thy calm cold bosom!

"How dead is the stillness of this water—how deep, and yet how clear—not one weed, one ripple, to intercept the view—every pebble at the bottom might be counted; 'tis sheer rock here in the middle—How deep may it be, old man?—did you never sound it—you that have ferried it so many hundreds of times? You shake your head, my friend—'tis no matter—What is this pavement here upon the brink? how deeply the stones are worn!—Many strange tales, I dare say, have been told about this old castle of yours—Your mill, I see, is partly built against the old wall—The great wheel stands idle to-day—will you climb the tower with me?

"Ah! this has been a grand place in its day, too: What windows—what galleries—what immense fire-places—what a roar the flame must have gone up with—what odd staircases—what dark strange passages—heavens! how gigantic a plant is the ivy—what broad leaves, when they are not troubled with the wall—An apple-tree, too!—Here, in the very heart of the hall—just where the table stood—What a dungeon this must have been—the lid rested on that ledge, no doubt—Ha! I see the rings in the wall yet—what a dark hole for a poor creature—that little slit is a mere mockery—Is there any way of getting down?—I think one might venture to leap;—but you smile—how to get up again?—ay, that's the difficulty—well, we'll stay where we are—How black the wall is on that side—the rafters, also, have left rotten ends here and there—they, also, are black enough—Fire?—I understand you—quite burnt out?—How long ago was all this ruin?—you can't say—well, well.

"What a beautiful view from this gap—here, stand beside me, there is room enough for us both—What a fine descending sweep to the sea, the silver sea—How clearly one sees all those hills beyond—How richly the coast is wooded! but here you are rather bare, I think—Your turf has never an oak to shade it—How green and luxuriant is the old pasture grass! And more ruins too, I think. Why, you are rich in ruins here. Is this another castle; if so, methinks they must have been good neighbours. A church, say you?—Ay, the chapel, I understand. Will you walk so far down the hill with me, old man? I should like to see their chapel also, since I have seen their hall. Why, you are a very comfortable-looking old lad—who knows but if you had lived in those days they might have made a monk of you; you would have looked nobly in the cowl—better, I assure you, than the white hat; and better dinners too, I will be sworn; but you are contented—you thrive as it is. You have a cheerful cottage here under the tower. How prettily your smoke curls up along that bartizan! I wish you had a few old trees about you, 'tis the only thing you want.—Cut down? What! all of them at once?—Well, this was not very like a lord; but they can't take the water away, and that is beauty enough. As for shelter, why, after all, the tower is between you and the northern blast. You hear it whistling loud enough, no doubt, but what signifies that when the door is barred, and the fire bright, and the pot singing? You may e'en laugh at the wind.

"The old man descended from the tower with me, and walked by my side down the hill towards the chapel. There was a light airy wind now, and we could see the sea beyond, quite through the archway. 'How entire is this!' said I; 'how clean and neat everything about it is! How cheerily the breeze sweeps through this vaulted passage!—how white the stones are beneath our feet!'

"'That,' said he, opening a door on the one side, 'that, sir, is the chapel itself. You may walk in, if you have a mind.'

"'How perfect is this too!' said I, un-

covering myself as I stepped across the threshold,—' No decay at all here, my friend; if the glass were put into the windows again, they might sing mass here to-morrow as well as ever. The brasses on the pavement are a little dimmed for want of feet to polish them. These old knights have few to trouble them now with pacing over their graves.'

" I walked about, examining monument after monument, and spelling out as I best could the inscriptions and the blazons. What these last were I cannot remember, but they were all the same arms.

" ' And here,' said I, ' my friend, here is one of a kind rather singular; quite upon the floor by itself. And stop, is not this wood that they have laid by way of lid over the marble?—'tis so white with age that I took it for stone too at the first. You should push this off, I think. It only hides the top of the carved work.'

" I was approaching closer to it, when the old miller said, with a very grave and solemn sort of smile upon his face, ' Nay, sir, you must not touch that part of it—'tis not the custom. You had better leave it as it is.'

" ' Why, what folly is this? You may be sure such a fair tomb must have something pretty on its own cover.—I must see it, my friend.'

" ' Nay, sir, you may do what you please; but I warn you, that you will wish it undone afterwards. You will only frighten yourself.'

" ' Fright! old boy,' said I; ' nay, then, here for the adventure.'

" I touched the edge of the timber, and found it rise easily;—but at that instant—at that very moment when I raised it—I heard a little feeble cry come out from below it. I leaped back and cast my eyes upon the old man. He met my look without changing his.—And then, from the same tomb, came three distinct sobs—the same tomb, but not the same voice—and all was again silent.

" ' Old man,' said I, ' what is this? Can the dead people utter sounds like these from their coffins?—Surely, I thought there had been rest in the grave, old man——'

" ' Ah, sir,' said he, moving now at length from the door-way, in which he had all this while been standing,—' we cannot tell what strange things are in this world; the quick and the dead have their marvels.—But you have broken the spell, sir—you may lift the lid now—there will be nothing more to alarm you. They never do so but at the first touch.'

" His coming so near me gave me courage, and I touched the wood again. No sound followed;—and I moved it gently—quite off its place.

" ' A pall,' said I, ' old man!—a velvet pall!—They have left this tomb strangely unfinished, man.—Might one, perchance, remove this too?'

" ' Sir,' says my grave-eyed, yet cheerful-looking senior, ' you may do so if you like; but I will tell you what is the truth of it first.—The last lord of the old family—he that lived in our castle, and owned all the country round this place—had but one daughter. A bad, cruel man came, and he married the lady, and became lord of the land too. She had a child, sir; and he, they say, could not bear the sight of it, nor of her, then:—and he drowned them yonder in our lake. That cry that you heard was from the baby; and the three sobs, they were from the mother. They always do so—just as when they were murdered, it is thought—whenever any one touches their tomb.—But we have been used to this all our days, sir, and we make little of it now.—If you wish to see them you may lift the cloth.'

" I did so, and beheld a glass cover, dim and dusty. The old man took the corner of the pall, and, rubbing it a little, said, ' Now, sir, here you may see them both, quite entire; they have been so beautifully embalmed.—Look———'

" ' Oh, Joanne! that white face once again!—' I screamed in my agony, and awoke———"

Several exquisitely beautiful episodes diversify the main tenor of this story, as, for example, the stories of Peggy Brown—Pearling Joan—and Mammy Baird. All these, however, are, though episodes, so skilfully dovetailed into the principal fable, that it is impossible to quote without injuring them. One, and but one episode there is, which may be conveniently extracted, and we shall give it as it stands—a strange, a terrible, and withal a truly Scottish picture, it is.—

Matthew Wald is narrating his course of life while studying medicine at the University of Glasgow:

" I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by name John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and everything about their style of living, shewed; but a worthier couple, I should have had no difficulty in saying, were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, *croon'd* together, before they went to bed. Tune there was almost none; but the low, articulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not me-

lody. John himself was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut greasy black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large grey eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold, haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and everything about his manners, spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobbler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity, and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

"One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen, where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognised the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended, on rare occasions, to set forth as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the goodman had a friend from the country with him—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enlarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stranger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the spence, as if a table or chair had fallen—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, 'I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle of the fleshers' whisky the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back.'

"The cobbler said this, for anything that I could observe, in his usual manner; and, walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes, perhaps, after he had disappeared, I, chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor, towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair—'See there! what is that?'

"'Andrew Bell has coupit our water-stoup,' said she, rising.

"I sprung forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream—'Blood, Jean, blood!'

"The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, 'Blood, ay, blood!' while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet plash in the abomination as I advanced. What a sight within! The man was lying all his length on the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down, and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighbourhood about me. They entered the house—Jean had disappeared—there was nothing in it but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamour of surprise and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighbourhood had been set in motion—dozens, scores, hundreds of people were heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself grappled from behind, and saw a Town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, 'Tis a doctor's knife—this is the young doctor that bides in the house—this is the man.'

"Of course this restored me at once to my self-possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, 'It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that has murdered his friend.'

"'John M'Ewan!' roared some one in a voice of tenfold horror; 'our elder John M'Ewan a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?'

"'Carry me to jail immediately,' said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little—'load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan.'

"I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and the kindest thing he could do to me would be to place me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there

I should be safe at all events, and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good bailie soon had me conveyed, under a proper guard, to the place of security—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the roar of anxious voices, and the eternal tolling of the alarum-bell—these all reached me through the bars of the cell, and, together with the horrors that I had really witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

"Jean was discovered, in the grey of the morning, crouching under one of the trees in the Green; and being led immediately before the magistrates, the poor trembling creature confirmed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I had told. Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and being seen walking to the Vennel afterwards, arm in arm with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered: But still no word of John M'Ewan.

"It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage many miles from Glasgow—when she was almost *in articulo mortis*, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking. This man, finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bedside, and prayed—a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field-preacher. He took the Bible into his hands—opened it as if he meant to read aloud; but shut the book abruptly, and took his leave. This man had been seen by those poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

"They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran. They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore—they landed, and behold the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay!

"The captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description had been one of his passengers from Irvine—he had gone ashore but an hour ago.

"They searched—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his Bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said—'You need not tell me your errand—I am he you seek—I am John M'Ewan, that murdered Andrew Bell. I surrender myself your prisoner. God told me but this moment that ye would come and find me; for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was *this*.' He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon the page—'See you here?' said he; 'Do you see the Lord's own blessed decree? *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*—And there,' he added, plucking a pocket-book from his bosom, 'there, friends, is Andrew Bell's siller—ye'll find the haill o't there, an be not three half-crowns and a sixpence. Seven-and-thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the Prince of the Power of the Air—Seven-and-thirty pounds! Ah! my brethren! call me not an olive, until thou see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and behold ye all how I am fallen!'

"I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty; but, for excellent reasons, the Crown Advocate wished the whole evidence to be led. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of the murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified, by a solemn shake of his head, his sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the Judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his Lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture which you may have seen escape now and then from the devout listener to a pathetic sermon or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of Scripture, styling himself 'a sinner, and the chief of sinners.' Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spice of holy exultation in it; there was in the most penitent of his lugubrious glances still something that said, or seemed to say—'Abuse me—spurn me as you will—I loathe myself also; but this deed is Satan's.' Indeed he always continued to speak quite gravely of his 'trespass,' his 'backsliding,' his 'sore temptation!'

"I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere I entered the cell; and clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturba-

ble solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience, I think it would have been a difficult matter for any stranger to pick out the murderer among the group of clergymen that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labour to knock away the absurd and impious props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence. 'He had *once* been right, and he could not be wrong; he had been *permitted to make a sore stumble!*' This was his utmost concession.

"What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here!—He was led, sir, out of the dark, damp cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into light was upon his scaffold!—and what a moment!—In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd, assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence;—not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion, on that myriad of faces. But here, sir, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror—a huzza of mingled joy and triumph, and execration and laughter:—cats, rats, every filth of the pillory, showered about the gibbet. I was close by his elbow at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in this world—slow, full, strong;—I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

"There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment: observing which, he turned round and said to the Magistrates,—'Dinna come out,—dinna come out, your honours, to weet yourselves. It's beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at ony rate, poor thoughtless creatures!'

"He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory,—and the noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs after his face was covered. He flung the handkerchief with an air of semi-benediction, and died without one apparent struggle."

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THOUGH Plenty from her horn, with liberal hand,
Enrich the clime, and Beauty rules the land,
Though all that charms the eye, and soothes the ear,
Blended in glorious unison appear,
Yet will the Traveller pause, and heave a sigh,
As vanished scenes return to Memory's eye,
And, as he scans streams, woods, and pastures green,
Full many an anxious thought will intervene;
For well he feels, though Nature, or though Art,
Do not to native wilds such charms impart,
Still there is something fondly that unites
His present comforts with his past delights;
And as, when cares around his passage lie,
He turns to youth his retrospective eye,
With miser love he gleans the hopes that brought
Elysian gladness to untutored thought,
And sees no realm, within the bounds of Earth,
So beautiful as that which gave him birth!

Land of our Fathers! when from thee remote,
Fair are thy shores, and doubly dear to thought,
The cottage on the plain, o'erhung with trees,
Their dark boughs murmuring in the evening breeze;
The sun o'er well-known hills descending low;
The lattice burning with a crimson glow;
The blackbird's twilight song; the river's rush;
And ah! how dear to love, the briary bush,
At which, as bright in southern skies afar,
Resplendent shone the dewy Evening Star,
She, fair in vain, did wait, with panting breast,
For him she loved—for him who loved her best!

The war is up,—'mid Heaven's blue arch serene,
The unclouded moon smiles down upon the scene,—

Upheave a thousand tents; the beacons red,
Here—there—around on every mountain head,
With dimmed lustre glow, as o'er the Night
She spreads her mantle, edged with silver light.

There, 'mid Sierras wild, and rent, and lone,
Where Nature governs on her mountain throne,
Wrapt in his war-cloak, o'er appointed ground,
With measured step, the warder paces round;
As far on hostile hills the watch-fires burn,
And doubt and danger frown at every turn,
And low wild murmurs, borne upon the gale,
Preluding sigh to Battle's threatening tale,
He thinks of home—the country of his sires—
Unquench'd by time, even yet their memory fires;
He thinks of home—of scenes beloved of yore,
His distant friendships, and his native shore;
He hears—'tis but in thought—the sounding rills,
Through larch-tree dells descending from the hills,
Where, curtain'd round with clouds, and couch'd on snows,
In midway heavens the ptarmigans repose;—
He sees his shieling on the mount—he sees
His garden flowers, alive with humming bees;
His wife, his mother, loved and far remote,
His orphan babes—Oh! can they be forgot!—
The time-worn tower—the cairn upon the wild,
Of mossy stones, in distant ages piled;
The red deer on the rocks;—with deep halloo,
The hounds and huntsmen opening on the view;
The eagle, wheeling through the lurid sky,
With less'ning wing and solitary cry;
All these are with him; and, combining, cast
Before his soul the relics of the past;
Bow for a while his spirit to the dust,
Depress his heart, and shake his settled trust.
Ashamed, with quickening step, he shakes away
The fettering thoughts of life's serener day;
Seeks in forgetfulness a sad relief
From all his toils, and sings to banish grief.

But as he listens, lo! a plaintive sound
Wakes 'mid the silence of the tented ground;
For well he knows the accents wont to thrill
His youth's rebounding heart on Albyn's hill;
In tranced thought, with pilgrim step he strays
By Katrine's tide, or lone Balquhidder braes,
Beholds the Grampians, through the wint'ry sky
Ascending, scowl in desert majesty;
Or listens to the torrent's giant leap,
Amid Glen Ample's forest thundering deep;
Paged on his mind, in hues more warm than truth,
He scans, with patriot glow, the haunts of youth;
And, though a soldier now, and train'd to wield
His country's arms in battle's carnaged field,
Ah! deem not thou less valiant is his heart,
If then a sigh should heave, a tear should start!

And lo! a wanderer from domestic scenes,
For many a mountain summit intervenes,
Far from his cabin'd cliff, and straggling flock,
Amid the bloomy vales of Languedoc,
With heart that broods on far departed days,
In pensive guise the lone Savoyard strays;

Not with penurious heart he prays the while
For hoarded gains, or fortune's summer smile;
But oh! if fate would grant, ere being close,
Ere life depart, and dust with dust repose,
A passing span of ease, and chasten'd joy,
Amid the scenes that charm'd him when a boy,
That, when the sunset of existence came,
And health and strength departed from his frame,
By time-surviving friends his eyes be closed,
His last hours solaced, and his limbs composed;
Beside ancestral bones his own be laid,
Where glooms the yew-tree in the church's shade;
And breezes, fresh from Alpine summits, wave
The fern and wild-flowers springing from his grave.

Hark! to the mocking trump and thundering drum,
To Parga's gate as Ali's legions come,
To reign, with souls inured to blood and broil,
Lords of the realm, and tyrants of the soil:
Though compass'd round with sorrow's darkest gloom,
With stedfast minds, unshrinking from their doom,
Brave, yet to fate resign'd, the Pargiots saw
The cruel edict of a foreign law,
And gazed with wistful eyes on landscapes dear,
Soften'd in heart, yet shedding not a tear:
Slow burn'd the relics of their sires away;
The blue smoke mingling with the skies of day,
The pile consumed; they linger'd not to see,
Replete with slaves, the dwellings of the free,
A stranger lording o'er their native town,
The crescent hoisted, and the cross pull'd down;
With sullen steps they journey'd to the shore,
Bade Parga's homes adieu for evermore;
Left to their wondering foes the voiceless piles,
Took to the sea, and sought the Ionian isles.

The Moslem entered; streets untenanted,
Re-echoed only to the horses' tread;
Who of the free, the Christian host remains,
Forgets his ancestry, and stoops to chains;
And, 'mid the dwellings of the vanish'd brave,
Submits his servile neck, and lives a slave?—
None—like the wintry snows at summer's tread—
All disappear'd, the living and the dead!

Not to enlighten'd regions are confined
The glow of heart, the sympathies of mind,
The friendly bosom, the condoling eye,
Affection's cheering words, and pity's sigh:
Behold, the white man to the negro came,
With travel-heavied step, and sinking frame,
O'er torrid sands, beneath a blazing sky,
Toil, thirst, and famine, in his troubled eye:
Did stranger bosoms feel his woes with scorn,
Shun his lone path, or mock him, though forlorn?
Ah! no—more true to Nature's genial glow,
Their words began to soothe, their tears to flow;
While in the tall banana's shade he lay,
Dishearten'd, sunk, and sad at Death's delay,
They placed, with kindly hands, the banquet near;
With choral songs they lull'd his pensive ear;
In gentle accents bade his sufferings cease;
And pour'd on every wound the oil of peace—

Intrepid Park the gloomy past forgot,
Pursued his path, and triumph'd o'er his lot!

Breathes there the wretch so abject, lost, and low,
Within whose soul no patriot feelings glow,
A heart of stone, a creature of the dust,
To Nature's glorious sympathies unjust;
Who, as he wanders 'mid the shrubby dells,
Where rise the banks, and broad the torrent swells;
Or climbs the hill, revealing to his sight
The fields, whereon his fathers strove in fight,
Burns not with holier fire, nor inly shares
The joy, that links his destiny with theirs?
Breathes there, oh! breathes there 'neath the circling sun,
That icy-hearted, that regardless one,
Who, when the sails expand, the breezes blow,
And furrow'd waves flash off before the prow;
When all, that could be loved, or can be dear,
Melt o'er the waste of seas, and disappear,
Can look to foreign shores with reckless eye,
And leave his native home without a sigh?
If such—for him no heart shall swelling prove
Parental tenderness, or filial love;
If such—without respect shall wane his life,
A loveless desert, and a ceaseless strife;
If such—above his dust shall hemlocks wave,
And pilgrims pass his unregarded grave!
Say, is there nothing that can binding prove,
Or charm the bosom in a mother's love,
She who above his cradle sleepless hung,
Tended his steps, and train'd to speech his tongue?
Starts not the anxious father up to mind,
Watchful in duty, and in chastening kind,
Slow to complain, and eager to commend,
The gentlest tutor, and the warmest friend?
Has not the brother, sharer of his joys,
His games, and griefs, when both were happy boys,
A claim to deep remembrance in his heart;
Or can he from a sister's arms depart,
And, scoffing, plunge 'mid earth's polluting strife,
Estranged to all the ties that sweeten life?
No! wild and rude the untutor'd heart may be,
Rough as the waves, and as the breezes free,
But Nature's touch is there, and stooping all
Admit the flowery chains, the welcome thrall:—
By deep-toned Susquhanna strays the Gael,
To muse on Scotland's hills and broomy vale,
And 'neath the star of purple evening cast
A lingering look upon the happy past;
Nor less the Negro, by the spoiler borne,
Far from his native wilds to pine forlorn,
The melting impulse owns, and, in his dreams,
Wanders with those he loves by Niger's streams;
Beholds his cottage in the palmy shade,
And those he left to weep why he delay'd;
His ripening rice, and nicely carved canoe,
His antler'd trophies, and unerring bow,
All come, deck'd out in rainbow gleams, to shed
Illusive joy around his lowly bed.
Yes! thought has sicken'd at the humbling strife,
And shuddering Nature is at war with life;
The tyrant and his lash have bow'd him down;
Despair hath scared his heart, and Fortune's frown;

Nought in the world remains for him to crave,
Save dark oblivion and the silent grave;
But, o'er the gulph of death, he hopes to meet
The smiles again that made existence sweet,
And clasp in joy upon another shore,
The cherish'd of his heart, to part no more!

Sad was the time for thee, my native land,
When Conquest reared her devastating hand,
Pour'd her unnumber'd squadrons o'er the plain,
And mock'd derisively the patriot slain;
The task, devoted realm, was thine to view
Thy foes determined, and thy sons untrue,
Bribed by the tyrant, sharers of his gold,
And in thy cause, though glorious, tamely cold:
But Freedom woke the spirit from its urn,
And bade her altars smoke, her incense burn,
Pointed the wavering, where the temple lay
Of Fame unspotted, and without decay;
Told that a shield, omnipotent to save,
Preserves the patriot, and o'erhangs the brave;
And, while it nerves his bosom, bids him know
The peace that only Virtue tastes in woe!
Had Scotland, slumbering in luxurious peace,
Beheld her fields in bloom, her power increase,
Then never had we heard, or thrill'd to hear,
Of him, to whom her liberty was dear;
Who, brave in vain, hung ever on the foe,
Scorn in his glance, and vengeance in his blow;
A star to future ages had not shone,
And Wallace lived unmark'd, and died unknown!
Yes! glorious chief, till ends the march of Time,
In every country, under every clime,
Where Wisdom reigns, where Virtue is revered,
Where Man is free, and degradation fear'd,
In every heart, where Nature's ardour glows,
Fame shall endear thee, and record thy woes;
Shall paint thee, struggling for a thankless throne,
Calm, though beset, undaunted, though alone;
Patient of hardship; gentle to command;
Bold to attack; and vigorous to withstand;
Scorning all aid, that Honour scorns to crave,
Spurning to live in bonds, or die a slave!
While deathless wreaths in Honour's garden grow
For generous worth, or persevering woe;
And while on earth a bosom, dear to fame,
Warms at the mention of a patriot's name;
So long for thee her crown will Glory twine,
And bid thee wear the meed so justly thine,
Who dauntless strove against the whelming tide,
Dash'd through the roaring billows, and defied;
For what? that listless Apathy might break
His Morphean bands asunder, and awake;
That Tyranny might shrink, and Scotland be
Still his own home—the country of the free!

Consuming fires may glow, and o'er the land,
Unsandal'd Carnage stalk with dagger'd hand,
While yelling Pain, wild Ruin, pale Dismay,
Traverse from noon to night the public way;
In vain—for home, the country of his sires,
The patriot stands to mock consuming fires;

And, 'mid the streams of blood, the clouds of war,
Cries "To the charge!" and waves his scymitar:
Witness beleaguer'd Carthage, how she strove
'Gainst whelming Rome, with unavailing love;
Beat back the scatter'd legions from her walls,
And nerved anew for fight, at Duty's calls;
Bound up her streaming wounds, and to her towers
Repair'd 'mid circling foes, and arrowy showers;
While timid Beauty gave, with favouring brow,
Her tresses shorn to string the warrior's bow!

Witness Hungarian Zrinii, how he held
At bay the Turkish myriads, or repell'd:
Years came and went—invincible he stood,
Coop'd within walls, and drench'd the fields with blood:
As comes the bursting billow to the rock,
Such came the foe, and so he braved the shock;
As falls the wolf beneath the hunter's spear,
Rushing in blindfold rage, and prone career,
So ever sank the foremost, as they strove
To storm the ramparts, mann'd with patriot love;
Till baffled, bleeding, wearied, and dismay'd,
By night his host their leader's call obey'd,
Raised the vain siege, and left the rising sun,
To herald Hope and Victory to the Hun!

And witness, high-renown'd in latter times,
When Spain degraded by her King and crimes,
Relax'd, forgetful of her ancient fame,
Her deathless sons, and proud chivalric name,
In apathy and sloth regardless lay,
To friends a shame, to foes an easy prey,
The dauntless Palafox; how like the star,
That rises o'er the twilight hills afar,
He rose, when Conquest, 'mid his country's sleep,
Came with her iron ploughshare, furrowing deep.
In vain around are wreck and ruin strewn;
In vain are Saragoza's walls o'erthrown;
From lane to lane, from street to street they fly,
Gore dripping from each blade, and war their cry:
The baffled Gauls, like bloodhounds held at bay,
Eye every shade with trembling and dismay;
While woman, heedless of her sex and life,
Stands on her doorway stone and whets the knife;
Cheers on the sally, and, with kindling eye,
Insults the coward who would turn to fly!

Nor Moscow, empress of the North, shouldst thou
Rise o'er thy ruins with unlaurell'd brow!—
Hark! o'er the world the din of war is spread;
Red signal fires illume each mountain head;
From land to land, with wildly mutter'd cries,
Clasp'd palms, and haggard features, Terror flies;
Kings totter on their thrones, and holds of trust,
Dismantled, sink, and crumble with the dust;
And all that ages, power, and pride could rear,
Struck by the magic spell-wand, disappear.—
Thine, Moscow, thine it was, a desperate choice,
To prey on thine own vitals, and rejoice!
From roof to roof the fiery ruin spread,
Tinged the dark night, and wrapt the Kremlin's head;
Where merchants in thy marts were wont to throng,
And crowds—a sable ocean—moved along;

Where splendour, robed in oriental state,
Flamed in the halls, or beckon'd from the gate;
And Asia poured her treasures rich and rare,
Silks, ermines, odours, wines, and jewels fair,
Gaunt Ruin reign'd; and, with demoniac smiles,
Gazed o'er the endless mass of blackened piles!

But lo! the Avenger came—the Winter came,—
And earth presented nought but snows and flame;
Loud howled the winds, 'mid walls in ashes bare;
Pale Famine roamed for food, and met Despair;
Armies, whose strength had bound the world in chains,
Fled from the storm, and sought the mantled plains;
On—on they haste; the tempest in its force
O'erwhelms at once the horseman and his horse;
Behind them riots Battle's red alarm,
The wild pursuer, and the vengeful arm;
Before them spreads, as down they sink to die,
The icy desert, and the frowning sky!

Tell, also, Freedom, ere our song be mute,
How peasants to thy line advanced the foot,
Disdained the edict of a throne, that gave
Their chartered rights away; and, sternly brave,
Winded 'mid echoing rocks the gathering horn,
And in his teeth threw back the invader's scorn!

A voice is on the Alps—where forests wave,
And precipices darken, meet the brave,—
A kindred host, determined to withstand
Aggression's flood, and shield their native land.
Their home is on the hills; their manly forms
Defy the cold, and march amid the storms;
Speckbacher there unsheathes his patriot sword;
And Hoffer, only by his foes abhorred,
With calm determined eye, and steady breath,
Proclaims his war cry, "Liberty or Death!"

While hallowed is the spot where Brutus fell;
While hardy Switzerland exults in Tell;
While sorrowing England bends at Hampden's urn;
While Scotland proudly points to Bannockburn;
While mournful Poland, wrecked in ruin wild,
Remembers Kosciusko for her child;
So long, illustrious Hoffer, shall thy name,
From sire to son, amid the rolls of Fame,
Resplendent float above Oblivion's wave,
In lines of light, a watchword of the brave!

Nor shalt thou, honest compeer of his lot,
Unhonoured live, or dying be forgot;
'Twas thine, Speckbacher, thine the glorious doom,
'Mid bursting tempest, and disheartening gloom,
A quenchless star to shine; nor cloud, nor storm
Could from admiring realms obscure thy form;
The myrtle wreath is won; 'tis thine to see
Oppression humbled, and the Tyrol free!

Δ

TEN YEARS AGO.

> That time is past,
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures! Not for this
> Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
> Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
> Abundant recompense.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

I.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
  Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
  Had sered not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
  Feelings we ne'er can know again;
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
  And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

II.

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
  That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
  Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
  In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
  Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears;
But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

III.

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
  Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth and health, and visions high,
  Melt like a wreath of snow away;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
  Though worn in this world's sick'ning strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
  In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

IV.

But look not thus—I would not give
  The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
  When all around me seem'd so fair.
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
  When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
  And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

V.

Has Fortune frown'd? Her frowns were vain,
  For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
  But ours grew fonder firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
  Stedfast in calms, in tempests tried;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
  Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

VI.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
  And watch'd our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
  Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
  To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
  And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that sooth'd that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

VII.

Yes, it *is* sweet, when heaven is bright,
  To share its sunny beams with thee;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
  To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears,—though something changed
  From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
  Hath left us love in all its truth;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

February 3, 1824. A. A. W.

ON THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC.

No. II.*

THE MUSICAL TEMPERAMENT.

Mr North,

An ingenious friend of mine, albeit a little too much addicted, perhaps, to the paradoxical, was observing the other day how much he wondered that anybody should think of talking sense, when, for mere conversation, talking nonsense was so much pleasanter. I could not help thinking that the musicians of modern days fitted him to a hair; that is to say, when they pretend to talk in their own legitimate tongue—"to discourse you most eloquent music:" for, in common parlance, God wot, they are sometimes plausible enough, if not very deep. But to be serious—there is a little of this ultra bigotry in most matters of taste. In poetry, for instance, whilst one faction shall set Wordsworth at the head of living bards, another shall laugh in your face, and proceed to prove him little better than a ninny. In painting, who does not remember the "Gallery of Ancient Masters," the Academicians, and the "Catalogue Raisonnèe?" In sculpture, who has not heard of Mr Payne Knight's decision on the Elgin marbles? In music, the matter is, if possible, ten times worse; and for a very sufficient reason—because it is the least tangible of the four. One half of the lovers of music laugh at the other half, and are laughed at in turn by them. They are as inveterate, and about as reasonable, as the Capulets and Montagues. What one calls divine, is to the other a farrago of crotchets—

"——— Full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing———."

That there is a key to this discrepancy, however—a *resolution* of the discord, it is the object of this paper to prove, and at the same time to shew, that it is not to be found absolutely in the science itself, but in the difference of constitution in those who cultivate it; for this is what I mean by *musical temperament*.

There are few persons destitute of a "musical ear." By this is not meant "a musical ear," as commonly so called, for on this subject there is much misapprehension and want of distinction; but an ear sufficiently musical to enable them to relish the real beauties of the art. It is a mistaken application of the term to limit it to those only who have the faculty of repeating correctly certain combinations of musical tones, or even simple uncombined tones, or of perceiving the nice and exact accordance of two or more given tones; for both of these faculties are included in the expression—The first seems in some measure to be connected with memory. Be this as it will, however, there are many persons who, entirely destitute of it, and possessing the latter in an imperfect degree only, nevertheless have an ear for music *when played*, and that, in the extended sense of the term, of the best sort. That this description of persons are, in fact, those to whom nature has in general allotted the finest sense of real musical beauty, it is one of the purposes of this essay to shew. But this in its proper place. I would here merely contend for the concession of a musical ear to those, who, when they hear music, have a sufficiently nice idea of the musical scale to perceive when any note is grossly mis-played, however incapable they may be of remembering and correctly repeating combinations of tones which they have heard. Singing or playing in tune, it is obvious, is an act of memory as well as of perception. We must not only correctly perceive the notes when auricularly communicated to us, but we must correctly retain the impression in order to communicate them to others. This is a double act, or rather two acts. The act of perceiving is one; the act of retaining another. These two are in nature not only divisible, but divided, and this probably much more frequently than is commonly supposed. This again, however, in its proper place.

A celebrated writer, Rousseau, and indeed the common observation of mankind, have divided the lovers of music into three classes. Those who delight in expressive melodies, but who are deficient in relish for harmonies. Those who are delighted by harmonies, but who are deficient in relish for melodies; and those who unite these two requisites. In this classifi-

* See No. I. Vol. XI. p. 259.

cation, it is necessarily implied that melody includes an expression of its own—that it affects us through other channels than those through which harmony affects us. If melody excites at all, it can only be in one of these two ways; either directly through the nerves, as a dram, or circuitously through the intellect, as poetry does. Harmony however affects, confessedly, through the nervous system directly; and as the effects of melody are distinctly different from those of harmony, it follows that it must excite as poetry does, through the intellect. There is no third way conceivable; and that it does in fact act through the intellect has hardly been disputed, however the question may have been blinked or confused. The imitation of the tones of natural passion in expressive melody, has, in the midst of much contradiction and mistake, been more or less directly admitted by all writers on music, practical and theoretical.

Melody, then, is to poetry what hieroglyphics are to alphabetical writing. We express in music by giving pictures or resemblances, and leaving the meaning to be deduced from them. We tell our story of joy or sorrow by a painting of the thing itself, and leave it to be spelt out by the spectators.—It is picture-writing in sound.

The sense of melody being thus widely distinct from that of harmony, it is easy to anticipate that different descriptions of mind must be differently fitted for the perception of one or the other. There are few persons so destitute of observation as not to have remarked and distinguished with more or less nicety, the difference between one tone and another. Musical sound is a thing that addresses itself in some shape or other so perpetually to our observation, that the instances must be few of those whose perceptions with regard to it, have either been so naturally obtuse, or else so little cultivated, as to place them in that class which may be described as being *without* a musical ear. It is rarely, indeed, that we find a person to whom sounds both in their tonic relations and sequence are absolutely nothing—absolutely unremembered or unobserved. People who are commonly said to possess a bad ear, no doubt, do observe and retain the sensations of sound imperfectly, but few indeed are actually destitute of ear. An ear sufficiently correct for all rational purposes is a vulgar gift. The nicest perceptions must necessarily be rare, as all extremes are.

Those persons who have observed sounds—their relations and modifications—merely as sounds, and with little or no reference to anything beyond them, may, generally speaking, be considered as arriving at the greatest perfection in distinguishing them. They secure this superiority by having kept themselves undistracted by those deeper considerations, which, with another class of observers, continually withdraw the attention from the mere notes to something beyond them. We may, with tolerable safety, attribute a good musical ear to any person of whose character we know enough to be aware, that he is not likely to advance beyond this species of restricted observation. Such persons are naturally to be sought in that class of intellect, which, with more observation than reflection, delights in observing and recording facts, merely as facts, and unappended to any consequences of refined excitement or deep reflection. Of this division of intellect are those who busy themselves in the observation and arrangement of truths in natural history, in botany, in mineralogy, and in arithmetical calculation. Josiah Colburn, or, best of all, Jedediah Buxton, who counted all the words, syllables, and letters, which Garrick pronounced in one of Shakespeare's characters, unmoved all the while by the thronging passions which those words conveyed, was a perfect specimen of this species of observers. As observation merely, is a qualification more common than deep reflection or strong imagination, this class is probably the most numerous. The results from minds of this formation are as may be expected. In their judgments of matters which appeal to the more complicated processes of reflection, which require a knowledge of the passions, and of the shades of human character, and of the relations of corporeal and mental phenomena, they are for the most part thrown out. They cannot go beyond what they see and hear. They fail from the want of that learning which is derived from reflection. They are not reminded by what is present of something which is absent; and thus their conclusions as to those matters of taste which appeal

most to the reflective faculty are necessarily imperfect. In their estimate of actors, for instance, persons of this class of thinking fail egregiously. They want that refined knowledge of feeling and passion which is requisite, because they have never been in the habit of correcting the outward manifestations with the inward struggles. When passion, therefore, is truly exhibited, they are not adequately affected. They are caught by an exaggerated display. What they require is the forcible and striking. The truth is lost upon them. In the theatre, we find the majority will clap, and really admire, a ranting actor beyond the chastest performer. Those who are a degree beyond this are yet attentive to the mere personal qualifications of the player, rather than to the mental business of the drama. They discover that Kean, in Othello, is a little man, with not very excellent legs. The odds are, that Shakespeare himself would not have been fairly able to say whether Kean had legs or not. In poetry, they mistake bombast for pathos, nonsense for sublimity, mawkishness for simplicity; and, in their hearts, admire Alexander the Great more than Hamlet. They are alive to the adjuncts, and dead to the essence. They cannot imagine how Ossian should be a poet with neither rhythm nor rhyme. In short, whether in music, acting, or poetry, they make good use of their opera-glass, and "look at the stop-watch, my lord."

That pious and well-lunged worthy George Whitfield, amongst the other devices of his strategy against the evil one, determined, as he said, "that Satan should not have all the opera tunes." This musical Messiah-ship of George's was, perhaps, a little superfluous. He might have left them to their fate, without the world being much of a loser. He might have wished the devil "luck o' his prize, man." George, however, persevered, and methodistical hymns were accordingly warbled in the chapel "near Moorfields," even as the "gemman's" bears dance in Goldsmith's play "only to genteel tunes, such as Water parted, or the minuet in Ariadne." No gravity but that of fanaticism could have withstood this. It is the extremest of those extremes of absurdity to which a mind totally ignorant of musical expression can go. If, however, we suppose minds of a similar description to be acted upon at all by music, we shall find their musical judgments to partake more or less of the same mistake. But between the absolute incapacity of perceiving and understanding musical expression, and the intense and refined sense of it, there is an infinitude of shades. The *coarseness* of perception, as it grows and deepens, is first shewn in a tendency to prefer bold and decided melodies; then florid ones; then those in which the expression is extravagant enough to border on caricature; then those which exhibit only wretched and mawkish attempts at expression; then in the sacrifice of melody to execution; and, lastly, in a total ignorance of expression, and the uncombined perception of harmony merely, and of combinations of notes destitute of meaning. If we watch a man of common observation, whatever be his nominal musical propensities, we shall discover that the same want of intellectuality which vitiates his judgment in other matters of taste, shews itself, in a way precisely similar, in his conclusions as to music. The same lack of the poetical feeling which makes him applaud a ranting actor, or admire bombastical verses, is the cause of his preferring airs destitute of refined expression. The *majority* will ever be of this taste; and the majority of musicians will probably ever be of them, or subservient to them. The truth of this principle is perpetually apparent. In its first and best shape, it is evident in the admiration of overcharged expression. Why is Italian music popular with a certain class in England? not because it is a fashion, though doubtless this has its effect; but because the music of Italy must, from the circumstances of the two countries, necessarily appear, to a pure English taste, extravagant and exaggerated, and, therefore, be agreeable to that peculiar gradation of temperament, which can only feel that which *is* extravagant and overcharged. It may be asked, why *must* Italian music be overcharged to an Englishman? why, because the Italian naturally intonates his language with greater violence, and change of tone, and emphasis, than an Englishman does. The music of his country is founded upon these intonations, and, of course, copies their intensity. A Briton feels Italian music to be extravagant for the same reason that he

feels Italian conversational emphasis to be extravagant. Next to Italian airs may be placed the German, and then our own theatrical airs, as attractive of admiration from certain classes. In most of these the expression is much coarser than in the Italian airs. The expressive effect is frequently attempted to be produced by the grossest and most unrefined imitative expedients. By disagreeable discords, for instance, as in "the Death of Nelson:" by coarse mimickry of sounds, as the *cannons* and *galloping*, for instance, in "the Battle of Prague;" or the *marble footsteps*, and *knocking at the door*, in Giovanni; or the *pip-popping* of the drops of rain in Steibelts' storm.

In the next department of musical temperament may be placed those minds, which, almost regardless of meaning, are delighted only by mere harmony and tricks of execution. Their only idea of musical expression is, the difference of fast and slow. They think an air played quickly must be lively, and melancholy if played slowly. This notion is no doubt founded in nature. A tune, however, is not lively or sad because it is quick or slow. It is played quickly or slowly, because it is lively or sad. This distinction they cannot understand. Nor can it be understood excepting by those, whose notions of the expression of Music are founded on other and more important natural resemblances than those of mere time. Admitting thus much of natural imitation to be the foundation of all that they recognize as expression, it seems singular, that these persons should not push their reasoning farther, and detect other relations between musical sounds and those of nature. Here, however, they stop. Their observation cannot get beyond mere facts ending in themselves, and devoid of much intellectual relation to other facts. They observe whether or not a performer has execution. They criticise his tone and his fingering. Of a song they perceive what compass of voice is required to sing it. They mark when it gets into the minor, and when it gets out again. Of a concerted piece they study the harmony. They take due note whether the chords be old or new, according to rule, or deviating from it. They say there is too little bass or too much, and find fault with the management of the different instruments. With these things their enthusiasm begins and ends. They prefer Catalani, Dickons, and Braham, to all singers that ever sung: and why? Because the mechanism of their throats has enabled these worthies to play vocal tricks beyond the reach of a common windpipe. It is in vain to talk of Miss Stephens, or of any other natural and expressive singer. They heed you not. You are told that Catalani runs up—"the Lord knows where," and down again in quarter tones. It is in vain to talk of meaning. You are told of a shake or of a hold ten minutes long. It is in vain to urge, that the soul of Music is pathos, and that the rest only proves a preternatural conformation of the Trachia. You are overwhelmed with cadences, falsettos, trills, and turns, and take refuge in—silence. It is of course useless to expect from minds so constituted, either a true sense of the meaning of an air, or of the agreement of words with that meaning. To them an air might as well be the product of a machine like that in the Laputan Academy for making books. If the notes fall trippingly on the ear, it is pronounced "a pretty tune." As to its agreeing with words, or words with it—they cannot believe that Burns or Moore had anything in view beyond making their lines correspond in length with the divisions of the air. If we look at the airs most popular in theatres and other places of public resort, we shall find accordingly;—first, That the words sung are a matter unheeded: secondly, That the most extravagant airs are the greatest favourites; and, thirdly, That of the old expressive airs, the coarsest, the commonest, the most doubtful—in short, the *worst*, are almost invariably preferred.

It has never been denied that one of the essential points of the poetical character is the aptitude for discovering relations between things apparently distant and dissimilar. In ludicrous subjects, this is wit. In imaginative subjects, it is poetry. Metaphor and simile are built upon it, and upon metaphor and simile rest the greatest part of what is valuable in poetical expression. In poets themselves, this faculty of perceiving distant and beautiful relations, is of course strongly manifested. But in all those who really relish poetry, it must in a greater or less degree exist. No man can appreciate to

the full an original and beautiful poetical expression, who has not himself essayed to construct one. This is the case with all the arts which embody any portion of the poetical. It is thus in painting, in acting, in oratory, and in sculpture. To judge of these, a man must be capable of some portion of that feeling which excited the imagination, and impelled the hand or voice of the artist. But, above all, in music, this is requisite; and being so, it is no longer a matter of wonder that musical compositions should be appreciated so differently by different minds, and so seldom truly by any.

In judging of the *Poetry of Language*, the relations of the things brought together in the mind by the art of the poet, however distant and unexpected they may be, are yet felt to be *single* and direct relations. The images compared are generally distinct images. When Shakespeare says "*yeasty waves*," the expression, however bold, is pleasing to every one. We all have a full and complete idea of the things compared. The comparison is unexpected, but it is strong, striking, and perfect. When Moore compares our view of past glories through the dimness of time, to glimpses of ancient towers buried beneath the waves of Loch Neagh, the similitude, though distant and imaginative, is yet so exalted and so true, that there are few minds, probably, however narrow, to which it would not afford pleasure. In these cases, there is only one relation to be considered. So also, when Garrick by his looks alone expressed the "gamut of the passions," the relation between the position of the features and the natural feeling, however fine and difficult to be given and understood, was still only one relation. But in musical expression there are two relations, or rather there is a double relation to be apprehended. There is first the relation which combinations of tones, divested of words, have to certain mental feelings—there is first this to be understood, and without the guide and help of language appended to them; and secondly, there is the relation to be understood which these tones have to the poetical and measured imitation of them which constitutes an expressive tune. That a matter of such difficult appreciation should be attained by those only whose minds being poetically constituted, are, consequently, in the habit of seeking and identifying the finer and more remote relations in nature, is not surprising. The contrary would be so.

Men of poetical minds are few in number; and in the proportion in which a man's mind is poetically constituted, he will be found to understand and relish expressive music. This is an appeal to experience; and if it holds good as a fact, as experience will prove, it is a strong corroboration of the real nature and foundation of musical expression, that is to say, in poetical imitation. In examining, however, by experiment, into the truth of this nice and difficult matter, there are some distinctions to be made, and some probable misapprehensions to be guarded against. We must be careful, in the first place, to keep distinct that love of *harmony*, which passes under the general title of "love of music," and which writers on music universally confound with the appreciation of *expressive melody*. There is another far nicer consideration, however, which is absolutely necessary to the due conduct and understanding of such an inquiry. This is the peculiar mode in which, and extent to which, musical expression is comprehended by different persons. Few men even of that temperament which is the most capable of relishing expressive airs, can say at once, and infallibly, how and why they do so. They cannot detail, "at first sight" as one may say, all the niceties and minutiæ of that peculiar expression which pleases them. It is not, however, to be supposed, that they do not feel it, because they cannot at once analyse it. In many operations of the mind, and especially in those which relate to subjects of a refined and intangible nature, it requires the habit of mental analysis to enable us to trace out and detail the process by which we have arrived at a conclusion, to describe graphically, as it were, the precise feelings which have excited us. For the mind to travel over a certain field of excitement, is one thing; and to map and lay down the country over which we have travelled, is another. Mental investigation is an art to be learned. Nature teaches us to feel, and science to separate and class those feelings. There are many impressions which all experience, but which few indeed can describe. Most minds are affected with mixed sensations of awe

and wonder at the first sight of the sea; but who can describe accurately the precise train of ideas which such a sight creates? This description is the province of metaphysics, and luckily few men are metaphysicians. Shakespeare himself would probably have required "metaphysical aid" had he been under the necessity of describing that wonderful mental process, which must have led him to some of his truest conclusions, as to the display of character and mixture of the passions. Yet it is impossible to deny, that through such processes his mind must have passed, howsoever instinctive his conclusions might appear to an inquirer, from their not being reviewed after they were used, but perhaps forgotten until called for by some similar occasion. In musical expression this is peculiarly the case. Men of a certain conformation of mind will almost of necessity *feel* the expression; but without the art of mental analysis, it is impossible that they should distinctly describe, even to themselves, the precise modifications of their own feelings. The faculty of knowing, and accurately describing the meaning of an air, and of judging of the fitness of the sentiments to be appended in words to that musical language, is only to be attained by cultivation. In the proportion in which it is cultivated it will be apparent, and this is the best proof that the method is founded on principles true in nature. It is possible to carry it so far as to be able to say, without hesitation, what turn of sentiment will be embodied in words to be adapted to a given expressive air, if they are to be written by one conversant in musical expression. What is more extraordinary is, that the converse of this process has sometimes taken place, and that a prior conception, wonderfully accurate, of the turn of an air, has been gathered from the words to which it was appended. I state this, because I know it to have happened to one whose knowledge of old airs, principally those of Scotland, and whose celebrity as a writer in that department of poetry which is connected with them, render him the most likely perhaps of all men to have experienced it. It is another proof of the expression of airs being of a nature eminently intellectual, that it affects most that class of minds which, from their organization, we should most expect to be affected by it. That it is totally different from the excitement of harmony, is also evident in the fact of children being unmoved by it, while their nerves are violently shaken by harmonic combinations.

Experience must ultimately decide how far the foregoing observations have their foundation in truth. In the mean time, there is one argument for the probability of their being true. They explain, if admitted, those apparent anomalies and discrepancies in the opinions and feelings of mankind upon this delicate subject, which certainly have not been explained upon any other hypothesis. Granting once, that men are divided into classes, and that the mind of one is absolutely incapable of perceiving what another as intensely feels, and that the number of those comprehending the expression of melody is small, whilst those delighting in harmony are many, we have at once a key to the whole.

We see why the invention of counterpoint, which has made music a thriving trade, has been the bane of melody; and we see why some of the greatest names, both of the present and past time, have been known as lovers of simple melody, whilst the greatest harmonists have been absolutely dull men. We see the gradations of mind, from the unpoetical, through the meretricious and the coarse, to that refined sensitivenes which, with a more than Indian instinct, can track the foot-prints of Passion, wherever it has been, whilst common observers vainly attempt to follow, or give up as hopeless, a chase which to them appears so inexplicable.

T. D.

PIKE PROSE, AND POETRY.

Dear North,

Though I am very busy at this season in my farming concerns, yet I have found time to read over the large mass of *documents* which you have sent me in the business of Alasco. I never knew much of the theatre, not having had many opportunities during the course of my life, of mixing in its concerns even as a spectator. But I think I have made myself master of the details of *this* case, sufficiently to enable me to discuss it, as well at least as I should discuss an affair of the Athenian theatre in the days of Polus, or the Roman in those of Roscius.—I pretend to no more in a theatrical point of view. In another point of view, however, I think I can see as far as my neighbours. As clearly as ever the most quick-sighted can distinguish a hawk from a handsaw, so clearly can I perceive the foul stream of Whiggery wherever it oozes, no matter under what weeds or rubbish it may fancy it conceals itself.

I need not, I suppose, give you anything like a history of the concern. We have heard it *ad nauseam usque*. It comes to this in three lines. Shee wrote a play—presented it to the managers—they accepted it, and referred it to the licenser. His Grace's deputy proposed the omission of about a hundred lines or half lines, for reasons which I shall mention by and by—the indignant author scouted such a proposition, and the usual consequence followed. The licenser refused the privilege—and then of course

Fired that the *laws* reject him—'sdeath
I'll print it,
And shame the fools.

Printed accordingly it is, and falls dead-born from the press; a proof that even the piquancy imparted by an *ex-officio* suppression, cannot conquer supereminent dulness. I am pretty sure, that had it been represented on the stage, it would have been damned before the conclusion of the second act, unless the audiences of London are asses beyond belief incorrigible.

In point of composition nothing can be more wretched. A set of prosy lines slumber along snoringly, cut up into joints of ten syllables, by as hacking a jocteleg as you ever witnessed in operation at * * * * * *. The plot is nothing—absolutely nothing. I defy you to analyse it at any length beyond five lines. The sentiments are common-place, and the situations sleepy. All this is done after a long preface on the stupidity of other modern tragedians, and their utter failure. He bores poor Charles Kemble with a long dissertation on the great superiority of his management of the characters, and evidently considers himself a tragedian not to be sneezed at. But Shee will at once put in his word here. "I own, sir, I am not a Shakespeare. I admit the justice of your criticism; I was fully aware that your pens would be sharpened against my literary errors, and deprecate farther criticism;—but to the point. Why was *my* play suppressed? Is not Shiel or Proctor just as stupid as I am, and yet you see how they succeeded in putting their absurdities on the stage?"

I agree with Shee. His brother tragedians have written stuff altogether as wretched as anything that has ever crawled over any stage; and I may perhaps concede, that their intentions were just as mischievous—so that the real question is, why he was made the scape-goat? In the first place, I may be permitted to remark, that the continuance of a wrong does not constitute a right. Because the manners of the age tolerated Shakespeare in making use of blasphemous expressions, or at least expressions closely thereunto approaching, our manners, which have banished swearing from respectable society, tolerate no such thing. I mention this as an illustration, not with the slightest intention of affixing any such stigma on Mr Shee. In the same way, the escape of reprehensible plays from censure, does not, *ipso facto*, constitute a right that no censure is ever to be fulminated. Away then with the argument so often adduced in the preface and notes of this tragedy, that it is cruel to visit its author with animadversion, while others have escaped. Let us come to the point.

It is well known to you, North, what vast endeavours the Roman Catholic party of Ireland is making to get that country altogether into its own hands, and how eagerly it enlists every auxiliary in that cause. Such is the abuse of words, that chiming in with

the most illiberal priesthood in the world, is styled liberality; and any endeavour to mitigate their oppression, comes under the designation of tyranny. For this the demagogue spouts—the newspaper froths—the liberal in Parliament proses—the sensitive poet mourns—or the libellous poet calumniates. In Ireland, then, people have got up a jacquerie, which has made parts of the country absolutely uninhabitable, and are actively employed in endeavouring to extend the blessings of insurrection over those districts where it has not yet appeared. Every epithet of abuse or insult is heaped upon those who write to defend the constitution of the country; everything is done which can tend to exasperate the feelings of the demi-savage lower orders against the established church;—witness, for instance, the scandalous *crusade* against the Archbishop of Dublin;—every topic of irritation, no matter from what time deduced, or with what fearlessness of falsehood invented, is sedulously set forth by a self-constituted body of regularly bred agitators, bearding the cowardly government in the very city of Dublin. This noise so got up—this insurrection so got up—these barbarous millions so set in motion—form the staple arguments for conceding political power to their leaders. At home, the priesthood keep their flocks subject to their nod by the disgraceful agency of mock miracles, and stimulate them to the field by bloody prophecy; in this country such weapons would not do; and their battle is accordingly fought here by painting the Irishman as a creature of fine feelings, warm heart, intense good nature,—all repressed by cruel and impolitic laws. They who make these speeches well know that their laws, the policy or impolicy of which I shall not immediately discuss, have as much to do with the brutal atrocities of the priest-ridden mob, or with the degradation of the Irish character—which, I am sorry to say, appears to be rapidly barbarizing—as they have with the inhabitants of the Dog-Star.

The most active person in turning away the eyes of the English public from the real state of affairs in Ireland, has been, unquestionably, Mr Thomas Moore. Young ladies and old women sucked in from his pretty songs, not merely matter for prurient imaginings, but a delicate sensitiveness about the wrongs of Erin. In his poetry, which we know *was* the most fashionable of our time, you saw nothing of the Bible-hating priest; the shouting crowd exulting with demoniac fury over a houseful of women and children roasting alive; the prophecy devoting their Protestant countrymen to destruction; the impostor playing his fantastic tricks before high heaven in the walls of nunneries—you saw nothing of the grovelling, servile, sickening prostration of intellect, which, to a stranger, is the most marked and most revolting characteristic of the people, with hearts exclusively Irish. No! all was golden and green everywhere in Ireland, except among the Protestants—that is, precisely among those who, with the exception of about three in five hundred, form the educated, the enlightened, the brilliant, the eloquent, and the learned of his native country.

This *prestige* is fast passing away. I said long ago that this session of Parliament would not witness any effort to bring the Roman Catholics into power, and you see I was right. People are ashamed of having been so egregiously humbugged, as to have fancied that all the fine things they had been hearing about Erin ma vourneen could have been true. Time was, however, when it was otherwise. The finest poem of Mr Moore's Lalla Rookh—the Fire-worshippers, was exclusively devoted to shewing up the Orangemen as oppressors, and the Roman Catholics as chivalrous and valiant, and oppressed. Tom Campbell, in his preface to the specimens he gives of Brookes's poetry, in his British Poets, truly remarks, that a political tragedy is a contemptible thing, for he who writes with a double meaning, cannot be inspired with the true spirit of poetry. Such has been the case with the Fire-worshippers. Moore has sacrificed one of the finest things he ever worked upon, to the paltry and perishable purposes of party.

If such has been the case with Moore, what are we to think of Alasco, which is brought forward with the self-same design? Why, that the talentless author must have made a stupid thing of it, as he has done, when considered as a poetic composition, and a most reprehensible thing, when viewed in any other light. That such was Shee's design, there can be no doubt.

It is too badly concealed not to pop out its ugly head in a moment. Even the person with the incomprehensible name of Tunno, to whom Shee dedicates his play, must have seen it. He gives note of preparation in the outset.

SCENE I. "*Daybreak*—The entrance of a cavern—a *peasant* armed with a PIKE," the instrument used by the rebels in Ireland. Had the scene been meant for Poland, in which it is laid, the author would have given his Whiteboy a lance. A dialogue ensues between two noted leaders of the insurrection, such as we may conceive would be the style of conversation between Captain Rock and his lieutenant, were those eminent characters as well educated as Moore assures us they are.

"*Conrad.* Though your wrongs are throbbing at your hearts,
Repress the impatient spirit, and AWAIT
THE HOUR OF VENGEANCE NOW SO NEAR AT HAND."

This was written to be played in 1824. Pastorini, whose prophecies are more devoutly believed by the Roman Catholic insurgents of Ireland than the Bible, assures his believers that heresy is to be rooted out of these kingdoms with fire and sword, with dreadful punishment and intolerable agony, in 1825. Shee, himself Irish and Catholic, well knew this. Conrad proceeds—

"What little skill the patriot sword requires,
Our zeal may boast in midnight vigils school'd;
Those deeper tactics, well contrived to work
The mere machine of mercenary war,
We shall not want, whose hearts are in the fray,
Who for ourselves, our homes, our country fight—
AND FEEL IN EVERY BLOW WE STRIKE FOR FREEDOOM."

Lest any one should mistake his meaning, he has almost quoted the line prefixed as a motto to Mr O'Connell's annual tirades against the Protestants of Ireland.

"Hereditary bondsmen! know you not
That they who would be FREE, must strike the BLOW."

Another Whiteboy leader soon puts in his word. He speaks of one—

"———Walsingham,
That haughty Briton, who would forge for us,
The shackles his brave countrymen have scorn'd."

Precisely the language one hears from the Irish spouters, whenever they think proper to be complimentary to England.

Alasco himself is soon brought on the stage to twaddle in the same strain. He is reproached by his father-in-law with being connected with the Whiteboys, and talks fustian to this tune.

"With most *unworthy* patience have I borne
My country's ruin—seen an *ancient* state
Struck down by sceptres—trampled on by kings," &c.

This ancient state is the Ogygia of O'Halloran—the country peopled originally by Cesara, grand-daughter of Noah, seventy years before the flood—and now-a-days the theatre of operations of such patriots as the above, and the *magna mater* of such tragedians as their poet.

Alasco, like the Catholic priests in Ireland, takes great credit to himself for only permitting a certain quantum of murder, on which Hohendahl, the German governor of Poland, that is the English Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for Shee well knows that his countrymen call the English Saxons—thanks her ironically, and gets the following reply:—

"Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe, nor should be—
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons."

Tom Moore, the Pike Proser, in his Captain Rock, tells us that the country gentlemen of Ireland are just in this situation, and Shee of course calls them *tyrants*. I perceive the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland designate them by this name in the letters which they are daily sending to the mock-parliament of Dublin, tolerated by the miserable government of that country. What the Whiteboy in the play says, is no joke, I assure you.

We have some gentlemanlike allusions to the poor old Marquis of Wellesley, who is called "a slanderous tool of state, a taunting, dull, unmannered deputy—a district despot, who
"Makes the power the pander to his lust."

Very civil, and very amiable this of

Mr Shee. But Alasco soon gets into a strain of higher mood.

"When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands
Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburthened back," &c.

Compare this with the corresponding passage in Tom Moore. Captain Rock speaks :—"Confine not the exercise of tyranny to the government, but delegate it throughout the whole privileged class; and multiply the scorpions on your whip, &c." and he must be blind indeed who does not see the identity of design between the two authors of Pike Politics, in prose and rhyme. Let us remember also, that one of the usual topics of vulgar parliamentary abuse, which the fags of opposition used to handle against Lord Londonderry, was this particular charge of being so bloody-minded as to condemn amiable patriots to the cat-o'-nine-tails. True it is, that the charge, as they brought it, was a mere lie, but that is any day better than a fact to a Whig.

In the second act, we have again an agreeable similarity between Messrs Moore and Shee. The Whiteboys in both works are conversing on the cause of their rebellion, and, of course, blaming government for it.

SHEE.

——— "Our state quacks
Have plied them with a *course of stimulants*,
And so they throb again; their discipline
Has *lashed* us into life, and now our swords
Give sign of animation——
—— Their own wrongs have *raised a flame* that needs
No spark from me——
Before what bar
Shall hapless wretches cite the power that grinds
And crushes them to earth? Oh! no, no, no!
When tyrants trample on all rights and duties,
The law becomes the accomplice of oppression,
There is but one appeal——"

MOORE.

"Lord Fitzwilliam too, in his answer, appears to have fully understood the *stimulating system* that was about to be pursued, as he refused to be the person to *raise a flame*, which nothing but the force of arms could keep down.

"The soldier was sent to make, not to meet enemies, and the *lash* and picket went before to cater for the bayonet.

"The consequence is, that the people, against whom the law is arrayed, cannot discover, in looking through its official ranks, one single individual of their own faith, upon whom they can count for a community of feeling, or for a chance of impartiality between them and their accusers."

Need I go on with any more parallel passages? The Pikism is evident in both.

Shee takes care to tell us that it is not rebellion to resist oppression—just what Sheares, who was hanged in 1798 for high treason, said in his proclamation, when he preached the murder of all the Royalists of Ireland. Tarquin and Brutus, of course, figure as usual, with the fine taste of a schoolboy, and the kind feeling of an Irish orator. The necessity of reviving an ancient empire is preached, as we generally hear it discussed in those pretty little melodies which sing of the "glories of Erin of old; even her faithless sons betrayed her," and the necessity of all *uniting* to be free, is given in a style worthy of a *United* Irishman. Those things cannot be accidental. There is no necessity of reading myself aleep over the rest of the play. Its scope and tendency, as our old friend the Macveian would say, is evident to the meanest capacity—even that of a Phrenologer.

Here, however, comes another question. What harm could it have done? The poor devils who are now rioting, murdering, burning, ravishing, houghing, fasting, praying, confessing, and receiving absolution in Tipperary, have no chance of reading Mr Shee's Covent-Garden Whiteboyism. Not much, I own; but yet even that danger is not entirely nonsensical. Those who have paid attention to the subject must know the vast exertions made to put the Irish peasantry in possession of everything which can tend to advance the cause of insurrection. For instance, Walmesley's bulky and unreadable stuff on the Apocalypse is sold among them in thousands for four or five *tenpennies*, though it never could be published at that price—and Tom Moore's Melodies, unintelligible as one would think their pedantry and affectation must make them to the lowest orders, are chaunted out of pothouses impervious to the sunbeam. In the same manner these fine things of Mr Shee's would find their way even

to Captain Rock. Nay, such is the perverse industry of those whose interest it is that Ireland should be disturbed, that you may depend upon the mere fact of a Whiteboy play, acted by play-actors before the King and Lords of London, would afford a fine opportunity for cheering the patriots on their work. Things as ridiculous are told them, as indications of the King's patronage of their cause.

But even granting that there was no such danger, is not the Lord Chamberlain's deputy justifiable, as long as it is thought necessary to give him any power at all, in keeping off the stage, the discussion of so angry a subject, as the right of insurrection in consequence of oppression, when actually an insurrection on that alleged account is raging in one of the provinces? I think he is, if the office is to be at all retained. Heaven knows, however, that I am so fully conscious of our superiority over the Whig Radical, or Whiteboy prosers or poets, that I should not care to meet and beat them in the drama, as we have met and beaten them in every other department of literature, without the assistance of anything but our own *pericrania.*

The thing is pretty well forgotten now. Shee has no dramatic tact whatever. Just think of a man's writing a thousand lines too much, not because his matter warranted such a flux of song, but because Shee was determined, if not to be as good, yet to be as long as Shakespeare! Nor can I compliment him on his gentlemanlike conduct, in printing the *private* letter of the Duke of Montrose—a note, the very carelessness of which shews that it was not intended for the public eye, though it has called on his Grace a shower of abuse from underbred critics. But when I remember that Mr Shee is a Whig, and recollect Mr Abercrombie and Mr Arbuthnot's private letter—Mr Brougham and Mr Saurin's private letter—and some little matters nearer home, I can only say, that in printing for the purpose of derision and insult, a letter intended to shew kindness and civility, he has only acted in consonance with the usual conduct of his party.

Colman has been liberally abused, and of course George laughs at it. The dullest of creatures have called the author of John Bull and the Heir at Law, a dull man. Fellows with their lips reeking with porter, have gravely remonstrated against the jocularities of his life—and George can afford to laugh down critic and moralist. I need not, I believe, add any more, but that I am, yours, &c.

T. Tickler.

Maxims of Mr O'Doherty.

INTRODUCTION.

I have often thought that the world loses much valuable information from the laziness or diffidence of people, who have it in their power to communicate facts and observations resulting from their own experience, and yet neglect doing so. The idlest or most unobservant has seen, heard, or thought something, which might conduce to the general stock of knowledge. A single remark may throw light on a doubtful or a knotty point—a solitary fact, observed by a careless individual, and which may have escaped the notice of other observers, however acute, may suffice to upset, or to establish, a theory.

For my part, my life has been abundantly chequered. I have mixed in society of all kinds, high and low. I have read much, wrote much, and thought a little. Very little, it is true, but still, more than nine-tenths of people who write books. I am still in the prime of my life, and, I believe, in the vigour of my intellect. I intend, therefore, to write down as they occur to me, without binding myself to any order, whether expressed or understood, any general reflections that may occur on men and manners, on the modes of thought and action, on the hopes, fears, wishes, doubts, loves, and hatreds, of mankind. It is probable that what I shall write will not be worth reading. I cannot help that. All my bargain is,

that I shall give genuine reflection, and narrate nothing but what I have seen and heard.

I was one day in the Salopian Coffee-house, near Charing-Cross, taking a bowl of ox-tail soup, when a venerable and imposing-looking gentleman came in. The coffee-room of that house is small, and it so happened that every box was occupied—that is, had a gentleman or two in it. The elderly gentleman looked about a little confused, and everybody in the room gazed at him, without offering him a share of any table. Such is the politeness and affability of the English. I instantly rose, and requested him to be seated opposite me. He complied, with a bow; and, after he had ordered what he wanted, we fell into conversation. He was a thoughtful man, who delivered his sentences in a weighty and well considered style. He did not say much, but what he did say was marked with the impress of thought. I found, indeed, that he was a man of only one reflection; but that was a great one. He cast his eye solemnly over the morning paper, which happened to contain the announcement of many bankruptcies. This struck the key-note of his one reflection. "Sir," said he to me, laying down the paper, and taking his spoon cautiously between his fingers, without making any attempt to lift it to his mouth—"sir, I have now lived in this world sixty-three years, through at least forty of which I have not been a careless or inattentive spectator of what has been passing around me; and I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *less* than his year's income—say, five hundred, or five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds—for the sum makes no difference—that *that* man's accounts are clear at the end of the twelvemonth, and that he does not run into debt. On the contrary, I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *more* than his year's income—say, five hundred, or five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds—for the sum makes no difference—that *that* man's accounts are liable at the end of the twelvemonth to get into confusion, and that it must end by his running into debt. Believe me, sir, that such is the result of my forty and odd years' experience in the world."

The oracular gravity in which this sentence was delivered—for he paused between every word, I might say between every syllable, and kept the uplifted spoon all the time in suspense between the plate of mulligatawny and his lip, which did not receive the savoury contents until the last syllable died away—struck me with peculiar emphasis, and I puzzled my brain to draw out, if possible, something equally profound to give in return. Accordingly, after looking straight across at him for a minute, with my head firmly imbedded on my hands, while my elbows rested on the table, I addressed him thus:—"Sir," said I, "I have only lived thirty-three years in the world, and cannot, of course, boast of the vast experience which you have had; neither have my reasoning faculties been exerted so laboriously as yours appear to have been; but from twenty years' consideration, I can assure you that I have observed it as a general rule, admitting of no exception, and thereby in itself forming an exception to a general rule, that if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford Street—for the street makes no difference, provided it be of sufficient length—without an umbrella or other defence against a shower, during a heavy fall of rain, he is inevitably wet; while, on the contrary, if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford Street,—for the street makes no difference—during fine dry weather, he runs no chance whatever of being wet to the skin. Believe me, sir, that such is the result of my twenty and odd years' experience in the world."

The elderly gentleman had by this time finished his soup. "Sir," said

he, "I agree with you. I like to hear rational conversation. Be so good as to give me your card. Here is mine. Name an early day to dine with me.—Waiter, what's to pay?—Will you, sir, try my snuff? I take thirty-seven. I wish you, sir, a good morning." So saying, he quitted the box, leaving me to ruminate upon the discovery made by a man who had lived sixty-three years in the world, and had observed its ways for forty and odd years of that period. I thought with myself, that I too, if I set about it seriously to reflect, might perhaps come to something as striking and original; and have accordingly set about this little work, which I dedicate to your kindness, gentle reader. If from it you can extract even one observation conducive towards making you a better or a happier man—the end has been answered which was proposed to himself, by

Gentle Reader,

Your most obedient, and very humble

Servant,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Salopian, May 1, 1824. *P. T. T.*

Maxim First.

IF you intend to drink much *after* dinner, never drink much *at* dinner, and particularly avoid mixing wines. If you begin with Sauterne for example, stick to Sauterne, though, on the whole, red wines are best. Avoid malt liquor most cautiously, for nothing is so apt to get into the head unawares, or, what is almost as bad, to fill the stomach with wind. Champagne, on the latter account, is bad. Port, three glasses at dinner—claret, three bottles after—behold the fair proportion, and the most excellent wines.

Maxim Second.

It is laid down in fashionable life, that you must drink champagne after white cheeses—water after red. This is mere nonsense. The best thing to be drunk after cheese is strong ale, for the taste is more coherent. We should always take our ideas of these things from the most constant practitioners. Now, you never hear of a drayman, who lives almost entirely on bread and cheese, thinking of washing it down with water, far less with champagne. He knows what is better. As for champagne, there is a reason against drinking it after cheese, which I could give if it were cleanly. It is not so, and therefore I am silent concerning it, but it is true.

N. B. According to apophthegm the first, ale is to be avoided in case a wet night is expected—as should cheese also. I recommend ale only when there is no chance of a man's getting a skinful.

Maxim Third.

A punster, during dinner, is a most inconvenient animal. He should, therefore, be immediately discomfited. The art of discomfiting a punster is this: Pretend to be deaf, and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say, O! that is a pun, I believe. I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in proper time. If well done, the company laugh at the punster, and then he is ruined for ever.

Maxim Fourth.

A fine singer, after dinner, is a still greater bore, for he stops the wine. This we pardon in a slang or drinking song, for such things serve as shoeing-

horns to draw on more bottles by jollifying your host, so that though the supply may be slow, it is more copious in the end; but a fine-song-singer only serves to put people in mind of tea. You, therefore, not only lose the circulation of the bottle while he is getting through his crotchets and quavers, but he actually tends to cut off the final supply. He, then, is by all means to be discouraged. These fellows are always most insufferably conceited, so that it is not very easy to keep them down—but it is possible, nevertheless. One of the best rules is, as soon as he has sung the first verse, and while he is taking breath for the second, applaud him most vociferously, as if all was over; and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table, that you admire the conclusion of this song very much. It is ten to one, but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of taste or politeness; for that, of course, you will not care three straws, having extinguished him. If the company press him to go on, you are safe, for he will then decidedly grow restive to shew his importance, and you will escape his songs for the rest of the evening.

Or—after he has really done, and is sucking in the bravo of the people at table, stretch across to him, and say—You sung that very well, Mr -a-a-a, very well indeed—but did you *not*, (laying a most decided emphasis on the *not*) did you *not* hear Mr Incledon, or Mr Braham (or anybody else whom you think most annoying to him) sing in some play, or pantomime, or something? When he answers, No, in a pert, snappish style, for all these people are asses, resume your most erect posture, and say quite audibly to your next neighbour—*So I thought*. This twice repeated is a dose.

Maxim Fifth.

Brougham the politician is to be hated, but not so every Brougham. In this apophthegm, I particularly have an eye to John Waugh Brougham, Esq. wine-merchant, or οἰνοπώλος, in the court of the Pnyx, Athens, and partner of Samuel Anderson, Esq.—a man for whom I have a particular regard. This Mr Brougham has had the merit of re-introducing among the ἀντοχθονες of Attica the custom of drinking *Vin de Bourdeaux* from the tap—a custom which, more especially in hot weather, is deserving of much commendation and diligent observance. One gets the tipple much cheaper in this way, and I have found by personal experience, that the headache, of which copious potation of this potable is productive, yields at once to a dose of the Seidlitz, whereas that arising from old-bottled claret not unfrequently requires a touch of the Glauber—an offensive salt, acting harshly and ungenteelly upon the inner Adam.

Maxim Sixth.

A Whig is an ass.

Maxim Seventh.

Tap-claret tastes best out of a pewter pot. There is something solemn and affecting in these renewals of the antique observances of the symposium. I never was so pleasantly situated as the first time I saw on the board of my friend Francis Jeffrey, Esq., editor of a periodical work published in Athens, a man for whom I have a particular regard, an array of these venerable concerns, inscribed "More Majorum." Mr Hallam furnished the classic motto to Mr Jeffrey, who is himself as ignorant of Latin as Mr Cobbett: for he understood the meaning to be "more in the jorum," until Mr Pillans expounded to him the real meaning of Mr Hallam.

Maxim Eighth.

A story-teller is so often a mighty pleasant fellow, that it may be deemed a difficult matter to decide whether he ought to be stopped or not. In case,

however, that it be required, far the best way of doing it is this: After he has discharged his first tale, say across to some confederate, (for this method requires confederates, like some juggler's tricks,) *Number one.* As soon as he has told a second, in like manner say, *Number two;* perhaps he may perceive it, and if so, he stops: if not, the very moment his third story is told, laugh out quite loud, and cry to your friend—I trouble you for the sovereign. You see I was right when I betted that he would tell these three stories exactly in that order in the first twenty minutes after his arrival in the room! Depend on it he is mum after that.

Maxim Ninth.

If your host is curious in wines, he deserves much encouragement, for the mere operation of tasting seven or eight kinds of wine, goes far towards pouching for you an additional bottle. However, it may happen, that he is becoming a bore by bamming you with stuff of wine, which he says is sherry of God knows how long, or hock of the days of Noah, and it all the while the rinsing of wine-tubs. That must be put down with the utmost severity. Good manners will not permit you to tell him the truth, and rebel at once under such unworthy treatment; but if you wear a stiff collar, *à là George Quatre,* much may be done by turning your head round on the top of the vertebræ, and asking him in the most cognoscenti style, "Pray, sir, have you ever tasted sheeraz, the favourite wine of Hafiz, you know?"—Perhaps he may have tasted it, and thereby defeat you by saying so; in which case you must immediately make a double reserve by adding—"For it always puts me in mind of that famous Chinese wine that they make at Yang-poo-tchoo-foo-nim-pang, which strikes me to be most delicious drinking." If you beat him this way two or three times, by mentioning wines he never heard of, [and in order to make quite sure of that, it will be best to mention those which never were in existence,] you will out-crow him in the opinion of the company, and he, finding his popularity declining, will not go on with any farther display.

Maxim Tenth.

On the subject of the last apophthegm, it must be remarked, that you should know that the most famous Rhenish is made at Johannisberg, a very small farm, so small, that every drop made on it is consumed by the proprietor, Prince Metternich, or given away to crowned heads. You can always dumbfound any panegyrist of his Rhine-wine, by mentioning this circumstance. "Ay, ay," you may say, "it is pretty passable stuff, but it is *not* Johannisberg. I lived three years in that part of the country, and I flatter myself I am a judge."

Maxim Eleventh.

The reverend Edward Irving, a man for whom I have a particular regard, is nevertheless a quack. I never saw so horrible a squint—gestures so uncouth, a "tottle of the whole," so abominable. He is a dandy about his hair and his shirt collar. He is no more an orator than his countryman Joseph is a philosopher. Set down as maxim the eleventh, that every popular preacher is a goose.

Maxim Twelfth.

The work "De Tribus Impostoribus" never had any existence.—Well, be it so—I intend to supply this deficiency soon, and my trio shall consist of Neddy Irving, Joe Hume, and The Writer Tam. Three men for whom I have a particular regard.

Maxim Thirteenth.

Poetry does not sell again in England for thirty years to come. Mark my words.

No poetry sells at present, except Scott's and Byron's, and these not much. None of even their later poems have sold. Halidon Hill, Don Juan, &c. &c. are examples of what I mean. Wordsworth's poetry never sold: ditto Southey's: ditto even Coleridge's, which is worth them both put together: ditto John Wilson's: ditto Lamb's: ditto Lloyd's: ditto Miss Baillie's: ditto Rogers': ditto Cottle's, of whom Canning singeth:—

> "Great Cottle, not HE whom the EDDA made famous,
> But JOSEPH, of BRISTOL—the BROTHER of Amos."

There was a pause in poetry-reading from the time of Pope till the time of Goldsmith. Again, there was a dead stop between Goldy and the appearance of the Scots Minstrelsy. We have now got enough to keep our fancy from starvation for thirty or forty years to come. I hate repletion.

Maxim Fourteenth.

Poetry is like claret, one enjoys it only when it is very new, or when it is very old.

Maxim Fifteenth.

If you want good porter in London, you must always inquire where there is a stand of coal-heavers. The gentlemen of the press have voted porter ungenteel of late, after the manner of the Tenth. They deal chiefly in gin and water, at threepence sterling the tumbler; and their chief resorts are the Wrekin, and Offley's Burton ale-house, near Covent-Garden, where He of the Trombone and I have occasionally amused ourselves contemplating their orgies. The Finish is a place where they may also be seen now and then—I mean the upper ranks. The Cyder Cellar I do not admire—nor the Eccentric neither—but *chacun à son gout.*

Maxim Sixteenth.

The Londoners have got a great start of the provincials, Irish, Scotch, Yorkshire, &c. in the matter of dinner hours. I consider five or even six o'clock, as too early for a man deeply engaged in business. By dining at seven or eight, one gains a whole hour or two of sobriety, for the purpose of transacting the more serious affairs of life. In other words, no man can do anything but drink after dinner; and thus it follows that the later one dines, the less does one's drinking break in upon that valuable concern, time, of which, whatever may be the case with others, I, for one, have always had more than of money. A man, however busy, who sits down to dinner as eight strikes, may say to himself with a placid conscience—Come, fair play is a jewel—the day is over—nothing but boozing until bed-time.

Maxim Seventeenth.

John Murray is a first-rate fellow in his way, but he should not publish so many baddish books, written by gentlemen and ladies, who have no merit except that of figuring in the elegant coteries of May-fair. There seems to me to be no greater impertinence, than that of a man of fashion pretending to understand the real feelings of man. A Byron, or so, appears once in a hundred years or so, perhaps—but then even Byron was always a *roué*, and had seen the froth foam over the side of many a pewter pot, ere he attempted to sing of Childe Harold's melancholious moods. A man has no conception of the true sentimental sadness of the poetic mind, unless he has been blind drunk once and again, mixing tears with toddy, and the heigho with the hickup. What can these dandies know who have never even spent a cool morning in The Shades? No good poetry was ever written by a character in silk stockings. Hogg writes in corduroy breeches and top boots; Coleridge in black breeches and grey worsteds: Sir Walter in rig-and-furrows: Tom Moore in Connema-

ras, all his good songs—Lalla Rookh, I opine, in economy-silks: Tom Campbell wrote his old affairs bareheaded, and without breeches—Ritter Bann, on the contrary, smells of natty stocking pantaloons, and a scratch wig: Lord Byron wears cossacks in spite of Almacks: Allan Cunningham sports a leathern apron: William Wordsworth rejoices in velveteens; and Willison Glass the same. It is long since I have seen Dr Southey, but I understand he has adopted the present fashion of green silk stockings with gold clocks: Barry Cornwall wears a tawny waistcoat of beggar's velvet, with silver frogs, and a sham platina chain twisted through two button holes. Leigh Hunt's yellow breeches are well known:—So are my own Wellingtons, for that matter.

Maxim Eighteenth.

Lord Byron recommends hock and soda-water in the crop-sickness. My own opinion is in favour of five drops of laudanum, and a tea-spoonful of vinegar, in a tumbler of fair spring water. Try this; although much may also be said in praise of that maxim which Fielding has inserted in one of his plays—the Covent-Garden Tragedy, I think,—videlicet, that "the most grateful of all drinks

"Is cool small-beer unto the waking drunkard."

Maxim Nineteenth.

Nothing can be more proper than the late parliamentary grant of half a million for the building of new churches.

Maxim Twentieth.

What I said in Maxim Third, of stopping punsters, must be understood with reservation. Puns are frequently provocative. One day, after dinner with a Nabob, he was giving us Madeira—

London—East India—picked—particular,

then a second thought struck him, and he remembered that he had a few flasks of Constantia in the house, and he produced *one*. He gave us just a glass a-piece. We became clamorous for another, but the old qui-hi was firm in refusal. "Well, well," said Sydney Smith, a man for whom I have a particular regard, "since we can't double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira." We all laughed—our host most of all—and he too, luckily, had his joke. "Be of good hope, you shall double it," at which we all laughed still more immoderately, and drank the second flask.

Maxim Twenty-first.

What stuff in Mrs Hemans, Miss Porden, &c. &c. to be writing plays and epics! There is no such thing as female genius. The only good things that women have written, are Sappho's Ode upon Phaon, and Madame de Stael's Corinne; and of these two good things the inspiration is simply and entirely that one glorious feeling, in which, and in which alone, woman is the equal of man. They are undoubtedly mistress-pieces.

Maxim Twenty-second.

There is a kind of mythological jacobitism going just now which I cannot patronize. You see Barry Cornwall, and other great poets of his calibre, running down Jupiter and the existing dynasty very much, and bringing up old Saturn and the Titans. This they do in order to shew off learning and depth, but they know nothing after all of the sky gods. I have long had an idea of

writing a dithyrambic in order to shew these fellows how to touch off mythology. Here is a sample—

Come to the meeting, there's drinking and eating
  Plenty and famous, your bellies to cram;
Jupiter Ammon, with gills red as salmon,
  Twists round his eyebrows the horns of a ram.

Juno the she-cock has harnessed her peacock,
  Warming the way with a drop of a dram;
Phœbus Apollo in order will follow,
  Lighting the road with his old patent flam.

Cuckoldy Vulcan, dispatching a full can,
  Limps to the banquet on tottering ham;
Venus her sparrows, and Cupid his arrows,
  Sport on th' occasion, fine infant and dam.

Mars, in full armour, to follow his charmer,
  Looks as ferocious as Highlander Sam;
Jocus and Comus ride tandem with Momus,
  Cheering the road with gibe, banter, and bam.

Madam Latona, the old Roba Bona,
  Simpering as mild as a fawn or a lamb,
Drives with Aurora the red-nosed Signora,
  With fingers as rosy as raspberry jam.

There is real mythology for you!

Maxim Twenty-third.

The English really are, after all, a mighty 'cute people. I never went anywhere when I was first imported, that they did not find me out to be an Irishman, the moment I opened my mouth. And how think ye? Because I used at first to call always for a *pot* of porter; whereas, in England, they never drink more than a pint at a draught.

Maxim Twenty-fourth.

I do not agree with Doctor Adam Clarke's translation of כרוך, in Genesis. I think it must mean a serpent, not an ourang-outang. Bellamy's Ophion is, however, a weak work, which does not answer Clarke, for whom he is evidently no match on the score of learning. There is, after all, no antipathy between serpents and men naturally, as is proved by the late experiments of Monsieur Neille in America.

Maxim Twenty-fifth.

A man saving his wine must be cut up savagely. Those who wish to keep their expensive wines pretend they do not like them. You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—at least in *their* opinion—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking. Some, again, patronize Cape Madeira, and tell you that the *smack* is very agreeable, adding, sometimes, in a candid and patriotic tone, that even if it were not, it would become *us* to try to bring it into fashion, it being the only wine grown in his Majesty's dominions.

In Ireland and Scotland they always smuggle in the tumblers or the bowl. Now, I hold that if punch was raised by taxation or otherwise, (but Jupiter Ammon avert the day!) to a guinea a-bottle, everybody would think it the balmiest, sweetest, dearest, and most splendid of fluids—a fluid to which King Burgundy or Emperor Tokay themselves should hide their diminished heads, and it is, consequently, a liquor which I quaff most joyously—but *never* when I think it brought in from any other motive than mere affection to itself.

I remember dining one day with Lord ——, (I spare his name,) in the south of Ireland, and my friend Charley Crofts was also of the party. The claret went lazily round the table, and his lordship's toad-eaters hinted that they preferred punch, and called for hot water. My lord gave in, after a humbug show of resistance, and whisky punch was in a few minutes the order of the night. Charley, however, to the annoyance of the host, kept swilling away at the claret, on which Lord —— lost all patience, and said to him, "Charley, you are missing quite a treat—this punch is so excellent."—"Thank ye, my lord," said Charley; "I am a plain man, who does not want trates—I am no epicure, so I stick to the claret."

Maxim Twenty-sixth.

When a man is drunk, it is no matter upon what he has got drunk.

> He sucks with equal throat, as up to all,
> Tokay from Hungary, or beer the small. POPE.

Maxim Twenty-seventh.

The great superiority of Blackwood's Magazine over all other works of our time is, that one *can* be allowed to speak one's mind there. There never yet was one word of genuine unsophisticated truth in the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, or indeed in any other of the Periodicals—in relation, I mean, to anything that can be called opinion or sentiment. All is conventional mystification, except in Ebony, the jewel, alone. Here alone can a man tell smack out that he is a Tory, an Orangeman, a Radical, a Catholic, anything he pleases to be, to the back bone. No necessity for conciliatory mincing and paring away of one's own intellect. I love whisky punch; I say so. I admire Wordsworth and Don Juan; I say so. Southey is a humbug; well, let it be said distinctly. Tom Campbell is in his dotage; why conceal a *fact* like this? I scorn all paltering with the public—I hate all shuffling, equivocating, trick, stuff, nonsense. I write in Blackwood, because there Morgan ODoherty can be Morgan ODoherty. If I wrote in the Quarterly, I should be bothered partly with, and partly without, being conscious of it, with a hampering, binding, fettering, nullifying sort of notion, that I must make myself, *pro tempore*, a bit of a Gifford—and so of everything else.

Maxim Twenty-eighth.

Much is to be said in favour of toasted cheese for supper. It is the cant to say, that a Welsh rabbit is heavy eating. I know this; but have I, really, found it to be so in my own case?—Certainly not. I like it best in the genuine Welsh way, however—that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast-beef, with mustard and horse-raddish, and then, on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire *thoroughly* saturated, while in the process of toasting, with cwrw, or, in its absence, porter, genuine porter, black pepper, and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion, that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner, in reading, writing, walking, or riding—who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wine, or any equivalent—and who proposes to swallow at least three tumblers of something hot, ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus. With these provisos, I recommend toasted cheese for supper. And I bet half-a-crown that Kitchiner coincides with me as to this.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

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Letters on the Judicatories of Scotland, and on the Laws of Entail, and those regarding the Salmon Fisheries, &c.; with the Act of Parliament 10 Geo. 3, cap. 51; and the Act of the Earl of Aberdeen, regarding Scotch Entails.

A Reply to the Article in No. 59 of the Quarterly Review, on Mr Belsham's Exposition of St Paul's Epistles. By the Author of the Exposition.

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Dr G. Smith has a Work in the Press on Poisons, forming a comprehensive Manuel of Toxicology.

Sir G. T. Hampson is preparing a short Treatise, endeavouring to point out the Conduct by which Trustees will be exposed to Liability.

The Second Part of Pathological Researches in Medicine, by J. R. Farre, M.D. is now in the Press.

A Reply to the authorised Defence of the St Katherine's Dock Project; dedicated to the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr Bowdler is preparing Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, adapted for Families and Young Persons, by omission of Objectionable Passages.

A Greek Grammar, translated from the German of Dr Philip Buttmann, is in the Press.

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A new Work on European Scenery, by Captain Batty, is in the Press, comprising a selection of Sixty of the most picturesque Views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and Holland, and will be Published uniformly with his French and German Scenery.

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Hams, dry,	52 0 to	56 0
Green . .	38 0 to	42 0
Lard, rd. p.c.	45 0 to	46 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1*st to* 22*d April* 1824.

	1d.	8th.	15th.	22d. —
Bank stock,	——	244¼	245¾	245½
3 per cent. reduced,	——	95¼ ½	95⅛ ⅝	95 ⅜ ⅝
3 per cent. consols,	94½ ⅞	96 ¼	96¼ ⅛	96 ⅛ ⅜
3½ per cent. consols,	——	101¾	102⅜	——
4 per cent. consols,	——	——	100⅜	100⅜
New 3½ per cent.	——	101⅝	102¼	101⅞
New 4 per cent. consols,	——	101⅜	102⅛	101⅞
Imper. 3 per cent.	107⅞	107⅛	108⅜	108¾
India stock,	——	——	300½	300¼
—— bonds,	84 85 pr.	86 pr.	78 pr.	84 pr.
Exchequer bills,	56 57 pr.	59 55 pr.	48 45 pr.	54 57 pr.
Exchequer bills, sm.	56 57 pr.	59 55 pr.	48 45 pr.	54 57 pr.
Consols for acc.	94 ⅜ ⅛ ⅛	96 ⅛ ¼ ½	96 ⅝ ½	96 ⅝ ½
Long Annuities,	——	23 ¼	23 ¼	23⅛
French 5 per cents.	——	101f. 25c.	102f. 35c.	103¾f.

Course of Exchange, May 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 6. Altona, 37 : 7. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 6. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 6, *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35¼. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¼. Palermo, 114½. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 9¼d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *May* 8.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muse.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	to 60	54	57	53	54	56	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	61	64	60	62	59	60	58	67
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	70	72	68	70
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	102	115	—	—	—	—	107	112
Powder ditto, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	90
Single ditto, . .	90	104	89	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	82	84	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	82	90	78	80	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	72	87	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	27	—	24 6	25	22	26	26	27
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	60	70	—	—	40	60	52	66
Ord. good, and fine ord.	88	98	59	76	62	72	57	67
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108	120	80	95	73	98	77	105
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	66	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	59	76	67	78	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	80	100	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	67	69	61	64
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	7¾	8	8	0	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	1s 11d	2s 0	1s 11d	2s 2d	1s 9d	2s 0
Brandy, ...	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 9	3 0
Geneva, ...	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 9	0 0
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, . pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 10	8 15	£8 15	9 5
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 10	9	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	10 —	11 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	8 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	10 0	10 10	9	10 0
INDIGO, Caracccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	7s 6	9s 0	11 6	15 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 8	1 11
TAR, American, . . brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	12 0	14 0
Archangel, ...	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 0	18 0
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	7 0	12 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 6	36	37	—	35	36	34 3	34 6
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	29 0	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	42	43	—	—	—	—	£39 0	40
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	38	39	38	—	39	40	35 0	36
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50	52	—	—	—	—	£51	54
Dutch, ...	50	75	—	—	—	—	46	56
Irish, . . .	40	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	95	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	15 10	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38	40	—	—	—	—	39	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	40	—	38	39	40	—	42	26
Pot, . .	38	—	38	39	36 9	37	41	41 6
OIL, Whale, . tun.	20	—	20	21	—	—	19	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 10	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7½	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7½	0
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6½	0 3¾	0 5	4	5
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	2½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 7	0 9½	7½	9
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 3	1 5	1 0	1 9
Good, . .	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10½	1 0½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	10	—	—
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	—	—
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10½	0 11¼	11 1	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April. 1	M. 24	29.376	M. 40	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 37	28.601	A. 40		aftern. snow.
2	M. 30	29.409	M. 39	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 36	.705	A. 39		Showers hail
3	M. 25	.830	M. 40	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 37	.839	A. 42		day sunshine
4	M. 24½	.977	M. 42	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 36	30.104	A. 42		
5	M. 35	.235	M. 44	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 43	.336	A. 46		dull day, fair.
6	M. 31	.284	M. 46	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 42	.240	A. 50		day sunsh.
7	M. 31	.170	A. 50	Cble.	Dull and
	A. 48	.144	M. 50		cold.
8	M. 38	.143	A. 50	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 48	.143	M. 45		showers rain.
9	M. 30	29.801	A. 48	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 45	.502	M. 49		day sunsh.
10	M. 30	.375	A. 45	N.	Frost, hail
	A. 37	.106	M. 42		and snow aft.
11	M. 29	28.984	M. 42	N.	Very cold,
	A. 39	29.182	A. 39		showers hail.
12	M. 29	28.996	M. 45	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	29.182	A. 43		sh. hail even.
13	M. 28	.236	M. 44	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 37	.458	A. 44		
14	M. 26½	.480	M. 46	NW.	Frost morn
	A. 40	.509	A. 44		day sunsh.
15	M. 28	.572	M. 45	E.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.520	A. 45		
16	M. 27	29.402	M. 46	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 40	.420	A. 44		day variable.
17	M. 27	.551	M. 46	NE.	Frost morn.
	A. 41	.692	A. 45		day. sunsh.
18	M. 28	.942	M. 47	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.920	A. 46		
19	M. 31	.905	M. 51	Cble.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 49	.884	A. 50		and mild.
20	M. 44	.964	M. 54	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 53	.985	A. 55		
21	M. 39	.795	M. 56	SE.	Frost morn.
	A. 53	.625	A. 58		day warm.
22	M. 40½	.272	M. 56	SE.	Morn. sun.
	A. 54	.464	A. 53		day dull.
23	M. 38	.414	M. 55	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 49	.462	A. 56		sunshine.
24	M. 37	.755	M. 57	W.	Foren. sun.
	A. 53	.720	A. 57		aftern. dull.
25	M. 37½	.630	M. 57	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 54	.512	A. 56		
26	M. 43	.230	M. 56	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 54	.163	A. 53		dull.
27	M. 41	.237	M. 56	SW.	Dull foren.
	A. 51	.250	A. 55		rain aftern.
28	M. 40	.304	M. 57	SW.	Dull aftern.
	A. 54	.134	A. 56		show. rain.
29	M. 45	28.245	M. 55	SW.	Sunsh. with
	A. 53	.999	A. 57		show. rain.
30	M. 46	.994	M. 59	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 54	.758	A. 56		sunshine.

Average of Rain, .502 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of March, and 20th of April, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Austin, W. H. Old Broad-street, merchant.
Austin, J. Devonport, linen-draper.
Bannister, B. Southend, druggist.
Barsar, J. Poole, timber-merchant.
Beeston, W. Kilburn, scrivener.
Binns, T. W. Stockport, cotton-spinner.
Birchley, W. Cheltenham, grocer.
Bottrell, R. Wood-street, Cheapside, merchant.
Bowden, T. Stockport, shopkeeper.
Brice, E. Keward-mill, Somersetshire, miller.
Brunyee, J. Owston, Lincolnshire, miller.
Burrell, W. Wakefield, merchant.
Burgess, J. Trowbridge, clothier.
Calcott, J. Shoreditch, draper.
Clark, M. Newmarket, tailor.
Claughton, T. Haydock Lodge, Lancashire, salt-manufacturer.
Coulson, S. Falsgrave, Yorkshire, horse-dealer.
Crosby, W. Myton, Yorkshire, merchant.
Cross, W. Liverpool, currier.
Desanges, C. S. Golden-square, merchant.
Dowell, T. and W. C. Brown, Ironmonger-lane, woollen-cloth merchants.
Down, W. T. Malmesbury, corn-factor.
Ebbs, J. E. Minories, jeweller.
Evans, D. Cannon-street road, coal-merchant.
Flynn, J. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer.
Fox, H. Rotherhithe-road, carpenter.
Gardner, J. Poulton-by-the-Sands, Lancashire, grocer.
Gilbert, J. George-lane, Botolph-lane, merchant.
Gilpin, J. J. Westbury, Wiltshire, surgeon.
Gillingham, G. Little Pancras-street, near Tottenham Court-road, stone-mason.
Gunther, E. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, hosier.
Hagger, J. St Mary-le-bone, carpenter.
Hamilton, G. F. Thames-street, merchant.
Hammond, E. Great Bentley, Essex, innholder.
Harrison, W. and C. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire.
Hatton, R. and J. Jackson, Poulton-with-Fearhead, Lancashire, soap-makers.
Henderson, G. Maiden-lane, warehouseman.
Hassall, R. Birmingham, blacksmith.
Hole, H. Norwich, draper.
Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, broker.
Hughes, J. T. High-street, Shoreditch, haberdasher.
Kent, H. Lawrence-lane, commission-agent.
Lewis, C. T. Ebley, Gloucestershire, grocer.
Lingard, J. Manchester, merchant.
Luckes, G. Yeovil, brick-maker.
Meacock, E. Liverpool, liquor-merchant.
Metcalfe, J. Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen-draper.
Middleton, M. Wolverhampton, tailor.
Mills, W. Bath, oilman.
Murrell, J. Peckham, commission-agent.
Newport, N. Bathwick, Somersetshire, builder.
Norris, T. Bartholomew-close, coach-maker.
Parkes, M. Holly-hall, Worcestershire, flint-glass manufacturer.
Parsons, W. Reading, plasterer.
Penkett, W. and L. M'Kinnon, Liverpool, merchants.
Pettingall, W. D. Yarmouth, fish-merchant.
Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper.
Pilling, J. and W. Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn-millers.
Ponting, T. Bedminster, Somersetshire, leather-dresser.
Price, J. Stepney, undertaker.
Rich, C. H. and E. Adams, St Ann's-lane, silver-smiths.
Richards, J. Newmarket, innholder.
Roach, M. High-street, Wapping, victualler.
Rolls, A. Sandy-row, Bishopsgate, chairman.
Rostron, T. Holywell, Flintshire, paper-manufacturer.
Sanderson, M. C. Park-street, coal-merchant.
Seymour, C. Huddersfield, tailor.
Smith, G. Bishopsgate-street without, butcher.
Starben, C. F. Lime-street, merchant.
Steer, R. Paradise-row, Chelsea, baker.
Stirling, T. Commercial-road, slater.
Striffler, L. Brunswick-terrace, Islington, oilman.
Willcocks T. Bath, cabinet-maker.
Wood, J. Redcross street, Southwark, currier.
Young, H. R. Fenchurch-street, print-seller.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th of April, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Allan, George, baker and innkeeper in Fruchie, Fifeshire.
Anderson and Murphy, manufacturers, Paisley.
Cousin, James, silk and cotton-yarn merchant, Paisley.
Kay, James, print-seller and carver and gilder, Edinburgh.
Mackay, Alexander, merchant in Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire.
Neilson, Andrew and Michael, wholesale tea-dealers in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Ferguson, Alexander, junior, sheep and cattle-dealer at Corridon; a dividend 18th May.
Falkirk Union Bank, the; a dividend after 30th April.
Greenhill, James, merchant and corn-dealer in Newburgh; a dividend 10th May.
Hill, Peter, and Co. booksellers, publishers, and stationers in Edinburgh; a dividend 23d May.
Kirkwood and Neilson, manufacturers in Glasgow; a dividend 27th May.
M'Ewen, James, rope-maker in Perth; a dividend 27th April.
Thomson, Andrew, ship-owner in Wemyss; a dividend 4th May.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

March.

3 Dr. G. Surg. Peacocke, from 79 F. Surg. vice Marsden, h. p. 25 Mar. 1824.
7 Capt. *Hon.* G. Anson, from 14 Dr Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Head, ret. 1 Apr.
14 Dr. Lt. J. W. Gage, Capt. by purch. vice Anson, 7 Dr. Gds. do.
Cor. Baker, Lt. do.
William Maxwell, Cor. do.
1 F. Gds. Lt. Hudson, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Ellison, prom. 15 do.
Sir R. A. Anstruther, *Bt.* Ens. and Lt. do.
Coldst. G. Capt. *Hon.* R. Moore, Capt. and Lt. by purch. vice Col. Acheson, ret. 1 do.
Lt. *Hon.* H. Dundas, Lt. and Capt. do.
Hon. J. Hope, Ens. and Lt. 8 do.
1 F. Ens. Mullen, Adj. vice Russell, res. Adj. only do.
2 Capt. Lawson, from 2 F. Capt. vice Kell, h. p. 16 F. rec. diff. 1 do.
4 Lt. Lonsdale, Adj. vice Gregg, res. Adj. only 18 Mar.
7 Quar. Mast. Serj. Simpson, Quar. Mast. vice Lambert, dead 15 Apr.
9 Capt. Taylor, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Lumbert, ret. 1 do.
Lt. Watkins, Capt. do.
Ens. Lowth, Lt. do.
A. Ogle, Ens. do.
10 Ens. Adams, Lt. by purch. vice Lane, ret. 11 Mar.
G. J. Crosbie, Ens. do.
11 Maj. Fitz Clarence, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Hunt, ret. 1 Apr.
Bt. Maj. O'Kelly, Maj. do.
Lt. Bloomfield, Capt. do.
Ens. and Adj. Doyle, Lt. do.
C. La Touch, Ens. do.
12 Capt. Bygrave, from h. p. 16 F. Capt. (paying diff.) vice Lawson, 2 F. do.
20 Lt. Clinton, from h. p. 12 F. Lt. vice Wigley, 73 F. 8 do.
23 Surg. Weld, from h. p. 67 F. Surg. vice Dunn, h. p. 18 Mar.
24 Capt. *Hon.* C. T. Monckton, from Cape Corps, Capt. vice Gill, h. p. 27 F. do.
27 Ens. Grier, from h. p. R. W. I. Rang. Ens. vice Spencer, 73 F. 15 Apr.
34 —— Montgomerie, Lt. vice Shaw, dead 11 Mar.
—— Hadwin, Lt. by purch. vice Crawford, ret. 18 do.
E. Brodrick, Ens. 11 do.
W. T. P. Shortt, Ens. by purch. 18 do.
36 Hosp. Ass. Scott, Ass. Surg. vice Lindsay, prom. do.
38 Lt. Mathews, Capt. vice Willshire, 46 F. 15 Apr.
40 Maj. Kirkwood, from. h. p. New Bruns. Fen. Maj. vice Chamberlain, canc. 18 Mar.
43 F. M. Lushington, Ens. by purch. vice Capel, 1 Life Gds. 11 do.
44 Lt. Paton, from 67 F. Lt. vice Nixon, dead 12 Oct. 1823.
H. L. Layard, Ens. vice Gilbert, dead 15 Apr. 1824.
46 Mat. Ogilvie, Lt. Col. vice Molle, dead 10 Sept. 1823.
Bt. Lt. Col. Willshire, from 38 F. Maj. do.
Ens. Varlo, from 59 F. Ens. vice Drew, 67 F. 12 Oct.
48 Lt. M'Pherson, from h. p. 42 F. Lt. vice Boultbee, canc. 26 Mar. 1824.
49 Ens. de Lisle, Lt. by purch. vice Sewell, prom. 12 Feb.
S. Nuttal, Ens. do.
51 —— Rice, Ens. by purch. vice Murray, ret. 15 Apr.
53 Bt. Maj. M'Caskill, Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Ingleby, ret. 11 Mar.
Lt. Silver, Capt. do.
Ens. Little, Lt. do.
P. Hill, Ens. do.
54 Ens. Kelly, Lt. vice Holt, dead 10 Aug. 1823.
59 —— Pitman, Lt. vice Campbell, dead 25 Mar. 1824.
W. Fuller, Ens. do.
J. Peacocke, Ens, vice Varlo, 46 F. 12 Oct. 1823.
Lt. Douglas, from h. p. 93 F. Lt. vice Wolfe, 98 F. 8 Apr. 1824.
62 —— Singleton, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Sweeny, ret. 15 do.
62 F. Ens. Brooke, Lt. 15 Apr. 1824.
F. K. Bouverie, Ens. do.
67 Ens. Drew, from 46 F. Lt. vice Paton, 44 F. 12 Oct. 1823.
71 —— Woodward, Lt. by purch. vice Torriano, ret. 4 Apr. 1824.
—— *Lord* Elphinstone, from 99 F. Ens. do.
73 Lt. Wigley, from 20 F. Lt. vice Reynolds, h. p. 12 F. 8 do.
—— Connor, Capt. by purch. vice Pike, ret. 15 Apr.
Ens. Stuart, Lt. do.
—— Spencer, from 27 F. Ens. 14 do.
C. D. Coote, Ens. 15 do.
78 Lt. Forbes, Capt. by purch, vice Bt. Maj. Macleod, ret. do.
Ens. Hamilton, Lt. do.
79 Surg. Shortt, from h. p. Surg. vice Peacoke, 3 Dr. Gds. 25 Mar.
83 Serj. Maj. Stubbs, Qua. Mast. vice Hall, dead 8 Sept. 1823.
89 Lt. Kenney, Adj. vice Naylor, res. Adj. only 26 June
92 Ens. M'Nab, Lt. vice Clarke, dead 25 Mar. 1825.
J. Moffat, Ens. do.
94 Ens. Coward, Adj. vice White, res. Adj. only 8 Apr.
Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Lukin, from h. p. Paym. do.

97 F. Capt. Colthurst, from h. p. late Kelso R. Capt. vice Innes, canc. 25 Mar.
Lt. M'Intosh, from h. p. 88 F. Adj. and Lt. do.
Staff Serj. Dodd, Qua. Mast. do.
As. Surg. Austin, from h. p. 64 F. As. Surg. 1 Apr.
98 Lt. Wolfe, from 59 F. Lt. vice Drummond, canc. 25 Mar.
—— Stevens, from h. p. 60 F. Adj. and Lt. (repaying the diff. he received on exch. to h. p.) do.
Serj. Maj. Cartrey, from Staff Corps, Quar. Mast. do.
As. Surg. Armstrong, from h. p. Afr. Corps, As. Surg. 1 Apr.
99 Lt. Burke, from h. p. 44 F. Adj. and Lt. 25 Mar.
S. W. Mayne, Ens. by purch. vice *Lord* Elphinstone, 71 F. 1 Apr.
A. Forbes, late Colour Serg. in R. Art. Qua. Mast. 25 Mar.
As. Surg. Williams, from h. p. 95 F. As. Surg. 1 Apr.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Hall, from h. p. 21 F. Capt. vice Abbot, 1 Vet. Bn. do.
2 Ens. M'Pherson, from h. p. Ens. vice Hanna, 1 Vet. Bn. 8 do.
—— Dickinson, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Ens. 15 do.
Cape C. *(Inf.)* Capt. Batty, from h. p. 27 F. Capt. vice Monckton, 24 F. 18 Mar.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Macdougall, from h. p. 61 F. Capt. vice Ramsay, canc. 1 Apr.
—— Abbot, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. vice Campbell, h. p. 21 F. do.
Lt. Shedden, from h. p. 68 F. Lt. vice M'Gregor, ret. list 8 do.
Ens. Pilkington, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Ens. vice Rennick, ret. list do.
—— Hanna, from 2 W. I. R. Ens. vice Graham, 99 F. do.
2 Lt. Agnew, from h. p. Maclean's Rec. Co. Lt. vice Milne, canc. do.
—— Wells, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice Small, h. p. do.
3 —— Drummond, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. vice Janns, ret. list 1 do.

Unattached.

Bt. Maj. Ellison, from Gren. Gds. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. D'Arcy, R. Engineers, ret. 15 Apr. 1824.
Lt. Nicolls, from 7 Dr. Gds. Capt. of a Comp. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Clarke, R. Mar. ret. 24 do.

Garrison.

Maj. Gen. Vincent, Lt. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, vice Maj. Gen. Ferrier, dead 15 Apr. 1824.

Ordnance Department.

R. Eng. Bt. Maj. Reid, from h. p. 2d Capt. 12 Mar. 1824.
1st Lt. Briscoe, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
2d Lt. Stotherd, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet G. Boscawen, 2d Lt. 26 do.

Hospital Staff.

Local Insp. Tegart, Inspector 25 Mar. 1824.
Staff Surg. Kindell, from h. p. Surg. vice Brown, h. p. do.
Ass. Surg. Kennedy, from h. p. W. I. Rang. As. Surg. do.
Hosp. As. Brydon, As. Surg. vice Johnson, dead 18 do.
A. Esson, Hosp. As. vice Brydon do.
J. Hennen, do. vice James, dead do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. Quentin, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and Inf. only with Lt. Col. Wyndham, h. p. 19 Dr.
Bt. Lt. Col. Smyth, from 18 F. do. with Major Carmichael, h. p. 94 F.
Major Johnstone, from 14 F. with Major Gardiner, h. p. 60 F.
Bt. Major Hinde, from 65 F. with Brev. Col. *Visc.* Forbes, h. p. Meuron's R.
Capt. Reed, from 12 Dr. with Capt. Graham, 31 F.
—— Conroy, from 16 F. with Capt. Williams, 69 F.
—— Marshall, from 65 F. with Capt. Knight, h. p.
—— Richardson, from 75 F. with Capt. Bruce, 82 F.
—— Lynch, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Maberly, h. p. 100 F.
—— De Barrallier, from 95 F. with Capt. Mauritz, h. p. 32 F.
Lieut. Russell, from 1 F. with Lieut. Crisp, h. p. 37 F.
—— Schiel, from 13 F. with Lieut. Thomas, 89 F.
—— Young, from 17 F. with Lieut. Browne, 44 F.
—— Sargent, from 41 F. with Lieut. Boultbee, 69 F.
—— Taylor, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Queen, h. p. 60 F.
—— Armit, from 94 F. with Lieut. Keogh, h. p. 57 F.
—— Ramus, from 98 F. with Lieut. Wall, h. p. 24 F.
Cornet Stepney, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Daniel, h. p. Rifle Brig.
—— Dillon, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Hibbert, h. p. 3 Dr. G.
Paym. Cameron, from 79 F. with Capt. Bateman, h. p. 5 F.
Surg. Bamfield, from 31 F. with Surg. Shorland, h. p. Meuron's Regt.
As. Surg. Foote, from 17 F. with As. Surg. Martindale, h. p. 67 F.
Vet. Surg. Price, from 17 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Smith, h. p. R. Art. Driv.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. D'Arcy, R. Eng.
Col. Acheson, Coldst. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Head, 7 Dr. G.
—— Ingleby, 53 F.
—— Lambert, 9 F.
—— Hunt, 11 F.
Maj. Sweeney, 62 F.
—— Macleod, 78 F.
—— Clarke, R. M.
Capt. Pike, 73 F.
Lieut. Lane, 10 F.
—— Crawford, 34 F.
—— Torriano, 71 F.
Ens. Murray, 51 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Maj. Chamberlain, 40 F.
Capt. Innes 97 F.
—— Ramsay, 1 Vet. Bn.
Lieut. Boultbee, 48 F.
—— Drummond, 98 F.
—— Milne, 2 Yet. Bn.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Morris, East India Comp. Serv. Berhampore, 4 Sept. 23.
—— *Sir* D. Marshall, *K.C.B.* do. Cawnpore 20 July.
Maj. Gen. Ferrier, Lt. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, Dumbarton 6 Apr. 24.
—— G. Doveron, East India Comp. Serv. London 9 do.
—— Francis Stewart, late of 1 Ceylon Regt. London 25 do.
Col. Harwood, h. p. 19 Dr. Apr. 24.
—— Madden, late of 15 F. do.
—— Bingham, Dorset Militia do.
—— Dixon, 1 W. York do. do.
Lieut. Col. Nixon, 44 F. Dinapore, Bengal, 6 Nov. 23.
—— Bellis, East India Comp. Serv. Oxted. 23 Jan.
—— Colebrooke, do. on board ship 19 Oct.
—— Cumberlege, do.
—— Hill, late of R. Mar. Bath.
Capt. Read, 38 F. Berhampore, Bengal, 23 Oct. 23.
—— Sparks, R. Afr. Colonial Corps, Cape of Good Hope 28 Jan. 24.

Capt. J. Ogden Buckley, h. p. 15 D.
——— Morrison, of late 1 Vet. Bn. 15 Apr.
——— Hierlihy, h. p. Newfoundland Fenc. Antigonish, Nova Scotia 18 Nov. 22.
Lieut. Rothe, 13 F. on River Ganges.
——— Lawe, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras 20 Oct. 23.
——— Campbell, 59 F. Turnalt, Argyleshire.
——— Clarke, 92 F. Jamaica 25 Jan. 24.
——— Sanders, R. Eng. Cheltenham 12 Mar.
——— Goodwin, late 9 Vet. Bn. Ballina, Ireland 17 do.
——— Mackenzie, do. Apr.
——— M'Intosh, h. p. 25 Dr.
——— Taylor, do.
——— Robinson, h. p. 31 F. Cowes 22 Feb.
——— Elmore, h. p. 72 F. Secunderabad, Madras 15 Dec. 23.
——— Stewart, h. p. 82 F. Sudbury, Middlesex 28 Feb. 24.
——— Steven, h. p. 83 F. Edinburgh, 13 Mar.
——— Maclean, of late Vet. Bn. Cork 1 Apr.
Cor. Tracie, h. p. R. Wagg. Train, Bruxelles 21 Mar. 24.
2d Lieut. Church. h. p. Rifle Br. wrecked near Holyhead 5 Feb. 24.
Ens. Campbell, 91 F. Fort Augusta, Jamaica 10 Feb. 24.
Ens. Wright, late 12 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 7 Feb. 24.
——— Simmonds, h. p. 31 F. Kitcullen, Kildare, Ireland 2 Jan.
Paym. Neyland. 16 Dr. Cawnpore, Bengal 29 Oct. 23.
Quar. Mast. Lambert, 7 F. Chatham 11 Apr. 24.
——— Hall, 83 F. Ceylon 18 Sept. 23.
——— Gillespie, late of 29 F. Windsor 17 Feb. 24.
——— Robertson, h. p. Argyleshire Fen. Cav. 6 do.

Medical Department.

Batt. Surg. Curtis, Gren. Gds. London 25 Apr. 24.
Staff Surg. Morse, h. p. Bath
——— Doughty, h. p. London 12 Apr.
Surg. Price, 12 F. Gibralter 12 Mar.
——— Morrison, 90 F. Malta 1 Feb.
——— Fearon, h. p. 40 F.
——— Balfour, h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Durham 22 Mar.
Staff As. Surg. Ligertwood, h. p. Aberdeen 4 Apr.
As. Surg. Johnston, h. p. 60 F.
——— Curtis, late 21 Vet. Bn. Hackney 20 Dec. 23.
Hosp. As. M'Nelce.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 19, 1823.—At Bhooj, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Maconochie, Hon. East India Company's service, of a son.

Sept. 26. At Padang, East Indies, Mrs William Purvis, of a son.

Nov. 26. At Calcutta, the Lady of the Rev. Dr Bryce, of a daughter.

28. At Mauritius, the Lady of Dr John Watson, medical staff, of a still-born son.

Mar. 30, 1824. At his house, Devonshire Place, Edgeware Road, London, the Lady of William J. L. Campbell, Esq. of Glenfalloch, of a son and heir.

April 1. At Heriot Hill, near Edinburgh, the Lady of John Bruce, Esq. of a daughter.

2. At the Manse of Ormiston, Mrs Ramsay, of son.

— At Sunnyside Lodge, Lanark, Mrs A. Gillespie, of a daughter.

— At No. 9, Abercrombie Place, the Lady of James Greig, Esq. of Eccles, of a son.

— At St Andrews, the Lady of Major Playfair, of the Bengal Army, of a son.

— At 50, Queen Street, Mrs Scott, of a daughter.

— In St James's Square, Mrs Renton, of a son.

3. At No. 1, Howe Street, Mrs R. Paul, of a son.

— Mrs Thomas Ewing, 59, South Bridge, of a daughter.

4. At the Government House, the Lady of his Excellency, Major-General Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B. and G.C.H. of a daughter.

— In New Norfolk Street, London, Lady Elizabeth Drummond, of a daughter.

5. At New Hall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. of a son.

6. At George's Place, Leith, Mrs Whytt, of a son.

8. At Brussels, her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, of a daughter.

10. At Carriden Manse, Mrs Fleming, of a daughter.

— Mrs Andrew, 55, Hanover Street, of her fifth son.

12. At the Admiralty, the Lady of William R. K. Douglas, Esq. M.P. of a son.

16. The Lady of Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, of a daughter.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch, of Garthincaber, of a son.

18. At her house, St Andrew's Square, Mrs J. K. Campbell, of a daughter.

19. Mrs Patison, 20, Abercromby Place, of a son.

— At Wandsworth Common, the Lady of Alexander Gordon, Esq. of a daughter.

20. At Strathairly Cottage, the Lady of Major Briggs, of a son.

20. The Lady of James Elliot, Esq. of Woollie, of a son.

— At 61, York Place, Mrs Andrew Tawse, of a son.

— Mrs Chancellor of Shieldhill, of a son.

21. At Ballyshear, Mrs Macdonald, of a son.

27. At Greenlaw Manse, Berwickshire, Mrs Home, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 2. At Edinburgh, Henry Wight, Esq. advocate, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Ninian Hill, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Anderson, jun. bookseller, to Agnes, only daughter of the late John Grindlay, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Balgarvie, Fife, James Russel, Esq. merchant, Cupar, to Barbara, daughter of the late John Scott, Esq.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr William Dow, merchant, to Agnes, fifth daughter of the late Mr Peter Hutton, Whitehill, Fife.

9. At Tranent, Mr David James, junior, baker, London Street, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr James Dickson, Tranent.

10. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, William Turner, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Mansfield, Esq. M.P. for Leicester.

11. At her father's house, Belvidere Hill, Jane, only daughter of John Gordon, Esq. to William Henry Clark Bluett, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, and second son of Mrs E. M. Bluett of Halton, Cornwall.

12. At the Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, George Murray, Esq. son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Murray, K.C.B. to Alicia, eldest daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq.

— At Gatehouse of Fleet, Lieut. William Cannon, of the 97th Regiment, to Margaret, daughter of John Smith, Esq. of Gatehouse.

13. At Rothesay, John Stewart, Esq. Rothesay, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Robert Oliphant, Esq. Glasgow.

12. At Camberwell, London, Alexander Nairne, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship, General Kyd, to Ann Spencer, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Domet, Esq. of Camberwell Grove.

15. At Kerrisdale, Ross-shire, John Mackenzie, Esq. writer, Tain, to Miss Christian Henderson Mackenzie, third daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. of Kerrisdale.

16. At Balmungie, John Small, Esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of William Lindesay, Esq. of Balmungie, Fifeshire.

— At No. 20, George's Street, Edinburgh, James Gibson, Esq. of Hillhead, Glasgow, to

Jessie, only daughter of the late John Wilson, Lieutenant and Adjutant in the Canadian Regiment.

19. At Norrieston, Lieut. Donald Robertson, 82d Foot, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Macfarlane, Esq. Borland.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William N. Grant, S.S.C. to Anne, second daughter of George Miller, Esq. Hope Park, Edinburgh.

20. At Hamilton, Thomas Anderson, Esq. Rossshire, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Sheriff Burns.

22. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Adam Lind, Minister of the Gospel, Whitehill, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James Whillas, ordained surveyor.

23. In Great King Street, Mungo Nutter Campbell, Esq. to Anne Amelia, second daughter of the late Donald Maclachlan of Maclachlan, Esq.

26. At 33, Royal Terrace, John Lang, Esq. surgeon, Linlithgow, to Ellen, third daughter of the late Richard Younger, Esq. London.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr John Johnston, tanner, Perth, to Miss Cathrine, third daughter of the late Mr Parlan M'Farlane.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Hall, merchant, to Martha, only daughter of the deceased Mr Andrew Rob, Menstrie.

29. At Dewar Place, Lieutenant John Eddington, Royal Scots, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Captain Smollett Campbell, Royal Invalids.

30. At Edinburgh, John Tait, Esq. advocate, to Mary Amelia Sitwell, eldest daughter of the late Francis Sitwell of Barmoor, in the county of Northumberland, Esq.

DEATHS.

Nov. 15, 1823.—At Kingolee, Robert Greig, M.D. staff-surgeon at Ellichpoor, Madras Establishment.

22. At Vellore, East Indies, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Mackintosh of Hilton, Inverness-shire, in the service of the Honourable East India Company.

26. At Calcutta, in consequence of a fall from his horse, which he survived only a few hours, Cathcart Methven, Captain in the Hon. East India Company's 20th Regiment, Native Infantry, Bengal Establishment.

Dec. 3. At Gato, of the dysentery, on the Benin River, the intrepid traveller, G. Belzoni. He perished while attempting to reach Houssa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin, and at a moment when there was much reason to expect that his perilous enterprize would have succeeded. Mr Belzoni was not more distinguished by his ardour and perseverance in the laborious pursuits to which he had devoted the greater part of his life, than by his personal intrepidity and gigantic strength and stature. He possessed, indeed, every quality which promised success to his labours, and at length only yielded to that fell Foe, before whom all mortal potency is consumed, like flax in the fire.

Dec. 10. In Upper Canada, Lieut. Alex. Wishart, half-pay of the 42d Regiment.

Jan. 4, 1824.—At St Vincent, West Indies, Charles Niel Kennedy, Esq. surgeon, late in Pittlorchy, Perthshire.

24. At Spring Vale, Jamaica, Lieut. John Clerk, of the 92d Regiment.

31. At Stellenbosch, Cape of Good Hope, Mary Anne Urquhart, wife of John Murray, Esq. surgeon to the forces.

Feb. 29. At Adra, in Spain, Harriet, daughter of the late William Kirkpatrick, Esq. of Conheath.

Mar. 5. On board the ship Alexander, on his passage home from Jamaica, Mr Andrew Marjoribanks, second son of Alex. Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

7. At Aberdeen, James Moir, aged 101. He was brother-in-law to the veteran M'Dougal, who supported General Wolfe after he received his mortal wound at Quebec.

9. At Southampton, the Right Hon. Lord Edward O'Brien, brother to the most noble the Marquis of Thomond.

11. At Newabbey, George Nicholson, Esq.

13. At Courthill, Thomas Usher, Esq.

18. At Auchlochan, Lanarkshire, Geo. Brown, Esq.

20. At Auchry, Mrs Cumine, wife of Archibald Cumine of Auchry, Esq.

— John Aitken, Esq. of Hill of Beath, Fifeshire.

27. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

— At St Leonard's Hill, Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Currie, wife of Mr Wm. Fletcher.

30. At Rome, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, widow of the late Duke, and sister to the present Earl of Bristol.

31. At London, the Right Hon. Lord George Colraine, in his 73d year. His Lordship was better known as the eccentric Colonel Hanger.

— At London, Lieut. John Wallace, late of the 13th Light Dragoons.

April 1. At Peebles, Mr James Williamson, surgeon, aged 50.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Hamilton, wife of Mr Alex. Hamilton, surgeon, Royal Navy.

2. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, daughter of the late David Dickson of Kilbucho, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Fyfe, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, assistant to the late Dr Monro; and author of the System and Compendium of Anatomy.

— At York Place, Jane Emily, second daughter of Dr Gillespie.

3. Suddenly, at Ayr, Hamilton Douglas Boswell, Esq. of Garrallan, collector of taxes for the county of Ayr, in the 56th year of his age.

— At Lathrisk, Alexander, third son of William Johnson, Esq. of Lathrisk.

— At his father's house, at Banff, Lieut.-Colonel James Robinson.

4. At his house, in Prince's Street, James Paterson, Esq. of Carpow.

5. At Muirkirk, Mr Thomas Cunningham, aged 81.

6. At Dumbarton Castle, Major-General Ilay Ferrier, lieutenant-governor of that garrison, in the 78th year of his age.

— At his apartments in the British Museum, London, the Rev. Thomas Maurice.

7. Michael Kidston, third son of the Rev. William Kidston, Glasgow.

8. At Edinburgh, Thomas, youngest son of the Rev. Wm. Menzies, minister of Lanark.

9. At Drumore, in the parish of Kirkmaiden, in the 105th year of his age, John King, officer of his Majesty's customs.

— At Winchester, Andrew Crawford, senior, M. D.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Corbett of Kenmuir, Lanarkshire.

— At Duddingstone House, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Anne Macdonald of Clanranald, in consequence of a cold, caught some days after the birth of her sixth child.

11. At Edinburgh, Mary Anne Leslie Lindesay, daughter of the late Patrick Lindesay, Esq. of Wormistone.

— At Stockbridge, Mrs Ann Balfour, relict of William Thomas Wishart, Esq. of Foxhall.

12. At Rothesay, the Rev. Dr Archibald M'Lea, minister of that parish, in the 87th year of his age, and 62d of his ministry.

13. At Netherby, Cumberland, Sir James Graham, Bart, aged 62.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Cumming, wife of Dr Cumming.

14. At Edinburgh, David Davidson, eldest son of the late Sir David Davidson of Cantry.

— At Linlithgow, Mrs Helen Margaret Ferrier, wife of Thomas Liston, Esq. Sheriff-clerk of Linlithgowshire, second daughter of the late Major-General Ferrier.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Fergusson Blair, wife of Adam Fergusson of Woodhill, Esq.

— At Hampstead, Mary, eldest surviving daughter of the late Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart of Lee and Carnwath, Bart

15. Sutherland Meek, M. D. late Member of the Medical Board at the Presidency of Bombay.

16. At Aberdeen, Charles Donaldson, Esq. advocate.

— At Garth, parish of Fortingall, Margaret Macdougall, relict of Alexander Macdougall, farmer at Garth, in the 103d year of her age. When

above 100, she thought little of walking from her own house to Weem or Aberfeldy, a distance of 7 miles, and returning before breakfast. Last year, she travelled to Drummond Castle, which is 30 miles distant, and returned next night.

17. At York Place, Lieut.-Colonel Gerrard, of Rochsoles, formerly Adjutant General of the army in Bengal.

15. Mr William Turnbull, merchant, and one of the sub-collectors of taxes in this city.

— At her aunt's house, Shandwick Place, Miss Mary Anne Elphinston, youngest daughter of John Elphinston, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.

18. At No. 2, Hart Street, Edinburgh, William, the infant son of George Forbes, Esq. of Springhill, Aberdeenshire, aged 8 months.

— After a short illness, Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince of Wales.—Mr Jones was a native of Merionethshire in North Wales.

19. At Edinburgh, William Carlyle, Esq. advocate.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Macdonald, spouse of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq.

— At Bath, Captain Alex. Nesbitt, R.N.

20. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Young, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Young, attorney-at-law, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander, wife of Mr Wm. Alexander, depute Clerk of Teinds.

— Mrs Lillias Cowan, widow of the late Andrew Tod, Esq. merchant in Bo'ness.

21. At Inveresk, Mr Wm. Proudfoot, farmer.

23. At her house, Prince's Street, Miss Keith, of Ravelston.

24. At Esher, Surrey, of a deep decline, after lingering five months, Henry Swan, Esq. many years M. P. for Penryn.

25. At the New Hummums Hotel, Covent-Garden, Major-General Francis Stewart of Lismurdie, in the county of Banff, in his 60th year.

26. At Greenlaw, near Pennycuik, R. Renton, Esq. surgeon, aged 60.

27. At Leith, Mrs Margaret Gray, wife of Mr Barry Sarsfield.

28. At his house, in Soho-Square, Richard Payne Knight, Esq., who was long distinguished in the literary circles of Europe. He had the reputation of being one of the most eminent Greek scholars of his day.

— At Comely Bank, Mrs Jane Campbell, in her 84th year.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Henrietta Affleck, relict of Dr Alexander Murray, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh.

30. At his house, 29, Gilmour Place, the Rev. James Simpson, of the Associate Congregation, Potter-row, after a long and severe illness, deeply lamented by his brethren and flock.

Lately, At his house, Clerk Street, Mr John Ross, late painter, Edinburgh, in the 62d year of his age.

— In London, Mr Benjamin Holditch, formerly of Thorney Abbey, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments. He was the author of the "History of Rowland Abbey," digested from Gough's materials. At the time of his decease, and for several years previously, he edited the Farmer's Journal.

— At Rome, Miss Bathurst, niece of Lord Bathurst. She had been riding on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, in company with some others, when her horse falling into the river, she was, notwithstanding great exertions to save her, unfortunately drowned. Her body was found some days after, near Ostia, a few miles from the sea.

MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN.

April 27. At Richmond, Surrey, the Most Noble William Ker, Marquis of Lothian, Earl of Ancrum, Lord Newbottle, and Lord Jedburgh, also (Baron Ker of Kersheugh, 1821,) Knight of the Thistle, one of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland, Lord Lieutenant of Mid-Lothian and Roxburghshire, Colonel of the Edinburgh Militia, &c. &c. His Lordship was oldest son of William John, late Marquis of Lothian, and succeeded his father in 1815. He was born on the 4th of October 1763, and married, first, on the 14th of April 1793, Lady Henrietta Hobart, eldest daughter of John second Earl of Buckinghamshire, and by her, who died in 1805, he had John William Robert, (now Marquis of Lothian,) born 1st February 1794, Lords Schomberg Robert, Henry Francis Charles, and Lady Isabella Emily Caroline. He married, secondly, on the 1st December 1806, Lady Harriet Montagu, youngest daughter of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, by whom he had Lords Charles, Mark, and Frederick, and Ladies Elizabeth Georgina, Harriet Louisa Anne, Frances, ———, and Georgina.

The late Marquis was bred in the army, and had the command of the Mid-Lothian Fencible Cavalry, which volunteered their services, first, for Ireland, and afterwards for any part of Europe; and they were actively employed in the suppression of the Irish rebellion in the year 1798. When his Majesty landed at Leith on the 15th of August, 1822, on his visit to his ancient kingdom of Scotland, the Marquis, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, was the first to receive him on coming on shore; and on the 28th of that month, the King honoured his Lordship by visiting his seat, Newbottle Abbey, with which he was highly pleased.

The family of Lothian is of great antiquity in Scotland, particularly on the Borders. By the male-side, the Marquis was descended of the Kers of Fernyhirst, who were the elder branch of two brothers of Anglo-Saxon lineage (though this is disputed by some antiquaries, who contend that the Kers were a pure Pictish family,) who settled in Scotland in the 13th century; the Kers of Cessford, progenitors of the Dukes of Roxburghe, being the younger branch. By the female side, his Lordship was descended from Mark Ker, second son of Sir Andrew Ker of Cessford, and Abbot of Newbottle, which station he possessed at the Reformation in 1560, and whose descendant, Anne, Countess of Lothian, in 1636, by marrying William, eldest son of Robert, first Earl of Ancrum, united the two branches of the family, and thus carried the title of Lothian into the House of Fernyhirst.

This excellent and patriotic nobleman will be long and affectionately remembered by all within the sphere of his influence, as a kind and considerate landlord, a zealous and upright magistrate, and an ornament to the exalted station he held in society.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILHELM MEISTER.*—MEMOIRS OF GOETHE.†

The name of Goethe has never been mentioned in these pages without respect—we might say without reverence—and without question this is no more than what was due to an author, to whom all who have really studied his works, must confess themselves indebted for many of the most delightful emotions that ever penetrated their minds. The heartless mockery of contented ignorance, in which the writers of the Edinburgh Review had indulged themselves in treating of the first volume of his Life of Himself, excited our just indignation, and provoked a rebuke, which has ever since sealed the lips of those "scoffers at all things great," in relation not to Goethe alone, but to the other masters of modern German literature—who had almost all of them received, in one way or other, the compliment of these gentlemen's sneer. They thought that, as Voltaire derided Shakespeare, so they might deal with some of the most genuine of his descendants. But they forgot, in the first place, that they were no Voltaires—and, secondly, that the world, if it has not grown wiser, has at least grown a great deal more suspicious; and that the time is gone by when even a Voltaire could be suffered to scoff with impunity at things which he did not, or could not, understand. It is very possible, however, that, in the excess of our indignation against his ignorant or incapable detractors, we may have been betrayed into laudation rather extravagant of Goethe himself—or, at least, into language not unlikely to receive this sort of interpretation among calm and uncontroversial critics. And we, therefore, make no apology for stating, on this occasion, our opinion of him *as it is*.

To our view, then, few things can be more ridiculous than the attempt which certain German writers have made, to set up Goethe as entitled to be classed, among men of poetical genius, with nobody but Homer or Shakespeare. Taking Homer to mean the Homeric works as they exist, and under the circumstances of their *known* history—and taking Shakespeare in a similar sense—we are altogether unable to perceive, by what stretch of imagination any man, possessed of sound mind, can for a moment bring himself to dream of placing either Goethe, or any other poet, whether of ancient or modern times, by the side of Homer and Shakespeare. There are not a few names, however, —both ancient and modern—which might aspire to such an honour with considerably less of absurdity than that of Goethe, or of any other German

* Wilhelm Meister, a Novel, from the German of Goethe. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 3 vols. post 8vo.

† Memoirs of Goethe, translated from the German. London. Colburn. 2 vols. 8vo.

author, with whose works we happen to have any acquaintance. But to keep to Goethe for the present.—Whether we regard originality of invention—excellence of execution—or influence upon men and upon literature—the three great points, we apprehend—we think it would not be difficult to shew, that others have climbed many steps of the great ladder higher than Goethe, without, after all, making any very alarming approximation to the throned summit of the Mœonian, and the Bard of Avon. Milton and Dante appear to us to be poets of an altitude by miles and miles ultra-Goethean, and—as yet—ultra-German. Æschylus is another awful name.—Goethe's greatest work, the *Faust*, is, after all, but a reflection and modernization of the Prometheus, in so far as the primary idea is concerned; and if the German be the more pathetic work of the two, surely, as to all that is magnificent, sublime, terrible, its inferiority is hopeless—and there are troops of heroes besides. But we need scarcely continue the fight against a shadow, which never, most assuredly, could have ventured to rear itself in any circle, but the Circle of Westphalia.

Throwing all such extravagant exaggeration aside, the real question is, what place does Goethe occupy among his own contemporaries? Lord Byron has boldly assigned to him the *first*—but as his lordship does not appear to have read Goethe in anything but translations, we question his right to speak quite so authoritatively as he has done. That the place he does occupy is, however, a high, a very high one—is most indisputable—and in one point of view, at least, we are not indisposed to go the same length with Lord Byron.

Goethe has indisputably exerted more influence upon the literature of his age, than any other author of our time.

For, in the first place, he may almost be said to have created the existing literature of his own country—Germany. Schiller turned out, it is true, a far greater practical dramatic genius than Goethe: but he was originally inspired by Goethe's works, profited in every walk of his art by the ideas which Goethe had originated and developed as to its theory, and lay under immeasurable obligations to him, as to everything that concerns language and versification—in a word, he was Goethe's pupil in all things—and, if he rivalled his master in several points, and surpassed him in one, there can still, looking at the whole compass of their minds, be no sort of comparison between the master and the pupil. It is the fashion to sneer at Kotzebue—and it is certainly paying him a prodigious compliment to mention him in the same breath with Schiller: yet the author of the Stranger was no common man, and few recent authors, certainly, have been more imitated than he. He also was the pupil of Goethe. He drew the whole of his inspiration from Goethe—Whatever he had of good, he owed to Goethe—and this good was, comparatively speaking, little—only because Kotzebue altogether wanted taste, and followed his master rather as a caricaturist than as an imitator. He vulgarized what he could not, however, render altogether weak. He turned Goethe's tragedy into melo-drama—caught and occupied for a time the broad eye of the multitude—almost to the exclusion of his master—and was in due time flung down to his proper level—if indeed he does not, at this moment, stand rather lower in general estimation, than, with all his inherent defects and abominable affectations, he really ought to do. It is needless to speak of the other modern German poets, since it is obvious that they are all, more or less directly, the children of Goethe.

In German criticism his influence has been, if possible, still more overwhelming. Herder was, like himself, in so far the pupil of Lessing; and perhaps no man, since Aristotle, has composed critical works equal on the whole to those of Herder. But Herder was the early friend and associate of Goethe—they both adopted the same great general ideas as to art, and above all, as to poetic art—and it appears excessively doubtful, whether Herder's criticism could have exerted anything at all like the influence it really has had, had there been no Goethe to co-operate with him in a style of more exquisite fascination, and, above all, to embody in living masterpieces what the other could only shew afar off, in maxims, essays, and comments. The Schlegels, however scoffed at among certain classes of their own countrymen, have unques-

tionably followed Herder and Goethe as critics, *passibus haud inæquis* :—They are the first Æsthetic writers of our age: and they are in that comprehensive passionate sympathy with *everything* that is noble in antiquity, and *everything* that is beautiful in art—in all that marks them out as the genuine, universal, and unbigotted lovers of excellence—in the whole breadth and beauty of their theory—the intellectual children of that extraordinary man, who, scholar enough to write the Iphigenia, and German enough to write the Goetz von Berlichingen, was, at the same time, *Man* enough, to be the first that (out of England) proclaimed Shakespeare the unrivalled king of poets, and himself poet enough to give the world a FAUST.

But, secondly, besides thus giving an absolutely new direction to the genius and taste of Germany, and, at the same time, doing more for the German language than any author since Luther—Goethe has directly and indirectly exerted a prodigious influence over the literature of other European countries—an influence, indeed, the EXTENT of which has probably been appreciated by few, since it has (as yet) been expressed by none.

If any one asks, who are the three writers that have directly made the greatest impression on the literature of our time—out of Germany—we apprehend there can be but one answer to the question: Madame de Stael among foreigners—Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron among ourselves. Now, we hold it as not a whit less certain, that the genius of Goethe had a most remarkable influence in the formation—or, if that be too bold a word, in the direction, at least, of all and each of these great—these pre-excelling minds. Madame de Stael produced none of the works in which her name will live, until she had saturated her intellect with the liberal criticism, and the profound passion of the school of Goethe, by means of enthusiastic study of Goethe's own works, and those of his immediate German disciples—in particular the Schlegels. It was from that quarter that she derived her feeling for Italian art—her feeling for the poetry of Shakespeare—her scorn of the anti-enthusiastic spirit of modern France—in a word, the whole of her perceptions of the great, and her aspirations after the infinite. Had Goethe never visited Rome, Corinne, most assuredly, could never have been written.—Had there been no such things as Werther and William Meister, there could have been no such being as we think of when we at this day name DE STAEL. And how far the influence of that being has extended, we have neither time, nor, we think, occasion to say.

Lord Byron has been equally, although we apprehend less directly, his debtor. Perhaps the most remarkable distinctive feature in all the great masterpieces of Goethe, is the co-existent display of intense sympathy with the lovely in external nature, in human nature, and in human art, and of intense scorn for the acquirements, the fortunes, and the fate of man. The beauty and nothingness of the world are alike before him—the one swells our heart into the heaven of devotion, and next moment the other withers it, as with the touch of a searing-iron. Such is the contrast of his Meister and his Jarno—Such, in more awful colours, is that of his Faust and his Mephistopheles. Lord Byron seized the two co-existing principles of Goethe's profoundest poetry, and blended them into one actual existence. He mixed up together, in one fearful being, the melancholy musings of the lover of Margaret, and the sardonic bitterness of his Tempter—and behold Harold—behold Conrad—behold Sardanapalus—yes, behold Don Juan himself—for they are all one and the same. Lord Byron produced by this means a kind of poetry entirely new to the world. That poetry took for its time a hold of the public mind, proportionate to the audacity of its conception, and the general vigour of its execution. But there was nothing new, except the absolute interfusion of what Goethe—ay, and Shakespeare before him, though less systematically and elaborately—had exhibited in immediate contrast and juxta-position. This was a bold and a striking, but it was a false idea; it was an idea false to human nature, degrading to man. It implied one deliberate and continuous libel upon the dignity of that creature who was originally fashioned after the image of God. It lowered all that is noblest and best, by representing it as capable of inhabiting, in the most intense co-union, with all that is most worthless

and most wicked. He was a *moral* LUCRETIUS, who created his own poetry by robbing the poetry of Goethe of its philosophy and of its truth, and sacrificed at once the cause of virtue, and the majesty of genius, for the sake of gaining, by means of a brilliant and audacious system of sophistry, that which he might have acquired as surely, and a thousand times more permanently, by exerting his splendid faculties under the influences—not less exalting than chastening—of reverence for God and Virtue, and charity for imperfect, and sinful, but not yet diabolized Man.

The third name remains—the purest, and by far the most illustrious. Sir Walter Scott commenced his literary career with a translation of Goethe's GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. That powerful drama has given birth in Germany to a prodigious mass of literary works, all designed for bringing home to the imagination of modern men the bold, rude life, of feudal chivalry—the spirit of the middle age—the existence of our Gothic ancestors. These works are, even the best of them, ineffably inferior to those which our own great poet has composed for the same happy purpose. This is admitted nowhere more fully than in Germany itself, where Sir Walter Scott's works have long been just as pre-eminent and unrivalled in popularity as they have ever been at home. It seems, however, to admit of little doubt, that he first caught from Goethe the idea upon which he has worked so gloriously; in the developement and elaboration of which he has long since left Goethe himself immeasurably behind him. And why?—

The answer of this question will bring us at once to our main issue. Goethe has all along been more great in conception than in execution. He began with opening not one new vein, but many; each of them separately more than sufficient to occupy and to reward the life of one man. To recal the spirit and being of Gothic antiquity, was but *one* of his ideas. He left it for that of creating in Germany the feeling of the loveliness of Greek art in composition. He again left it for that of creating in Germany the feeling of the loveliness of the fine arts of Italy. He left it again and again for the purpose of embodying in poetry, and above all, in dramatic poetry, his own philosophical ideas concerning the general duties and destinies of moral and intellectual man. Thus has he been injured in many respects by the very magnificence and limitless ambition of his originating genius. Thus, among other matters, has he been an exhibitor of unrivalled power, rather than a creator of unrivalled works. Thus has he been passed, once and again, in the race of which he first pointed out both the course and the goal. Thus, in the German drama which he created, has he been outstript by his pupil Schiller; thus, in the poetical revival of Gothic antiquity, has he atchieved so little, that his chief honour as to this point may now be summed up in the proposition with which we started—namely, that his example inspired the youthful genius of the great poet of Scotland. Thus has it happened, that, born with faculties at least equal to any that have graced the last century, blessed with length of life, surrounded with every appliance of honour, and diligent almost beyond example, Goethe has, after all, produced but one work entirely worthy of the majesty of his genius, and the purity of his taste—the inimitable, and indeed indescribable, FAUST.

We should, however, be sadly unworthy of criticising the most liberal of all critics, if we were incapable of seeing, that there is quite another point of view in which his works must be contemplated ere a fair judgment can be formed of them. Taking them in their mass—the greatest and the least—the most finished and the most imperfect—dramas, romances, elegies, epigrams, essays—taking the whole of Goethe's works together, let us ask of ourselves, by what man's writings (οἷοι νυν βροτοι εἰσιν) have so many noble, so many lovely, so many pathetic, so many terrible, so many magnificent trains of thought, been wakened in our minds? In which of these books is it that thoughts of the most awful power, and of the most ethereal beauty—expressions of the most exquisite grace, and of the most gigantic vigour, have not been profusely scattered forth from the riches of this astonishing mind? There is no barren, dry, uninstructive work of Goethe. He has no pompous artifice about him. He cannot write five pages upon any subject without saying something which we pause to meditate upon, and which, consciously or unconsciously, must ever after remain in, and make a part

of, our own mind. This, surely, is not the worst test of a truly commanding genius. By it let the man, at least, if not his works, be tried. In any one of his romances, for example, there are new thoughts, and feelings, and images, enough to furnish out, we do not say any ordinary poet merely, but a very extraordinary one. There are many scores of minor poems of his—mere sports of his genius—any three or four of which would be quite sufficient to make a Campbell; any dozen of which would go very near to make—not what Coleridge might be—but what Coleridge—the Coleridge of the public—(alas! that we should say the word) is. We lament the use which a great monarch has made of some of his jewels; we wonder at the idle and unproductive shapes in which he suffers others to lie; but we do not the less see, that the most neglected corner of his treasury contains enough to make any of ourselves wealthy beyond our dreams.

The novel of Wilhelm Meister is one of those lumber-rooms which could be found nowhere but in the palace of a Crœsus. The book is now for for the first time before us in an English shape, and we must begin with saying, that Goethe has, for once, no reason to complain of his translator. The version is executed, so far as we have examined it, with perfect fidelity; and, on the whole, in an easy, and even graceful style, very far superior, we must say, to what we have been much accustomed to in English translations from the German. The translator is, we understand, a young gentleman of this city, who now for the first time appears before the public. We congratulate him on his very promising *debut;* and would fain hope to receive a series of really good translations from his hand. He has evidently a perfect knowledge of German; he already writes English much better than is at all common even at this time; and we know no exercise more likely to produce effects of permanent advantage upon a young mind of intellectual ambition—to say nothing of the very favourable reception which we are sure translations of such books so executed cannot fail to receive in the present state of the public feeling.

Madame de Stael has said, in her De L'Allemagne, that the chief value of Wilhelm Meister consists in the ingenuity of the philosophical and critical disquisitions it contains. The hero, says she, is a third person, whom we feel to be *de trop* between us and Goethe; whose own sentiments we wish to hear upon the subjects started, without being troubled with Mr Wilhelm. Now, all this might have been very well when Meister first appeared; but since that time five-and-thirty years have passed; and the theories in question have been expounded more fully and more satisfactorily in other shapes, partly by Goethe himself, and partly by his critical disciples. In England, moreover, the Philosophical Romance has never been a favourite; and we venture to say, that in spite of all Madame de Stael's fine eulogy of the disquisitions embodied in Meister, the translator would have done well to retrench a very great proportion of them. Those who are interested in the history of the German theatre, will undoubtedly take the trouble to understand the German tongue; and other readers will infallibly skip the critical dialogues of Meister, however admirably conceived, or however faithfully translated, regarding them as so many impertinent interruptions of the exquisitely interesting story of *Mignon;* a story which, though meant for a mere episode, chains down the deepest feelings, and asserts itself the true essence of the romance of Meister.

This young Italian girl is the child of a guilty love; her father is a priest, and he discovers, after his guilt has been completed, that he is the brother of the unhappy mother of his child. This discovery makes the priest a wanderer and a madman. The girl, meanwhile, is brought up in Italy, by the side of the sea, until she is ten years old, and she is then kidnapped by some strolling rope-dancers, who teach the unfortunate their miserable art, and carry her with them into Germany, where she is introduced to us as figuring with the rest of the company at a village festival. The cruelty with which her degraded tyrants treat the charming infant, attracts the notice, and rouses the indignation, of Wilhelm Meister, the hero of the book. He is an enthusiastic youth of genius, amiable, modest, but altogether fanciful in his habits of mind, and absurd and irresolute in his conduct and demeanour; who, in pursuit of a vague passion for the stage, has wandered from his respectable family, and is in everything but poverty (for he is not poor) a mere adventurer, when he first sees the beau-

tiful little *Mignon*. He takes the part of the injured and persecuted child—he buys her from the rope-dancers, and adopts her.

It is now that the character of this girl begins to develope itself, in a manner the conception of which attests the full mastery of the genius of Goethe. The innocent ignorance and gaiety of childhood begins to be blended with a more than womanly depth of sentiment and passion. The blood of Italy beats in her unconscious veins—sadness, weariness, uncontrollable melancholy yearnings are the fruit of gratitude and of nature. She serves her preserver and protector like a slave—she loves him like a woman—in timidity, in mystery, in profound ignorance of herself. She springs at once from the threshold of life, to the inmost recess of its passions and its sorrows. The bud expands at once into the full flower—and that very moment all its leaves are for ever scattered. Jealousy, in short, grows up from the same roots with this untold, even unsuspected love—and the moment Mignon hears that Wilhelm has wooed and won another bride, the fragile heart snaps asunder.

Madame de Stael well observes, that it is almost impossible to give any idea of this most pathetic story, by either analysis or extract, and accordingly she attempts neither. It is told by touches so slight—by traits individually so trivial—the intervals in the tale are so great—the whole tragedy is so like a broken, half-told, half-remembered wild dream—that the book unquestionably must be read ere any one can form even the remotest conception of what the story of Mignon is. In many respects, the silent, mysterious, infantine thing, with her dancing tricks, her passions so much beyond her years and her stature, her fairy-like beauty, and her heart-broken love, will remind the English reader of FENELLA.* But although that character may probably have been suggested by this of Mignon, the workmanship is entirely different.—We shall endeavour to select a few, and but a few, specimens of Goethe's manner. The reader must be contented to piece the fragments together as he best may.

"'They have made their purpose good, I imagine,' said Wilhelm to Philina, who was leaning over the window beside him. 'I admire the ingenuity with which they have turned to advantage even the meanest part of their performance: out of the unskilfulness of their children, and exquisiteness of their chief actors, they have made up a whole which at first excited our attention, and then gave us very fine entainment.'

"The people by degrees dispersed, and the square was again become empty, while Philina and Laertes were disputing about the forms and the skill of Narciss and Landrinette, and rallying each other on the subject at great length. Wilhelm noticed the wonderful child standing on the street near some other children at play; he shewed her to Philina, who, in her lively way, immediately called and beckoned to the little one, and, this not succeeding, tripped singing down stairs, and led her up by the hand.

"'Here is the enigma,' said she, as she brought her to the door. The child stood upon the threshold, as if she meant again to run off; laid the right hand on her breast, the left on her brow, and bowed deeply. 'Fear nothing, my little dear,' said Wilhelm, rising and going towards her. She viewed him with a doubting look, and came a few steps nearer.

"'What is thy name?' he asked.—'They call me Mignon.' 'How many years old art thou?' 'No one has counted them.' 'Who was thy father?' 'The Great Devil is dead.'

"'Well! this is singular enough,' said Philina. They asked her a few more questions; she gave her answers in a kind of broken German, and with a strangely solemn manner, every time laying her hands on her breast and brow, and bowing deeply.

"Wilhelm could not satisfy himself with looking at her. His eyes and his heart were irresistibly attracted by the mysterious condition of this being. He reckoned her about twelve or thirteen years of age; her body was well formed, only her limbs gave promise of a stronger growth, or else announced a stunted one. Her countenance was not regular, but striking; her brow full of mystery; her nose extremely beautiful; her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age, and though she often threw it to a side, had yet an air of frankness and was very lovely. Her brownish complexion could scarcely be discerned through the paint. This form stamped itself deeply in Wilhelm's soul; he kept looking at her earnestly, and forgot the present scene in the multitude of his reflections. Philina waked him from his half-dream, by holding

* By the way, it would seem as if Lord Byron had meant to give us a closer shadow of Mignon in his Don Juan.

out the remainder of her sweetmeats to the child, and giving her a sign to go away. She made her little bow as formerly, and darted like lightning through the door."

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"The rope-dancers had commenced their operations. A multitude of people had again assembled in the square; and our friends, on alighting, were struck by the appearance of a tumult in the crowd, occasioned by a throng of men rushing towards the door of the inn which Wilhelm had now turned his face to. He sprang forward to see what it was; and pressing through the people, he was struck with horror to observe the master of the rope-dancing company dragging poor Mignon by the hair out of the house, and unmercifully beating her little body with the handle of a whip.

"Wilhelm darted on the man like lightning, and seized him by the collar. 'Quit the child!' he cried in a furious tone, 'or one of us shall never leave this spot;' and so speaking, he grasped the fellow by the throat with a force which only rage could have lent him. The showman, on the point of choking, let go the child, and endeavoured to defend himself against his new assailant. But some people, who had felt compassion for Mignon, yet had not dared to begin a quarrel for her, now laid hold of the rope dancer, wrenched his whip away, and threatened him with great fierceness and abuse. Being now reduced to the weapons of his mouth, he began bullying and cursing horribly: the lazy worthless urchin, he said, would not do her duty; refused to perform the egg-dance, which he had promised to the public; he would beat her to death, and no one should hinder him. He tried to get loose, and seek the child, who had crept away among the crowd. Wilhelm held him back, and said sternly: 'You shall neither see nor touch her, till you have explained before a magistrate where you stole her. I will pursue you to every extremity, you shall not escape me.' These words, which Wilhelm uttered in heat, without thought or purpose, out of some vague feeling, or, if you will, out of inspiration, soon brought the raging showman to composure. 'What have I to do with the useless brat?' cried he. 'Pay me what her clothes cost, and make of her what you please; we shall settle it to-night.' And, being liberated, he made haste to resume his interrupted operations, and to calm the irritation of the public by some striking displays of his craft.

"So soon as all was still again, Wilhelm commenced a search for Mignon, whom, however, he could nowhere find. Some said they had seen her on the street, others on the roofs of the adjoining houses; but, after seeking unsuccessfully in all quarters, he was forced to content himself, and wait to see if she would not again cast up of herself.

"In the mean time, Narciss had come into the house, and Wilhelm set to question him about the birth-place and history of the child. Monsieur Narciss knew nothing about these things; for he had not long been in the company: but in return he recited, with much volubility and levity, various particulars of his own fortune. Upon Wilhelm's wishing him joy of the great approbation he had gained, Narciss expressed himself as if exceedingly indifferent on that point. 'People laugh at us,' he said, 'and admire our feats of skill; but their admiration does nothing for us. The master has to pay us, and may raise the funds where he pleases.' He then took his leave, and was setting off in great haste.

"At the question: Whither he was bent so fast? the dog gave a smile, and admitted that his figure and talents had acquired for him a more solid species of favour than the huzzaing of the multitude. He had been invited by some young ladies, who desired much to become acquainted with him, and he was afraid it would be midnight ere he could get through with all his visits. He proceeded with the greatest candour to detail his adventures; he would have given the names of his patronesses, their streets and houses, had not Wilhelm waived such indiscretion, and politely given him leave.

"Laertes had meanwhile been entertaining Landrienette: he declared that she was fully worthy to be and to remain a woman.

"Our friend next proceeded to his bargain with the showman for Mignon. Thirty crowns was the price set upon her; and for this sum the black-bearded hot Italian entirely surrendered all his claims; but of her history, or parentage, he would discover nothing; only that she had fallen into his hands at the death of his brother, who, by reason of his admirable skill, had usually been named the *Great Devil.*

"Next morning was chiefly spent in searching for the child. It was in vain that they rummaged every hole and corner of the house and neighbourhood: the child had vanished, and Wilhelm was afraid she might have leapt into some pool of water, or destroyed herself in some other way.

"Philina's charms could not dissipate his inquietude; he passed a dreary thoughtful day."

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"Next morning, the rope-dancers, not without much parade and bustle, having gone away, Mignon immediately appeared, and came into the parlour as Wilhelm and Laertes were busy fencing. 'Where hast thou been hid?' said Wilhelm in a friendly tone. 'Thou hast given us a great deal of anxiety.' The child looked at him, and

answered nothing. 'Thou art ours now,' cried Laertes; 'we have bought thee.' 'For how much?' inquired the child quite coolly. 'For a hundred ducats,' said the other; 'pay them again and thou art free.' 'Is that very much?' she asked. 'O yes! thou must now be a good child.' 'I will try,' she said.

"From that moment she observed strictly what services the waiter had to do for both her friends; and after next day, she would not any more let him enter the room. She persisted in doing everything herself; and accordingly went through her duties, slowly indeed, and sometimes awkwardly, yet completely and with the greatest care.

"She was frequently observed going to a basin of water, and washing her face with such diligence and violence, that she almost wore the skin from her cheeks; till Laertes, by dint of questions and reproofs, learned that she was striving by all means to get the paint from her skin; and that, in her zealous endeavours towards this object, she had mistaken the redness produced by rubbing for the most obdurate dye. They set her right on this point, and she ceased her efforts; after which, having come again to her natural state, she exhibited a fine brown complexion, beautiful, though sparingly intermingled with red.

"The siren charms of Philina, the mysterious presence of the child, produced more impression on our friend than he liked to confess; he passed several days in that strange society, endeavouring to elude self-reproaches by a diligent practice of fencing and dancing—accomplishments which he believed might not again be put within his reach so conveniently."

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"In the meantime, Mignon's form and manner of existence was growing more attractive to him every day. In her whole system of proceedings, there was something very singular. She never walked up and down the stairs, but jumped. She would spring along by the railing, and before you were aware, would be sitting quietly above upon the landing. Wilhelm had observed, also, that she had a different sort of salutation for each individual. For himself, it had of late been with her arms crossed upon her breast. Often for the whole day she was mute. At times she answered various questions more freely, yet always strangely; so that you could not determine whether it was caused by shrewd sense, or ignorance of the language; for she spoke in broken German, interlaced with French and Italian. In Wilhelm's service, she was indefatigable, and up before the sun. On the other hand, she vanished early in the evening, went to sleep in a little room upon the bare floor, and could not by any means be induced to take a bed or even a straw sack. He often found her washing herself. Her clothes, too, were kept scrupulously clean, though nearly all about her was quilted two or three plies thick. Wilhelm was moreover told, that she went every morning early to hear mass. He followed her on one occasion, and saw her kneeling down, with a rosary in a corner of the church, and praying devoutly. She did not observe him; and he returned home, forming many a conjecture about this appearance, yet unable to arrive at any probable conclusion."

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"Mignon had been waiting for him; she lighted him up stairs. On setting down the light, she begged that he would allow her that evening to compliment him with a piece of her art. He would rather have declined this, particularly as he knew not what it was; but he had not the heart to refuse anything this kind creature wished. After a little while she again came in. She carried a little carpet below her arm, which she then spread upon the floor. Wilhelm said she might proceed. She thereupon brought four candles, and placed one upon each corner of the carpet. A little basket of eggs, which she next carried in, made her purpose clearer. Carefully measuring her steps, she then walked to and fro upon the carpet, spreading out the eggs in certain figures and positions; which done, she called in a man that was waiting in the house, and could play on the violin. He retired with his instrument into a corner; she tied a band about her eyes, gave a signal, and, like a piece of wheel-work set a-going, she began moving the same instant as the music, accompanying her beats and the notes of the tune with the strokes of a pair of castanets.

"Lightly, nimbly, quickly, and with hairsbreadth accuracy, she carried on the dance. She skipped so sharply and surely along between the eggs, and trode so closely down beside them, that you would have thought every instant she must trample one of them in pieces, or kick the rest away in her rapid turns. By no means! She touched no one of them, though winding herself through their mazes with all kinds of steps, wide and narrow, nay even with leaps, and at last half kneeling.

"Constant as the movement of a clock, she ran her course; and the strange music at each repetition of the tune, gave a new impulse to the dance, recommencing and again rushing off as at first. Wilhelm was quite led away by this singular spectacle; he forgot his cares; he followed every movement of the dear little creature, and felt surprised to see how finely her character unfolded itself as she proceeded in the dance.

"Rigid, sharp, cold, vehement, and in soft postures, stately rather than attractive; such was the light in which it shewed her. At this moment, he experienced at once all

the emotions he had ever felt for Mignon. He longed to incorporate this forsaken being with his own heart; to take her in his arms, and with a father's love to awake in her the joy of existence.

"The dance being ended, she rolled the eggs together softly with her foot into a little heap, left none behind, harmed none; then placed herself beside it, taking the bandage from her eyes, and concluding her performance with a little bow.

"Wilhelm thanked her for having executed, so prettily and unexpectedly, a dance he had long wished to see. He patted her; was sorry she had tired herself so much. He promised her a new suit of clothes; to which she vehemently replied: 'Thy colour!' This, too, he promised her, though not well knowing what she meant by it. She then lifted up the eggs, took the carpet below her arm, asked if he wanted anything farther, and skipped out at the door.

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"It will not surprise us, therefore, that, in considering his situation, and labouring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that, by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder: had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money-transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the enigma of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. 'I must go,' he exclaimed; 'I will go.' He threw himself into a chair, and felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked, Whether she might help to undress him? Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her deeply to be so abruptly dismissed by him before.

"Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need, and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affliction.

"She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. 'Master!' she cried, 'if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?' 'Dear little creature,' said he, taking her hands, 'thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go.' She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears; and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees with increasing violence diffused itself over all her frame. 'What ails thee, Mignon?' cried he; 'what ails thee?' She raised up her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him, and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up, and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! 'My child!' cried he, raising her up, and clasping her fast; 'My child, what ails thee?' The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive; and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment. Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her fast. er and faster. 'My child!' cried he, 'my child! Thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!' Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. 'My father!' cried she, 'Thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!'

"Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity."

* * * *

"Amid the pleasures of the entertain-

ment, it had not been noticed that the children and the Harper were away. Ere long they made their entrance, and were blithely welcomed by the company. They came in together, very strangely decked: Felix was beating a triangle, Mignon a tambourine; the old man had his large harp hung round his neck, and was playing on it whilst he carried it before him. They marched round and round the table, and sang a multitude of songs. Eatables were handed to them; and the guests believed they could not do a greater kindness to the children, than by giving them as much sweet wine as they chose to drink. For the company themselves had not by any means neglected a stock of savoury flasks, presented by the two amateurs, which had arrived this evening in baskets. The children tripped about and sang; Mignon in particular was frolicsome beyond what any one had ever seen her. She beat the tambourine with the greatest liveliness and grace: now, with her finger pressed against the parchment, she hummed across it quickly to and fro; now rattled on it with her knuckles, now with the back of her hand; nay, sometimes, with alternating rhythm, she struck it first against her knee and then against her head; and anon twirling it in her hand, she made the shells jingle by themselves; and thus, from the simplest instrument, elicited a great variety of tones. After she and Felix had long rioted about, they sat down upon an elbow-chair which was standing empty at the table, exactly opposite to Wilhelm.

"The children, seated in the great chair, scarcely reached above the table more, or had a larger look, than puppets in their box: they actually at length commenced a little drama in the style of Punch. The croaking screeching tone of these people Mignon imitated very well; and Felix and she began to knock their heads together, and against the edges of the table, in a way that nothing else but wooden puppets could endure. Mignon, in particular, grew frantic with gaiety; the company, much as they had laughed at her at first, were in fine obliged to curb her. But persuasion was of small avail; for she now sprang up, and raved and shook her tambourine, and capered round the table. With her hair flying out behind her, with her head thrown back, and her limbs as it were cast into the air, she seemed like one of those antique Mænades, whose wild and all but impossible positions still strike us with astonishment when seen on classic monuments.

"Incited by the talents and the uproar of the children, each endeavoured to contribute something to the entertainment of the night. The girls sung several *canons*; Laertes whistled in the manner of a nightingale; and the Pedant gave a symphony, *pianissimo* upon the Jew's-harp. Meanwhile the youths and damsels, who sat near each other, had begun a great variety of games; in which, as the hands often crossed and met, some pairs were favoured with a transient squeeze, the emblem of a hopeful kindness. Madam Melina in particular seemed scarcely to conceal a decided tenderness for Wilhelm. It was late; and Aurelia, perhaps the only one retaining self-possession in the party, now stood up, and signified that it was time to go.

"By way of termination, Serlo gave a firework, or what resembled one; for he could imitate the sound of crackers, rockets, and firewheels, with his mouth, in a style of nearly inconceivable correctness. You had only to shut your eyes, and the deception was complete. In the meantime, they had all arisen; the men gave their arms to the females to escort them home. Wilhelm was walking last with Aurelia. The stage-manager met him on the stair, and said to him,—'Here is the veil which the Ghost vanished in; it was hanging fixed to the place where he sank; we found it this moment.'—'A curious relic!' said our friend, and took it with him.

"At this instant his left arm was laid hold of, and he felt a smart twinge of pain in it. Mignon had hid herself in the place; she had seized him and bit his arm. She rushed past him, down the stair, and disappeared.

"On reaching the open air, almost all of them observed that they had drank too liberally. They glided asunder without taking leave.

"The instant Wilhelm gained his room, he stripped, and extinguishing his candle, hastened into bed. Sleep was overpowering him without delay, when a noise, that seemed to issue from behind the stove, aroused him. In the eye of his heated fancy, the image of the harnessed King was hovering near him; he sat up that he might address the Spectre; but he felt himself encircled with soft arms, and his mouth was shut with kisses, which he had not force to push away.

* * * *

"Next morning, Wilhelm started up with an unpleasant feeling, and found himself alone. His head was still dim with the tumult, which he had not yet entirely slept off; and the recollection of his nightly visitant disquieted his mind. His first suspicion lighted on Philina; but, on second thoughts, he conceived that it could not have been she. He sprang out of bed, and, while putting on his clothes, he noticed that the door, which commonly he used to bolt, was now ajar; though whether he had shut it on the previous night or not, he could not recollect.

"But what surprised him most, was the Spirit's veil, which he found lying on his bed. Having brought it up with him, he had most probably thrown it there himself. It was a gray gauze; on the hem of it he noticed an inscription broidered in dark

letters. He unfolded it, and read the words: 'FOR THE FIRST AND THE LAST TIME! FLY, YOUTH! FLY!' He was struck with it, and knew not what to think or say.

"At this moment Mignon entered with his breakfast. The aspect of the child astonished Wilhelm, we may almost say affrighted him. She appeared to have grown taller over night; she entered with a stately noble air; and looked him in the face so earnestly, that he could not endure her glances. She did not touch him, as at other times, when, for morning salutation, she would press his hand, or kiss his cheek, his lips, his arm, or shoulder; but having put his things in order, she retired in silence."

The reader must understand that *Mignon* falls into sickness from the excess of her feelings—Wilhelm, who has been separated from her for some time, is conversing with her physician. The child Felix is the son of Wilhelm—the fruit of a long-past and unhappy love. Mignon has prodigiously attached herself all along to the boy. The whole scene is thoroughly a German one.

"The Doctor, now alone with Wilhelm, thus proceeded: 'I have wondrous things to tell you; such as you are not anticipating. Natalia has retired, that we might speak with greater liberty of certain matters, which, although I learned them by her means at first, her presence would prevent us from discussing freely. The strange temper of the child seems to consist almost exclusively of deep longing; the desire of revisiting her native land, and the desire for you, my friend, are, I might almost say, the only earthly things about her. Both these feelings do but grasp towards an immeasurable distance, both objects lie before her unattainable. The neighbourhood of Milan seems to be her home; in very early childhood, she was kidnapped from her parents by a company of rope-dancers. A more distinct account we cannot get from her, partly because she was then too young to recollect the names of men and places; but especially because she has made an oath to tell no living mortal her abode and parentage. For the strolling party, who came up with her when she had lost her way, and to whom she so accurately described her dwelling, with such piercing entreaties to conduct her home, but carried her along with them so much the faster; and at night in their quarters, when they thought the child was sleeping, joked about their precious capture, declaring she would never find the way home again. On this a horrid desperation fell upon the miserable creature; but at last the Holy Virgin rose before her eyes, and promised that she would assist her. The child then swore within herself a sacred oath, that she would henceforth trust no human creature, would disclose her history to no one, but live and die in hope of immediate aid from Heaven. Even this, which I am telling you, Natalia did not learn expressly from her; but gathered from detached expressions, songs, and childish inadvertencies, betraying what they meant to hide.'

"Wilhelm called to memory many a song and word of this dear child, which he could now explain. He earnestly requested the Physician to keep from him none of the confessions or mysterious poetry of this peculiar being.

"'Prepare yourself,' said the Physician, 'for a strange confession; for a story with which you, without remembering it, have much to do; and which, as I greatly fear, has been decisive for the death and life of this good creature.'

"'Let me hear,' said Wilhelm, 'my impatience is unbounded.'

"'Do you recollect a secret nightly visit from a female,' said the Doctor, 'after your appearance in the character of Hamlet?'

"'Yes, I recollect it well,' cried Wilhelm, blushing, 'but I did not look to be reminded of it at the present moment.'

"'Do you know who it was?'

"'I do not! You frighten me! In the name of Heaven, not Mignon, sure? Who was it? tell me pray.'

"'I know it not myself.'

"'Not Mignon, then?'

"'No, certainly not Mignon: but Mignon was intending at the time to glide in to you; and saw, with horror, from a corner where she lay concealed, a rival get before her.'

"'A rival!' cried our friend: 'Speak on, you are confounding me entirely.'

"'Be thankful,' said the Doctor, 'that you can arrive at the result so soon through means of me. Natalia and I, with but a distant interest in the matter, had distress enough to undergo, before we could thus far discover the perplexed condition of the poor dear creature, whom we wished to help. By some wanton speeches of Philina and the other girls, by a certain song which she had heard the former sing, the child's attention had been roused; she longed to pass the night beside the man she loved, without conceiving anything to be implied in this beyond a happy and confiding rest. A love for you, my friend, was already keen and powerful in her little heart; in your arms, the child had found repose from many a sorrow; she now desired this happiness in all its fulness. At one time she proposed to ask you for it in a friendly manner; but a secret horror always held her back. At last that merry night and the excitement of abundant wine inspired

her with the courage to attempt the venture, and glide in to you on that occasion. Accordingly she ran before, to hide herself in your apartment, which was standing open; but just when she had reached the top of the stair, having heard a rustling, she concealed herself, and saw a female in a white dress slip into your chamber. You yourself arrived soon after, and she heard you push the large bolt.

"'Mignon's agony was now unutterable; all the violent feelings of a passionate jealousy mingled with the unacknowledged longing of obscure desire, and seized her half-developed nature with tremendous force. Her heart, that hitherto had beaten violently with eagerness and expectation, now at once began to falter and stop; it pressed her bosom like a heap of lead; she could not draw her breath, she knew not what to do; she heard the sound of the old man's harp, hastened to the garret where he was, and passed the night at his feet in horrible convulsions.'

"The Physician paused a moment; then, as Wilhelm still kept silence, he proceeded: 'Natalia told me nothing in her life had so alarmed and touched her as the state of Mignon while relating this; indeed, our noble friend accused herself of cruelty in having by her questions and her management drawn this confession from her, and renewed by recollection the violent sorrows of the poor little girl.

"'The dear creature,' said Natalia, 'had scarcely come so far with her recital, or rather with her answers to my questions, when she sank at once before me on the ground, and with her hand upon her bosom piteously complained of the returning pain of that excruciating night. She twisted herself like a worm upon the floor, and I was forced to summon my composure that I might remember and apply such means of remedy for mind and body as were known to me.'

"'It is a painful predicament you put me in,' cried Wilhelm, 'by impressing me so keenly with the feeling of my manifold injustice towards this unhappy and beloved being, at the very moment when I am again to meet with her. If she is to see me, why do you deprive me of the courage to appear with freedom? And shall I confess it to you? Since her mind is so affected, I perceive not how my presence can be advantageous to her. If you, as a Physician, are persuaded that this double longing has so undermined her being as to threaten death, why should I renew her sorrows by my presence, and perhaps accelerate her end?'

"'My friend,' replied the Doctor, 'where we cannot cure, it is our duty to alleviate; and how much the presence of a loved object tends to take from the imagination its destructive power, how it changes an impetuous longing to a peaceful looking, I could demonstrate by the most convincing instances. Everything in moderation and with judgment! For, in other cases, this same presence may rekindle an affection nigh extinguished. But do you go and see the child; behave to her with kindness, and let us wait the consequence.'

"Natalia, at this moment coming back, bade Wilhelm follow her to Mignon. 'She appears to feel quite happy with the boy,' observed Natalia, 'and I hope she will receive our friend with mildness.' Wilhelm followed not without reluctance; he was deeply moved by what he had been hearing; he feared a stormy scene of passion. It was altogether the reverse that happened on his entrance.

"Mignon, dressed in long white women's clothes, with her brown copious hair partly knotted, partly clustering out in locks, was sitting with the boy Felix on her lap, and pressing him against her heart. She looked like a departed spirit, he like life itself; it seemed as if Heaven and Earth were clasping one another. She held out her hand to Wilhelm with a smile, and said: 'I thank thee for bringing back the child to me: they had taken him away, I know not how, and since then I could not live. So long as my heart needs anything on earth, thy Felix shall fill up the void.'

* * * *

"The Abbé called them in the evening to attend the exequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past; they found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry almost from the ceiling to the floor, so that nothing but the cornices and friezes above and below were visible. On the four candelabras in the corners, large wax-lights were burning; smaller lights were in the four smaller candelabras placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure with silver; they had broad fans of ostrich feathers, which they waved above a figure that was resting upon the sarcophagus. The company sat down: two invisible Choruses began in a soft musical recitative to ask: 'Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling?' The four boys replied with lovely voices: 'Tis a tired playmate whom we bring you; let her rest in your still dwelling, till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her.'

CHORUS.

"Firstling of youth in our circle, we welcome thee! With sadness welcome thee! May no boy, no maiden follow! Let age only, willing and composed, approach the silent Hall, and in the solemn company, repose this one dear child!

BOYS.

"Ah! reluctantly we brought her hither! Ah! and she is to remain here! Let us too remain; let us weep, let us weep upon her bier!

CHORUS.

"Yet look at the strong wings; look at the light clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon her head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose!

BOYS.

"Ah! the wings do not raise her; in the frolic game, her robe flutters to and fro no more; when we bound her head with roses, her looks on us were kind and friendly.

CHORUS.

"Cast forward the eyes of your spirits! Awake in your souls the imaginative power, which carries Life, the fairest, the highest of earthly endowments, away beyond the stars.

BOYS.

"But, ah! we find her not here; in the garden she wanders not; the flowers of the meadow she plucks no longer. Let us weep, we are leaving her here! Let us weep and remain with her!

CHORUS.

"Children, turn back into life! Your tears let the fresh air dry which plays upon the rushing water. Fly from Night! Day and Pleasure and Continuance are the lot of the living.

BOYS.

"Up! Turn back into life! Let the day give us labour and pleasure, till the evening brings us rest, and the nightly sleep refreshes us.

CHORUS.

"Children! Hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may Love meet you with heavenly looks, and with the wreath of immortality.

"By the pressure of a spring, the Abbé sank the body into the cavity of the marble. Four youths, dressed as the boys had been, came out from behind the tapestry; and lifting the heavy, beautifully ornamented lid upon the coffin, thus began their song.

THE YOUTHS.

"Well is the treasure now laid up; the fair image of the Past! Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts too it lives, it works. Travel, travel back into life! Take along with you this holy Earnestness; for Earnestness alone makes life eternity."

We have perhaps quoted too much —and yet fain would we quote more. Independent altogether of this story of Mignon, there is another not less affecting, although not quite so imaginative—that of *Mariana*. This, too, is a golden thread, that runs here and there through the whole web of this complex and singular performance.

Whatever ordinary novel-readers may think, it is no trifle that we now do possess in the English language a faithful and complete version of *one* of those works by which Goethe has established his fame as a novelist. The English translation of The Sorrows of Werther is abominable, and no one can have any proper notion of that work from it. We trust this young gentleman may be prevailed upon to do for Werther the same service which Meister has received at his hands. The task will be a far lighter one, and the juvenile work, whatever Goethe himself may think or say, is, after all, a superior one even to his Meister. It is, at all events, a work much more certain to find favour with English readers, if it were but presented to them in a decent English dress.

In his future versions, we hope this gentleman will please to dispense with his *Frau—Herr—Fraulein—Stallmeister—Amt—Stadthaus*, and the other purely German words with which in this instance he has here and there most absurdly and offensively interlarded his excellent English. Mr, Mrs, Miss, Master-of-the-horse, Magistrate, Town-house, and the like, are quite as good words in sound, and considerably more intelligible. This hint will, we hope, be taken in good part. And the publishers also will forgive us for observing, that it is too much to make us pay for a translation of a German novel, at the same rate as for a new work of the Author of Waverley.

We have named, at the head of this article, a version (so called) of Goethe's Life of Himself, which has lately issued from the London press. We have done so, merely that we might have the opportunity of warning our readers against one of the most audacious and impudent pieces of quackery, by which the public confidence has of late years been insulted. The scribe pretends to translate from the German; but, in fact, his translation is a miserably mutilated one of a very bad French version. The sense has been missed in innumerable instances in the course of this double process of refinement. And altogether the catchpenny is below contempt. Its defects of execution have been abundantly exposed in the Westminster Review; but these critics themselves do not appear to be aware of the fact, that since the three volumes, inscribed "Dichtung und Wahrheit" were published, another volume of this work has ap-

peared. Of this entire fourth volume, which has been for not less than *eight years** before the public, and familiar to almost every person who knows anything of German letters—of this charming volume, which contains Goethe's Narrative of his Travels in Italy, one of the most interesting periods of his life—of this entire volume our noble translator has not translated one syllable. And yet he has the face to make a grand apology for the abruptness with which Goethe's narrative terminates, and ekes out his own two miserable octavos with a bald and barren "*original!!!*" continuation of Goethe's Life, and some notices of his literary contemporaries, which have every appearance of being copied from the small print of some French Magazine, or "Dictionary of Living Authors," *made to sell.*

We should like extremely to see a translation of Goethe's Life, executed by the translator of his Wilhelm Meister, or some similar hand; but this specimen of hack-work and quack-work must be scouted by the public.

* Our copy is printed at Tubingen in 1816.

Maxims of Mr O'Doherty.

Part the Second.

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER,

Few pieces of cant are more common than that which consists in re-echoing the old and ridiculous cry of "variety is charming;" "*toujours perdrix,*" &c. &c. &c. I deny the fact. I want no variety. Let things be really good, and I, for one, am in no danger of wearying of them. For example, to rise every day about half after nine—eat a couple of eggs and muffins, and drink some cups of genuine, sound, clear coffee—then to smoke a cigar or so—read the Chronicle—skim a few volumes of some first-rate new novel, or perhaps pen a libel or two in a light sketchy vein—then to take a bowl of strong, rich, invigorating soup—then to get on horseback, and ride seven or eight miles, paying a visit to some amiable, well-bred, accomplished young lady, in the course of it, and chatting away an hour with her,

> "Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair,"

as Milton expresses it—then to take a hot-bath, and dress—then to sit down to a plain substantial dinner, in company with a select party of real good, honest, jolly Tories—and to spend the rest of the evening with them over a pitcher of cool chateau-margout, singing, laughing, speechifying, blending wit and wisdom, and winding up the whole with a devil and a tumbler or two of hot rum-punch—This, repeated day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, may perhaps appear to some people, a picture pregnant with ideas of the most sickening and disgusting monotony. Not so with me, however. I am a plain man. I could lead this dull course of uniform unvaried existence for the whole period of the Millennium. Indeed I mean to do so.

Hoping that you, benevolent reader, after weighing matters with yourself in calm contemplation for a few minutes, may be satisfied that the view I have taken is the right one—I now venture to submit to your friendly notice a small additional slice of the same genuine honest cut-and-come-again dish, to which I recently had the honour of introducing you. Do not, therefore, turn up your nose in fashionable fastidiousness; but mix your grog, light your pipe, and laying out your dexter leg be-

fore you in a comfortable manner upon a well-padded chair, or sofa, or foot-stool, (for the stuffing of the cushion, not the form of the furniture, is the point of real importance,)—and, above all, take particular care that your cravat, braces, waistband, &c. &c. &c. be duly relaxed proceed, I say, with an easy body, and a well-disposed, humble, and meditative mind, to cast your eye over a few more of those "pebbles," (to use a fine expression of the immortal Burke,) which have been rounded and polished by long tossing about in the mighty ocean of the intellect of,

Gentle reader,

Your most devoted servant,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Blue Posts, June 19, 1824.

Maxim Twenty-ninth.

WHENEVER there is any sort of shadow of doubt, as to the politics of an individual—that individual has reason to be ashamed of his politics—in other words, he is a WHIG. A Tory always deals above board. Your Whig, on the other hand, particularly your Whigling, or young Whig, may have, and, in point of fact, very often has, his private reasons for wishing to keep the stain of which he is conscious as much in the shade as may be. It is wonderful how soon such characters make up their minds when they are once fairly settled in a good thing.

Maxim Thirtieth.

Hock cannot be too much, claret cannot be too little, iced. Indeed, I have my doubts whether any red wine should ever see the ice-pail at all. Burgundy, unquestionably, never should; and I am inclined to think, that with regard to hermitage, claret, &c., it is *always* quite sufficient to wrap a wet towel (or perhaps a wisp of wet straw is better still) about the bottle, and put it in the draught of a shady window for a couple of hours before enjoyment. I do not mention port, because that is a winter wine.

Maxim Thirty-first.

In whatever country one is, one should choose the dishes of the country. Every really national dish is good—at least, I never yet met with one that did not gratify my appetite. The Turkish pilaws are most excellent—but the so called French cookery of Pera is execrable. In like manner, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding is always a prime feast in England, while John Bull's *Fricandeaux soufflés*, &c., are decidedly anathema. What a horror, again, is a *Bifstick* of the Palais Royal! On the same principle—(for all the Fine Arts follow exactly the same principles)—on the same principle it is, that while Principal Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Dr Thomas Brown, and all the other would-be-English writers of Scotland, have long since been voted tame, insipid, and tasteless diet, the real haggis-bag of a Robert Burns keeps, and must always keep, its place.

Maxim Thirty-second.

Never take lobster sauce to salmon; it is mere painting of the lily, or, I should rather say, of the rose. The only true sauce for salmon is vinegar, mustard, Cayenne pepper, and parsley. Try this *once*, my dear Dr Kitchener, and I have no hesitation in betting three ten-pennies that you will never depart from it again while the breath of gastronomy is in your nostrils. As for the lobster, either make soup of him, or eat him cold (with cucumber) at supper.

Maxim Thirty-third.

I talked in the last maxim of cold lobster for supper; but this requires explanation. If by accident you have dined in a quiet way, and deferred for once the main business of existence until the night, then eat cold lobsters, cold beef, or cold anything you like for supper; but in the ordinary case, when a man has already got his two bottles, or perhaps three under his belt, depend on it, the supper of that man should be hot—hot—hot—

"Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia docet."

Such is my simple view of the matter; but a friend at my elbow, who is always for refining on things, says, that the philosophical rule is this, "When you have been drinking cold wine or cold punch, your supper ought to be a devil, or at least something partaking of the devil character; and, on the other hand, when you have been swallowing mulled wine, or hot punch, or hot toddy, something cold, with vinegar, sallad, &c., should form the supper."—I have given you my friend's theory in his own words.—If men of sense would but communicate the results of their different experiments to the public, we should soon have abundant *data* for the settlement of all these disputes.

Maxim Thirty-fourth.

It is a common thing to hear big wigs prosing against *drinking*, as "a principal source of the evil that we see in this world."—I heard a very big wig say so myself the other day from the bench, and we have all heard the same cant, *ad nauseam usque*, from the pulpit. There cannot, however, be a more egregious mistake. Had Voltaire, Robespierre, Buonaparte, Talleyrand, &c., been all a set of jolly boozing lads, what a mass of sin and horror, of blasphemy, uproar, blood-thirsty revolution, wars, battles, sieges, butcherings, ravishings, &c. &c. &c., in France, Germany, Egypt, Spain, Sicily, Syria, North America, Portugal, &c., had been spared within the last twenty or thirty years! Had Mahomet been a comfortable, social good fellow, devotedly fond of his pipe and pot, would not the world have avoided the whole of that humbug of Islamism?—a superstition, reader, that has chained up and degraded the intellect of man in so many of the finest districts of the globe, during the space of so many long centuries. Is it not manifest, that if Southey had been a greater dealer in quarts, his trade would have been more limited as to quartos?—It is clear, then, that loyalty, religion, and literature, have had occasion, one and all of them, to bemoan not the wine-sop, but the milk-sop, propensities of their most deadly foes.

Maxim Thirty-fifth.

In making our estimate of a man's character, we should always lay entirely out of view whatever has any connexion with "the womankind." In fact, we all are, or have been, or shall be,—or, if this be too much, we all at least might, could, would, or should, be—Fools *quoad hoc*. I wish this were the worst of it—but enough.

Maxim Thirty-sixth.

The next best thing to a really good woman, is a really good-natured one.

Maxim Thirty-seventh.

The next worst thing to a really bad man, (in other words *a knave*,) is a really good-natured man, (in other words *a fool*.)

Maxim Thirty-eighth.

A fool admires likeness to himself; but, except in the case of fools, people fall in love with something unlike themselves—a tall man with a short woman—a little man with a strapper—fair people with dark—and so on.

Maxim Thirty-ninth.

A married woman commonly falls in love with a man as unlike her husband as is possible—but a widow very often marries a man extremely resembling the defunct. The reason is obvious.

Maxim Fortieth.

You may always ascertain whether you are in a city or a village, by finding out whether the inhabitants do or do not care for or speak about ANYTHING three days after it has happened.

Maxim Forty-first.

There are four kinds of men,—the Whig who has always been a Whig—the Tory who has once been a Whig—the Whig who has once been a Tory, and the Tory who has always been a Tory. Of these I drink willingly only with the last,—considering the *first* as a fool, the *second* as a knave, and the *third* as both a fool and a knave; but if I must choose among the others, give me the mere fool.

Maxim Forty-second.

Never boozify a second time with the man whom you have seen misbehave himself in his cups. I have seen a great deal of life, and I stake myself upon the assertion, that no man ever says or does that brutal thing when drunk, which he would not also say or do when sober, *if he durst.*

Maxim Forty-third.

In literature and in love we generally begin in bad taste. I myself wrote very pompous verses at twenty, and my first flame was a flaunting, airy, artificial attitudinizer, several years older than myself. By means of experience, we educate our imagination, and become sensible to the charm of the simple and the unaffected, both in belles and belles-letters.—Your septuagenarian of accomplished taste discards epithets with religious scrupulosity, and prefers an innocent blushing maiden of sixteen, to all the blazing duchesses of St James's.

Maxim Forty-fourth.

Nothing is more disgusting than the *coram publico* endearments in which new-married people so frequently indulge themselves. The thing is obviously indecent; but this I could overlook, were it not also the perfection of folly and imbecility. No wise man counts his coin in the presence of those who, for aught he knows, may be thieves—and no good sportsman permits the *pup* to do that for which the dog must be corrected.

Maxim Forty-fifth.

A husband should be very attentive to his wife until the first child is born. After that she can amuse herself at home, while he resumes his jolly habits.

Maxim Forty-sixth.

Never believe in the intellect of a Whig, merely because you hear all the Whigs trumpet him—nay, hold fast your faith that he is a dunderhead, even although the Pluckless pipe symphonious. This is, you will please to observe, merely a plain English version of that good old *adagium:*

> "Mille licet cyphris cyphrarum millia jungas,
> Nil præter magnum conficies nihilum."

Maxim Forty-seventh.

There are two methods of mail-coach travelling—the generous and the sparing. I have tried both, and give my voice decidedly for the former. It is all stuff that you hear about eating and drinking plentifully inducing fever, &c. &c. during a long journey. Eating and drinking copiously produce nothing, mind and body being well regulated, but sleepiness—and I know no place where that inclination may be indulged less reprehensibly than in a mail-coach, for at least sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. In travelling, I make a point to eat whenever I can sit down, and to drink (ale) whenever the coach stops. As for the interim, when I can neither eat nor drink, I smoke if upon deck, and snuff if inside.

N.B. Of course, I mean when there is no opportunity of flirtation.

Maxim Forty-eighth.

If you meet with a pleasant fellow in a stage-coach, dine and get drunk with him, and, still holding him to be a pleasant fellow, hear from his own lips just at parting that he is a *Whig*—do not change your opinion of the man. Depend on it he is quizzing you.

Maxim Forty-ninth.

Shew me the young lady that runs after preachers—and I will shew you one who has no particular aversion to men.

Maxim Fiftieth.

There are only three liquors that harmonize with smoking—beer—coffee—and hock. Cigars altogether destroy the flavour of claret, and indeed of all red wines, except *Auchmanshaüser;* which, in case you are not knowing in such matters, is the produce of the Burgundy grape transplanted to the banks of the Rhine—a wine for which I have a particular regard.

Maxim Fifty-first.

He whose friendship is worth having, must hate and be hated.

Maxim Fifty-second.

Your highly popular young lady seldom—I believe I might say *never*—inspires a true, deep, soul-filling passion. I cannot suppose Julie d'Etange to have been a favourite partner in a ball-room. She could not take the trouble to smile upon so many fops.

Maxim Fifty-third.

The intensely amorous temperament in a young girl, never fails to stamp melancholy on her eyelid. The lively, rattling, giggling romp, may be capable of a love of her own kind—but never the true luxury of the passion.

Maxim Fifty-fourth.

No fool can be in love.—N. B. It has already been laid down that all good-natured *men* are fools.

Maxim Fifty-fifth.

Nothing is more overrated, in common parlance at least, than the influence of personal handsomeness in men. For my part, I can easily imagine a woman (I mean one really worth being loved by) falling in love with a Balfour of Burleigh—but I cannot say the same thing as to a young Milnwood. A real Rebecca would, I also think, have been more likely to fall in love with the Templar than with Ivanhoe; but these, I believe, were both handsome fellows in their several styles. The converse of all this applies to the case of women. Rousseau did not dare to let the small-pox permanently injure the beauty of his Heloise. One would have closed the book had he destroyed the *sine quâ non* of all romance.

Maxim Fifty-sixth.

Whenever you see a book frequently advertised, you may be pretty sure it is a bad one. If you see a *puff* quoted in the advertisements, you may be quite sure.

Maxim Fifty-seventh.

Employ but one tradesman of the same trade, and let him be the *first* man in his line. He has the best materials, and can give the best tick; and one long bill is, at all times, a mere trifle on a man's mind, compared with three short ones.

Maxim Fifty-eighth.

I cannot very well tell the reason, but such is the fact:—the best boots and shoes are made at York—I mean as to the quality of the leather.

Maxim Fifty-ninth.

Be on your guard when you hear a young lady speak slightingly of a young gentleman with whom she has any sort of acquaintance. She is probably in love with him, and will be sure to remember what you say after she is married. But if you have been heedless enough to follow her lead, and abuse him, you must make the best of it. If you have great face, go boldly at once, and drawing her into a corner, say, "Aha! do you remember a certain conversation we had?—Did you think I was not up to your tricks all the time?" —Or, better still, take the *bull* by the horns, and say,—"So ho! you lucky dog. I could have prophesied this long ago. She and I were always at you when we met—she thought I did not see through the affair—Poor girl! she was desperately in for it, to be sure. By Jupiter, what a fortunate fellow you have been!" &c. &c. &c.—Or—best of all—follow my own plan—*i. e.* don't call till the honey-moon is over.

Maxim Sixtieth.

It is the prevailing humbug for authors to abstain from putting their names on their title-pages—and well may I call this a humbug, since of every book that ever attracts the smallest attention, the author is instantly just as well known as if he had clapt his portrait to the beginning of it. This nonsense sometimes annoys me, and I have a never-failing method. My way is this; I do not, as other people do, utter modest, mincing, little compliments, in hopes of seeing the culprit blush, and thereby betray himself. This is much

too pretty treatment for a man guilty of playing upon the public—and, besides, few of them *can* blush. I pretend the most perfect ignorance of the prevailing, and, of course, just suspicion; and the moment the work is mentioned, I begin abusing it up hill and down dale. The company tip me the wink, nod, frown in abundance—no matter. On I go, *mordicus*, and one of two good things is the result, viz. either the anonymous hero waxeth wroth, and in that case the cat is out of the poke for ever and a day; or he takes it in good part, keeping his countenance with perfect composure, and then it is *proved* that he is really a sensible fellow, and by consequence really has a right to follow his own fancies, however ridiculous.

Maxim Sixty-first.

Lord Byron* observes, that the daily necessity of shaving imposed upon the European male, places him on a level, as to misery, with the sex to whose share the occasional botheration of parturition has fallen. I quite agree with his lordship—and in order to diminish, as far as in me lies, the pains of my species, I hereby lay down the result of my experiences in abrasion. If I had ever lain in, I would have done my best for the ladies too—but to proceed.—First, then, buy your razors at Paget's—a queer, dark-looking, little shop in Piccadilly, a few doors eastward from the head of St James's Street. He is a decent, shrewd, intelligent old man, makes the best blades in Europe, tempers every one of them with his own hand, and would sooner cut his throat than give you a second-rate article. Secondly, in stropping your razor, (and a piece of plain buff leather is by far the best strop,) play *from* you, not *towards* you. Thirdly, anoint your beard overnight, if the skin be in any degree hard or dry, or out of repair, with cold cream, or, better still, with bear's grease. Fourthly, whether you have anointed or not, wash your face carefully and copiously before shaving, for the chief difficulty almost always arises from dust, perspiration, &c. clogging the roots of the beard. Fifthly, let your soap be the Pasta di Castagna. Sixthly, let your brush be a *full* one of *camel's* hair. Seventhly, in spite of Sir John Sinclair, always use hot water—boiling water. These are the seven golden rules.

N. B. Use the strop again after you have done shaving, and get old Paget, if possible, to give you a lesson in setting your razors. If you cannot manage this, send them to him to be set—ay, even if you live 500 miles from London. People send to town about their coats, boots, &c., but what are all these things to the real comfort of a man, compared with a good razor?

Maxim Sixty-second.

Ass milk, they say, tastes exceedingly like woman s. No wonder.

Maxim Sixty-third.

A smoker should take as much care about his cigars, as a wine-bibber does of his cellar, yet most of them are exceedingly remiss and negligent. The rules are as follows: First, keep a large stock, for good tobacco improves very much by time—say enough for two years' consumption. Secondly, keep them in the coolest place you have, provided it be perfectly dry—for a cigar that is once wet, is useless and irreclaimable. Thirdly, keep them *always* in air-tight canisters—for the common wooden boxes play the devil.

N. B. The tobacco laws are the greatest opprobrium of the British code. We laid those most extravagant duties on tobacco at the time when North America was a part of our own empire, and we still retain them in spite of rhyme and reason. One consequence is, that every *gentleman* who smokes smuggles; for the duty on manufactured tobacco amounts to a prohibition—it is, I think, no less than eighteen shillings per pound—and what is a pound of cigars? Why does not the Duke of Sussex speak up in the House of Lords? "I like King George, but I can't afford to pay duties," quoth Nanty Ewart; and I quite agree with the inimitable Nanty.

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* Rabelais said so, Ensign, some time before Don Juan appeared.—C. N.

Maxim Sixty-fourth.

No cigar-smoker ever committed suicide.

Maxim Sixty-fifth.

In making hot toddy, or hot punch, you must put in the spirits before the water: In cold punch, grog, &c. the other way. Let Dr Hope explain the reason. I state facts.

Maxim Sixty-sixth.

The safety of women consists in one circumstance: Men do not possess at the same time the knowledge of thirty-five and the blood of seventeen.

Maxim Sixty-seventh.

The extreme instance of the *bathos* is this: Any modern sermon *after* the Litany of the Church of England.

Maxim Sixty-eighth.

The finest of all times for flirting is a wedding. They are all agog, poor things.

Maxim Sixty-ninth.

To me there is nothing very stare-worthy in the licentiousness of a few empresses, queens, &c. of whom we have all heard so much. After all, these elevated females only thought themselves the equals of common men.

Maxim Seventieth.

If prudes were as pure as they would have us believe, they would not rail so bitterly as they do. We do not thoroughly hate that which we do not thoroughly understand.

Maxim Seventy-first.

(*Composed after six months' residence in Athens.*)

John Brougham for bourdeaux,
  Robert Cockburn for champagne,
John Ferguson for hocks,
  Cay for Sherris sack of Spain.

Phin for rod, pirn, and hooks,
  Dunn for congé and salaam,
Bailie Blackwood for books,
  Macvey Napier for balaam.

Sir Walter for fables,
  Peter Robertson for speeches,
Mr Trotter for tables,
  Mr Bridges for breeches.

Gall for coaches and gigs,
  Steele for ices and jam,
Mr Urquhart for wigs,
  Mr Jeffrey for bam.

Lord Morton for the zebra,
  Billy Allan for the brush,
Johnny Leslie for the Hebrew,
  And myself for a blush.

Maxim Seventy-second.

People may talk as they like, but, after all, London is London. Now, somebody will say, here is a foolish tautology—does not everybody know that? Hooly and fairly, my friend—it is ten to one if *you* know it. If you were asked what are the fine things of London?—what is it that gives it its metropolitan and decidedly superior character? You would say Parliament—St James's — Carlton House — the Parks — Almack's — White's — Brookes's—Crockford's—Boodle's—Regent Street—the Theatres—the Dioramas—the Naturoramas—the fiddle-de-devils. Not one of these is in London, except perhaps the last, for I do not well know what that is—but London itself—the city inside Temple-bar, is the place for a philosopher.

> Houses of lath may flourish or may fade,
> Bob Nash may make them as Bob Nash has made.

But can Bob Nash (*quem honoris causa nomino*) create the glories of Cockneyland? Can he build a Watling Street—narrow, dirty, irregular, it is true, but still a Roman way, trod by proud Prætors, and still to be walked over by you or me, in the same form as it was trampled by the "hobnail" of the legionary soldier, who did service at Pharsalia? What is London stone, a black lump in a hole of the wall of a paltry church, (the London Stone Coffee-house opposite, is a very fair concern,) but a Roman milliarium, laid down there, for anything you know to the contrary, by Julius Agricola, who discovered Scotland, and was the friend of Cornelius Tacitus, according to the rules enacted by the road-meters of old Appius Claudius? But I must not go on with the recollection of London. Curse on the Cockney school of scribblers—they, who know nothing, have, by writing in praise of Augusta Trinobantum, (I use this word on purpose, in order to conceal from them what I mean,) made us sick of the subject. I, therefore, have barely adverted to the Roman times, for luckily they have not had the audacity to pretend to any acquaintance with such a period.

The Court—Why, to be sure, it contains the King, whom, as a Tory, I reverence as an integral portion of the State—I hate to hear him called the Chief Magistrate, as if he was but an upper sort of Lord Waithman—and whom as a man I regard—but my attachment is constitutional, and in the present case personal, and not local. The same may be said of Parliament. As for the clubs, why they are but knots of humdrum people after all, out of all which you could not shake five wits. The Almackites are asses—the theatres stuff—the fashionables nothing. In money—in comfort—in cookery—in antiquity—in undying subjects for quizzification—in pretty Jewesses—as Spenser says, F. Q. B. I. C. v. St. xxi.

> —— Jewessa, sunny bright,
> Adorn'd with gold and jewels shinning cleare—

London proper I back against Southwark and Westminster, including all the adjacent *hams*, and *steads*, and *tons*, and *wells*. Where can we find the match for the Albion, in Aldersgate Street, as thou goest from St Martin Le Grand to the territory of Goswell Street, in the whole world, take the world either ways, from Melville Island to Van Diemen's Land, or from Yeddo in the Island of Japan, to Iveragh in the kingdom of Kery, and back again? Nowhere!

But I am straying from my cups.

> Retournons, dist Grand Gousier, a nostre propous.
> Quel? dist Gargantua.

Why, punch making.

Maxim Seventy-third.

In making 'rack punch, you ought to put two glasses of rum to three of arrack. A good deal of sugar is required; but sweetening, after all, must be left to taste. Kitchener is frequently absurd, when he prescribes by weight

and measure for such things. Lemons and limes are also matter of palate, but two lemons is enough for the above quantity: put then an equal quantity of water—*i. e.* not five, but *six* glasses, to allow for the lemon juice, and you have a very pretty three tumblers of punch. Mix in a jug. If you are afraid of head-aches—for, as Xenophon says of another kind of eastern tipple, 'rack punch is κεφαλαλγες—put *twice* as much water as spirits. I, however, never used it that way for my own private drinking.

Maxim Seventy-fourth.

The controversy respecting the fit liquor for punch, is far from being set at rest. As some folk mention Dr Kitchener, I may as well at once dispose of him. In his 477th nostrum, he professes to give you a receipt for making lemonade in a minute, and he commences by bidding you mix essence of lemon peel *by degrees* with capillaire. How that is to be done in a minute passes my comprehension. But waving this, he proceeds to describe the process of acid making, and then, in the coolest and most audacious way in the world, bids you put a spoonful of it into a pint of water, which will produce a very agreeable sherbet, "the addition of rum or brandy (quoth our hero) will convert this into PUNCH DIRECTLY." What a pretty way of doing business this is! It is just as much as if I were to say, get a flint—the addition of a stock, lock, and barrel to which, will convert it into a GUN DIRECTLY. Why, the spirits were first to be considered.

Maxim Seventy-fifth.

Brandy I do not think good punch. The lemon does not blandly amalgamate, and sugar hurts the vinous flavour. Nor is it over good as grog. I recommend brandy to be used as a dram solely. In drinking claret, when that cold wine begins, as it will do, to chill the stomach, a glass of brandy after every four glasses of claret corrects the frigidity.

N.B. Brandy, and indeed all other drams, should be taken at one sup, no matter how large the glass may be. The old rule of "never to make two bites of a cherry," applies with peculiar emphasis to cherry brandy.

Maxim Seventy-sixth.

Rum is the liquor consecrate to grog. Half and half is the fair proportion. Grog should never be stirred with a spoon, but immediately drunk as soon as the rum has been poured in. Rum punch is apt to be heavy on the stomach —and unless very old, it has not peculiar merit as a dram. The American pine-apple rum is fine drinking, and I wonder it is not introduced into this country. In my last Maxims, I omitted to panegyrize the peach brandy of our Trans-Atlantic brethren, an omission which I beg leave here to correct.

Maxim Seventy-seventh.

The pursers on board ships water the rum too much. You hear fools in Parliament and elsewhere, prating about the evils of impressment; but the real grievances of the navy are left untouched. Croker should take this up, for it would make him extensively popular.

Maxim Seventy-eighth.

Shrub is decidedly a pleasant drink, particularly in the morning. It is, however, expensive. Sheridan used to say it was better to drink champagne out of economy; for, said he, your brains get addled with a single flask of champagne, whereas you drink rum shrub all night before you are properly drunk. Sheridan *was* a great man.

Maxim Seventy-ninth.

As for arrack—I can't say I like it. You would bam the first Mull or Qui-hi of them all, by infusing a couple of scruples of flowers of benjamin in a bottle of rum. You would see him snuffing it up his nose, and swearing that he would know its fragrance at the distance of a parasang. The flowers of benjamin cost about twopence. The best place for 'rack is Vauxhall; but I suspect they run this hum on you. At Tom's, in Cornhill, you get it genuine.

Maxim Eightieth.

Of Tom's, thus casually presented to my mind, let me indulge in the recollection. Coffee-house, redolent of cash, what magnificent associations of ideas do you not create! By you for generations has rolled the never-ceasing flow of wealth—the chink of money, since the memory of man, has not been checked within your hearing. Yet, with the *insouciance* of a sublime philosophy, your cooks and waiters have never turned away from their works of gastrosophy, to think of the neighbouring millions. How superb is your real turtle soup—how peppery your mullagatawny—how particular your Madeira! Depend upon it, the places for dining in, are the city taverns or coffee-houses. You have not, to be sure, a skip-jack monkey hopping behind your chair—you have no flaring mirror *glowring* out on you in all the majesty of a deep gilt frame—you have no marble chimney-pieces, pleasant to look at, but all telling accursedly against you in the bill—Instead of them, you have steady-going waiters, all duly impressed with the dead certainty of their working up gradually to be tavern-keepers themselves—thence men of potency in the ward—in time merchants of some degree—aldermen in due course, perhaps—and perhaps the vista presented to their mental optics is gilded at the end by the august chain of Lord Mayor. They bow to you for a penny, while a jack-anapes at the west end would toss up his nose at a half-crown. The prudence of their visitors makes them prudent themselves. The eastern pence are hoarded, while the western two-and-sixpennies are flung to the winds, after the thousands of the dandies who have bestowed them. Then their boxes are dark and dingy—but warm and cozy. A clock ticks audibly to remind you of the necessity of keeping good hours even in the midst of revelry. Even if a man gets muzzy in one of them, it is a sober intoxication—you are thinking of profit and loss in the meanderings of your intellect—and you retire to rest to dream of the necessity of industry and attention.

Maxim Eighty-first.

When you write any outlandish lingo, always correct the press yourself. In my 24th Maxim, a most erudite and important one, the word nachash is printed nechadadi. After this, let no conjectural emendation be deemed too wild, when we see sh [ש] converted by a printer into dhdhj [דדי], which blunders must not have been made in the days of MSS.! And yet you hear fools prating about the impropriety of meddling with the text.

Maxim Eighty-second.

Maxims are hard reading, demanding a constant stretch of the intellectual faculties. Every word must be diligently pondered, every assertion examined in all its bearings, pursued with a keen eye to its remotest consequences, rejected with a philosophic calmness, or treasured up with the same feeling as a "κτημα ες αει"—a "possession to eternity." Ten pages of Maxims, therefore, are enough at a time.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay II.—Part I.

Are the most important terms, the fundamental doctrines, and the general and theoretical principles of Political Economy, explained and established in a clear, consistent, and satisfactory manner, in the most celebrated writers in that science, and will they bear a close and severe examination?

Qu' ils considerent aussi d'un otre côté, si la fausseté et la confusion ne regnent pas dans la philosophie ordinaire a cause que les philosophes se contentent d' une vrai-semblance fort facile a trouver, et si commode pour leur vanité et pour leurs interets. N'y trouve-t-on pas presque par tout, une infinie diversitie de sentimens sur les memes sujets, et par consequence une infinité d'erreurs? Cependant un tres grand nombre de disciples se laissent seduire et se soumettent aveuglement a l'autorité de ces philosophes, sans comprendre mesme leurs sentimens.

Malebranche, Recherche de la Verite.

Our present purpose is to prove, that Political Economy cannot be studied with advantage and satisfaction in the modern writers on that subject, by any person who wishes to be convinced of the soundness of its first principles;—who expects perspicuity, consistency, and accurate reasoning in the deductions from these principles, or to find them applicable to, and explanatory of what is occurring, or sure guides in the advancement and acquisition of social wealth.

We shall endeavour to prove this, principally, because we shall then prove, that there is a field, almost entirely unoccupied, for our labours. But we have another object in view: By pointing out, as we trust we shall be enabled to do, obscurity, contradiction, and ambiguity in the use of words, and illogicalness in reasoning, we shall in some measure render it unnecessary to employ much time in the refutation of doctrines we conceive to be erroneous, when we enter directly on our subject, and we shall also be enabled to unfold and detect the principal and most powerful and general causes of the obscurity and contradiction in which Political Economy is involved.

All writers on this subject are agreed that the object of Political Economy is the natural means of wealth—that is, those means which nature supplies, without any other interference of man, than simply employing them;—those means rendered more productive by the labour and skill of man;—the interchange and distribution of wealth; and the various methods by which wealth can be increased in its production, or facilitated in its interchange and distribution. Whether Political Economists are agreed and consistent on those points,—especially on the sources of wealth, will be an after inquiry. Let us first examine what they mean by the term Wealth; for it is evident, unless to this term is affixed a definite and clear meaning, vagueness and inconclusiveness must attend all the inquiries respecting its sources and distribution.

It is maintained by some, that a certain degree of scarcity is necessary to constitute wealth; and, on this ground, water is said not to form a part of wealth. But in the first place, the term scarcity is indefinite and ambiguous. Corn may be produced in a country quite equal to the demand; then there can be no scarcity: it may even be produced in such quantity as to exceed the demand, when, of course, a superfluity exists; and yet, surely no one will maintain, that corn in these cases ceases to be an article of wealth, or that the claim of any article, to be included among the ingredients of individual or social wealth, can depend on its abundance or scarcity.

With respect to the instance of water, there is also a mistake. Water, even where it is in the greatest abundance, requires labour to procure it, which must either be performed, or paid for, by the person requiring it: and in either case, water must be considered as an article of wealth, as much as any other object which is acquired either directly or indirectly by labour.

Some state the wealth of a nation to consist in the totality of the private property of its individuals; others in the abundance of its commodities. The Economists distinguish public from private wealth, considering the former as possessing a value in use, but no value in exchange; and the latter, as having an exchangeable value, but

no value in use. Lord Lauderdale agrees with the Economists in distinguishing individual riches from public wealth, but he defines the latter as consisting in all that man desires as useful or delightful to him; and the former, as consisting in all that man desires as useful or delightful to him, *which exists in a degree of scarcity.*

Say maintains that wealth can only exist where there are things possessed of real and intrinsic value, and that it is proportionate to the quantum of that value; great, when the aggregate of component value is great—small, when that aggregate is small. Mr Prinsep, his ingenious and able translator, objects to this definition. "It is strange," he says, "that a writer of so much research should begin with such a loose definition. The term wealth, or riches, in its most enlarged sense, means abundance, in some degree or other, of those things which satisfy the wants and desires of mankind. In estimating, however, wealth, account is taken of such things only as are objects of desire, and therefore of value. Neither does wealth consist in the possession of value, which is a mere quality, but in the possession of things wherein the quality, value, is vested."

It is unnecessary to multiply instances of the vague use made of the term wealth by Political Economists, and of the various meanings they attach to it. It will appear, that in explaining it, another term is introduced, value, the exact definition of which, we shall find equally loose and unsatisfactory. Most writers draw a distinction between value in use, and value in exchange; and no little of the confusion in which this branch of Political Economy is involved, has arisen from this double meaning of the term value.

If Political Economists differ in opinion so much respecting the nature and definition of wealth and value, they differ not less when they treat of the sources of wealth and the measure of value. The very early writers on this subject, Raleigh, Misselden, Roberts, Mun, Davenant, King, &c. considered the precious metals, obtained in return for the raw and manufactured produce exported, as the cause of the wealth of nations. Others, especially the earlier Italian and French writers, ascribed the origin of wealth to the lowering of the rate of legal interest. The Economists regarded agriculture as the only sure and abundant source of wealth. Hume's doctrine is, that everything in the world is purchased by labour. This, it is observed by Ganilh, probably suggested to Adam Smith his theory, that wealth is "Labour improved by subdivision, which fixes and realizes itself in some particular object, or vendible commodity, which lasts, for some time at least, after that labour is past."

Say, in his treatise on Political Economy, already referred to, maintains, that there is no actual production of wealth, without a creation, or augmentation, of utility. To this explanation of the source of wealth, his translator, Mr Prinsep, adds, in a note, "and without the surmounting of natural difficulty of attainment." In another part of his work, Say states, that wealth consists in the value that human industry, in aid and furtherance of natural agents, communicates to things: here a term of very loose and ambiguous meaning is introduced; it would seem, by comparing the two passages, that value in the latter has the same meaning as utility in the former.

Sismondi refers wealth to three sources: land, labour, and human life, or existence. It is not easy to perceive how the last can be said to be one of the sources of wealth; if it is not synonymous with labour, it can hardly have any meaning in this place.

If we consult Ricardo, Malthus, &c. we shall find the same looseness of expression with respect to wealth, though it is obvious that an accurate definition of it is indispensable towards the full and clear development of the very elementary principles of Political Economy.

All, however, are agreed that labour is the chief source of wealth: but here again, we are stopped and perplexed with a fresh difficulty. The Economists first broached the opinion, that labour was of two different and opposite kinds, productive and unproductive. That labour which is bestowed on land, they represented as exclusively productive; and all other kinds of labour,—the labour of the manufacturer,—the merchant,—the lawyer,—soldier,—physician,—painter,—author, &c. as entirely unproductive. And even Smith admits the distinction between productive and unproductive labour; but transfers many of the class-

es ranged by the Economist amongst unproductive labours, to the class of productive labours. Later writers have in general admitted the distinction, though they have still farther reduced the number of what they consider unproductive labours. This is a pregnant and instructive instance, not only of the vague and unsatisfactory results to his inquiries, to which a student of Political Economy is exposed, but of one of the most fertile sources of ambiguity and contrariety of opinion. The opposing opinions are maintained partly in consequence of no precise, clear, and definite meaning being attached to the term productive by the disputants, and partly from a very loose mode of reasoning, in which, either the point in dispute is taken for granted, or the conclusion does not flow from the premises. Perhaps in no science are all those sources of error so common and so prolific, as in Political Economy.

Let us turn to value; we have already remarked that a grand distinction is made in the writings of nearly all the Political Economists with which we are acquainted, ancient and modern, native and foreign, between value in use, and value in exchange. Hence it is manifest much error and obscurity must arise—granting for the moment that the distinction is a proper one—that it exists in nature—that it is a distinction which ought to be introduced, when treating of Political Economy—and that the marks of difference between value in use, and value in exchange, are clearly and accurately, as well as fully, laid down by those who adopt it;—it is very difficult for writers always to remember, and adhere to the distinction in the use of the term value, and it is still more difficult for the reader always to remember and apply it. Hence must arise error and obscurity, and they have arisen from this source in no small degree, and contributed to perplex and darken the subject of Political Economy.

Supposing that value in exchange alone is meant, when it occurs in the writings of Political Economists; still we cannot proceed a single step farther, without meeting with a fresh difficulty and impediment. We are called on to understand what is meant by the terms measure of value, and what constitutes this measure. There is scarcely any point in this science which has been so much discussed; and the discussion, though it has proceeded for a long period, has given rise to tedious, prolix, and laboured disquisitions, and has been conducted by men, not only of undoubted talent, but who have brought the habitual use of those talents to bear directly and powerfully on Political Economy—has not conducted us to any satisfactory conclusion. Even the first part of the dispute, which is merely verbal, is not terminated, nor do we yet know what precise meaning we should attach to the term measure, when applied to value. By some it would seem to be used as simply equivalent to the expression of value; as, when we say that a quarter of wheat is worth 3l., we mean nothing more than to express the value of wheat, as it is usually expressed in the current coin of the kingdom. This is a very harmless, but a very unnecessary use of the term measure of value; and, therefore, because unnecessary, it ought to be avoided; for unnecessary terms, or terms employed in an unusual and unnecessary meaning, must do mischief, in producing error and obscurity.

But the dispute respecting the measure of value—affixing to the word, when used in this connexion, the same meaning as is affixed to it, when we speak of the measure of length, breadth, thickness, &c.,—is not a mere verbal dispute. It might, therefore, perhaps, have been expected—as verbal disputes are often the most difficult to settle, that as this related to a fact, or what is supposed to be one, and not to a mere term—that there was a clear and certain mode of settling it. But it is not so. As we have already remarked, it has been for a long period, and still is, a most fertile subject of dispute; so that he who wishes to study Political Economy will be under the necessity,—if he wishes to understand it—in the first place to read much, and with great attention, on the subject, and then to rise from the perusal, certainly not quite clear and satisfied in his own mind, if he exactly comprehends what the different writers mean in their discussions; or whether he himself has adopted any precise and clear view of it, which he can really explain and defend.

He will find two points to be settled, even after he has got over the verbal

dispute, and confines himself to the consideration of what is the measure of value, in the same manner as he might be called on to investigate what is the measure of length. The first point to be settled is, whether there can be a measure of value; the second point is, the existence and applicability of such a measure being proved, to ascertain in what it consists—what are its distinguishing marks—what gives it a claim to be a measure of value—whether it alone can be a measure of value—and whether it is an universal measure of value, which being essentially and exclusively so, must have been so in all ages, and is so in all countries.

The first inquiry—can there be any such thing as a measure of value?—which, it is obvious, must be settled before we can advance to the investigation of what that measure is—is still undetermined. Some writers contend that there cannot possibly be any such thing; and the figurative nature of the language employed,—which, in other investigations, as well as in those relating to Political Economy, draws us away from the real question, and involves us in misapprehension and error,—lends its assistance towards the support of their opinion. There cannot be, they contend, any measure of value, or of anything else, unless it possess essentially and unalterably two qualities:—in the first place, it must be of the same nature as the thing measured—what determines length must have length—what determines weight must have weight—what determines number must have number; whatever, therefore, determines or measures value, must possess value. But in this case, how, or on what principle, is the measure of value in that which is used to declare and determine value in other things, ascertained and fixed? for if this principle can be detected and ascertained, it, as a previous and originating principle, must take the precedence.

We do not mean to involve ourselves in this discussion, which, we apprehend, though seemingly subtle and metaphysical, is, after all, at bottom, merely a verbal dispute, and if closely examined would restore itself into that verbal dispute respecting the measure of value, meaning thereby the terms in which the value of a commodity is expressed, as when we say a quarter of wheat is worth 8*l.*, to which we have already adverted;—our aim is answered if we have supplied an additional illustration and proof of the obscurity and perplexity in which the most important and elementary questions in Political Economy are involved.

We shall encounter the same difficulties, when we turn our consideration towards the other quality, which, it is contended by those who maintain there can be no measure of value, must inhere in such measure, if such there could be. A yard is a measure of length; a pound is a measure of weight; but a yard could not measure length, nor a pound weight, if it were possible that a yard should vary in length, and be sometimes extended to four feet, and sometimes curtailed to two; nor could a pound measure weight, if the pound sometimes was equivalent to eighteen ounces, and sometimes only to ten.

In like manner, it is contended that there can be no measure of value, because there can be no commodity which does not itself vary in value, and which, therefore, is not destitute of the essential attribute of a measure. Labour and corn are usually regarded as measures of value: to both of these objections are made by those who are of opinion there can be no measure of value, because they both fluctuate. They maintain that corn, when at 2*l.* a-quarter, and corn, when at 4*l.* a-quarter, cannot possibly determine or measure any other commodity; nor can labour, when its wages are 2*s.* a-day, and when they are 4*s.* a-day, any more than the length of a road could be ascertained by applying to it a yard-measure, which sometimes expanded to four feet, and sometimes contracted to two, and which measure was constantly fluctuating between these two, or any other given extremes.

Here we are again involved in difficulty and doubt. Let us, however, pass on to the next point of inquiry—What is it that fixes and regulates the price of articles? This, a little reflection will convince us, is a modification of the point respecting the measure of value. Two articles are brought into the market;—on what principle is an interchange to be effected between them? or, in other words, what will fix the price of one, expressed in terms of the other? For example, let the

two articles be corn and beef;—on what principle is it to be determined how much beef is to be given for a quarter of corn? or, in other words, what is to be the price of beef, estimated in corn, or of corn, estimated in beef?

This, perhaps, is the most fruitful source of difference of opinion in all the wide range of Political Economy, remarkable as this science is for the scope it gives to controversy.

We must again impress on the memory and consideration of our readers, that our object at present is, not to give our own sentiments on these questions, nor even to enter on a refutation of those of others which we conceive to be erroneous; but simply and exclusively, by concentrating and exposing the vagueness, obscurity, and contrariety of opinions held by writers on Political Economy, to make good our assertion, that this science is still very far removed from perfection, and little capable of satisfying the inquisitive and impartial searcher after truth, who will neither be content with words, nor permit himself to be hoodwinked, and led by mere authority.

Mr Ricardo's doctrine is, that the price of all commodities depends entirely and exclusively upon the labour bestowed on their production; that where the same quantity of labour is necessary to produce two articles,—a quarter of corn and a stone of beef, for example,—there exists something in common between them,—that is, an equal quantity of labour: that labour, therefore, being common to both, in the same degree is the measure of their mutual value; or, in other words, that the price of a quarter of corn, estimated in beef, is a stone of that meat, and the price of a stone of beef, estimated in corn, is a quarter of that commodity, because the same quantity of labour is necessary to produce each.

Mr Ricardo is careful to distinguish between the quantity and the wages of labour, and, in that respect, differs from Adam Smith, or, more strictly speaking, is more careful and consistent in the use of his terms, and his mode of reasoning, than the author of the "Wealth of Nations." By thus keeping the quantity of labour separate and distinct from the wages of labour, in considering labour as the measure of value, he also avoids the objection we have already stated—that labour, varying in wages or value, cannot be a measure of value.

Mr Malthus is at variance with Mr Ricardo on this point; his opinions, however, seem to fluctuate: nor is it easy to determine whether he is a staunch and firm supporter of the doctrine that supply and demand alone regulate prices, or whether he does not rather maintain, that the equivalency of value of two articles depends on their each commanding the same portion of labour. Mr Tooke, in one of his most recent publications, seems to maintain Mr Ricardo's opinion, though, in other parts of the same work, he forsakes it, at least virtually, and embraces the doctrine, that price is regulated by the proportion between the supply and demand. It is needless to refer to the opinions of Sismondi, Say, &c.; the latter, in the 4th edition of his Treatise on Political Economy, has essentially changed his opinion on this subject. In former editions, utility was laid down as the basis of relative value, and so it is in the 4th edition, with regard to what he calls positive value; whereas, in this edition, Say considers difficulty of attainment, or labour, to be a constituent part, if not the sole regulator, of relative value.

The doctrine of Ricardo—though clear and precise, not couched in figurative or ambiguous language, and appealing to a circumstance which appears easy to be detected and ascertained—when closely examined, still leaves the question undecided: it attracts by its simplicity, and this very quality enables us, after the prepossession in its favour, arising from this source, is set aside, to perceive that it is not satisfactory, and will not bear close scrutiny. That the proportion between any two given quantities of labour—even where it is the most rude labour—whether it be the proportion of equality, or in any other ratio—cannot be determined, will be obvious, when we reflect, that the quantity of labour expended by any two men in the same time depends upon their relative strength and industry; and when we regard labour united with skill, talent, and experience, it is still more obvious that we cannot determine when two quantities of labour are exactly the same, or what proportion they bear to each other; and, consequently, cannot fix on labour as universally the regulator of price, or the measure of value.

Say remarks on the doctrine of Ricardo and his followers, "According to their notions, the want or demand

nowise influences the price;—a position in direct contradiction to daily and indisputable experience, which leads us inevitably to the conclusion, that value is increased by increase of demand. Supposing that, by the discovery of new mines, silver were to become as common as copper, it would be subject to all the disqualifications of copper for the purposes of money, and gold would be more generally employed. The consequent increase of the demand for gold would increase the intensity of its value, and mines would be worked that now are abandoned, because they do not defray the expense. It is true that the ore would then be obtained at a heavier rate; but would any one deny that the increased value of the metal would be owing to the increased demand for it? It is the increased intensity of that demand that determines the miner to incur the increased charge of production."

We shall soon have occasion to examine whether the doctrine, that value depends on the proportion between supply and demand, which Say puts in opposition to the doctrine of Ricardo—that value depends on labour—will bring us out of the difficulty and intricacy in which this part of Political Economy is involved; or whether Say's doctrine also does not cheat the understanding with a mere show of soundness and truth, when, in fact, it bears additional testimony in support of our position, that the science of Political Economy does not rest on a sure basis. We must previously, however, advert to a modification of Ricardo's doctrine, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, to an illustration of the ultimate fact on which it may be grounded. Mr Mill, one of its ablest supporters, has supplied this illustration. Ricardo, as we have seen, maintains that two articles, which have required the same amount of labour for their production, are equal in value, and that the only reason why they are interchangeable is, that they have been produced by the same quantity of labour. To the inquiry, Why should a quarter of corn and a stone of beef, for example, which have required the same quantity of labour to produce them, be therefore interchangeable? Mr Mill replies, because the person who wants the corn for his beef must either give his beef, or employ as great a quantity of labour to produce corn for himself, as he employed to produce the beef required in exchange for it. Let us suppose that the quarter of corn and the stone of beef each required the labour of a week; then the possessor of the beef, by giving a stone of it for a quarter of wheat, gives, in fact, for it, only that labour which it would cost him to raise it himself.

This certainly does away the objection to Mr Ricardo's doctrine, that quantities of even the rudest labour cannot be accurately measured and compared, but it leaves it open to the other objections we have stated above; and, in fact, the doctrine of Mr Mill applies only to those cases in which each party can, by his labour, produce what the other has to interchange;—cases which are very limited in number, and of extreme rare occurrence in any state of society, except the very rudest and simplest. Besides, the remark of Mr Say applies to this doctrine, as well as to Mr Ricardo's—that, according to it, the want or demand nowise influences the price.

To this notion of price we shall next advert.—The doctrine is, that price depends entirely on the proportion between the supply and demand; and, that the value of every commodity may be altered—1st, By a diminution of its quantity: 2d, By an increase in its quantity: 3d, By an increase of demand; and, lastly, By a diminution of demand.

The phrase, "proportion between the supply and the demand," seems, at first sight, most clear and precise; and to approach, as the words employed indicate, even to a mathematical certainty of meaning: and there cannot be the slightest difficulty in understanding the two first circumstances, which are alleged to alter the value of every commodity,—a diminution in its quantity, and an increase in its quantity. But, if we attempt to affix as clear and precise ideas to the other two circumstances that are alleged to alter the value of every commodity—an increase of demand, and a diminution of demand,—we shall find ourselves disappointed: and it is obvious, that unless we have ideas attached to the term *demand*, as clear and precise as we attach to the term *supply*, we cannot understand what is meant by the phrase "proportion between supply and demand," on which value is said to depend. Those who hold this doctrine

explain demand as meaning effective demand: indeed, it is obvious that an increase of mere demand, or of the desire or want of anything—the supply of that thing remaining the same, cannot enhance its price, and the demand must therefore be effective. For example, if the demand for wheat is doubled, as for 2000 quarters, instead of 1000, the demand, to be effective, must be accompanied with the ability of purchasing 2000 quarters of wheat, instead of 1000 quarters; and, of course, at 2*l.* a-quarter, 4000*l.* must be brought into the corn-market to be laid out in wheat, instead of only 2000*l.* as before.

Let us now see what the doctrine amounts to—simply to this, that when 4000*l.* is given for 1000 quarters of wheat, instead of 2000*l.*—or when the effective demand is doubled, the price will be doubled:—an identical proposition.

But this doctrine, if still more closely and accurately examined, and tried by what actually occurs, will be found not even to possess the negative merit of being an identical proposition. Price, it is said, depends upon the proportion between the supply and demand: the supply and demand are equal, and the price of wheat, for instance, is a certain sum per quarter. Let us suppose, in the first place, that there is the ratio of equality between the supply of wheat and the demand for it, in two different and remote parts of the world—that, in any part of North America, for instance, the effectual demand is for 2000 quarters, and the supply amounts to 2000 quarters—and that in any part of England there is a demand for the same quantity, and a supply to the same amount: assuredly, if the doctrine we are examining were correct, that price is fixed by, and dependent upon, the proportion between the supply and demand—the price of wheat ought to be the same in these two places; a conclusion at complete variance with all experience. Again, let us suppose that the supply becomes double what it was, the demand remaining the same: on this plan the supply is to the demand in the ratio of two to one. According to the doctrine we are examining, the price ought to fall 50 per cent. Or let us take the reverse of this, and suppose that the supply falls off one half; it is then in the ratio of one to two, the demand continuing the same; if the price rose in the same proportion, the purchaser would have to pay the same sum for 500 quarters of wheat, which he before gave for 1000; or, in other words, the price of wheat would be doubled.

But what is the fact? When the supply of wheat falls off one half, the price is much more than doubled. "We are told," observes Lord Lauderdale, "by great authority, that of Gregory King, that a defect in the harvest will raise the price of corn in the following proportions:

Defect.		*Above the common rate.*
1 Tenth,	Raises the price	3 Tenths,
2 Tenths,		8 Tenths,
3 Tenths,		16 Tenths,
4 Tenths,		28 Tenths,
5 Tenths,		45 Tenths."

Here we observe, that the variation in the prices by no means follows, or is regulated by, the variation in the supply, but that the ratio of the increase in price advances much more rapidly, and by much longer strides, than the ratio in the deficiency of supply. It may also be remarked, that, in the most defective harvest, no more corn is really needed, in fact, generally less, than in an abundant harvest—yet a deficiency of merely one tenth raises the price three tenths above the common ratio.

"On the other hand," continues Lord Lauderdale, "it is conjectured, by authority equally respectable (*Spectator*, No. 200), that the production of one-tenth more grain than is usually consumed, would diminish the value of the grain one half." The fall in the price may not be exactly as here considered; but it is an undoubted fact, that the lowering of price is in a much higher proportion than the increase of produce.

Hence we may fairly infer, that the proposition, that price is regulated by the proportion between supply and demand, is either not borne out by fact, or is merely an identical proposition, amounting only to this, that the increase of price is indicated, and measured by the increase of the quantity of money given for any commodity: thus supplying us with another instance and proof of the unsatisfactory nature of the doctrines and reasonings of the Political Economists, and exposing to view one of the most

prolific and deceitful sources of the errors into which they are so liable to fall.

We have dwelt at considerable length on the two leading doctrines regarding Price; because it is a subject which certainly holds a high and most important rank and influence in the science, and, as such, has engaged the attention and profound study of the most distinguished Political Economists; and yet we perceive that the two leading doctrines regarding it will not bear a close and strict examination, nor satisfy the understanding of any one who looks through the mere words in which they are clothed, to the precise meaning, or, having ascertained the meaning, brings it to the test of experience and fact.

The terms which first and most frequently meet the eye of a student of Political Economy, in perusing works on this subject, are wealth, riches, value, price, wages, capital, credit, &c. Even if these terms were clearly and accurately defined, when they first occurred, if the definition, then given, were uniform and strictly adhered to, throughout the treatises, he might yet be exposed to difficulties, and not unfrequently perplexed, from the circumstance of their being popular terms with which he had associated loose and popular ideas, that it was necessary to forget, and replace by others.

But his difficulties and perplexities are much increased and strengthened, and his progress, consequently, much impeded, when, after having, by a strong and continued effort, freed himself from his early associations, he perceives that, instead of them, he is presented with no clear and precise meaning; or that the meaning, if clear and precise, when first laid down, is not adhered to; or that each new writer whom he consults, affixes to the same terms a very different meaning from that offered to him by the writer he previously studied.

But his difficulties and perplexities are not confined even within this wide circle, nor do they arise only from these sources, fertile as they are. The positions and principles themselves, even supposing the meaning of the terms to be clear, precise, and uniformly adhered to, are loosely stated, unsupported by facts, or inapplicable to them, or at variance with one another.

The truth and justice of these remarks, we trust we have substantiated in the preceding part of this Essay, on what relates to wealth, value, and price, as explained by the most celebrated writers on Political Economy. It may be proper, however, to vary and amplify our proofs, and to proceed to examine what they teach respecting wages, capital, &c.

The first question is, what regulates Wages? According to the Economists, and they are followed by many modern writers, the wages of labour are regulated by, and proportioned to, the price of provisions. Hume maintains, that men being averse to labour, necessity alone can induce them to labour; and that they cease to labour whenever the gain of a few days enables them to supply themselves with necessaries. Adam Smith is of opinion, that the cheapness or dearness of provisions has but little influence on the rate of the wages of labour, but that this rate is chiefly fixed, like the price of commodities, by the proportion between the supply and demand. According to Say, necessary subsistence may be taken to be the standard of the wages of common rough labour, and the wages of the labourer are a matter of adjustment, or compact, between the conflicting interests of master and workman; the latter endeavouring to get as much, the former to give as little, as he possibly can.

With respect to the doctrine of the Economists, it is contradicted by facts; if it were true, wages would always rise in proportion to the rise in the price of provisions, and fall whenever, and as they fall. This is not the case: so far from it, that, generally speaking, the reverse is not only the case, but might be anticipated to be the case. Smith's doctrine is liable to all the objections we have already stated to the general doctrine of price being regulated by the proportion between supply and demand. Say himself admits the vagueness of his standard of necessary subsistence; for he expressly says, "This standard is itself extremely fluctuating." But how can that be a standard or measure of either price or value, which fluctuates? What is meant by necessary subsistence? Fix the meaning accurately, and the proposition is identical; leave it vague, the proposition, of course, amounts to nothing.

How will Ricardo's doctrine, that

price depends on the quantity of labour, and that two commodities requiring for their production the same quantity of labour, are equal in value and interchangeable—apply to the wages of labour? evidently not at all.

On wages and profit, however, this writer has a singular doctrine: according to him, "such a relation subsists between the funds which supply the wages of labour, and those which contribute to the profits of stock—that any increase in the one necessarily occasions, and is accompanied by, a diminution of the other; or, in other words, that whenever wages rise, the rate of profit must fall; and, consequently, that when wages fall, profits rise." The unsoundness of this doctrine is well pointed out in this Magazine for the month of May, 1819, p. 171. But we cannot agree with the writer of that article in his opinion, that this doctrine of Mr Ricardo has probably arisen from too hastily generalizing the result of a particular inquiry, and extending a proposition partially true, beyond the proper limits of its application.

We would trace this erroneous and unfounded doctrine to a different source, and cannot help regarding it as a pregnant and striking instance of the origin of Mr Ricardo's peculiar errors in his works on Political Economy. Did he, in support of this doctrine, or of others, in which he runs counter to the generally received opinions, appeal to facts, we might be disposed to agree with this writer, that he had too hastily generalized the result of a particular inquiry; but when, through all his works,—even the most elementary and practical,—there is an abstraction—a metaphysical refinement and subtlety—almost as careful, and apparently as premeditated an avoidance of resting on facts, as the most rigid and pure mathematician could wish to see exhibited, in a treatise on the most abstract part of his favourite study—it is impossible not to trace, and ascribe his errors, as well as his excessive refinement and obscurity, to a morbid desire to be profound and original, unaccompanied by a thorough and clear apprehension of the doctrine he endeavours and wishes to inculcate, rather than to an over-hasty and unwarranted generalization.

Is the lowness of the rate of wages advantageous, or the contrary, to a nation? Hume maintains that it is; Adam Smith, on the other hand, maintains that the high price of the rates of labour is equally profitable to the state and to general wealth. Sismondi is of opinion, that the low rate of wages exclusively benefits the master who employs, and pays the labourers. Say denies this position, and maintains, that their reduction is sure to bring about a fall in the price of products, so that it is the class of consumers, or, in other words, the whole community, that derives the profit.

What is capital?—whence does it spring?—how is it increased?—and what effects does it produce? Will a person, who applies himself to the study of Political Economy, and who, in the ordinary language and concerns of life, has heard this word used, with only a loose and general idea of its import, be enabled, after he has perused the best works on this science, to affix a clear and precise meaning to it, or to understand its nature, source, operations, and effects?

According to Ganihl, the theory of capital is new, and owes its origin to Adam Smith. Before his time, the notions on this subject were confused, partial, and limited—and yet capital existed—and in Holland and the commercial states of Italy, it had produced wonderful effects. But so little did the earliest writers on Political Economy attend to facts—so prone were they, either to generalize too rapidly and rashly, or to spin out theories from their own brains, apart from the observation and consideration of all that was passing around them, that, to use the words of Ganihl, the nature, formation, employment, and general and particular influence of capital, were so many unsolved problems, or gave rise to numberless errors and misconceptions. The earliest writers on Political Economy considered money as alone forming capital, and that the sole origin of it was foreign commerce; this is the old mercantile system, the leaven of which still mixes up with, and actuates, some of our notions and practices. This system was first attacked by the Economists; but they in this, as in everything else, went into an extreme, and seemed to have thought, that they must have found truth, because they removed as far as possible from error. They formed the

agricultural system, and maintained, that there were no capitals, but those derived from the cultivation of the ground.

According to Smith, capital consists in the advances, and prime materials of all labour, in the improvements of the soil—in the implements and machines of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, which comprise both metallic and paper currencies, and in commodities reserved for general consumption.

It is not our object in this place, as we have more than once observed, to enter into a regular and full examination of any of the opinions we exhibit, but principally by exposing their contrariety, obscurity, and contradiction, in some cases, to others maintained by the same author, to prove the infancy of Political Economy. On this doctrine of capitals, as laid down by Adam Smith, it is well observed by Ganihl, "It is certainly matter of surprise, that commodities reserved for consumption, and incapable of being accumulated, should be ranked among capitals, which, according to Smith himself, are the produce of accumulation."

Lord Lauderdale limits capital to the instruments and machines proper to shorten and facilitate labour, and is of opinion that it derives its profits either from supplanting a portion of labour, which would otherwise be performed by the hand of man, or from its performing a portion of labour, which it is beyond the reach of the personal exertion of man to accomplish. Machinery and money, therefore, are, according to this noble author, both capital.

Say and Canard assign the rank of capital to lands, mines, and fisheries, which they regard as instruments of production, and little different from any other machine or implement destined to produce commodities. But Say is not very consistent, for, in the very same chapter in which he gives this definition of capital, he maintains, that, without capital, industry could produce nothing. Capital, he adds, must work, as it were, in concert with industry. On this doctrine his translator well observes, that industry may produce considerably without the pre-existence of any but natural products.

Similar varieties and contradictions of opinion exist with respect to the formation of capital, the employment of capital, and the influence of capital on the progress of public wealth. With respect to the first topic, some are of opinion that capitals are formed solely by economy in the cost of agricultural labour, and by the increased price of commodities through foreign trade—some by the proportion between what is called productive and unproductive labour—and others by economy in consumption. Lord Lauderdale directly and strongly opposes this last notion. He goes into the opposite opinion, and maintains, that capital can be increased exclusively by the means, and from the sources, that originally gave birth to it, and that economy or parsimony in a nation cannot possibly tend to increase its capital. It is unnecessary to exhibit the various and conflicting opinions entertained on the other topics connected with capital.

Let us examine what is meant and taught respecting credit—a term which, like most others employed in writings on Political Economy, occurs so frequently in common discourse, that it particularly behoved writers on this subject to define it accurately, and to adhere to their definition, and not mix up the popular and loose meaning with their own. The following remark by Say will prevent the necessity of our dwelling long on this point:—"It has sometimes been supposed, that capital is multiplied by the operation of credit. This error, though frequently recurring in works professing to treat of Political Economy, can only rise from a total ignorance of the nature and functions of capital. Capital consists of positive value vested in material substance, and not of immaterial products, which are utterly incapable of being accumulated.—And a material product evidently cannot be in more places than one, or be employed by more persons than one, at the same identical moment."

Here we observe a specimen of the loose statements and reasoning, so common in writers on Political Economy. The position which Say means to controvert, and which he says is an error frequently recurring in works treating of Political Economy, is, that capital is multiplied by the operation of credit; and yet his whole argument merely goes to prove, that capital cannot be in action in more places than one! But if capital is put in action by

credit, will it not be multiplied or increased as much as if it were put in action by its owner; and will not credit thus multiply capital? And are there not daily instances of capital, which would otherwise be unemployed, and consequently barren and inefficient, being put in motion, and rendered productive, simply by means of credit?

Of errors arising from mingling loose and popular ideas annexed to terms, with those strict and definite ideas which science and investigation require, we have given several instances. We shall now advert to an opposite source of confusion and obscurity, as well, we apprehend, as of error. If the question, What is the rent of land? were put to a person who had not studied Political Economy, but had been accustomed to sift and class his own thoughts, he probably, at first, might be apt to include in his definition of the term the interest of capital which the land-owner might have laid out in the improvement of his land; but he would soon see that this was to be distinguished from rent, and come near to a clear, accurate, and definite notion of what really constitutes rent. Indeed, though many words which are used in common language and in Political Economy, differ much in their meaning; rent might be supposed to bear nearly the same meaning in each, as it relates not to a complex, but to a simple, occurrence, and is not involved in vagueness and obscurity like value, price, &c.

Let us inquire what is taught us on the subject of rent by Political Economists. The French Economists derive rent from the original advances of the land-owner, in clearing the land, and putting it into a state of cultivation.

Smith controverts this opinion; he says it cannot be correct and true, because land-owners demand a rent even for unimproved land; that these improvements are sometimes made by the stock of the tenant; and that land-owners sometimes demand rent for what is altogether incapable of human improvement. He therefore regards the rent of land, considered as the price paid for the use of the land, as a monopoly price, which is always determined by what is left to the farmer, after he has paid the wages of labour, and deducted the customary profit of stock.

Say, after stating and refuting the opinion, that the value of produce is never more than the recompence of the human agency engaged in its production; consequently, that there is no residue or surplus that can be set apart as the peculiar profit of land, and constitute the rent paid for its use to the proprietor;—undertakes to give a complete view of the subject of rent.

According to him, there can be no rent till the demand for agricultural produce is such as to raise its value above the ordinary rate of interest on capital; this excess, he maintains, constitutes the profit of land, and enables the actual cultivator, when not himself the proprietor, to pay a rent to the proprietor, after having first retained the full interest upon his own advances, and the full recompence of his own industry. According to this doctrine, therefore, land, though a monopoly,—and that of an article, without the use of which no labour can be exerted, no produce either of comfort, or even of necessity, be obtained,—is of no pecuniary advantage to the proprietor, till the value of agricultural productions rises above the ordinary rate of interest upon capital. To this doctrine, Mr Prinsep, the translator of Say's work, is opposed. He maintains, that "rent or profit of land, or of any other natural source, is the recompence of no human exertion whatever, but what is necessary to support the exclusive appropriation."

The most modern doctrine on the subject of rent, is that advanced and supported by Malthus and Ricardo. According to this doctrine, the ratio of rent is determined by the difference in the product of land of different qualities—the worst land in cultivation yielding no rent at all. A corollary from this doctrine is, that the price of grain is fixed and regulated by the expense of raising it *on land which pays no rent—that the interest of landlords is always opposed to that of every other class of the community;* and that, as rent does not enter into the price of grain, no reduction would take place in it, although landlords should forego the whole of their rents.

These doctrines are at least opposed to those commonly received, as well as revolting to the best feelings of our nature; and it seems strange, that those Political Economists who

are anxious to wean mankind from the belief that the real interest and wealth of one nation can be promoted, or even will not be impaired, by the depression and poverty of the rest, or that there can be really such things as rival and mutually destructive interests among nations, should maintain that the interest of the landlords is always opposed to that of every other class of the community. If this inference can be fairly drawn from the doctrine, we should not hesitate to pronounce that doctrine as false as it is mournful and mischievous.*

But with respect to the doctrine itself, that the worst land in cultivation yields no rent, and that the price of grain is regulated by the expense of cultivating it on such land, and that rent does not enter into this price;—there is much confusion of thought, and ambiguous and vague use of language, in all that is stated by Malthus and Ricardo in support of it. It has been well observed, that the chapter of Ricardo on the subject of rent, is perhaps the least satisfactory and intelligible of his whole work. The particular examination of rent, and consequently of his ideas regarding it, will be afterwards entered upon; we have sufficiently exhibited, we trust, the confusion and conflicting opinions on this subject, to authorize us to add it to those previously brought forward as proofs that he who wishes to study Political Economy, will be perplexed and distracted, if he consults and compares several authors, and will be not much enlightened, or conducted in a steady path, even if he confines himself to a single one.

There is only one other speculative question, the various and discordant opinions respecting which we shall state; keeping distinct, and reserving for the second part of this Essay, those questions which are of a practical nature. The question to which we at present refer, regards consumption and production. The proportion that consumption ought to bear to income, has not been fixed by Political Economists. According to Quesnay and his disciples, consumption ought to be equal to income; and they allow no economy but in that part of the annual income reserved for the landowners as the net produce of the land. Smith, on the other hand, maintains, that consumption ought to be inferior to income; and on the surplus of income he chiefly founds the progress of nations in wealth; others again condemn economy, regard consumption as the measure of re-production, maintain that income proportions itself to expenditure, and that people are the richer the more they spend.

Lately, this question has been much agitated; according to Say and Ricardo, the encouragement of mere consumption is no benefit to commerce, for the difficulty lies in supplying the means, not in stimulating the desire of consumption, and production alone furnishes these means; a good government, therefore, will stimulate production; a bad government will encourage consumption. According to this view of the subject, consumption is not a cause, but an effect; in order to consume, it is necessary to purchase, and people can purchase only with what they have produced.

Sismondi and Malthus, on the contrary, maintain, that production may, and in fact has, in some cases, outrun consumption; wherefore it is consumption that needs a stimulus, not production; for of what use is it, they ask, to produce, unless the product be consumed? Must not production soon exceed the utmost powers of consumption?

In support of this last doctrine, Sismondi instances the immense quantities of manufactured products with which England has of late years inundated the markets of other nations, as a proof that it is possible for industry to be too productive. To this the supporters of the opposite opinion reply, that the glut thus occasioned, proves nothing more than the feebleness of production in other countries, that have been thus glutted with English manufactures.

This dispute and difference of opinion, among four of the most celebrated modern writers on Political Economy, affords a striking proof of the looseness with which this important subject is generally treated, and that

* Mr Ricardo in some degree qualifies his conclusions on the subject of rent, in his pamphlet, "On Protection to Agriculture."

errors and differences of opinion in it, often proceed from either vagueness of language, or from not looking closely and deeply enough into the subject. Encourage production, says one party, and you benefit a nation: No, says the other party, encourage consumption; and both appeal to facts and experience. Can facts and experience teach and support such directly opposite doctrines? Must there not be either some ambiguity lurking unperceived in the words *consumption* and *production?* Or, if this is not the case, are not the facts viewed imperfectly, and not in all their bearings, extent, and consequences? But so it is, a science which must rest on facts, is so taught that it cannot teach what those facts are; of two directly opposite lines of conduct, it cannot teach which is prejudicial and which is useful to social wealth.*

Having thus gone over some of the most important speculative opinions in Political Economy, and proved how differently they are represented by the most celebrated writers on that subject, we shall, in the second part of this Essay, turn our attention to those doctrines which are of a practical nature, in order to ascertain whether, as respects them, there is any more certainty and consistency than in those which we have now been considering.

N.

* The truth is, when Malthus, Sismondi, &c., say there is too much production, they mean of certain articles in certain places;—when Ricardo, Say, and Mill, maintain there is not, and cannot be, too much production, they mean of all articles in all places;—the remedy the former writers would apply, viz. consumption, or, in other words, production of other articles in other places, proves that, in fact, they coincide with their opponents, and the latter allow all the former contend for, when they admit, as Mr Mill expressly does, "that a nation may easily have more than enough of any one commodity, though she can never have more than enough of commodities in general."—*Commerce defended.*

ERRATA IN ESSAY I.

P. 522, Col. 2, *for* distinction, *read* destruction, six lines from bottom.
— 523, — 1, *for* directed, *read* deduced, twenty-eight lines from bottom.
— — 2, *for* redoubles, *read* resembles, eighteen lines from bottom.
— 524, — 1, *for* out, *read* only, fifteen lines from bottom.
— 525, — 1, *for* vapidly, *read* vaguely, twenty-four lines from top.
— 527, — 1, *for* directed, *read* directly, twenty-one lines from top.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR."

March 20, 1824.

I AM so delighted to meet you again, Mr Hogg, and in your own element, on your own native mountains, among your flocks, and, above all, with your faithful sheep-dogs, that I cannot refrain from expressing my satisfaction in a few words, addressed to yourself, which I shall request Mr North to slip into a corner of Maga.

I first became acquainted with you in "The Shepherd's Calendar," (I had not then even heard of "The Queen's Wake," my ignorance that such a work was extant, "arguing myself unknown,") and as first impressions are oftenest most indelible, so I have remained constant to my first love, spite of all the powerful claims since made upon my admiration by your other works. Do not be offended at this, Mr Hogg. I admire, I delight in "The Queen's Wake." I read it over and over again with even unabated enjoyment. I have received infinite gratification and entertainment from many of your later publications, but in "The Shepherd's Calendar" I see you! I know you! I am with you! I go along with you step by step, over hill and vale, by tarn and by torrent, at Yule and at Beltane, through snow-storms and sunshine. Not a paw in your flock, but is as familiar to me as those of many of my acquaintances. And for your dog Sirrah! next to my own canine paragon, I love and honour him; and but for the established right of mine, to whom I long ago awarded the regal title, I would call Sirrah the king of dogs. But, Mr Hogg, I have an old score to reckon up with you on his account—an old grudge to *out with.* That faithful—that true friend! that loving compa-

nion! that incomparable Sirrah!—How could you find in your heart to part with him as you did? To transfer him to another master—to drive him from you again and again, when the creature's pertinacious attachment brought him to your feet—to your threshold?—How could you lie down and sleep in peace, after inflicting on your old friend that cruel sentence of perpetual banishment? Did not his reproachful image pursue you in dreams sleeping and waking? Did you not long, in slumber, and on the hills, and at the sheepfold, and by the inglenook, hear his bark, his whine, his pattering feet, and, above all, did not his last look haunt you? I can no more comprehend than excuse that ungrateful deed of yours, Mr Hogg, and so on that point we must remain at issue, though Time blunts the edges of all feelings—even of resentment, and has softened me down into tolerable charity with you, except when at times a sudden flush of indignation comes across me.

My faith in your veracity was never put to the proof, by any of your accounts of the wonderful genius of "Sirrah!" Neither am I more sceptical respecting the stories you tell of Hector, or of any other of those four-footed Paladins. The truth is, Mr Hogg, I have been all my life the friend, and very much the companion, of animals. Animals, and things inanimate, were the play-mates and companions of my solitary childhood, and from all of them I hear a language, and gather meanings unheard by, and unintelligible to, the many—I spy out shades of character, and detect points of interest, undiscernible to the common eye, and with Nature in her lowliest walks, in her minutest beauties, and in her most despised creatures, I hold communion, such as to people in general would be perfectly incomprehensible. I have had four-footed friends, from the graceful antelope to the vulgar turnspit—Winged friends—from the parrot to the owl, (by the by, you can conceive nothing more comical than a pantomimic rehearsal between those two fowls.)—Crawling friends—from the living leaf—the beautiful green lizard, to the brown ugly toad.—Finny friends—no—I never could elicit anything like tenderness from a fish, though it hath been written "an oyster may be crossed in love." But then I did succeed in establishing a sort of good intelligence with a creature linking together the fishy and fleshy natures. I patronised a great old tortoise, who, by the way, had, for a tortoise, most extraordinary rambling propensities! I believe, for my part, it was the very identical old racer I used to read about in Æsop's fables; we were obliged to tether him through a hole drilled in his pent-house. I have also succeeded to a certain degree in cultivating a degree of intimacy with that anomalous and very facetious person the bat. Facetious he certainly is, for I do assure you, there is inexpressible comicality in the expression of his square visage, perked-up ears, little round eyes, and habitual broad grin. Take my word for it, he is "a fellow of infinite humour."

Wonders I could tell you of the cat—that unjustly aspersed animal! but for some time past I have been fighting rather shy of my feline friends. There is a place in the world, called Hampton-court, Mr Hogg. In that place are many snug apartments; in those apartments abide many maiden gentlewomen; and it is said (I vouch not for the truth) that on a certain sunny pavement, under a sheltering interior angle of the palace walls, those venerable virgins may be seen, during the brightest hours of the morning, congregating in great numbers, and that their favourite parade is therefore designated as "Pur Corner." Do you *take it*, Mr Hogg? Do you perceive all the malicious import of that name? Do you survey the thing in its several bearings?—the combinations—the associations—the insinuations.—*I* heard it shuddering, and have ever since gradually withdrawn myself from feline intimacies. People draw such strange inferences—make such coarse allusions—talk of *sister* Tabbies—set one down as——in short, really I am saying more than I intended, but——in short, Mr Hogg, we will waive the subject of cats.

The dog! the dog! the generous, faithful dog! of him I meant to talk, of him only. I set out with the design of introducing mine to your acquaintance, Mr Hogg. What though he be a Southron, and a lady's servant, and a woman's friend; he is not, there-

fore, unworthy of the notice of Hector's master and panegyrist. What though he has gentle breeding, and has lain softly, and fed daintily, and been caressed for his beauty, and commended for his wit? His noble nature is not thereby deteriorated, though one twentieth part of the flattery which has assailed him, would have been more than sufficient to turn the brains of half the male *bipeds* in the three kingdoms; yea, to set them spinning with vanity, as giddily as epileptic turkeys. Perhaps my honest Ranger carries, even to a blameable excess, his disregard of personal appearance, and his disdain of all foppishness and effeminacy. I have known him, at that very precise moment when some gentle fond fair one has been showering upon him her whole vocabulary of flattering phrases, and tender epithets—"sweet lamb! sweet love! sweet pet!"—I have seen him, at that precise moment, bounce from her caressing hand, after a most uncourteous and unceremonious fashion, and forthwith flounce over head and ears in some filthy horse-pond, after a luckless goose, or a trip of young ducks; from which aquatic chase he was presently seen to emerge, in a condition anything but sweet, dripping with black mud, like Curl ascending from the ooze of Fleet-ditch; and then as surely would he make straight to his horrified admirer, and giving himself one tremendous shake over her snow-white robe, and probably a loving rub against it, he would wag his tail triumphantly, and look up in her face with eyes that said, "Am I not a sweet creature, now?" There could be but *one* interpretation of such conduct, Mr Hogg. He took that eccentric but dignified manner of rebuking the adulatory strain, so mawkish and distasteful to his unsophisticated feelings. I can't say but that the plan generally succeeded.

For my part, well as I love him, I have never insulted his good sense by addressing him in such absurd language. We have always lived together as rational friends, and I have always accustomed him to hear truth from me at all times, and to bear being reminded of his faults, and rebuked for them; (alas! Mr Hogg, we are none of us faultless,) and I must do him the justice to say, I have never found him so obstinate in error as to withstand a little calm reasoning from me. The weight of a blow he has never felt from *my* hand. It would not have felled him if he had, the said hand being of such dwarfish dimensions as might appertain to the Queen of Lilliput, yet when it is held up *in terrorem*, will he affect as much apprehensive awe, as if it were a huge mutton fist, in the common practice of thumping his brains out. Yes; at the first espial of a reproachful glance from me, down will he cower to the very ground; his long ears trailing flat upon the floor, or sometimes upturned upon his very back; his tail curled up into perfect invisibility; his four fine large ruffled paws bent inwards and crumped up together, and all tremulous with agitation; and his great brown eyes pleading such unutterable things! that it would melt a heart of stone to look upon him. There is a little trickery in all this; a little mannerism; I am aware of it; but he has found it always successful, and who can blame the innocent artifice, any more than the sudden change of tone, and electric abruptness of Mr Kean's "Off with's head!" in Richard the Third, whereby (though played over and over, night after night) he is sure to bring down the thunders of the house?

This, by the by, is not the only point of assimilation between my favourite and our great tragic actor. You must know, that among many characteristic beauties, my dog has to boast of one, which gives to his eyes more of "human meaning" than I have ever observed in others of his species. The fine dark rolling pupils are set in large clear whites, and (his complexion being for the most part deep brown) the expression with which he eyes me while I am dispensing any trifling favour to his hated rival, (that whiskered animal, which shall be nameless,) is such as I have never seen equalled but by the "rowl" of Mr Kean's eyes in Othello, or in the vengeful Zanga. Perhaps I should say in Othello only, for the tender noble nature of the abused Moor, shines out even through the thunder-cloud of his jealous frenzy.

All this while I have forgotten to speak of my dog's lineage; and yet it is such as he has no reason to be

ashamed of—no, being of the Stanhope family. I do not mean actually a scion of that noble house, but deriving his descent from their breed of large wavy-coated, long-eared, thick-pawed spaniels. His mother, in fact, held the post of prime favourite to the eccentric Lady Hester, till she thought proper to retire on a small pension, (after the dignified manner in which most of the late queen's ladies resigned office on a somewhat similar occasion,) when her ladyship, weary of the polished behaviour of civilized Europe, set sail for the land of Palestine, and sought relief from the *tedium vitæ*, by squatting cross-legged on a cushion from morning to night, smoking, chewing betel and opium, and eating pillaw with her fingers, out of the same dish with a parcel of greasy Arabs. What then became of the *ci-devant* favourite I know not, but I know her son became my property; that he was given to me when about a twelvemonth old, and that (alas! alas! for the ruthless speed of time) sixteen summers, it is almost needless to add, as many springs, autumns, and winters, have passed over our heads since we came together. What! so near the bottom of a whole sheet of foolscap, and I have scarce said anything that I meant to say, and yet (so glibly the pen ran) twice as much as I intended; and I have so much still at my pen's tip, and yet I must not suffer it to overflow on a second page, or it will find no room in Maga. But in the next Number, perhaps, I may, if duly encouraged, insert the postscript, which is always allowed to contain the essence of a lady's letter.

Till then,—if there be a *then*,—farewell, Mr Hogg; go on with your delightful Calendar; repent you about the matter of "Sirrah," and so appease his ghost and my displeasure. E.

LETTER FROM RODOPHILUS.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

As our friend Rose is setting out on his third voyage, I feel myself called on (not, I fear, by the Muses) to address the fine fellow with a few lines. I hope this will find you in good humour. I had rather it fell into your hands when your mouth was still frothing with the first glass of champagne, than when that same receptacle of all that is good was drawn into a thousand crinkum crankum shapes, after a misapplication of Hogg's gentle foot to your too sensitive pediment. The Sonnet, I see plain enough, is bad; do give it a poke with your crutch; Mercury's wand is infinitely less mercurial; at any rate, for you see I am a good fellow, do me the honour to light your pipe with it, I shall then breathe my last *à l'antique* on a glorious funeral pile.

RODOPHILUS.

Rose! I would copy from the olden time,
When acts of courtesy and love prevail'd,
And none did win the Muses, but was hail'd
By all their sacred sons with grateful rhyme—
For thou hast not misspent thy youthful prime,
Nor to the Hesperian regions vainly sail'd;
Like him who erst the fleece's guard assail'd,
Thou, too, bring'st treasures from the sun's own clime.
May prosperous gales still breathe upon thy way,
And cheering thousands crowd the fading shore,
Eager to catch again thy jocund lay—
Orpheus, high-seated on thy gallant prow,
Shall echo from his harp unwonted lore,
Whilst I fresh bays will gather for thy brow.

THE INHERITANCE, A NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF MARRIAGE.*

Six years have elapsed since the publication of "Marriage," and within these six years more good novels have been printed in this island, than were ever before put forth in the whole world, during any period of fifty years —and yet "Marriage" is fresh in the public recollection, when "The Inheritance" makes its appearance. This of itself is no trifle. The fact is, that the author of that work had done things which, once done, are not likely to be forgotten. She—for there can be no doubt at all of the sex of the writer—she had added new *characters* to the stock. Dr Redgill, Mrs Violet M'Shake, and the three aunts, were new beings summoned into effectual existence. Their various minds, bodies, moods, foibles, frailties, absurdities, had been drawn with the boldness and the ease of a masterly and self-confiding pencil—and the author, who has really enlarged the territory of fiction, by stores drawn from such observation, or such imagination as these characters displayed, has taken possession of a place, from which dislodgement is not easy. With rifacciamentos of old material, however brilliantly executed, the eye of this acute age is soon satisfied; the one of them chases the other from the stage of a sometimes dazzling, but always fleeting popularity; but if the reception of works in which the true originating vigour has been displayed, be sometimes less clamorously applausive at the moment than that which the glare of mere executive talent may command, the infallible test is universally supplied in the pre-eminence of their calmer and deeper fame. Such, certainly, has been the fame of "Marriage," and such, we are equally certain, will be the fame of its successor.

The author of these works is evidently a *female*—and as evidently one that has had abundant opportunities of observing society in a great *variety* of its walks. Add to this a keen relish for the ridiculous—a profound veneration for the virtuous—a taste in composition extremely chaste, simple, and unaffected—and perhaps the literary character of this lady has been sufficiently outlined. She has much in common with the other great authoresses of her time—but she has also much to distinguish her from them. She unites the perfect purity and moral elevation of mind visible in all Mrs Baillie's delightful works, with much of the same caustic vigour of satire that has made Miss Edgeworth's pen almost as fearful as fascinating. Without displaying anything like the lofty poetic imagination of the former of these sisters in renown, or having anything like that most poetical power of pathos which relieves and embellishes the keen piquancy of the other's humorous vein—she exhibits so much quickness of perception, so much facility of thought and style, such an admirable equilibrium of mind, such a fine charity woven into the very web of sarcasm,—and withal, the views she has taken of life and manners are so very extensive, as well as true—that it is impossible for us to deny her a place considerably above any other female who has come before the British public in these days, as a writer of works of imagination. She has *all* that Miss Austin had —but she is not merely a Scotch Miss Austin. Her mind is naturally one of a more firm, vigorous, and so to speak, masculine tone; and besides, while nothing can be better than Miss Austin's sketches of that sober, orderly, small-town, parsonage, sort of society in which she herself had spent her life, and nothing more feeble than Miss Austin's pen, whenever she steps beyond that walk, either up the hill or downwards—this lady, on the contrary, can paint the inmates of the cottage, the farm-house, the manse, the mansion-house, and the castle; aye, and most difficult, or at least most rare of all, my lady's saloon too—all with equal truth, ease, and effect. In this particular respect she is far above not only Miss Austin, but Miss Burney, and confesses equality with no female author our country has as yet produced, except only the great novelist of Ireland.

Some people may wonder that we

* The Inheritance. 3 vols. 8vo. William Blackwood, Edinburgh: and T. Cadell, London.

should compare this accomplished person with the writers of her own sex only. Our answer to this must be a very short one. The books of women are as unlike the books of men, as women themselves are unlike the lords of the creation. They look at everything with eyes essentially different from ours—the things that attract them most, are not what we generally bestow much attention upon at all—their minds are penetrated and imbued with notions altogether alien to masculine breasts—they have one point of honour—we have another, and that not merely different, but *generically* different—they have, and ought to have, and must have, thoughts, opinions, feelings, sentiments, perceptions, reflections, prejudices, aye, and principles, all just as different from ours, as were the silken tresses of Eve from the strong curls that hung "not below the neck clustering" of Adam. What man ever dreamt that it was possible for a woman to paint the thousandth atom of the burning hatred, or the burning love, of man? What female ever dared to conceive anything like an Othello, a Romeo, a Master of Ravenswood, a Max Piccolomini, or a Werther?—nay, what *she* ever dared to depict a Clytemnestra, a Lady Macbeth, a Julie D'Etange, a Manon Lescaut, a Rebecca, or a Madge Wildfire? We have purposely named nothing but characters, in the formation or development of which Love has a primary influence—because in that passion, at least, it might have been supposed that the female pen might rival the audacity of the masculine. No such matter has ever taken place. In love, in jealousy, in repentance, and in every other modification and consequence of the passion of love, innocent and guilty, the female writers have shewn themselves just as decidedly and clearly feebler than men, as in the handling of any other passion with which one might have, *a priori*, imagined them less likely to grapple on terms of equality. That they do not even in that passion go so deep as men do, is possible—nay, this seems by no means improbable—but one thing is quite certain, and that is, that if they do feel as deeply as we do, there is some ineradicable principle of reserve about their nature, which prevents them from confessing that they do feel so—aye, from even hinting the possibility that they ever should feel so, afar off and dimly, through the glass of fiction.

The same line may be drawn in the realms of the ludicrous. No woman ever conceived anything within a thousand miles of a Sancho Panza, a Falstaff, a Parson Adams, or a Tom Pipes. Perhaps in the very same reserve, inalterable and ineffaceable, to which we have just alluded, a keen eye may be at no great loss to detect the cause of this inferiority also.

The worst part of it is, that we would not suffer them, if they did throw off this reserve, or even shew by one single syllable that it was possible they should ever have dreamt of throwing it off. Would any man marry a woman after having read a first-rate love story of her writing? And would not any woman like a man all the better for having written one? See what strange beings we all are, and how vain for genius to set itself in array against nature and destiny.

Nature and Destiny, however, are in general kind enough to those who deserve their kindness; and accordingly the ladies are still left in possession of abundance of fine things, even in a literary point of view. The minute *tact* of society is their especial province, in mimic, as in real life. Everywhere the broad, the strong, the powerful, is ours—the delicate, the hair-pencil delicate touch of the really excellent female observer of character, *as produced in quiet society*, is inimitably and immeasurably beyond the reach of her masculine rival. Men shew themselves in the shocks and rude collisions of the world, and men paint this—Women tread upon the carpet, and they understand our gentle, and each others gentlest motions there, to an extent that would almost seem to argue something not unlike the possession of a separate sense, in which people of the other gender are not fortunate enough to be partakers.

This *species* of merit is conspicuous in Marriage, and it is also conspicuous in The Inheritance; but, excepting in this matter, there is really not much resemblance between the two works. The charm of Marriage consisted *entirely* in the delineation of certain humorous characters, most of which we have already alluded to. The story of that novel was the merest piece of flimsiness, and altogether, it was suf-

ficiently evident that the author had laid her *coup d'essai* before the public. Indeed, the poverty of the story formed so very remarkable a contrast to the richness of the characters, that we must fairly confess we never expected to see the author produce another work of the same kind, or, at least, of anything like the same merit. In a word, our notion was, that a clever woman had sketched very cleverly the most prominent persons in the gallery of her own personal acquaintance, and, that this being done, and done so admirably, there was like to be an end of the matter. The reader may probably have formed some similar ideas for himself; and, if so, he will participate in the same feelings of surprise, as well as of delight, with which we have devoured the volumes now before us. He will find many more characters than Marriage contained; he will find among these some copies, to be sure;—but he will also find not a few originals, at least as excellent as any of those in Marriage; and, what is best of all, he will no longer be put in mind of a gallery of portraits. The characters of The Inheritance are brought out in a very well conceived, and carefully and skilfully executed, fable,—they do not appear merely, but act; and, in short, the whole conception and execution of the work attest clearly and indubitably the striking progress which the authoress has made in almost every branch of her art since the period of her *debut*. Nothing can be better than some things in Marriage; but The Inheritance is not only rich in things as good as those were, but has all the additional merits of felicitous design, and judicious concoction. In one word, Marriage was a very clever book, but this is an admirable novel.

The story, though, in *essentialibus*, no great story, is wonderfully well managed—so well, that the interest neither flags nor halts for one moment, until we are within a score or two of pages of the end of the third volume. Indeed, anybody, in reading the book over, as we have just been doing, for the second time, will be powerfully struck with the advantages which the authoress has drawn from—contrary, we are all but certain, to the prevailing fashion—keeping her book quietly in her desk till it was *all* written, and then going carefully over it. Things, in the first two or three chapters, which, on the first perusal, appear quite trivial, are found to have been placed there with a strict *prospectus* to something far on in the work; and, *per contra*, there is nothing and nobody in the first part of the book that is altogether dropt out and neglected in the sequel.

We need not waste words in shewing how little of this merit belongs to almost any of the popular novels of this age of novel-writing; and we do think that the public, if they have a proper respect for themselves, will shew it in their treatment of the almost solitary novel-writer that has of late years condescended to manifest anything like a proper measure of respect for the public. This lady could no doubt write her three volumes—aye, or her six volumes per annum, as easily as her neighbours, but she chooses to do no such thing; and the reader who turns from The Inheritance to almost any other handful of similar modern tomes, will be at no great loss to perceive in what respects the work of six years' concoction differs from even the cleverest work, that runs its whole career of writing, printing, and puffing within six months.

We hate the notion of analysing a good three-volume story in a single paragraph; but the evil is perhaps a necessary one in our vocation.

The heroine of this book, then, appears at its commencement in the full bloom of youth and beauty, coming from France, where she has been born and bred, to Scotland, where she has the prospect of succeeding to a splendid fortune, and a peerage of grand antiquity. A younger scion of the noble house of Rossville had been foolish enough to wed a pretty plebeian, by name Miss Black; his family cut him of course, and he had lived abroad upon an annuity, and died there. Circumstances had by this time brought him very near to the succession; and the ci-devant buxom Miss Black, now transformed into the honourable Mrs St Clair, a widow dame, graced with all the superficial finery and real worthlessness of outlandish parts, appears at the chateau of her dead husband's ancestors, leading in her hand the beautiful heiress-expectant thereof, Miss Gertrude St Clair, heroine of The Inheritance, one (of course) of the simplest, most generous, and most charming of human creatures.

This *position*, as to family connec-

tions, is happily conceived. The heroine is necessarily placed in immediate connection with two quite different sets of people and orders of society. The old Peer of Rossville receives her in his proud castle, where she meets the aged sister of his lordship, and a whole swarm of his patrician relatives, male and female. On the other hand, the family of the ci-devant Miss Black are living and prospering in various ways in the same county, and three or four separate households, of different shades of vulgarity, are thus thrown open for her occasional visits. It so happens, that some of the Black race have votes, and so forth, in the county; so that Lord Rossville himself is constrained in so far to patronize Gertrude's attention to the humbler side of her pedigree. In short, a capital field of contrast is, in a very natural manner, opened upon our novelist,—and precisely of that sort of contrast, too, on which her peculiar talents and acquirements enable her to labour with the highest hope of advantage.

The Earl of Rossville's plan is to marry his heiress to one of his nephews, the next after her in the succession to his peerage. This nephew, Mr Delmour, is a solemn politician, and M. P. His brother is a fashionable Colonel of the Guards, and he, happening to arrive at Rossville before the Member, has the baseness to wish to forestall his brother in Miss St Clair's affections—and he has the art to do so. At the same time, there comes another of her cousins—Mr Lyndsay. This is an excellent, well-principled man, possessor of a small estate also in the neighbourhood of the Rossville domain. He also loves Gertrude:—and he never tells his love; but he sees that the fascinating airy address of the Colonel has succeeded; and seeing this, and being quite aware of the real character of the man, his affection for Gertrude takes the shape of most sincere and compassionating friendship. She returns this by the warmest confidence; and while she is thus cursed in a lover, and blessed in a friend, the old lord dies, and behold she is Countess of Rossville.

She would have married Colonel Delmour immediately, but her mother betrays the greatest, the most intense and unconquerable aversion to this match. This aversion appears to be connected in some way with the mysterious appearance of a stranger—a rude vulgar man, who, intruding himself on the privacy of Mrs St Clair and her daughter, produces an effect on the former which convinces the latter that he is in possession of some terrible secret. She at first suspects that he has been married in secret to her mother. Mrs St Clair rejects this notion with violence and scorn, but confesses that *a secret there is.* Gertrude is driven into a promise that she will not marry until she is of age; and, in the meantime, she nominates her mother and Mr Lyndsay her guardians. Colonel Delmour is sadly annoyed with the delay; but he prevails on the young Countess to go to London with her mother, that she may at least be introduced into fashionable life under his own auspices, and be kept entirely within the circle of his influence and fascination.

A season of extravagant splendour and expense, and of heartless dissatisfaction in the brilliant wilderness of Piccadilly, follows.

Gertrude returns to Rossville. The Mysterious Man once more appears there—a succession of violent scenes betrays at last the *secret*, viz. that Gertrude is not, after all, the child of the Honourable George St Clair and his lady, but a supposititious child—the child of this stranger and her own nurse. The base man expetcts to be bribed into silence—but Gertrude's heart is clear and high; and Colonel Delmour arriving while the rude stranger is yet unmasked, is informed of the truth at the moment Gertrude herself learns what that is. He flies from Rossville—pretending that he cannot afford to marry the simple Gertrude; and the known state of his pecuniary affairs renders this in so far a plausible tale. But ere long Gertrude, living among her supposed mother's humble relations, is informed that Mr Delmour, now Earl of Rossville, is no more, and that of course her lover is himself in possession of all that rank and wealth which she had formerly promised to share with him when they were hers.

The issue is not obscure. The gay Lord Rossville marries the Duchess of St Ives—Gertrude weeps long, and at last gives a sorely humbled heart to the affectionate and generous Lyndsay. The Duchess of St Ives brings her lord into a duel at Paris—he dies by the hand of a man who had disho-

noured him. Lyndsay succeeds to the estate and title of Rossville, and the lovely Gertrude is once more in possession of THE INHERITANCE.

We had forgot to mention that the base Stranger turns out, after all, not to be the father of Gertrude, but merely a relation of his personating him. But this does not materially affect the fable.

Such, then, is the outline of the story—a very hasty one, and imperfect of course, but still, we hope, enough to render our extracts, in some measure, intelligible. In quoting, indeed, we shall, as is our common custom, take as little as possible of that which affects the main narrative. We shall rather lay before the reader some of the episodic parts of the performance. This plan is equally effective for shewing what the style and manner of the novel-writer is—and by adhering to it we preserve entire for those who are to read the book the main sequence and interest of the admirably conducted TALE.

We shall begin with a specimen or two of the author's manner of introducing and sketching characters; and then proceed to quote a few passages, illustrative of the more elaborate artfulness of her dramatic delineations. What can be better in its way than the following *entrée* at the castle of Rossville?

"Mrs St Clair's agitation increased—she stopped, and leant upon her daughter, who feared she would have fainted; but making an effort, she followed the servant, who led the way to the presence of his lord, when, quickly recovering her self-possession, she advanced, and gracefully presented her daughter, saying,

"'To your lordship's generous protection I commit my fatherless child.'

"Lord Rossville was a bulky, portentous-looking person, with nothing marked in his physiognomy except a pair of very black elevated eyebrows, which gave an unvarying expression of solemn astonishment to his countenance. He had a husky voice, and a very tedious elocution. He was some little time of preparing an answer to this address, but at last he replied,—

"'I shall, rest assured, madam, make a point of fulfilling, to the utmost of my power and abilities, the highly important duties of the parental office.'

"He then saluted his sister-in-law and niece, and taking a hand of each, led them to a tall thin grey old woman, with a long inquisitive-looking nose, whom he named as Lady Betty St Clair.

"Lady Betty rose from her seat with that sort of deliberate bustle which generally attends the rising up and the sitting down of old ladies, and may be intended to shew that it is not an every-day affair with them to practise such condescension. Having taken off her spectacles, Lady Betty carefully deposited them within a large work-basket, out of which protruded a tiger's head in worsted work, and a volume of a novel. She next lifted a cambric handkerchief from off a fat sleepy lap-dog which lay upon her knees, and deposited it on a cushion at her feet. She then put aside a small fly table, which stood before her as a sort of outwork, and thus freed from all impediments, welcomed her guests, and after regarding them with looks only expressive of stupid curiosity, she motioned to them to be seated, and replaced herself with even greater commotion than she had risen up."

This is from the introductory sketch of the old peer's character.

"As he was not addicted to any particular vice, he considered himself as a man of perfect virtue; and having been, in some respects, very prosperous in his fortune, he was thoroughly satisfied that he was a person of the most consummate wisdom. With these ideas of himself, it is not surprising that he should have deemed it his bounden duty to direct and manage every man, woman, child, or animal, who came within his sphere, and that too in the most tedious and tormenting manner. Perhaps the most teazing point in his character was his ambition—the fatal ambition of thousands—to be thought an eloquent and impressive speaker; for this purpose, he always used ten times as many words as were necessary to express his meaning, and those too of the longest and strongest description. Another of his tormenting peculiarities was his desire of explaining everything, by which he always perplexed and mystified the simplest subject. Yet he had his good points, for he wished to see those around him happy, provided he was the dispenser of their happiness, and that they were happy precisely in the manner and degree he thought proper. In short, Lord Rossville was a sort of petty benevolent tyrant; and any attempt to enlarge his soul, or open his understanding, would have been in vain. Indeed, his mind was already full, as full as it could hold, of little thoughts, little plans, little notions, little prejudices, little whims, and nothing

short of regeneration could have made him otherwise. He had a code of laws, a code of proprieties, a code of delicacies, all his own, and he had long languished for subjects to execute them upon."

But the flower of the flock is a certain old maiden, by name Miss Pratt, a distant relation, and intolerable hanger-on, of the Rossville family. This is a portrait of the most exquisite merit—quite new—fresh—complete—perfect—the best old maid, without exception, that has been drawn since the days of our never-to-be-forgotten friend Mrs Western, in Tom Jones. We have no hesitation in saying, that we look on Miss Pratt, take her all in all, as quite as good as that most masterly delineation; and having said this, we apprehend we have said enough. The whole brood of modern spinsters are dwarfed into insignificance by the appearance of this glorious specimen. So sharp, so selfish, so cunning, so straight-forward in the midst of everything that is crooked; so easily seen through, and yet so impossible to be put down—there never was such a gem and jewel in the whole race of the *Sorners* and the *Bores*.

"'Good Heavens!' exclaimed one of the ladies, who had stationed herself at a window, 'Do look at this, Colonel Delmour!'

"And at the piercing exclamation, the whole party hastened to ascertain the cause. The phenomena appeared to be a hackney-chaise of the meanest description, which was displacing the splendid barouche, to the manifest mirth of the insolent menials who stood lounging at the door.

"'Who can that be, I wonder?' asked Lady Betty.

"Mrs St Clair turned pale with terror lest it should be any of her *bourgeois* relations forcing their way.

"'I conclude it must be our cousin Miss Pratt,' said the Earl, in some agitation, to Lady Millbank; and, while he spoke, a female head and hand were to be seen shaking and waving to the driver with eager gesticulation.

"'And Mr Lyndsay, I vow!' exclaimed Miss Jemima Mildmay, throwing herself into a theatrical attitude of astonishment.

"The hack-chaise, with its stiff rusty horses, had now got close to the door, and the broken jinglings steps being lowered, out stepped a young man, who was immediately saluted with shouts of laughter from the party at the window. He looked up and smiled, but seemed nowise disconcerted, as he stood patiently waiting for his companion to emerge.

"'I hope they are to perform quarantine,' said Colonel Delmour.

"'I vote for their being sent to Coventry,' said Miss Augusta.

"'I prepare to stand upon the defensive,' said Miss Maria, as she seized a smelling-bottle from off the table.

"At length, Miss Pratt appeared, shaking the straw from her feet, and having alighted, it was expected that her next movement would be to enter the house; but they knew little of Miss Pratt, who thought all was done when she had reached her destination. Much yet remained to be done, which she would not trust either to her companion or the servants. She had, in the first place, to speak in a very sharp manner to the driver, on the condition of his chaise and horses, and to throw out hints of having him severely punished, inasmuch as one of his windows would not let down, and she had almost sprained her wrist in attempting it—and another would not pull up, though the wind was going through her head like a spear; besides having taken two hours and a quarter to bring them nine miles, and her watch was held up in a triumphant manner in proof of her assertion. She next made it a point to see with her own eyes every article pertaining to her (and they were not a few) taken out of the chaise, and to give with her own voice innumerable directions as to the carrying, stowing, and placing of her bags, boxes, and bundles. All these matters being settled, Miss Pratt then accepted the arm of her companion, and was now fairly on her way to the drawing-room. But people who make use of their eyes have often much to see even between two doors, and in her progress from the hall door to the drawing-room door, Miss Pratt met with much to attract her attention. True, all the objects were perfectly familiar to her, but a real *looker*, like a great genius, is never at a loss for subject—things are either better or worse since they saw them last—or if the things themselves should happen to be the same, they have seen other things either better or worse, and can, therefore, either improve or disprove them. Miss Pratt's head, then, turned from side to side a thousand times as she went along, and a thousand observations and criticisms about stair carpets, patent lamps, hall chairs, slab tables, &c. &c. passed through her crowded brain. At length, Miss Pratt and Mr Lyndsay were announced, and thereupon

entered Miss Pratt in a quick paddling manner, as if in all haste to greet her friends.

"'How do you do, my lord? no bilious attacks, I hope, of late?—Lady Betty, as stout as ever, I see, and my old friend Flora as fat as a collared eel.—Lady Millbank, I'm perfectly ashamed to see you in any house but your own; but everything must give way to the first visit, you know, especially amongst kinsfolk,' taking Mrs St Clair by the hand, without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction."

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"Miss Pratt then appeared to her to be a person from whom nothing could be hid. Her eyes were not by any means fine eyes—they were not reflecting eyes—they were not soft eyes—they were not sparkling eyes—they were not melting eyes—they were not penetrating eyes;—neither were they restless eyes, nor rolling eyes, nor squinting eyes, nor prominent eyes—but they were active, brisk, busy, vigilant, immoveable eyes, that looked as if they could not be surprised by anything—not even by sleep. They never looked angry, or joyous, or perturbed, or melancholy, or heavy: but, morning, noon, and night, they shone the same, and conveyed the same impression to the beholder, viz. that they were eyes that had a look—not like the look of Sterne's monk, beyond this world—but a look into all things on the face of this world. Her other features had nothing remarkable in them, but the ears might evidently be classed under the same head with the eyes—they were something resembling rabbits'—long, prominent, restless, vibrating ears, for ever listening, and never shut by the powers of thought. Her voice had the tone and inflexions of one accustomed to make frequent sharp interrogatories. She had rather a neat compact figure; and the *tout ensemble* of her person and dress was that of smartness. Such, though not quite so strongly defined, was the sort of impression Miss Pratt generally made upon the beholder. Having darted two or three of her sharpest glances at Miss St Clair—

"'Do you know I'm really puzzled, my dear, to make out who it is you are so like—for you're neither a Rossville nor a Black—and, by the bye, have you seen your uncle, Mr Alexander Black, yet? What a fine family he has got! I heard you was quite smitten with Miss Lilly Black at the Circuit ball t'other night, Colonel Delmour—But you're not so ill to please as Anthony Whyte—That was really a good thing Lord Punmedown said to him that night. Looking at the two Miss Blacks, says he to Anthony, with a shake of his head—'Ah, Anthony,' says he, 'I'm afraid two Blacks will never make a White!'—ha, ha, ha!—Lord Rossville, did you hear that? At the Circuit ball Lord Punmedown said to Anthony Whyte, pointing to the two Miss Blacks—'I fear,' says he, 'two Blacks will never make a White.'—'No, my lord,' says Anthony, 'for you know there's no turning a Blackamoor white!'—ha, ha, ha! 'A very *fair* answer,' says my lord. Lady Millbank, did you hear of Lord Punmedown's attack upon Mr Whyte at the ball—the two Miss Blacks——"

"'I black-ball a repetition of that bon mot,' said Colonel Delmour.

"'You will really be taken for a magpie if you are so black and white,' said Miss Millbank.

"''Pon my word, that's not at all amiss—I must let Anthony Whyte hear that.—But bless me, Lady Millbank, you're not going away already?—won't you stay and take some luncheon?—I can answer for the soups here—I really think, my lord, you rival the Whyte Hall soups.' But disregarding Miss Pratt's pressing invitation, Lady Millbank and her train took leave, and scarcely were they gone when luncheon was announced.

"'Come, my dear,' resumed the tormentor, holding Gertrude's arm within hers, 'let you and I keep together—I want to get better acquainted with you—but I wish I could find a likeness for you'—looking round upon the family portraits as they entered the eating-room.

"'They must look higher who would find a similitude for Miss St Clair,' said Colonel Delmour.

"Miss Pratt glanced at the painted ceiling representing a band of very fat, full-blown rosy Hours. 'Ah ha! do you hear that, my lord? Colonel Delmour says there's nothing on earth to compare to Miss St Clair, and that we must look for her likeness in the regions above. Well, goddess or not, let me recommend a bit of this nice cold lamb to you—very sweet and tender it is—and I assure you I'm one of those who think a leg of lamb looks as well on a table as in a meadow:'—then dropping her knife and fork with a start of joy—'Bless me, what was I thinking of?—that was really very well said of you, Colonel—but I've got it now—a most wonderful resemblance! See who'll be the next to find it out?'

"All present looked at each other, and then at the pictures.

"Lord Rossville, who had been vainly watching for an opening, now took advantage of it, and with one of his long

suppressed sonorous hems, bespoke him as follows :—

" ' Although I have not given much of my time or attention to the study of physiognomy, as I do not conceive it is one likely to be productive of beneficial results to society; yet I do not hesitate to admit the reality of those analogies of feature which may be, and undoubtedly are, distinctly'——

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" But there was no one to whom Miss Pratt was so unequivocal a pest as to Lord Rossville, for his lordship was a stranger to *ennui*—perhaps cause and effect are rarely combined in one person, and those who can weary others, possess a never-failing source of amusement in themselves. Besides, the Earl was independent of Miss Pratt, as he possessed a wide range for his unwearying wearying powers in his own family; for he could weary his steward—and his housekeeper—and his gamekeeper—and his coachman—and his groom, and his gardener, all the hours of the day, by perpetual fault-finding and directing. Perhaps, after all, the only uncloying pleasure in life is that of finding fault. The gamester may weary of his dice—the lover of his charmer—the *bon-vivant* of his bottle—the virtuoso of his vertu—but while this round world remains with all its imperfections on its head, the real fault-finder will never weary of finding fault. The provoking part of Miss Pratt was, that there was no possibility of finding fault with her. As well might Lord Rossville have attempted to admonish the brook that babbled past him, or have read lectures to the fly which buzzed round his head. For forty years Lord Rossville had been trying to break her in, but in vain. Much may be done, as we every day see, to alter and overcome nature: Ponies are made to waltz—horses to hand tea-kettles—dogs to read—birds to cast accounts—fleas to walk in harness; but to restrain the volubility of a female tongue, is a task that has hitherto defied the power of man. With so much of what may be styled dissonance in similarity, it may easily be imagined that Lord Rossville and Miss Pratt, even when most in unison, produced anything but harmony. Yet they only jarred—they never actually quarrelled, for they had been accustomed to each other all their lives—and while she laid all the rebuffs and reproofs she received to the score of bile, he tolerated her impertinence on account of blood."

We have not done with Miss Pratt yet; but in the meantime be pleased to contemplate for one moment the *pendant* which our authoress has furnished for this rich portraiture. Another old maid!—another entirely *lusus naturæ*—another creature whom we *all* know, and yet whom nobody ever dreamt of alluding to as *in rerum natura* until now.

" Miss Becky Duguid, as a single woman, had vainly expected to escape the cares and anxieties of the married state. She had heard and seen much of the indifference or the ill-humour of husbands—of the troubles and vexations of children—and she thought, From these evils I am at least free;—I can go where I like, do what I like, and live as I like. But poor Miss Becky soon found her mistake. Brothers and sisters married—nephews and nieces sprung up on all hands, each and all expecting to be distinguished by Aunt Becky's bounty, while every parent levied the most unconscionable taxes upon her time and capabilities.

" ' Aunt Becky will give me this,' said one; ' you know she has no use for money.'

" ' Aunt Becky will do that,' said another, ' for she has always plenty of time.'

" ' Aunt Becky will go there,' cried a third; ' she likes a long walk.'

" But even the labours imposed upon her by her own relations, were nothing compared to the constant demands made upon her by the world in general, *i. e.* by the whole circle of her acquaintances;—all under the idea, that, as a single woman, she could have nothing to do but to oblige her friends. When in town, her life was devoted to executing commissions from the country—inquiring the character of servants—hiring governesses and grooms—finding situations for wet nurses—getting patterns of pelisse cloths from every shop in town—trying to get old silks matched with new—gowns made—gauzes dyed—feathers cleaned—fans mended, &c. &c. &c. The letters always beginning, ' As I know you do not grudge your trouble, and will be walking about at any rate, I must beg the favour, when you are quite at leisure,' and so and so; and ending with, ' As I find I am really in want of the things, and the carrier leaves town on Thursday, I trust you will contrive to have everything ready by that time.' But one of the letters, dropped by Miss Becky in the course of her perambulations, will best illustrate this part of her personal narrative.

"'My dear Miss Becky,

"'I take this opportunity of letting you know we are all tolerably well at present, and trust you continue to enjoy your usual good health. I return the tea you sent *last*, as we all think it very *inferior* to that you sent *formerly*; and as there has been rather a fall upon the price of teas, there can be no reason for such a falling off in the quality; and unless Candytuft can give something *very superior* at the same price, I would just return it, and try some other shop, and have nothing more to do with Candytuft. Eliza and Jane, with their best love, take this opportunity of sending in their old black velvet pelisses, which they wish you to consult Yellowleys the dyer about; they have been told that black velvet can be *dyed* either grass green, or *bright* crimson, and if Yellowleys can *warrant* their standing, they would prefer having them done a *good rich* crimson; but if not, they must just put up with a *full* green, as much *on* the grass, and *off* the bottle, as possible.

"'I am sorry to tell you your *protegée*, Jenny Snodgrass, has turned out very ill. I find her lazy and idle, dirty, disobliging, and insolent, and not at all the person I was led to expect from your character of her. I must, therefore, trouble you to be on the look-out for another. You know it is not much I require of my servants; but there are *some* things it is impossible to dispense with, and which I must make a *point* of. Of course, she must be perfectly sober, honest, conscientious, and trust-worthy, and in *every* respect unexceptionable in her *morals*. She must be stout, active, cleanly, civil, obliging, quiet, orderly, good-tempered, neat-handed, and *particularly* tidy in her person. All that I require of her is to be an *excellent* worker at her needle, a *thorough* washer and ironer, and a *generally* useful and accommodating servant. Margaret sends her affectionate remembrance, and when you are at leisure, requests you will order a pair of stays for her from Brisbane's as soon as possible, as she is in *great* want. She sends a pair of old ones for a pattern, but they don't fit; you must tell him, they are both too *tight* and too *short*, and shoulder-straps too *narrow* by a *full* straw-breadth. The old busk, she thinks, may do, or if it should be too *short*, perhaps you may be able to get it exchanged for one *longer*. As Flint the gun-smith's is no great distance from Brisbane's, John would be much obliged to you when you are there, if you would step to him, and tell him that he is going to send his gun to have the lock mended, and to be sure to have it done in the most *complete* manner, and as soon as he possibly can, as the shooting season is coming on. When done, he may send it to you, with a couple of pounds of gunpowder, and a bag of small shot, No. 5. As the holiday time is coming on, we may look for the boys some of these days, and, (if it is not putting you to any inconvenience,) as the coach stops, you know, at the Blue Boar, perhaps you will have the goodness to have your Nanny *waiting* at the office for them; and if you can manage to keep them till Monday, it will be adding to the favour; but they will require *constant* watching, as you know what romps they are. I do not expect to be confined before the 29th at soonest; so if you can manage to come to us *betwixt* and the 20th, it will be very agreeable to us all, I assure you. I was in hopes I should not have had any more to trouble you with at present, but upon hearing that I was writing to you, Tom begs me to say, that he wishes very much to get some *good* fly-hooks for trout-fishing, four *red* cocks' hackle-body, four *black* green plover's-tuft, with a light starling's-wing body, and four *brown* woodcocks'-wing, and hare's-foot body. I hope you will be able to *read* this, as I assure you it has cost me some labour to *write* it from Tom's diction. He desires me to add you will get them best at Phin's, fishing-rod-maker, at the *east* end of the High Street, *fifth* door up the *second* stair on the *left* hand; you will easily find it, as there is a large pasteboard trout hanging from the end of a fishing-rod for a sign. He also wants a pirn of fishing-line, and a few good stout *long-shanked bait*-hooks. If you happen to see your friend Miss Aitken, you may tell her the turban you ordered for me is the *very same* of one she made for me *two years* ago, and which I never liked. I have only worn it *once*, so perhaps she will have no objections to take it back, and make me a *neat*, *fashionable* cap instead. I am afraid you will think us very troublesome, but I know you do not grudge a little trouble to oblige your friends. Mr Goodwilly and the young people unite with me in best wishes; and I remain, my dear Miss Duguid,

"'Yours most sincerely,

"'Grace Goodwilly.

"'P. S.—Eliza and Jane beg you will send them some patterns of summer-silks, neither too *light* nor too *dark*, both *figured* and *plain*, with the different *widths* and *prices*, and also that you would inquire what is the *lowest* price of the *hand-*

somest ostrich feathers that can be had; and if you happen to see any very pretty *wreaths*, you might price them at the same time, as they are divided between feathers and flowers; those you sent from Trashbag's were quite *soiled*, and looked as if they had been *worn*. Mr Goodwilly takes this opportunity of sending in a couple of razors, which he begs you will send to Steele the cutler's, at the back of the Old Kirk Stile, to be sharpened *immediately*, as that is a thing he *cannot* want. Margaret bids me tell you to desire Brisbane *not* to put *magic* laces to her stays, and to be sure that the stitching is stout and *firm*. Any day that you happen to be passing Seaton the saddler's, Mr Goodwilly begs you will have the goodness to inquire what would be the lowest price of new stuffing the side-saddles, and new lackering the carriage-harness. I think it as well to send in my turban, that you may try Miss Aitken, and I shall think her extremely *disobliging* if she refuses to take it back, as it will be *money* thrown into the *fire* if she does not, for it shall never go upon my head.

"'Yours with much regard,

"'G. G.

"'P. S.—I find it will be necessary to send Jemima in to Bain the dentist, to get some of her teeth *taken out*, as her mouth is getting very *crowded*. I would take her myself, but cannot stand these things; so must beg the favour of you to go with her, and *see* it done. I fear it will be a *sad* business, poor soul! as there are *at least three* that must come out, and *great* tusks they are! of course, it is not every one I would *trust* her with for such an *operation*; but I know I can rely upon your doing everything that *can be done*. Will you ask that good-for-nothing creature, Heelpiece, if the children's shoes are *ever* to be sent home?

"'Yours, in haste.'

"Sometimes Miss Becky betook herself to the country, but, though she often found retirement, there was seldom rest. Whenever a gay husband was leaving home, Miss Becky was in requisition to keep his dull sickly wife company in his absence—or, *vice versa*, when a young wife wished to amuse herself abroad, 'that good creature, Becky Duguid,' was sent for, to play backgammon with her old ill-natured husband; and, when both man and wife were leaving home, then Becky Duguid was called upon to nurse the children and manage the servants in their absence. *Invitations abounded, but all to disagreeable scenes or dull parties.* She was expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials—but she was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to any party of pleasure. 'O, Miss Becky doesn't care for these things; she would like better to come to us when we're in a quiet way by ourselves,' was always the come-off. 'I don't know what the cares of the married life are,' Miss Becky would sometimes say, and oftener think; 'but I am sure I know what the troubles of the single state are to a stout, healthy, easy-tempered woman like me:—What is it to be the wife of one crabbed old man, to having to divert all the crabbed old men in the country? And what is it to be the mother of one family of children, to having to look after the children of all my relations and acquaintances?'

"But Miss Becky's reflections (like most people's reflections) came too late to benefit herself. She was completely involved in the toils of celibacy before she was at all aware of her danger, and vain now would have been the attempt to extricate herself. Such was Miss Becky Duguid, walking in the vain show of liberty, but, in reality, fettered hand and foot by all the tender charities of life. As such, it may be guessed, she formed no very brilliant addition to the Bellevue party. Indeed, such is the force of habit, she now felt quite out of her element, when seated at her ease, without any immediate call on her time and attention; for even her little doings carried their sense of importance along with them; and, perhaps, Mrs Fry never felt more inward satisfaction at the turning of a soul from darkness to light, than did poor Miss Becky when she had triumphantly dispatched a box full of *well-executed* commissions."

One more *bit* of the Pratt—and the last *bit* of the old peer whom she tormented.

"It was drawing towards the close of a day, when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. Lord Rossville stood at his drawing-room window speculating on the aspect of the clouds, and predicting a change of weather, when he suddenly uttered an exclamation, which attracted the whole of the family to where he stood.

"A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the Castle; but what was its precise nature, the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased—the clouds rolled away—and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell abruptly on this moving phenomena, and disclosed to

view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it ploughed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes, and gilded skulls, nodding and grinning in the now livid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance—the servants gathered round—one of the men began to remove the end-board, that threshold of death ——

"'This is—is—' gasped the Earl, as he tried to throw open the window and call to his servants; but the window was frozen, and ere his Lordship could adopt another expedient, his fury was turned from the dead to the living, for there was lifted out—not 'a slovenly unhandsome corpse, betwixt the wind and his nobility,' but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt. All uttered some characteristic exclamation; but Lord Rossville's tongue clove to the very roof of his mouth, and he in vain laboured to find words suited to the occasion.

"Whether the contents of the hearse should be permitted to enter his castle walls from such a conveyance was a doubt in itself so weighty, as for the moment to overpower every faculty of mind and body! True, to refuse admission to one of the blood of Rossville—a cousin to himself—the cousin of many noble families—the aunt of Mr Whyte of Whyte-Hall—would be a strong measure. Yet to sanction such a violation of all propriety!—to suffer such an example of disrespect to the living—of decorum to the dead!—to receive into his presence a person just issued from a hearse!—Who could tell what distempers she might not bring in her train? That thought decided the matter—His lordship turned round to pull the bell, and, in doing so, found both hands locked in those of Miss Pratt! The shock of a man-trap is probably faint compared to that which he experienced at finding himself in the grasp of the fair, and all powers of resistance failed under the energy of her hearty shake.

"'Well, my lord, what do you think of my travelling equipage?—My Jerusalem dilly, as Anthony Whyte calls it?—'Pon my word, you must make much of me—for a pretty business I've had to get here. I may well say I've come through thick and thin to get to you. At one time, I assure you, I thought you would never have seen me but in my coffin—and a great mercy it is it's only in a hearse. I fancy I'm the first that ever thought themselves in luck to get into one; but, however, I think I'm still luckier in having got well out of it—ha! ha! ha!'

"'Miss Pratt!' heaved the Earl as with a lever.

"'Well, you shall hear all about it by and by. In the meantime, I must beg the favour of you to let the men put up their hearse and horses for the night—for it's perfectly impossible for them to go a step farther—and, indeed, I promised, that if they would but bring me safe here, you would make them all welcome to a night's lodgings, poor creatures!'

"This was a pitch of assurance so far beyond anything Lord Rossville had ever contemplated, that his words felt like stones in his throat, and he strove, but strove in vain, to get them up, and hurl them at Pratt's audacious jaws. Indeed, all ordinary words and known language would have been inadequate for his purpose. Only some mighty terror-compelling compound, or some magical anathema—something which would have caused her to sink into the ground—or to have made her quit the form of a woman, and take that of an insect, would have spoke the feelings of his breast. While his lordship was thus struggling, like one under the influence of the nightmare, for utterance, Miss Pratt called to one of the servants, who just then entered—

"'Jackson, you'll be so good as see these men well taken care off—and I hope Bishop will allow a good feed to the horses, poor beasts! and——'

"'Miss Pratt!' at length bolted the Earl—'Miss Pratt, this conduct of yours is of so extraordinary—so altogether unparalleled a nature, that——'

"'You may well say that, my lord—unparalleled indeed, if you knew all.'

"'There's eight horses and four men,' said Lady Betty, who had been pleasing her fancy by counting them.—'Who's burial is it?'

"'It's Mr M'Vitae's, the great distiller.—I'm sure, I'm much obliged to him—for if it hadn't been for him, poor man! I might have been stiff and stark by this time.' And Miss Pratt busied herself in taking off her snow-shoes, and turning and chafing herself before the fire.

"'Miss Pratt,' again began the Earl, mustering all his energies—'Miss Pratt, it is altogether inconceivable and inexplicable to me, how you, or any one else, could possibly so far forget what was due to themselves and to me, as to come to my house in a manner so wholly unpre-

cedented, so altogether unwarrantable, so—so—so perfectly unjustifiable—I say, how any person or persons could thus presume——'

"A burst of laughter from Miss Pratt here broke upon the Earl's harangue.

"'My dear Lord Rossville, I beg your pardon; but really the notion of my *presuming* to come in a hearse is too good—'Pon my word, it's a piece of presumption few people would be guilty of if they could help it. I assure you I felt humble enough when I was glad to creep into it.'

"'I repeat *presume*, Miss Pratt,' cried his lordship, now fairly kindled into eloquence, 'to presume to bring to my house an equipage and attendants of—of—of the most luctiferous description—and farther, to presume to expect that I am to permit the hearse of Mr M'Vitae, the distiller—the—the democratic distiller, with eight horses and four men, to—to—to—to—to transform Rossville Castle into an inn—a—a caravansera of the very lowest description—a—a—a charnel-house—a—a—a receptacle for vehicles employed for the foulest—the vilest—the—the most unseemly of all purposes! Jackson, desire those people, with their carriage and horses, to quit my grounds without one moment's delay.'

"'My dear Lord Rossville!—(Stop Jackson)—Bless my heart! you're not going to turn away the people at this time of night!—Only look how it's snowing, and the sky as black as pitch—there's neither man nor beast fit to travel a-foot this night.—Jackson, I'm sure you must be sensible that it's perfectly impossible for them to find their way now.'

"Jackson, who had, like his betters, felt considerable *ennui* during the storm, and rather rejoiced at the thoughts of any visitors, however inferior to himself in rank and station, confirmed the assertion with all due respect—but to little purpose.

"'At all events, and whatever may be the consequence,' said his master, 'they certainly can, and, indeed, positively must, return by the road which they have recently traversed.'

"'They may just as well attempt to fly as to go back the way they came—a pretty fight they had to get through! I only wish you had seen it—the horses up to their shoulders more than once in the snow, even then, and it's now snowing ten times worse than ever—so I leave you to judge how they are to drag a hearse back nine miles at this time of night.'

"Here Jackson re-entered with a manifesto from the hearse-drivers and company, stating, that they had been brought two miles and a half out of their way, under promise of being provided in quarters for the night, and that it was now impossible for them to proceed.

"'It will be a pretty story if I'm landed in a law-suit,' cried Miss Pratt, in great alarm, as the Earl was about to reiterate his orders; 'and it will make a fine noise in the county, I can tell you.'

"Mr Delmour, who had been out investigating matters, here struck in, and having remarked that it might be an unpopular measure, recommended that Mr M'Vitae's suite should be accommodated for the night, with strict charges to depart by dawn the following morning; and the Earl, though with great reluctance, was prevailed upon to agree to this arrangement.

"Miss Pratt having carried her point, and dried, warmed, fed, and cherished her person in all possible ways, now commenced the narrative of what she called her unparalleled adventures. But, as has been truly said, there are always two ways of telling a story, and Miss Pratt's biographer and herself are by no means at one as to the motives which led to this extraordinary expedition. Miss Pratt set forth that she had been living most comfortably at Skinflint Cottage, where she had been most kindly treated, and much pressed to prolong her visit; but she had taken an anxious fit about her good friends at Rossville,—she had had a great dreaming about them the night before last, and she could not rest till she had seen them all. She had, therefore, borrowed the Skinflint carriage, and set out at the risk of her life—but the horses had stuck in the snow, &c. &c. &c.

"Miss Pratt's biographer, on the other hand, asserts that Miss Pratt, in the course of circulation, had landed at Skinflint Cottage, which she sometimes used as a stepping-stone, but never as a resting-place; here, however, she had been taken prisoner by the snow-storm, and confined for a week in a small house full of children—some in measles—some in scarlet fevers—some in hooping-coughs—the only healthy individuals, two strong unruly boys just broke loose from school for the holidays. The fare was bad—her bed was hard—her blankets heavy—her pillows few—her curtains thin—and her room, which was next to the nursery, to use her own expression, smoked like a killogie.

"To sum up the whole, it was a retreat of Miss Becky Duguid's, and at this

very time Miss Becky was in such requisition, that it was resolved to send the carriage for her—in the double hope, that, as Rossville Castle was in the way, their guest would avail herself of the opportunity of taking her departure. Accordingly, a pair of old, stiff, starved, superannuated horses were yoked to a large, heavy family coach, to which Miss Pratt joyfully betook herself even in the very teeth of the storm. But the case was a desperate one, for she had received several broad hints about one of the children in the hooping-cough, Charles Fox by name—having taken a fancy to sleep with her, in consequence of her having, in an unwary fit of generosity, presented it with a peppermint drop. But all these minute particulars Miss Pratt passed over, which occasions some little discrepancy betwixt herself and her faithful biographer, but from this point they can now proceed hand in hand.

"The old horses tugged their way through the snow most manfully, till they came to Cocklestonetop Muir, and there it lay so deep as to baffle their utmost exertions. After every other alternative had been tried in vain, there remained no other than to leave the carriage, and for Miss Pratt, her green bag, and the coachman, to mount the horses, and proceed to the nearest habitation. But the snow fell thick and fast—Miss Pratt could not keep her seat on the bare back of a huge, stiff, plough-horse, whose every movement threatened dislocation, if not dissolution, and even her dauntless spirit was sinking beneath the horrors of her situation, when, as she expressed it, by mere dint of good luck, up came Mr M'Vitae's hearse, drawn by six stout horses, who had been living, for the last two days, at heck and manger in Mr M'Vitae's well-filled stables. After a little parley, and many promises, they were induced, nothing loath indeed, to turn out of the way, and deposit Miss Pratt and her bag at Rossville Castle.

"But even this account failed to still the tumult in the Earl's breast—there was something in having a hearse, and the hearse of Mr M'Vitae, the radical distiller, thus forced within his walls, he could not away with. Death, even in its most dignified attitude, with all its proudest trophies, would still have been an appalling spectacle to Lord Rossville; but, in its present vulgar and almost burlesque form, it was altogether insupportable. Death is indeed an awful thing, whatever aspect it assumes. The King of Terrors gives to other attributes their power of terrifying: the thunder's roar—the lightning's flash—the billow's roar—the earthquake's shock—all derive their dread sublimity from Death. All are but the instruments of his resistless sway.

"From these, and even from his more ordinary emissaries, Lord Rossville felt secure; but still a lurking fear had taken possession of his mind, and he could not divest himself of the train of ideas, which had been excited by beholding, in horrid array, Death's cavalcade approach his dwelling. He passed a restless night—he thought of what the county would say, and what he should say to the county—he thought of, whether he would not be justified in banishing Miss Pratt for ever from his presence. When the first faint streak of light appeared, he rang his bell to inquire whether the funeral procession had departed—but a fresh fall of snow, during the night, had placed the castle and hearse in a complete state of blockade. He rose and opened the window to ascertain the fact, but nothing was to be seen but a fast-falling, blinding snow—he next went to the door, but there the snow lay six feet deep—he returned to bed, but not to sleep—and when his servant entered in the morning, he found his master a lifeless corse."

There is another character—a male one too—who, although we did not mention him in our analysis, is of no inconsiderable use in the conduct of the history. This is an old East Indian—an uncle of Mrs St Clair. We would fain quote fifty pages of him, but we have room for no more than *one*. Take the first introduction of *Uncle Adam*.

"It was at this suburban villa that the handsome equipage of the Earl of Rossville now stopped. It was a small vulgar, staring red house, with a plot of long bottle-green grass in front, and a narrow border of the coarsest of flowers, (or rather flowering weeds, interspersed with nettles,) growing thin and straggling from a green slimy-looking soil, and covered with dust from the road—from which it was only separated by a railing. Mrs St Clair reddened with shame, as she marked the contemptuous air with which the consequential footman rapped on the humble door—for bell or knocker there was none. The door was speedily flung open to its farthest extent, by a fat rosy stamping damsel, in a flaming gown and top-knots, who testified the greatest alacrity in doing the honours of the entrance.

"'What a habitation for a man with

seventy thousand pounds!' exclaimed Mrs St Clair, as she entered; but there was no time for pursuing her observations, for she was the next minute in the little parlour of uncle Adam. It was a small close room, with a meridian sun streaming full into it, and calling forth to view myriads of 'dancing motes that people the sun-beams,' while innumerable hosts of huge flies buzzed and revelled in all the luxury of its heat, and an expiring fire, with its usual concomitants of dust and ashes, seemed fast sinking beneath the influence of the God of Day. A small dining-table, and a few hair-cloth chairs stuck against the walls, comprised the whole furniture of the room. A framed table of weights and measures, an old newspaper, and a parcel of dusty parchments, tied with a red tape, formed its resources and decorations. Altogether, it wore the comfortless aspect of a bad inn's worst parlour—a sort of place where one might pass five minutes while changing horses, but where there was no inducement even for the weary traveller to tarry.

"Mr Ramsay sat by the side of the expiring fire, seemingly contemplating the *gaists* and cinders which lay scattered over the hearth; but he had somewhat the air of a man prepared (rather unwillingly) to receive company. He was above the middle size, with high stooping shoulders, sharp cross-looking elbows, projecting far beyond his back, a somewhat stormy blue face, and little pale eyes, surmounted by shaggy white eyebrows. His ordinary head-piece, a striped woollen night-cap, had been laid aside for a capacious powdered peruke with side curls, and a large queue. To complete the whole, he was left-handed, which gave a peculiar awkwardness to his naturally ungainly deportment. He welcomed Mrs St Clair with a mixture of cordiality and awkwardness, as if he wished to be kind, but did not know very well how to set about it. She had too much manner, however, to allow him to remain under any embarrassment on that score; and was squeezing uncle Adam's somewhat reluctant hand, and smiling on his rugged visage, and uttering a thousand soft and civil things to his rather averted ear, when suddenly she stopped, for she felt all was thrown away: her uncle had fixed his eyes on Gertrude, and regarding her with visible emotion, seemed unconscious of every other object."

We have left ourselves no space for Gertrude St Clair herself. One little chapter, however, must be quoted from the London part of the book. By the way, that part of the work is not only good, but admirable. The whole of Delmour's behaviour—his prodigious anxiety about Gertrude's coming out, *not* under the auspices of his aunt, the Duchess of Burlington, the said Duchess not being one of the *true* set, but only a respectable lady, of the *very highest* rank, station, and character—is quite exquisite. The patroness whom he does select, viz. the Lady Charles Arabin, is drawn from the life, and in imperishable colours, laid on with the lightest and most delicate hand. But, as we said, we must be contented with one chapter, and that shall be one of those in which our author describes Colonel Delmour's behaviour to the young Countess, while living as his affianced bride in the metropolis.

"Colonel Delmour was at her breakfast table the following morning. A salver stood upon it covered with cards, notes, letters, bills, petitions, and memoranda of every description. She carelessly tossed over some, opened and glanced over others, while she listened at the same time to her lover, as he read the record of her triumphs in the Morning Post. At length, as she discovered some post letters amid the heap, she drew back her hand, and, with a shudder, exclaimed—

"'Ah! these ugly letters!'

"'What letters?' inquired Delmour, as he, at the same time, drew the stand towards himself.—'O! some Scotch parish business, is that all?'

"'Lectures from my guardians and tiresome explanations from my steward are the best I have to expect. I had a letter from him t'other day, telling me the school-house was stopped for want of money.'

"'How very distressing!' said Colonel Delmour, with an ironical smile;—'then you will have no long, lean, grey, weeping-looking building, with steep, straight roof, and its little green glass windows, and its shoals of hoddy-doddy, white-haired, blubbered boys and girls.—I hope it was to have formed a vista in the park; it would have been what is called, I believe, a most gratifying sight.'

"'You are very kind to try to reconcile me to myself by treating it so slightly; but I feel I have been to blame; I have been too expensive.'

"'In what respect?'

"'In everything—this service, for instance,' pointing to the magnificent break-

fast service of richly chased antique plate and Sevres china—' I am shocked to think how much it cost.'

"' Why delft, to be sure, would have been cheaper—and, to the philosophic eye, a pewter basin is as becoming, perhaps, as a silver one—'tis a pity you did not consult me instead of Lady Charles about it!'

"' Lady Charles is certainly very extravagant,' said the Countess gravely.

"' Not more so than others in her rank. Lord Charles has a good fortune, and allows her to spend it, which she does in supporting her station in society. —Methodists and misers, I believe, are for abolishing all these distinctions, and building conventicles, and endowing hospitals with their money.'

"' One of these letters, I perceive, is from Lyndsay,' said Gertrude, with another sigh.

"' Which you seem afraid even to look upon—Shall I open it for you?'

"' Do—but first give Zoe a few of these strawberries.'

"Colonel Delmour read the letter aloud—it was short and hurried, and the purport of it was communicating the sudden death of the parish minister of Rossville, by which means the Countess would have it in her power to provide for young Leslie, who had just been with him bespeaking his good offices.

"' Who is this Leslie who finds such a patron in Lyndsay?' inquired Colonel Delmour.

"' He is a very interesting young man, who is engaged to my cousin, Anne Black, and the want of a church has hitherto been the only obstacle to the marriage—How happy it makes me to have it in my power to remove it—Pray, reach me my writing-stand, and I shall settle that *sur le champ*.'

"But instead of obeying, Delmour took the hand she had impatiently extended, and said—

"' Is it possible, my dear Gertrude, you can be serious in this? Can you really think, for a moment, of having your relations placed so near you in so inferior a situation? Only consider, the manse is almost close by the gate—that is of little consequence with people who have no claim upon you; but really the Countess of Rossville and her cousin, the minister's wife, thus brought in contact, —there is confusion in the thought.'

"Lady Rossville looked displeased, then said,—' My cousin is a person I never can feel ashamed of.'

"' Not as she is; but as she will be, when she degenerates into the minister's wife, with her printed gown and black mittens, with a troop of half-licked cubs of children at her heels, and the minister himself, honest man! at their head, with his lank locks, and his customary suit of rusty blacks, all coming to visit, perchance to dine with their cousin the Countess!'

"' If you are ashamed of my relations, you ought to have said so sooner,' said Gertrude, struggling with her emotion; ' as it is, it is not yet too late——'

"' Dearest Gertrude, how seriously you take my *badinage*; but you must be sensible that, where the difference of rank and station is so great between near relations, the local affinity had as well not be quite so close; your own good sense and delicate perception must point out to you the inevitable *disagréments* that must ensue; the slights that will be felt; the offences that will be taken; the affronts that will be imagined.'

"' My cousin is not a person of that sort,' said Gertrude; ' and, I am sure, her near vicinity would be a source of great pleasure to me. I like her society, and should have her often with me.'

"' You may at present; but, be assured, that could not possibly continue; you must move in such different spheres, and must associate with such different people, that 'tis impossible you could act or think alike: For instance, you told me that the Duchess of Arlingham, the Arabins, Lady Peverley, Mrs Beechey, and I know not all who, had promised to pay you a visit at Rossville this summer, and to take parts in your theatricals, if you can have the theatre ready: how do you suppose the minister and his wife could relish, or be relished by those of your friends?'

"' But I am in a manner pledged to my cousin——'

"' Not for this church, surely?'

"' No, not for this one in particular; but I repeatedly assured her that, whenever I had it in my power, I would befriend her, and now it is so——'

"' Dearest Gertrude, it is *not* in your power, that is, if I possess that influence with you I have hitherto flattered myself I did; on that faith, in the transaction I had lately with Harry Monteith relating to my exchange into the Guards, I ventured to promise that the first church that was in your gift, as the phrase is, you would—that is—I would engage your interest in behalf of his old tutor—quite a charity case, as he represented it; a married man with a large family, and I forget all the particulars; but, at the time, it struck me as a thing that would interest you.'

"Lady Rossville's colour rose during

this speech, and for some moments she remained silent, as if struggling with her feelings. At last she said—'You have taken a strange liberty, it seems, and one which I cannot easily pardon.'

"At that moment a servant entered to say her ladyship's horses were at the door.

"'Desire them to be put up; I shall not ride to-day,' said she; and taking up Lyndsay's letter, she quitted the room, leaving Delmour too much piqued, as well as surprised at this display of spirit, to make any attempt to detain her. He, however, lounged a considerable time at the breakfast table, expecting her return, tossed over all the litter of new publications, and music, and expensive toys that lay scattered about; touched her harp, to ascertain whether it was in tune, and broke two of the strings; stirred the fire, although the room was suffocating; then threw open a window, exclaiming at the smell of a tuberose; but still Gertrude did not return. Carriage after carriage was sent from the door, and even Lady Charles was not admitted. At length his patience was exhausted, he wrote,—'Dearest Gertrude, see me but one moment, as you love me;' and ringing the bell, he desired it might be conveyed to Lady Rossville. A verbal answer was returned; her ladyship was sorry she was particularly engaged; and Delmour, too proud to sue any further, left the house in a transport of indignation."

The Blacks—the Waddells—the Larkinses—the good old ladies in the market-town—Mrs St Clair herself—may be said to remain untouched. Turn to the book, gentle reader, and you will be delighted with them all. But with Miss Pratt, Mrs Duguid, and Uncle Adam, you will not merely be delighted—they will live in your memory for ever. You will no more forget them than you can Parson Adams, Commodore Trunnion, Bailie Jarvie, Captain Dalgetty, Leddy Walkinshaw, King Corny, or latest, and perhaps best of all, Peter Peebles.

We have only one *serious* criticism to make on this book, and that refers to the author's way and manner of introducing the most serious of all subjects—Religion. To the introduction of religion in works of this kind we can have no general objection, since religion must be admitted by *all* to be among the most powerful motives of human action, and far the most powerful in those characters that really are entitled to be called religious. But what we must, in spite of all manner of fair speeches, find fault with, is the attempt which a certain class of writers are making to persuade us, that nobody acts *honourably* in the common relations of life, except from the influence of religious feelings, and these, too, the religious feelings of one particular sect—and *vice versa*. Colonel Delmour breaks his word, in the basest of all possible circumstances, in this novel; and the author's solution is, that he is not a man acting under the habitual influence of the Gospel. This implies far too narrow a limitation of the great *genus* SCOUNDREL. On the other hand, Mr Lyndsay conducts himself like a gentleman and a friend to a beautiful young lady whom he loves, and whom, in the sequel, he, after the manner of all flesh, marries. He would have done so whether he had ever heard Mr Grey or Mr Craig in his lifetime or not. Seriously, we apprehend that this sort of thing may do harm, and can do no good; and we earnestly hope this author will not again give us any occasion for hinting that intellectual talents and acquirements such as hers—and these, too, coupled with such a breadth of practical knowledge of the world, as her volumes have evinced—ought to soar above ministering, or even being suspected of wishing to minister, to the crazy, narrow-minded nonsense of the Hannah Mores, *et hoc genus omne*.

We could easily show off in petty criticisms, touching some little errors in style—but this we despise. We may just mention, however, that whenever a lady writer means to introduce a long-nebbed, learned-looking word, she should *always* take the trouble to ask herself if she is *quite* sure of its meaning; and if not, turn up, for want of a better, the Dictionary of the English Language, by Samuel Johnson, LL. D. What, for example, is the exact sense attached to the word *prototype*, in vol. i. p. 57? We are sure this accomplished person, who has so little need of fine words, since she has so large a command of fine thoughts, will forgive this hint—and profit by it.

Our authoress is quite right not to be in a hurry; yet we hope it will not be quite 1830 ere we meet her again in the department of literature, which she has so largely and so permanently embellished.

LETTER TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

Private.

(*Enclosing Remarks on Sulivan's Poems.*)

DEAR NORTH,

PLEASE bid your slaves take out a little of the balaam designed for next Number, and insert in its place the enclosed article: It is a puff of a neatish little book, really written by a fine lad, who sometimes blows a cloud here. He dedicates, as you will observe, to the writer Tam.

I am yours,
M. ODOHERTY.

Blue Posts, June 10, 3 *p. m.*

REMARKS ON MR SULIVAN'S DRAMATIC POEMS.*

THIS is a little volume of very sweet and pathetic poetry, affording, we think, much promise of its author's doing the poetical state some service. We have not inclination, or, if we had, we have not time just now to discuss the metaphysical principles of poetry, or to write fine long-nebbed sentences about power, and pathos, and out-pourings, and far-gushings, or the other grand new-fangled words for expressing approbation of the ability displayed by a writer in putting into metrical shape the language of true and natural feeling. We leave that, for the present at least, to critics of a more polyphloisboian note, and ontologists of a deeper insight into the principles of human nature, and professors of a more notorious humbug.

Poetry, it is in vain to deny it, is becoming a drug of the most opium-like propensities. Lord Byron—light lie the stones upon his bones—fed us full of horrors. We had dark-eyed fellows, with bushy eyebrows, white foreheads, gloomy cogitations, deep amorosities, and a decided penchant for cutting throats, and easing honest way-farers of the contents of their purses. These neat gentlemen were served up to us in all possible varieties. Even Don Juan was but a Childe Harold doing vagaries, like John Kemble acting Mirabel. No constitution could long stand doses of this kind; and accordingly the stomach of that worthy old gentlewoman, the Public, rejected them at last. It was a pity; for, though there was no variety, the very worst of his lordship's *esquisses* displayed the hand of no ordinary man. We always except his tragedies, which were sad concerns—*lacrymosa poemata*, in every sense but one. However, he knocked up poetry more completely than any man of our day. Sir Walter had long retired—and took to prose. Moore wrote Lives of the Angels; Southey, Visions of Judgment; Tom Campbell, Ritter Banns,—all one worse than the other. Coleridge was dumb, at least on paper; Rogers turned to punning, Crabbe to his parsonage, Wilson to his professorial chair! Bowles set about proving that Pope was no poet. Bryan Proctor—

> So call him, in the dialect of man
> Interpreted——

did the same by Barry Cornwall. The Parson's success against Pope is still dubious and disputed; the Attorney's Flood of Thessaly has united all mankind in universal agreement as to the thorough accomplishment of his object. Few write poetry, (except Will Wordsworth, who keeps weaving away with his old indefatigable serenity,) and nobody at all reads it. Our poets are almost reduced to the unfortunate situation of Eumolpus, in the Satyricon. They have over-dosed us, and we may perhaps soon have to address the body with the remonstrance of Eumolpus: "Sæpius poetice quam humane locutus es. Itaque non miror si te populus lapidibus prosequitur."

* The Silent River, a Dramatic Poem. Faithful and Forsaken, a Dramatic Poem. By Robert Sulivan. London, G. and B. Whittaker, 1824.

Things, to be sure, are not quite at this pass yet; and our bards may walk the streets without broken heads from the paving-stones of the vulgarian population. But if they wish to be read again, they must go on a new tack. The Ruffian Amiables will not take again for some generations. We are afraid that the Pedlars, the Waggoners, and Bone-bangers, have cut the Great Laker out of public patronage—and woe are we that such should be the case, for in him is living the true flame of the Lexian God. Southey's diablerie, and Moore's namby-pamby, are equally under ban. Is there a chance, that going back to write about human affairs, about the actions and passions, the feelings and affections, of actual conceivable people, not thieves, or pirates, or Peter Bells, or heaven-scaling and hell-taming Qui-his, would succeed? We hope there is, though, perdy, we are not over sanguine.

Let the world slide—whether there be or not, it will not make us lose an hour's rest. We scribbled thus discursively, because we think we see the omen of good things in young Sulivan. We say he is young, never having seen him, but merely judging from the youthful vigour and youthful kindness which is observable in his pages. If he have as yet shaved at all considerably under his chin, we do not augur much. He has written a pretty thing, but he will never do better. But if he be, as we opine he is, a youthful suitor of the Muse, we think he has every chance of doing much better; and, moreover, of seeing a great many points in his present performance, which he will not value so highly, as, in all human probability, he does at present. He may also, in due time, perceive that his poetry is just such as may be quizzed considerably. For be it known to him and all concerned, that this is precisely the kind of composition which a snappish, pert, priggish, little bit of a critic, such as our dear friend Frank Jeffrey was in the days of his early enormities—and as he would be still, were it not for the double snaffle in which we ride him—would cut into minute morsels, and, having so tattered it, hang it up to the derision of all passers-by; or such as a sour, old, satirical, butterfly smasher, as our equally dear friend William Gifford, would growl over, gorging himself on the mangled fragments, like the lean dogs beneath the wall over the callipash and callipee of the flesh-peeled pates of the slaughtered Tartars under the bastions of Corinth. Let him not fear such treatment from us. It would be a petty and paltry triumph. The most kindly feelings are those which are most easily ridiculed—the most earnest flow of verse precisely that in which your minute critic can find most flaws. Of such unfair criticism, thank Jupiter, *we* never were suspected; but those who wish to see a specimen of what we mean, will find it in that most blackguard pair of all compositions, the Edinburgh reviews of Christabel and the White Doe of Rylstone.

We have just received a note from that incomprehensible and much calumniated man, the Editor of this Magazine, which informs us that he cannot, on any account whatsoever, allow us more than four pages, and we are therefore prevented from going at full length into all the topics connected with this subject, and must at last fairly begin our review. Mr Robert Sulivan, then, has written a pair of dramatic sketches, called the Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. The plots are abundantly simple. That of the former is no more than this. A natural son of a high family, reared in obscurity, without the notice or protection of his father, marries above him—is rejected, equally by the friends of his wife and his own kindred, and is driven, in casual flight, to a lonely river, where he finds refuge with an honest fisherman, whose companion in labour he becomes. In the course of the conversation with this man, which opens the little piece, he learns that the Lord of Willowmead, his unnatural father, had that night to pass by the solitary marsh in which he dwelt, and want suggests the idea of robbing him, which is put into execution. An alarm is instantly raised, and his companion, Caleb, is examined. He details to Luke the inquiries made concerning him; these so alarm his guilty conscience, that he resolves, after giving his ill-won gold to his wife, to put an end to his existence, which in an unhappy hour he accomplishes. In an unhappy hour, for the inquiries which had terrified him were made by his father, who had relented, on discovering his circumstances, and suspected him of the robbery. He comes

just in time to hear of the self-destruction of his unfortunate son, and the scene ends in the sorrow and remorse of the father, and the fainting agony of the wife.

The dialogue between Luke and Mary, as he is taking her from her own cottage to Caleb's, is a pretty fair specimen of the touching style of this little composition.

MARY.

"Be cautious, Luke; I do not love this dark
And sluggish river, which divides its banks
With such unequal treachery of depth,
And horrid silence. Often as I've cross'd
The old worm-eaten bridge of tottering planks,
Which we just see against the deep blue distance,
I've thought of thee, and thy adventurous toil;
And then how stilly it would hush the cry,
And hide the secret, unresisting corse!
Oh, it is fearful; and (but it is fancy)
All things seem fearful here. E'en thou, dear Luke,
Look'st gloomily and speechless. Pray thee, talk—
I cannot bear this silence, only broken
By the dull plash, and the dead, heavy plunge
Of water vermin, in the oozing slime.

LUKE.

Thou'rt new to it—but I have breathed too long
These muddy vapours for our daily morsel
To heed the stillness of the summer dawn,
Or storm of wintry midnight. My poor Mary,
Thou'st paid the penalty of thoughtless love
Dearer than most. Well dost thou know the tone
Of the chill blasts when they howl round the cabin,
And find the inmate lonely and desponding!
Well dost thou know the tear of bitterness,
When he, whose absence thou hast sat lamenting,
Returns o'erpowered with fasting and fatigue,
Drench'd with the rain, or shivering with the icicles
Which cling to him with rattling misery.
And well, O well! my Mary, hast thou felt
The pang, when he, to whom thou'st rush'd for comfort,
With harsh despair repell'd thee from his arms,
To mutter sternly of successless toil
And present famine!

MARY.

Why recal such times!
Dear Luke, I never murmur'd for myself,
Neither must thou; for when I see thee smile,
Our wants seem trifling payments for such bliss;
And I have thank'd the Heavens which granted it,
And pray'd, that if a richer change of fortune
Would change thy love, we still might live in want.

LUKE.

Yes, thou hast pray'd—'tis good—thou hast pray'd much.
I've watch'd thee in thy sleep, when thy white temples
Press'd the coarse pillow with as patient innocence
As if 'twere made for them. I've watch'd thee then,
With thy small fingers clasp'd upon thy breast,
And moving lips, which show'd thou dream'dst of prayer,
And thought that I too once was used to pray;
But fortune only grew more merciless,
And so I ceased.

MARY.

O, say not—say not so!
My greatest comfort was to think that Heaven
Guarded the perils which were enforced by love,
For then the storm about thy houseless head
Lost half its fury.

LUKE.

It will rage no more;
At least I shall not hear it, Mary.

MARY.

No:
For thou hast promised ne'er to leave thy rest
At such dire seasons.

LUKE.

I have promised thee,
My tender, gentle, most beloved Mary.

MARY.

Come, thou art sad—Look, how the first faint ray
Of morn hath startled the old querulous owl
Amidst his dull and devious wanderings!
He hath made straight towards the village barn,
'Plaining as if he groan'd at his long journey
Across the marsh, which, seen between the twigs
And leaning trunks of these deserted willows,
Seems boundless in its flat and hazy empire.
And see, the heron, with its broad blue sails,

Wheels downward, to succeed the bird of wisdom—
O, long-neck'd felon! That hoarse shout of his
Is meant to tell thee thou'rt no fisherman.
Thou'lt soon be back to try thy skill with him!
Thou said'st to-morrow—Thou'lt not break thy promise?

(*Sings.*)

'He bade me adieu, and he vow'd to be here
When swallows come down the green;
But the leaves of the Autumn are scatter'd and sere,
And home he hath never been.'

Oh, and is that the tale! then hear what follows—

(*Sings.*)

'So under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow-tree.'

Mind—mind—dear Luke, your pole will scarcely touch
The bottom!—you were almost overbalanced.

(*Sings.*)

'With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave
Shall my false love find me!'

Why didst thou start?

LUKE.

I almost ran upon
Wild Martha's willow-tree, e'en whilst you sang
Of it.

MARY.

Was that it, Luke? How horribly
Your words have made it look! I could stay now,
And speculate on its fantastic shape
Most learnedly:—That broad and gnarled head,
Crown'd with its upright, spiky stubs, and frowning
Between two mighty sockets, where the wrens
Have built their nests, hath weigh'd its scathed trunk
Aslant the pool, o'er which two stunted branches,
Curling to claws, complete a ramping lion,
Prepared to plunge on all who dare invade
Wild Martha's secret cell.—There is a legend,
How, tangled in the roots, she still remains,
And tears the fishers' nets in the vain struggle
To gain her freedom. Poor distracted Martha!
She must have been sore used to do such crime," &c.

The second story is one of blighted love. Eustache, an aristocrat, during the early horrors of the French Revolution—the scenes still longed for with the rabid ferocity of sanguinary aspiration by the Whig people—is faithless to one who loved him deeply and devotedly, and marries another. His bride, too, had been faithless in her turn, and her discarded lover, full of vengeance, denounces Eustache, who is accordingly executed on his wedding-day, with all the celerity of Jacobin justice. His inconstant spouse deserts him for his barbarous rival—but his forsaken mistress clings to him in his fatal moment, and, under the disguise of male attire, denounces herself before one of the infernal tribunals—is condemned with him, and led off to perish on the same scaffold. There is considerable beauty in some passages of this drama, as in that when Eustache, after his marriage, meets his forsaken Annabelle, and is received by her, contrary to his expectations, with forgiveness.

"O, Annabelle! I came to thee with trembling,
But still prepared, and anxious for reproach;
Not to be cursed with pardon.

ANNABELLE.

Must I not
Remain your friend?—This morn, while yet the sun
Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard,
And purple clouds, like happy lovers, stole
With smiles and tears into each other's bosom,
I threw my lattice wide to drink the stream
Of liquid odours rolling from the south;
And then came mix'd with it a marriage song,
Whose distant melody did seem to dance
Upon a hundred lips of youthful revelry,
And bells and flageolets, and all the sounds
Befitting happiness and summer sunshine.
'Twas a strange thing to weep at, yet I wept—
I know not why.—Some weep for grief, and some
For joy—but I for neither, or for both
Mix'd in a feeling more beloved than either,
Which weigh'd my heart down like a drooping bough
O'erloaded with its luxury of roses.
And then—and then—the thoughts of silly maids
Run wilder than these roving vines—I found
My hands were clasp'd together, and my spirit

Stole from my eyes with a dim sense of prayer,
Which had no words. I begg'd a gentle fortune
Upon the newly wedded—pray'd I not
For *thee*, Eustache?

EUSTACHE.

I thought I had no more
To tell thee.

ANNABELLE.

Nor thou hast, Eustache; I'll guess it.
I know not—I—I shall speak presently.
I pray you think not that I grieve thou'rt happy;
For e'en the victim that courts immolation
To win the garden, blooming with bright stars,
Will writhe beneath the blow that sends it thither.

EUSTACHE.

O, if thou meet'st the life that's due to thee,
How oft thou'lt drop a pitying tear for him
Who madly did desert his share of it!

ANNABELLE.

Not madly—no. Be cheerful, dear Eustache—
I shall do well enough—I must love still,
For that is life, and that thy bride will spare me;
But here is that which I have worn or years,
Smiled with, and wept with, and almost believed
It understood me. O, if it did so,
And could but speak, I would enjoin t tell thee
Whene'er a truer heart did beat against it.
Take it—it is Mathilde's—but do not think
I yield it up in anger or in pride—
No, dear Eustache—no more than dwells within
The fond kiss given with it *then* and *now*."

There is some careless versification in these little dramas, which should be avoided; but their nature and simplicity really are quite "*refreshing*," after the blood and bluster of some of our bards, and the sky-gods and puppyism of our Cockney mumpers, into which congregation we trust Mr Sulivan will never fall.

SMITH THE MISSIONARY.

The astounding outcry which has been raised touching Smith the deceased missionary—the petitions which have been poured into Parliament respecting him from all parts of the country—and the long and elaborate debate which he has occasioned in the House of Commons, are too curiously illustrative of human nature for us to pass them without observation. We wish that we had no other motive for noticing them—we wish that the body to which they have owed their birth were as powerless for purposes of public mischief, as its lifeless instrument; and that its present and contemplated, as well as past, abuse of its gigantic power, did not command us—setting aside other considerations—to take up the subject as an imperious duty.

It will, we are sure, be admitted by every reasonable man, that nothing but the demonstrable innocence of Smith, and the proved guilty motives of his judges, could have warranted Wilberforce and his party in making the trial a matter of national uproar and parliamentary discussion. Granting that he was tried by martial law instead of the laws of the colony, this proved nothing towards his innocence, it tended clearly to procure for him more disinterested and unprejudiced judges, and therefore it goes far towards exculpating those who caused him to be tried from everything but error. Granting that the forms of law were violated to his injury—if this violation did not procure the evidence on which he was condemned, if this evidence were legally procured, were of a legal nature, and were sufficient to have convicted him had he been tried in an unexceptionable manner—whatever this may prove against the authorities of Demerara, it still leaves Smith a criminal and a man utterly undeserving of public commiseration. Mr Wilberforce and his party profess to be in the highest degree religious—they profess themselves to have been "*converted*," to have been "*born again*," to have had "*new hearts*" given them; and they profess to regulate their lives strictly by the gospel, and to hold every kind of sin in abhorrence. Now, it might have been expected, that men like these would have been restrained by conscience from stooping to quirking, chicanery, "lying and evil-speaking"—it might have been expected, that if they could not have proved the innocence of Smith by other means than these, they would have been silent respecting him; and that whatever errors and

transgressions they might have discovered in his accusers and judges, they would never have dared to hold him up as a martyr.

This, we say, might have been expected—we could expect nothing else without suspecting the party to be consummate hypocrites;—but what has happened? Smith, say they, was tried by martial instead of colonial law, *ergo* he was innocent—the laws of Demerara are inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, *ergo* he was innocent—Mr Wray* was guilty of the enormity of becoming a member of the court martial, *ergo* Smith was innocent—the Judge Advocate acted rather as an accuser than as an assessor, *ergo* Smith was innocent—hearsay evidence was admitted, *ergo* he was innocent, although he was convicted on testimony wholly distinct from it—he was perhaps guilty of misprision, but then misprision ought not to be punished, *ergo* he was innocent—the laws of Demerara perchance do punish misprision with death, but then they ought not to do so, *ergo* he was innocent—the planters are a vile crew, friendly to slavery, and hostile to missionaries, *ergo* Smith was innocent! This has constituted the parliamentary case of the Saints, as they are called—on reasoning like this they have ventured to confer on Smith all the honours of religious martyrdom. More remains to be told—what the Radicals and their friends were with regard to the alleged Manchester massacre, the Saints and their publications have been with regard to the alleged massacre of Smith. The precedent formed by the former has been servilely followed by the latter, and nothing that these could circulate of false assertion, inflammatory appeal, and odious slander, has been withheld from circulation. They have mercilessly held up to public execration the whole white population of Demerara—planters, magistrates, and military officers—as men utterly destitute of knowledge, honour, principle and feeling, and linked together in a hellish conspiracy for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the missionary. Such has been the conduct of the Wilberforce party—of men who meekly declare, that they cannot commit wickedness, or violate the precepts of Jesus Christ! Had they merely laboured to prove that "abuses" existed in Demerara, and that this unfortunate colony ought to be put into the hands of Hume, or some other quack, to have its "constitution" tinkered up, we would have extended to them our charity: but when the object of the conduct which we have specified has been to produce the conviction, that Smith was free from indiscretion, as well as crime—that he was not only innocent, but "most meritorious,' and was "persecuted even to death;"—and when this conviction was to be produced that it might give a deadly though concealed blow to the continuance of slavery, we are compelled to say, that the annals of human nature do not exhibit a specimen of more bare-faced profligacy, and revolting hypocrisy.

Let not our readers alarm themselves by supposing that we mean to go through the whole of Smith's trial. We shall make no such demand on their patience. We shall only touch on two or three points of the case; and we think what we have to say will place the party in that light in which it ought to be viewed by all impartial people. Mr Brougham indirectly admits that Smith was guilty of misprision, and it would be idle after this to say one word in proof that he was so. Now, the evidence on which he was convicted of this was obtained in a legal manner, was perfectly legal in its nature, and could have been given against him in whatever way he might have been tried. It was evidence, too, of a satisfactory kind; for, independently of the testimony of the slaves, it consisted in part of his own handwriting. Here, then, is Smith found guilty, even to the satisfaction of his worshippers, of that which the laws of Demerara regard as a capital offence; and it is certain that he would have

* As the Saints have made this gentleman the especial object of their calumnies, we think it right to say, that his father was a respectable banker, and a man of capacious mind, great acquirements, and unsullied character. Mr Wray, we believe, when he was appointed to his present situation, was the recorder of Hull; he only left this country about four years ago, and he took with him a reputation on which detraction had not dared to breathe.

been found guilty of it if he had been tried in the most unexceptionable manner possible. How then, plain people will cry, can Wilberforce and his party, after making this admission, have a face to assert that Smith was innocent and meritorious? Mr Brougham swings round his weapon with all his might, knocks on the head—not the ministers, not the Demerara people, not the evidence against Smith—but misprision; he actually slays it outright; and then he solemnly declares that the missionary was innocent. In like manner, Hume demolishes sedition and blasphemy, and then he protests that Carlile is a spotless person. To us this is the most unsatisfactory of all possible modes of proving innocence, and we err greatly if it be not equally so to the nation at large.

We scorn to argue the question, as Mr Brougham has argued it, by the instrumentality of legal technicalities and sophistries. We will judge of it by the tests of justice and reason. Maintaining that the authorities of Demerara are strictly bound by its existing laws, we will admit that these laws may possibly be unjust, and that they may visit conduct with capital punishment which ought not to be punished at all. Now, notwithstanding the *dicta* of Mr Brougham, we are warranted in asserting that our laws in England are not silent respecting misprision, that they do not speak of it in an ambiguous manner, and that their language respecting it savours of anything rather than approbation. If it be guilt here, what must it be in Demerara, where it must operate at least a hundred times more perniciously? Casting behind us laws, is there a single honest man who will say, that he who knows that the slaves of a colony are on the point of rising in open rebellion, and involving it in blood and ruin, and still conceals the knowledge from the authorities, is not morally the accomplice of the rebels, and the sharer of their guilt? If we knew that Mr Brougham's life would be assailed to-morrow, and refused to give him notice of it, would he not, if he escaped, dart upon us all his fearful scurrilities, and protest that we were morally the colleagues of the assassins? We have witnessed in the last seven years the promulgation of many false and abominable doctrines, but a doctrine more false and abominable was never promulgated than this—that, if Smith knew fully, or imperfectly, that the slaves were on the point of rising, and refused to give notice of it to the magistrates, he was still morally, if not legally, an innocent man. No doctrine could operate more fatally in a community, but more especially in a community composed chiefly of slaves. It takes away from guilt half its enormity in the eyes of the uninstructed, encourages men to gratify their cupidity, malice, or revenge, by the instrumentality of others, sweeps away one of the most powerful preventives of crime, and strikes at the very foundation of society. Heaven preserve our country when doctrines like this can be gravely broached in the legislature!

We have spoken of the legal proof against Smith, but, in discussing the matter here, we are not confined to legal proof; we can bring under review the moral evidence of the question, and ascertain how far it supported or contradicted the legal evidence. Now, what is the truth? Smith, according to Brougham, belonged to that body of the dissenters known by the name of the Independents. Mr Brougham is the most indiscreet of all indiscreet advocates; he generally tumbles down his own case as fast as he builds it up, and leaves only to his opponents the task of kicking about the ruins. Mr Brougham declares that the Independents have ever been famous as the champions of civil as well as of religious liberty—in plain English, that they have ever been famous as politicians on the Whig and Radical side of things. To prove that this reflects honour upon them, he ventured upon one of the most daring falsifications of history that we ever met with.* It was, we think, excessively unwise in him to inform the country, directly or indirectly, that Smith was a furious

* Mr Brougham has, we think, odd notions with regard to history. We remember that a year or two ago he pronounced a eulogium on the Jesuits which amazed us. We wish that he would publish a course of lectures on the older historians; it would be the most delectable treat that the mind of man could taste with regard to novelty.

politician; but we are, nevertheless, fairly entitled to make use of the information. We will say in addition to his statement, that the Independents have ever been, and still are, the most bitter enemies of the church, both with regard to the doctrines preached by the clergy, and to its existence as the national establishment. They are still, as they have ever been, zealots in politics, as well as in religion; they are zealots on the side of Whiggism, and, excepting the Unitarians, they are almost the only one of the dissenting bodies that takes an active and decided part in the broils of political parties. During the trial of the late Queen, the ministers of the Independents were among the most blushless of the processionists, the most fawning of the addressers, and the most intrepid of the champions of that depraved period.

The journal of Smith abundantly testifies that he was well worthy of the body of which he was a member;—it proves that he went to Demerara a political reformer, as well as a religious teacher; and that he was not more anxious to impart to the slaves christian instruction; than to see society broken up and rebuilt among them. It proves that he went to dwell among slaves, to converse with slaves, to teach slaves, to acquire a very large influence over slaves, a perfect Wilberforce with regard to slavery. Now, judging from what every one knows of human nature, what would be the conduct of such a man when he was prejudiced even to animosity against the rulers and other white inhabitants of the colony, when he saw only, and was constantly surrounded by, slaves, and when these would be undoubtedly incessantly questioning him touching the justice of slavery? Is it probable, is it possible, that a man of his warm temperament, with a mind boiling with resentment against the magistrates and planters, and with enmity towards slavery, would keep his opinions to himself, would return no answer to the eternal questions of the slaves, and would not relieve his thoughts, in the only society in which he could mix, of that which continually occupied them? We say no! and we say that he who will contradict us, will do it in the teeth of all that experience teaches with regard to the mind and conduct of man. We maintain it to be morally certain, that such a person would be irresistibly bound by previously delivered opinions from giving any information to the authorities that he might possess touching any intended rising of the slaves, and that he would withhold such information, if he could be assured of his personal safety.

The Wilberforce party trumpet it forth as a triumphant proof of Smith's innocence, that the slaves, when they had become rebels, exhorted each other to abstain from bloodshed, because Smith had taught them to believe that it was sinful. This, in our poor judgment, proves something else, which the party, we are bold to say, have no wish to see proved. It proves that he had conversed with, or preached to, the slaves on rebellion—it proves that, while they looked upon him as their teacher, they regarded themselves to be christians when they were rebels—it proves that he was cognizant of their intention to rebel, that he convinced them that slaughter was wickedness; but that he left them to think that rebellion and the robbery of their masters were justifiable—and it proves that he rather chalked out the path that rebellion should pursue, than forbade it. Such has been but too often the conduct of the ministers of the Independents.

Our moral evidence of Smith's guilt is not yet exhausted. Our readers are no doubt aware, that the discipline of the chapel is different from that of the church. A clergyman has a congregation, but not a society; he can make no distinction between his hearers, he has no control over them; and, let their conduct be what it may, he can visit it with no punishment. But the minister of the chapel has a society independently of his "*unawakened*" hearers. It is perfectly organized; the members are duly enrolled; no one is admitted into it before he has given satisfactory evidence to the minister that he has been "converted," "born again," "cleansed from sin,"—that he is duly acquainted with the doctrines of religion, and that he is determined to lead a righteous life. The society has weekly meetings, to which none but the members are admitted, and at which each member is interrogated by the minister touching his spiritual condition. If he have been guilty of any trifling irregularities of life, he is

admonished; if he have been guilty of graver ones, he is formally expelled, and consigned to perdition. Now the leaders of the Demerara insurrection were not "unconverted" hearers of Smith, but they were members of his society; they were the leaders of this society; they were men who would be necessarily in constant confidential communication with him; and they were men who would be especially under his guidance and control—who would be far better acquainted with his sentiments than the rest of the slaves, and would be rated by him as the most knowing and the most religious of all the members of his society. They were, moreover, well treated by their masters, and had no personal provocation whatever for becoming rebels. If we believe that these men could carry forward their preparations to the last without its coming to Smith's knowledge—that they would have plunged into rebellion if he had made them duly sensible of the enormity of drawing the sword against their masters—if he had not led them to believe that slavery ought to be abolished, and that it would be even venial for them to abolish it themselves—if we believe this, then we must in future believe things only because they are outrageously improbable.

We have other means of establishing this point. The Methodists* have missionaries in Demerara, and societies comprehending, if our memory do not err, seven thousand slaves. While Smith's society was made the hatching place, nurse, and head of rebellion, the Methodist societies strictly adhered to their duty—while Smith's deacons became rebel leaders, not one convert of the Methodists would join in the insurrection. This alone renders it impossible for us to believe that Smith was innocent.

A defence has been set up for Smith, that, if he erred, he erred with the best intentions. If this were plausible, we would let it pass at its value, but it is not. He was not, as some foolish people have said, a man of talents, but he was, nevertheless, a man of common understanding, and such a man could not possibly have been ignorant, that to say one word against slavery to the slaves, was a violation of his instructions, and, in his peculiar situation, a grievous sin. He could not have been ignorant, that to tell the slaves that they ought not to be slaves, that slavery ought to be abolished, even though he forbade them to attempt to set themselves free, was to array them against their masters, and, in effect, to incite them to rebellion. And he could not possibly have been ignorant that, if they did rise, they would commit the most heinous crimes—they could not be successful—it would terminate in their own slaughter; and that, therefore, it was his sacred duty to give notice of their intention to the authorities, that they might be preserved from the wickedness and the destruction.

We say here once for all, that we separate the question of Smith's guilt or innocence entirely from the conduct of the authorities of Demerara. These may have been guilty of error and injustice towards him, or they may not; with this we have nothing to do. The Wilberforce party maintain that, fairly or foully tried, he was a most innocent and meritorious man; we maintain that, fairly or foully tried, he was neither innocent nor meritorious. It may be proved that the authorities acted towards him with the most gross injustice throughout, and still we will assert that this will not render his previous conduct one jot the more innocent. Thurtell might have met with the most scandalous denial of justice on his trial, but this would not have proved him innocent of the murder of Weare, or have deprived his guilt of one particle of its atrocity. We have shewn that Smith was convicted on legal and satisfactory evidence, which could have been given against him if he had been tried in the fairest manner, of that which the laws of Deme-

* This most respectable body has been, no doubt from the want of information, unjustly dealt with in the discussion of this business. The Methodists, while they are ever among the first to rally round the constitution in times of danger, always scrupulously stand aloof from party politics and party strife. Their conduct as a body has ever been in the highest degree praiseworthy. We believe they have lately called themselves Wesleyan Methodists, to distinguish themselves from the Ranters, who, we think, have named themselves the Primitive Methodists. The latter are contemptible in rank and numbers, and have no missionaries.

rara regard as a capital offence; we have shewn that what he was convicted of is a grave moral crime, and fraught with the most dangerous consequences to society; and we have shewn that the whole extra-judicial evidence that can be discovered supports the legal evidence on which he was convicted in the strongest manner possible. If we have not convicted the Wilberforce party of that which men never can commit so long as they are religious, and honest, and honourable, then conviction can no longer be produced by fact and argument.

We must now say something of the Church Missionary Society which sent Smith to Demerara. This society comprehends among its members a large number of the clergy, and other members of the Church, and how they happened to select a missionary from among the Independents is a matter to us incomprehensible. Grave as the question is—how far it comports with the duty of a clergyman for him to contribute his aid towards converting the slaves into Calvinistic dissenters and political reformers?—it concerns the heads of the Church more nearly than ourselves, and, therefore, we proceed to another topic. The Church Missionary Society solemnly declares that Smith was innocent—that he was innocent of error as well as crime—that he was not only perfectly innocent, but he was in the highest degree meritorious. Now we will put out of sight his legal guilt, and look only at his conduct as a religious teacher. The society asserts that his instructions strictly prohibited him from intermeddling with the question of slavery in any way whatever. His journal proves that his mind was continually delving at this question; and the conduct of his hearers shews but too convincingly, that, in conversing with, if not in preaching to, them, he had not been sparing in his animadversions on slavery. This, we presume, constitutes one portion of Smith's resplendent merit in the eyes of the Society. His society did not follow rebels that had been generated in another place, but it generated the rebel leaders. His flock affected to worship God in the chapel, and, out of it, they committed, and prepared to commit, all manner of wickedness—His deacons, those whom he made his associates in instructing the rest of the society, were at the same moment assiduously organizing an army of rebels which they intended to head—He either so grossly misinstructed the members of his society, or left them so destitute of instruction, that they did not seem to know, that to arm themselves against, and ruin, their masters, to violate the laws, and to wrap the colony in flames and blood, was sinful.—The members, the regularly enrolled members of his society, gave him to understand that they meditated a rising, and he forbore to point out to them the dreadful guilt of their intentions, and even suffered men whom he knew to be rebels at heart, and to be on the point of becoming rebels in action, to continue to be members of his society—He knew fully, or imperfectly, that the slaves were on the eve of plunging into rebellion; he knew what horrible consequences such a rebellion would produce, not only to the whites, but to the slaves themselves, and still he could reconcile it with his duty as a minister of God to conceal his knowledge, and to remain passive, when it was in his power to preserve the slaves from the wickedness, and the colony generally from the calamity. Such was the person whom the Church Missionary Society solemnly proclaim, before God and their country, to have been, not only a most innocent man, but a MOST MERITORIOUS MISSIONARY! If the Society be correct, why do we not erect churches for the worship of the Devil?

So long as the Church Missionary Society shall refuse to acknowledge that Smith violated his instructions—that he acted indiscreetly—that he was a most improper person to be a missionary; and that it deeply regrets its sending him to Demerara—we fervently hope that it will so long be left without subscriptions. When it shall convince the nation that it exists for the propagation of religion ONLY—that its SOLE object is the conversion of the heathen to christianity—that it will have nothing whatever to do with the slavery question—that it will not sanction its missionaries in intermeddling with this question, or with politics—and that it will sanction them in nothing but the preaching of the gospel—then let it be again supported, but not before.

The Wilberforce party asserts that the planters generally manifest the ut-

most reluctance to suffer the missionaries to come in contact with their slaves; and it abuses them for it in the most merciless manner. Granting the existence of this reluctance, it finds a triumphant justification in Smith's conduct. We never knew men who sported so openly and scandalously with the property and rights of others, as the men do who compose this party. They seem to fancy, that because the slaves praise them, they are the lawful kings of the slaves; and that the planters are guilty of an unpardonable offence in exercising authority over, and interfering with the conduct of, their black subjects. They send, without permission, a host of missionaries, exclusively of their own selecting, to the estates and slaves of the planters; and if the planters receive the host with a wry face, it is charged upon them as a heinous crime. The planters are to have no choice, and they are to be suffered to make no distinction. Whether the missionary belongs to the Church of England, or to the Independents—whether he be a Wilberforce with regard to slavery, or the contrary—whether he be a religious teacher, or a political zealot—whether he be likely to give the slaves proper instruction, or to convert them into rebels, the planters must, at their peril, receive him joyfully, and ask no questions. The planters did not approve of Smith—they thought him a dangerous man to obtain influence over the slaves—they shewed unwillingness to permit the slaves to attend his preaching; and for this they have been, and still are, held up to the world as fiends. The feelings which the slaves have long cherished with regard to their freedom—their overwhelming superiority in point of numbers—and the hostility of the Missionary Societies to slavery, are universally notorious; and still the planters are not to be suffered to scrutinize the principles and conduct of the missionaries, or to prohibit the slaves from following such as Smith. If it be just and right to punish men for taking proper precautions for their own safety, and to force them into destruction, the conduct of the Wilberforce party towards the planters is just and right. If not, this conduct displays the extreme of injustice, wrong, intolerance, and oppression.

Severely as we have already spoken of the Saints, as they are called, we have not yet done with them. We are the warm friends of religion—we love religious men—we love to hear them boldly avow that they are religious—we love to see them in Parliament—and we rejoice when we observe them fighting like men for religion; but in proportion as we venerate the truly religious man, in the same proportion we detest the pharisaical hypocrite. We know that the latter is the worst enemy that religion has, and we will ever treat him as such an enemy. What is the general conduct of the Wilberforce party?—Hume rises in the House of Commons—presents a petition from Carlile—declares that the petitioner is a most spotless person—and makes a speech boldly levelled against the very existence of Christianity. What then?—Wilberforce rises, not to strike the audacious simpleton dumb, but to say, that he "agrees in the general reasoning of his honourable friend,"—Wilberforce and the enemy of Christianity honourable friends!!—but that he still thinks writers should not be suffered to strike at the existence of religion. He, however, picks no quarrel with his "honourable friend" for striking at it. Buxton and the rest of the Saints sit in unbroken silence. Again and again does Hume repeat this conduct, but never more will the Saints say one word against it. He repeated it but a week since; and while Mr M. A. Taylor spoke as became a christian legislator, the Saints were perfectly speechless.

Religion has been, time after time in late years, attacked in Parliament as it never was before; and yet Wilberforce has rarely opened his lips to defend it, and Buxton never. While these persons have thus skulked away from the battle when the very life of religion was assailed—while they have thus canted of their friendship for men who hold the Holy Scriptures to be a fable—they now pretend that their zeal for religion leads them to labour at the slave question, although it is as little religious in its nature, as a great state question can well be; and although they follow a course which violates every precept of religion. What are their calumnies against the authorities of Demerara—their eternal railings against the planters—their base misrepresentations with regard to the case

of Smith—and their false and inflammatory appeals against the whole white population of the West Indies, when they know the dangerous state of the feelings of the slaves?—What are the wretched arts by which they have just thrown the nation into uproar?—What are the deceptions, the jugglery, the vile falsehoods, the rank impositions, by which they have extracted from the ignorant religious people in the country their petitions against slavery, and in behalf of Smith?—Are all these taught by religion?—Are they sanctioned by religion?—Is the gospel silent respecting them?—Does not the gospel denounce them as the worst of wickedness?—And shall those who resort to them still be called religious men?—We are commanded by the honour and interest of religion—by our Bible—to tear the mask from the faces of these men; and we have other motives for doing it, which are but little less powerful.

In late years, religious societies have been established throughout the nation. Every county is at this moment accurately divided into districts, and placed under the operation of Bible Societies, Foreign Missionary Societies, Home Missionary Societies, Bethel Societies, Societies for the Conversion of the Jews, and we know not how many others beside. These societies are divided into branch and parent ones; and then again into lady and children ones, as well as those which comprehend the men; and they are thus most admirably fitted for operating upon every place and every portion of the community. Every society has its committee, its treasurer, collectors, &c.; the members are duly enrolled, and are regularly called upon for their weekly, monthly, or other subscriptions; the provincial leaders of one are generally, in different shapes and combinations, the provincial leaders of the whole; and the grand national *leaders* of all these innumerable societies are the body of which we are speaking—the Wilberforce party.

Here, then, are some millions of people kept constantly in a state of the most perfect organization to act as a whole. Here is a stupendous army, divided for its more easy management into an infinity of regiments, profusely officered, in the very highest state of discipline and appointment, and at all times ready to take the field at a moment's notice. The generals raise their fingers, and a deafening shout bursts from the prodigious mass—they give the word, and it instantly marches to the battle, whoever may be the enemy. The generals, as we have already said, are the Wilberforce party.

Of these societies, so long as they abstain from matters not religious, we have nothing to say but praise. The luscious slang which their leaders utter at their meetings, and which fills their publications, suits not our palate, and we search the scriptures in vain for many of their leading doctrines; but nevertheless we believe that they form a powerful bulwark against infidelity, and that they render the most invaluable service to public morals. They may do some injury—even intentional injury—to the church; but they do infinitely more injury to the temple of deism, and the altar of licentiousness; and when the good thus so largely preponderates over the evil, we have no choice but to be their friends. Looking at them merely as combinations, we can find nothing to censure. In spite of the ignorant and stupid outcry which is raised by members of Pitt, Fox, and Whig Clubs, against the Orange Associations, and in truth against all Associations whatever, we shall ever advocate the associating of good men for good objects. Human nature irresistibly leads men to form themselves into societies; and whatever the good may do, the bad will assuredly ever combine. Our constitution, we think, looks upon laudable associations with an eminently favourable eye—our laws, until lately, have been exceedingly reluctant to intermeddle with associations of any kind; and it is impossible for us not to know that our country owes much of its glory and greatness, of its high moral and religious feeling, of its intelligence and public spirit, and of its magnificent profusion of valuable institutions, to associations. We may perhaps wish that these religious societies were less connected together; that they were under disunited leaders; and that, with regard to other things than religion, they counterpoised rather than combined with each other; but nevertheless, so long as they confine themselves to the objects for which *alone* they profess to be formed, and abstain from politics, they shall receive from us nothing but friendship.

But if these societies, forgetting their principles of union and the Scriptures, advance but a single step into the field of politics, they shall then find us their determined enemies. The Wilberforce party have artfully contrived to become their grand leaders, and have lately led them into a path which they can only follow either to their own ruin or to that of the nation. The abolition of slavery, AS IT NOW EXISTS in our colonies, is as little a religious question, as the abolition of seven-year apprenticeships, or yearly servitude, would be; it is as little a religious question as almost any of the measures that occupy Parliament; and it is much less so than a tax would be for carrying on a war. Yet the Wilberforce party affect to call it a religious question; they have deluded the religious societies into a belief that it is so, and they have, by producing this belief, converted these societies, at least for the moment, into a tremendous political faction. Every one knows that this outcry respecting Smith is in reality an outcry for the abolition of slavery; and that the party would never have raised a finger for the missionary, if they had not been labouring to accomplish this abolition. If this be tolerated, we shall next have reform converted into a religious question; for all may learn from our history, how easy it is for the most abominable political schemes to be called questions of religion. Against this system of making religion the watch-word of political faction—of using its sacred name to hide the most flagitious conduct—and of raising its banner in the march to power, aggrandizement, innovation, and tyranny, that the really religious people of the land may be duped into the ranks of those who bear it—against this system we protest, as fraught with the extremes of danger, both to religion itself, and to the country. Has not the late conduct of the Wilberforce party and the religious societies covered religion with dishonour and insult? Has it not powerfully strengthened the prejudices of the irreligious against religion? Has it not supplied infidelity with deadly weapons for attacking religion? And has it not largely contributed to resolve the pure, peaceable, and benevolent religion of innumerable pious people, into unchristian political rancour? Our country, we say it with joy and pride, is yet a religious one; the religious people are yet invincible in it; but in proportion as they are now powerful for good, they may, by being misled, become powerful for evil. We therefore call upon every friend to religion and the state to join us in endeavouring to drive back the societies from the field of politics into that of religion, and to withdraw them from the guidance of that party which has led them into so much disgraceful and dangerous error.

In the Parliamentary discussions respecting Smith, we have seen the men who are called the Saints—the subscribers for Hone—the champions of Carlile, Dolby, &c.—the revilers of Christianity, all blended into an harmonious body, to fight for, as they pretended, religion—evangelical religion. The committees which got up the petitions by the vile arts to which we have alluded, were composed of a choice admixture of all these parties. The very sight of this most monstrous and hideous coalition, might, we think, have convinced any man, that the only thing which it could not combat for—which it could not refrain from attacking—would be religion.

We will address a few words to the Missionary Societies. We think highly of their objects of union, we think highly of their past exertions; and we could prove, if we chose, that we have been among their firm supporters. We therefore trust that they will believe we speak as friends, when we earnestly beg of them to withdraw themselves wholly from the guidance of the Wilberforce party, and from the question of slavery. They must be well aware, that it is their interest and duty to gain the esteem and confidence of the planters as far as possible, not only to procure admission for their missionaries into the colonies, but to procure for them the powerful aid of the masters in their labours among the slaves; and they must be well aware, that if they act directly or indirectly as partizans for the abolition of slavery, they must make the planters their implacable enemies. They must know, that if slavery ought to be abolished, the abolition ought to be prosecuted and effected by others than themselves; and that their principles of union solemnly bind them to a strict and *bona fide* neutrality on the question. They

cannot be ignorant, that if they become partizans against slavery, their missionaries must inevitably become so too; and that, in spite of instructions, these missionaries will then only be ministers of wickedness, crime, blood, and horrors, in the colonies. If any member sign a petition, or take any other step, against slavery, he ought to be instantly expelled; for a more flagrant deception could not be practised upon the nation, than for the societies to declare in their collective capacity that they were strictly neutral, and then for the members to fly into the ranks of Wilberforce and Buxton. If the slaves need political instruction, let them have distinct and responsible political instructors; but let us have none of Brougham's Independent champions of "civil liberty"—of "liberal opinions"—sent among them, disguised as teachers of religion. A missionary must go among the slaves with a mind perfectly abstracted from the question of slavery—perfectly abstracted from politics—and exclusively bent upon teaching them the pure precepts of the Gospel, and insisting upon the practice, or he will lead them to sin instead of religion; and no such missionaries will be found, if the societies do not scrupulously stand aloof from the slave question, and from politics. The societies may despise our counsel—they may continue to act as they have lately acted—and they may still deceive the country, and flourish for a year or two longer; but the moment will then arrive which will leave them without subscriptions, and blast them with public indignation.

In what we are now saying, we are acting as the friends of the slaves, and of the abolition of slavery, if it be practicable. The question, with regard to this abolition, has been fully discussed,—it has been decided to the satisfaction of the nation at large, and even to the satisfaction of the Wilberforce party, in everything, save time and manner. It is notorious, that these eternal declamations against slavery and the planters keep the slaves in a state of madness, and render it almost impossible to restrain them from insurrection. It is known to all who have investigated the facts of the case, that, with regard to actual well-being, the slaves, EVEN NOW, are in as good a condition as a large portion of our country-labourers, and that their condition is infinitely superior to that of the vast mass of the Irish peasantry. It must be obvious to the dullest reasoner, that the insubordination and bad feelings towards their masters of the slaves, can have no other effect than to prolong their slavery, and that this slavery never can be abolished—no, never—until they look upon their masters with esteem and reverence. He must be wilfully blind who cannot see that the planters have the power either to render the abolition almost immediate, if it ever will be practicable, or to make the slavery eternal; that it is for them to decide whether the attempts that are now making to prepare the slaves for freedom shall or shall not be useless; and that, without their co-operation, all the exertions of the missionaries, the regular clergy, and the government itself, will virtually accomplish nothing towards the abolition of slavery. Yet, in the face of all this, what are the Wilberforce party doing?—Instead of being satisfied with what the government has done, and of bowing to the general feeling of the country, they keep up their tirades against the planters and slavery, as though government had done nothing whatever. Instead of joining in the endeavours that are making to prepare the slaves for freedom, they do their utmost to incite them to wickedness and crime, to cause them to detest their masters, and to keep them in the very last stage of disqualification. Instead of striving to gain the co-operation of the planters, by soothing their prejudices, holding as sacred their interests, respecting their rights, and rendering them liberal justice, they strain every nerve to exasperate them to the highest point against themselves, the missionaries, the abolition, the slaves, and the whole that they seek to compass. They poison the minds of the missionary societies, and of the missionaries, until it is almost a matter of self-preservation in the planters to regard the missionaries with abhorrence. If they wished to keep the slaves in eternal slavery, and that of the most grinding kind, they would do exactly what they are now doing. What their motives are, is only known to Heaven and themselves; we shall offer no conjecture on the matter; but we will say, that their conduct would well warrant the sup-

position, that they would willingly plunge both planters and slaves into destruction, for the furtherance of their dirty interests as a party.

We owe no apology to our readers for having taken up the subject in this manner. The uproar respecting Smith is not of an insulated nature; it is part of a system, which, as its authors tell us, is still to be hotly pursued. Smith would never have been mentioned, if his case had not afforded a choice opportunity for declaiming against slavery and the planters. Petitions are still poured into Parliament against slavery, as though it had done nothing in the matter. The Saints tell us, that *No slavery!* is to be their motto at the approaching election; and their publications intimate that they will make another grand effort to involve the colonies in insurrection in the next Session of Parliament. What we have said will scarcely change the intentions and conduct of these persons; but we hope from our souls that it will in some degree thin the ranks of their supporters, and spirit up to withstand them every man who is the friend of religion, plain dealing, the peace of the colonies, the weal of the mother-country, the rights of the planters, the well-being of the slaves, and the abolition of slavery.

If anything that we have said bear heavily upon Mr Wilberforce, we will not retract it. We were, a very few years since, his warm friends; and if we are no longer so, it is he who has forsaken us, and not we who have forsaken him. He espoused the cause of the Queen; he sought to stain with her name the liturgy; he joined the reformers; his name shone in the placards of the grand Spanish dinner, as one of the patrons of the Spanish deists and democrats; he called Hume his friend; and at last heard Christianity attacked in Parliament in silence. We were not disposed to desert the constitution and the Bible; and therefore, when he left us, we could not follow him. We regard him with compassion rather than anger, and are willing to ascribe his strange and mischievous conduct of late years to the effects of age rather than to unworthy motives. If, as some say, it have been prompted by a wish for popularity, we regret that he did not ascertain what popularity was, and where it was to be found, before he began to pursue it. We will tell him that the cheers of faction do not constitute popularity; that the eulogies of factious newspapers do not constitute popularity; and that what he has gained from the Whigs and Radicals will be but a miserable compensation to his fame for what he has lost among the rest of the community. This may receive the fashionable name—illiberality; it may receive an infinitely harder one, and it will give us no concern whatever. Mr Wilberforce has, in the last five years, produced more public mischief than any other public man. He has used his influence over the religious part of the nation, to drag it into politics—into vicious politics;—he has used his influence over the independent part of the nation, to cause it to tolerate "liberals" and "liberal opinions," the most dangerous enemies that can assail society;—and he has, to gain a shout from the false philanthropy of the age, and to give specious eclat to his retirement from public life, raised a storm which threatens to bury slaves, planters, and colonies, in a common ruin. If he had done this from his adherence to principle, we would have pardoned it, but to us it is abundantly clear that he has done it from the want of principle. He who "halts between two opinions;" who fights for all parties, and against all parties; who wanders about from camp to camp, that he may keep on terms with every leader; and who is Whig, Tory, and Radical, Legitimate and Liberal, all in the same week; such a man cannot possibly have any other creed than his personal interest and ambition, or any other objects than their gratification. What is dignified with the name of liberality, is, in plain English, frigid indifference—a total want of affection for any principles whatever. Mr Wilberforce has established a system, which some greater men than himself seem disposed to follow. There are others who seem to be willing to exhibit on the dancing-rope between the Whig and Tory hosts, with the hope of carrying off the huzzas and the pence of both, and it shall be our endeavour to prevent them. He who labours to destroy the distinctions between right and wrong—to alter the definitions of guilt and innocence—to render false principles and true ones equally current—to confound the branded and the worthless with the

spotless and the worthy—and to place dangerous creeds and parties on a level with meritorious ones—*such a man shall never be spared by us,* WHATEVER MAY BE HIS NAME OR CONDITION.

If our words give any pain to Mr Wilberforce, he may turn to the Whig and Radical publications, and he will find in them a sufficiency of panegyric. Whatever effect this panegyric may have upon him, we are very very sure that it will amply justify us in the eyes of our country, for having spoken of him as we have done.

Y. Y. Y.

June 10th, 1824.

SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

SUBSTANTIAL information is what the people of this empire, and, in fact, those of all Europe, now want, respecting the institutions, political and moral, of North America. We find, on looking into the journals and books of the day, that the subject is one of growing interest; and we have taken some pains to arrange what information we happen to have gleaned from personal knowledge, or from those who have no interest in deceiving us on such points, as we believe likely to interest the general reader.

A thousand mischievous, idle, unhappy, and exasperating prejudices, have existed between the people of America, and those of Great Britain; but they are rapidly disappearing; and, we have no doubt, after a little time, will be remembered only as we now remember the stories of witchcraft, and the prejudices of childhood.

The truth is—and the sooner it is generally known the better—that the rational and good men of both countries have always been friendly to a hearty, unreserved, kind, and free intercourse between the two nations, ever since the independence of that was acknowledged by this; and that the very multitude of both countries, in proportion as they have come to know one another truly, and to understand the real opinion that each entertain of the other, have always been, and are, at this moment, absolutely cordial.

It should be remembered, that the specimens of English character, which the Americans usually meet with in their country, are very unfavourable. I have heard a sober American say, that he had never seen but one or two English gentlemen in America; and, we know, that our English gentlemen upon the continent are strangely unlike our English gentlemen at home. Nor is it common for Englishmen to meet with favourable specimens of the American character.

Our men of leisure, education, science, fortune, or fashion, go to the continent—through all Europe, Asia, Africa,—anywhere but to America. Men of desperate fortunes, or desperate characters; the factious and discontented; those who have been shipwrecked in some political convulsion, or hazardous commercial enterprize; the ignorant and abused, who dream of America as wiser men do of the Indies; with now and then, but very rarely, a substantial tradesman, husbandman, or mechanic; and, yet more rarely, a man of talent and education, who hurries through a part only of a few States in that confederacy of nations, are those whom the Americans are accustomed to see among them; and those to whom we are chiefly indebted for all our information concerning the country of the Americans.

Nor is our situation very different from that of our brethren—the people of the United States—in this particular. Their representation to this country is quite as little to be depended upon, if we would form a fair estimate of their national character. They are of three classes:—1st, Young men of fortune, who visit London, Paris, and Rome, because it is the fashion. 2dly, Young men, who come here to complete their education at our medical schools; and, 3dly, Mere men of business. Besides these, we occasionally meet with an artist, (chiefly in the department of painting, where the Americans have done more than in any other of the fine arts;) a literary man; an invalid; or a political representative of their country.

But who would ground his estimate

of national character, upon his knowledge of such people?—Young men of fortune are pretty much the same all over the world. Students, for the sake of their own comfort, when they are with a strange people, soon learn to throw off, or conceal, their national peculiarities, and adopt those of the multitude with whom they are continually associated; men of business, however well they may have been educated, are very apt to think lightly of everything that has not an immediate relationship with pecuniary matters; the painter will only be known by the general manifestation of his talent; seldom or never, though he be an American, by anything of especial reference to his own country—her scenery, history, or peculiarities; the literary man would be likely to hazard as little as possible—his opinions would be loose and popular, calculated to do neither harm nor good—aiming chiefly at amusement, and most carefully avoiding, in his whole deportment, whatever might offend the prejudices of them who are to sit in judgment upon him, he would be likely to become, after a little time, anything but a sound specimen of national and peculiar character; and, from the political representative of any country, we cannot reasonably expect any other than a kind of diplomatic deportment, which, like high breeding, is likely to confound all national distinction.

Is it wonderful, then, that so many erroneous, mischievous, and, in some cases, very ridiculous notions, continue to be reciprocally entertained by the British and Americans, of each other?

Most of these are owing to political writers, newspapers,* and books of travels, often hastily written, and too frequently by those who have gone from one country to the other, without a proper degree of inquiry and preparation.

There was never, perhaps, a more favourable moment than the present for crushing these prejudices; and if every one would contribute his mite, the business would be speedily and effectually accomplished. Whoever will go to a public meeting in London, it matters little of what kind, or for what purpose it may have been called, will meet with continual and delightful evidence of this. At one time he will see a whole audience, assembled for the very purpose of laughing at the genuine sentiments of brother Jonathan, completely electrified by a timely allusion to their brethren over the Atlantic; and at another, he will hear of a nobleman of high rank and commanding influence, bursting into generous and indignant rebuke of that paltry jealousy, which set two such countries as Great Britain and America in array against each other; countries which are better fitted than any other two upon the earth for perpetual friendship and alliance. But whether this takes place at a theatrical entertainment, abounding in the most absurd and laughable misrepresentation, or at a meeting of the African Society, in furtherance of the most magnificent undertaking that was ever attempted by man; whether it be the expedient of a player or of a politician, a comedian or a statesman; whether the Marquis of Lansdowne or Mr Matthews be sincere or not, (and of their sincerity who can entertain a doubt?)—the fact is established beyond all dispute, that it is good policy in England for an Englishman to appear friendly to America.

And this is what the Americans want to know. They must know it, and they shall know it.

There is a party, to be sure, in the United States, whose hostility to another party in this country has long been misunderstood for the hostility of the whole American people to the whole British people. That party is now in power; they are the majority of the whole population, and are called Republicans or Democrats.

But their feeling of bitterness and hatred has been rather one of appear-

* Three or four very able, and several respectable, editors in America, are Irishmen. The writers are almost to a man exceedingly rancorous against this country; and of course against the federal party in America, who are the friends of this country. They have done a great deal of mischief, however honest may have been their intentions, or however much they may deserve to be excused, in consequence of what they consider their sufferings at home, before their escape to America.

ance than of reality. It was political, rather than moral, and could hardly be called the feeling of the multitude. It was in its virulence only that of a few bad, ignorant men, who knew how to play upon the passions or prejudices of a multitude, but it was never so virulent nor so universal as people in this country supposed, and is now dying away of itself, under the more charitable and kindly influence of association.

A part was hereditary, having been transmitted to the present race by the chief sufferers in the Revolution; a part grew naturally out of a state of warfare, when the federal party, constituting a minority of sufficient power to divide the confederacy into two equal parts, were denounced as Englishmen, Tories, and enemies to their own country, because they assembled together, stood up with a front as formidable as that of their fathers, in the war of independence—with whom that war, by the way, originated—and protested against the last war with Great Britain, as unholy, unwise, and most unnatural; and the rest may be attributed to the superabundance of zeal without knowledge, which is common to those who have gone from one sort of extreme to another, whether in religion or politics.

Bigots become atheists in the day of revolution; and the subjects of an arbitrary government, such fierce and orthodox republicans, that they cannot endure anything which smacks of monarchy.

Perhaps a word or two on that part of the subject may help to allay a good deal of misapprehension here among a powerful party, who certainly do not appear to understand the real difference between the political institutions of this country and America.

They hear, for example, about universal suffrage in America. They are told that there are no game laws, no standing army, no national debt, no taxes, no aristocracy, no titles, no national church.

They are altogether mistaken. There is no such thing as universal suffrage in America. A property qualification, residence, and, of course, citizenship, are all required there. But what will surprise them yet more is, that the Americans are quite indifferent about the exercise of their right. Multitudes continually neglect it, and multitudes more would never go to the polls, were they not ferreted out of their retirement, and dragged thither. In the Southern and Middle States, this indifference is most remarkable.—Throughout New England it is hardly manifest.

True, there are no game laws; and when an Englishman first puts his foot upon the soil, he is wild with delight, on finding that he may wander whither he will, over any man's land, in pursuit of—what he can find, without any sort of qualification. But his ardour soon abates, when he finds that everybody else may enjoy the same privilege; that there is no distinction in it; and that there is really very little of what may be called game in America, unless he choose to go into the wilderness. By and by he comes to care as little about sporting, as the Americans do about suffrage, or as any man would for grapes, who should have them continually before him. *Toujours perdrix* is the complaint of all mankind, after the fever of excitement is over. Those things which delight us most are apt to weary us the soonest. Let people have their own way for a little time among rarities, and they will soon become tired of them. The pastry-cooks and confectioners understand this, and put it in practice on every new apprentice.

But the Americans have a small standing army, (all that they require for their protection;) a national debt, which, however it may be in the way of extinguishment, is bitterly complained of there; taxes, that are not thought low in America; a formidable aristocracy of wealth; a great regard for family and birth; and what is yet harder to believe, when we call to mind the genius of their government, and the clause in their constitution which prohibits the creation of titles, the republican Americans have titles in abundance, and are quite as jealous of them, too, as any other people under the sun.

There are some dozens of "excellencies," some hundreds of "honours," and "honourables," and thousands of "esquires," annually created by the American people, to say nothing of their military titles, which are "too numerous to mention;" or their civil and religious titles, such as the "select men"

and deacons, some of which are often very amusing, and hardly ever withheld from these republican dignitaries.

Their President and Vice-president, the Secretaries of the war, state, and navy, and treasury departments, and their foreign ambassadors, are all excellencies; their judges, who probably exceed five hundred, are all honours; all their senators, whether of a State, or of the United States, and sometimes their representatives, particularly to Congress, are honourables; all members of the bar, from the attorney and conveyancer upward, all magistrates, merchants, public officers, gentlemen, and those who have no other particular title, are esquires. Such is the consistency of republicans when left to themselves.

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We hear a good deal, too, of republican economy. We are told, that the twenty-four Governors, and the President, Vice-president, the twenty-four State-houses of Representatives, and the twenty-four Senates, together with the Senate and House of Representatives, or Congress, (all of whom are paid,) with all the expenses of the twenty-five governments, civil and military, including the salaries of all the ambassadors, judges, and public officers, do not cost the people of the United States so much as the people of this country allow annually to the King of Great Britain.

This may, or may not, be true. It is hardly worth our while to examine the fact on this occasion. We are willing to admit, however, for a moment, that it is true.

But it should not be forgotten that our population is much greater, much richer, and fuller of resources; that our supreme executive is in one individual; that a large portion of the supply so voted to him, is diverted into other channels; that our legislative body receive no pay; that our judiciary, on the whole, is not near so costly, (because not near so numerous;) that our situation is one of continual danger, requiring proportional disbursement; that the supreme executive of America is not in reality one person, the President, but twenty-six persons, viz. a President, Vice-president, and twenty-four governors, (with some lieutenant-governors and councils;) that the supplies voted to each, are exclusively applied by each individual to his own use; that all the legislative bodies there are paid; that the civil list is a matter of separate appropriation; that the judiciary in America, on account of their numbers, are a great expense to the people; and that America is remote from danger, and, of course, not under the necessity of being so continually prepared for encroachment.

But the way in which the comparison is made is not a fair one. We should estimate the population and resources of each country; we should recollect that, by the distribution of the governing power in America into twenty-five parts, each paying its own offices, the utmost vigilance and frugality are insured in the administration of each; and that, by the concentration of the whole governing power into one point, as in Great Britain, it is gradually the interest of some one (or more) of the parts to encourage expenditure in the whole, that itself may profit by it.

Unluckily for those who feel a sober concern about the American people, as forming a large part of the human family, her institutions have become, instead of what they should be, a matter of serious investigation, rather a theme for poetry and eloquence.

Yet, after all, it will be found, perhaps, under the present constitution of things, that, in one respect, all governments are alike—arbitrary in proportion to their power. We do not mean comparative power, such as that which we allow to this or that nation, when compared with another, but positive power—the strength and vigour of the government. This is always in proportion to the strength of the majority; and this majority may be in the form of wealth, numbers, religion, law, or military force.

Men may say what they will about the comparative advantages of a monarchical and republican government. Both have their advantages, both their disadvantages. The form of government often, and the substantial freedom of the people almost always, depend upon the situation of the country.

A wealthy population, occupying a

rich and fertile territory, full of temptation to the plundering banditti of the world, surrounded by warlike barbarians, or standing armies, must have the power of protecting themselves, instantaneously—must have standing armies, or an equivalent—must endow their chief magistrate, whatever he may be called, or their executive, in whatever shape it may exist, with more power, of every kind, than would be necessary if they were poor, afar off, remote from or inaccessible to danger, whether they were entrenched by mountains, or encompassed by oceans.

Thus, before the American Revolution came to a close, the Congress of the Confederacy endowed Washington with nearly absolute power,—in effect. They allowed him to choose his own officers (with two or three exceptions); to levy contributions, and to call for men, at his discretion.

And if the United States were, at this hour, situated in the middle of Europe, or if a separation should unhappily take place among themselves, (a very probable event, notwithstanding Mr Munroe's ingenious and plausible supposition,*) they would soon be obliged to keep up a standing army, or a militia continually under arms; to choose military men for civil offices; to reward the popular favourites, who, in time of war, would, of course, be the most fortunate and adventurous of their military men, by the highest offices; to give the President the power of declaring war; and, probably, to keep him in office during life, partly on account of his experience, partly to avoid the danger of electioneering controversy, and partly, whatever he might be, under the fear of changing for the worse.

And so, too, if Great Britain were as remote from the influence and peril of great political combinations as are the United States, there would be less need of monarchical vigour, royal prerogative, and power, or standing armies. In such a case, the disturbers of public tranquillity, by mischievous writing or speaking, might be generally left, as they are in America, to the discretion of the public themselves.

A prosecution for seditious or blasphemous writing, or for a libel upon government, or any of its officers, was probably never heard of in America.

The truth is, that a republic is well fitted for a time of tranquillity; but the moment that invasion presses upon it, all its administration is obliged to take upon itself more and more of a monarchical vigour and bearing, not only in the military, but civil departments.

We would say, then, to our countrymen, and to the Americans, Have done with all political comparisons, unless you choose to go profoundly into the subject. Let us have no prattling upon the solemn business of government. Do not imagine that a monarchical or republican form of government is the best for every people, in every possible situation. It were wiser to believe in a panacea—what is good for one will, for that very reason, be bad for another, of a different constitution, temperament, or habits.

Above all, do not believe that a peo-

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* Mr Munroe, in his last message, speaks of the remarkable faculty, inherent, as he supposes, in the constitution of the American confederacy, by virtue of which, on the admission of every new State, the chance of separation is diminished, while the strength of the whole is augmented.

Mr Munroe is mistaken. The confederacy is already too large. The longer the sceptre, the more unmanageable it will always be. Sources of difference already exist, and are continually multiplying. The alleged encroachment of the Supreme Court, as the supreme judiciary of the country, upon the legislative power, under pretence of construction, which amounts, in reality, to legislation; the disputes between Virginia and Kentucky; the sectional prejudices; the real inequality of representation and taxation, are some of these. In fact, every State has its own particular grievances; and, of course, if you augment the number of the States, you augment the number of their grievances, and, therefore, the chances of separation. Because, if one desire to separate, and is afraid of being prevented by force, she will combine with others, until sufficiently strong, each helping to relieve the other. These grievances are not felt now; but, in a time of war, with an enemy at the door, and heavy taxes pressing them down, as they suppose, unequally, almost every State will have the disposition to dictate some sort of terms to the rest, and the power, very often, to enforce her claims, be they just or unjust. The last war was full of warning on this point.

ple are much freer under one kind of government than under another. The form, after all, is only a shadow. Power will be felt whenever it is tempted or provoked; and every government, whatever may be its nature—civil, military, or religious,—or however constituted, fashioned, or named, will be arbitrary, in proportion to its power.

A formidable minority will always be respected; an overwhelming majority will always be tyrannical and unjust.

In Turkey, such a minority would be free. In the United States, such a majority would be—for they have been—wholly regardless of decency toward the minority, exactly in proportion to their own ascendancy over them.

Let war be declared against this country to-morrow in America. Let one man alone lift up his voice against it, or presume to remonstrate, and he would be treated with contempt, lampooned, burnt in effigy, or perhaps tarred and feathered. But let a third part of the country stand up with him, and they will be treated with most respectful consideration, just as they would be in Turkey.

Institute no political comparisons, therefore, we would say: for it is a hundred to one, whether you be an American or an Englishman, that you do not well understand what you are talking about.

If you happen to be an American, do not believe that you have captured, sunk, and destroyed the whole British navy; and if you are an Englishman, do not dream of re-colonizing America. Avoid these two things, and you will do well enough.

Leave it to such men as Mr Cobbett, in this country, and some others of a like temper, in America, to keep up a state of artificial hostility between the two countries. We mention Mr Cobbett, because we happen to have met with an amusing—and yet we know not if it would not be more proper to call it a melancholy coincidence, between the opinions of him and an American editor, of a similar character, upon the same point.

When the last message of the American President was put into our hands, it was accompanied with an American paper. We were rejoicing in the apparently simultaneous expression of similar sentiments by our cabinet and that of America. Mr Munroe and Mr Canning had spoken the same language, almost at the same time. This was either preconcerted, or it was not. If it was—what a voice to the nations of the earth! How plainly did it say, "Thus far shall ye go, but no further." If it was not—how much more terrible! The one would have been the voice of two cabinets, the other of two nations; the one a communication by the telegraph, the other, by electricity. It was at this moment, while we were yet full of the proud, confident feeling, which a course of reflection like that would naturally produce, that our attention was attracted by the name of Mr Canning, in the American paper.

It was at the head of a speech, by that gentleman, at the Liverpool dinner, where he and Mr Hughes accidentally met. The time had gone by for the American editor to abuse the British minister. It was no longer popular. He chose quite another course. He affected to believe that Mr Canning, whose reputation for wit stands high in America, was only playing off a little of his cabinet pleasantry upon the credulous American. Nothing, of course, had it been believed, could have been more provoking.

But not long after this we met with a precisely parallel case, in the management of an English politician, or rather political writer, on the very same point. It was for this reason alone that we have remembered it.

Mr Cobbett, in speaking of the same speeches, on the same occasion, had the sagacity to adopt a course of policy precisely similar to that of the American. He did not resort, as a vulgar pamphleteer would, to a downright calling of names; but he affected to believe that Mr Canning had forgotten his dignity as an English minister, and truckled to an agent from a nation of shopkeepers. Had many others of Mr Canning's countrymen believed this, he would have been despised, and the American hated.

Thus much to shew what mischief may be done by a light, hasty, or thoughtless piece of humour—even if we are willing to consider their remarks in the light of humour. Let all such things be avoided.

A little mutual forbearance, a little

charity, and a little patient inquiry, will do more toward effecting a hearty and permanent reconciliation between the people of the two countries, than all the enthusiasm of all the reformers, poets, and philanthropists, that ever lived. We are all of the same family; descended from the same parents; having the same religion; the same laws; the same language; the same habits, and the same literature.

What, then, should keep us asunder? We only want to know each other, intimately and truly, to become one great brotherhood. Will the political genius of the two governments prevent this?—No—for though one be a monarchy, and the other a republic; and, therefore, to all appearance not likely to seek a coalition of themselves, unless they are forced into it by an equality of pressure on every side—yet there is now, and will probably be for a long time, such a pressure; and if the subject be seriously investigated, it will be found that the two governments, and the two nations, after all, are more essentially the same, in all that constitutes the source of attraction, affinity, and attachment among nations, than are any two republics, or any two monarchies, under heaven.

London, June 8. X. Y. Z.

LORD BYRON.

In the early part of last year, I spent a few days at Genoa, and after since visiting almost every corner of Italy, the recollections which I have brought back with me, seem to dwell more delightfully upon the "Superb City," than even upon Rome itself, with its venerable antiquities, or upon Naples, and its unrivalled amenity of situation.

Perhaps this may arise from its having been the place where I first saw manners, scenery, buildings, and decorations, which were strictly Italian, and above all, where the Mediterranean first rolled its waters at my feet; that sea which has borne on its classic waves the flags of nations, whose names are associated with all that is great and inspiring. A recollection of a different nature has also added to the interest, which I imagine I shall never cease to take in Genoa. It was here that I had an introduction to the extraordinary man, who at this moment forms the topic of conversation in every circle, and whose recent death will now be sincerely regretted, as having happened at the early age of 37, when he was exerting himself in the glorious cause of Greece, and when he was really turning his great talents to a noble and useful purpose. The first and only time that I ever had an opportunity of conversing with Lord Byron, was at Genoa; and however one may differ in opinion, with such restless spirits as himself who figure in the world, and occupy an unusual portion of its regards, rather from the abuse and perversion of their powers of mind, than from a right application of them; yet it would argue a curious taste, to be indifferent to the accident which throws us in their way. For my own part, I shall value as one of the most interesting in my life, the short interval which I passed with the greatest poet of his age, and I have been turning to my diary, to refer to every particular of an interview, which I carefully noted down on the day in which it took place, while every impression was yet fresh upon my mind.

Lord Byron is not a man of to-day. He belongs as much to the future, as to the present, and it is no common event in one's life to have it to say, I have had an opportunity of judging for myself of a person whom some bless, and hundreds curse; who is the subject of exaggerated calumny to some, and of extravagant praise to others.

The circumstances which led to this interview, the place where it was held, the crisis at which it occurred, and the topics on which we discoursed, were not a little out of the ordinary way.

Lord Byron had been residing some weeks at or near Genoa, when I arrived in that city; many English families were there at the same time, and the eccentric bard was the subject of general conversation. From some of my countrymen I learnt that his lordship was to be seen every night at the opera; from others, that he frequently rode through the streets on horse-

back, with a party of his friends, armed with swords by their sides, and pistols at their holsters; and from all, that he avoided an Englishman with contempt and detestation. Such were the reports, but it never fell to my lot to converse with anybody who could speak from personal observation, to the truth of either of these accounts; and I afterwards discovered that they were totally incorrect.

One morning that the arrival of the Courier was looked for with more than usual impatience, for it was at that juncture when the decision of England and the continental powers, with regard to Spain, was daily expected to reach Genoa, I was sitting in the reading-room, in the Strada Novissima, waiting for the delivery of the foreign journals. A person entered whose face I immediately recognized. It was one of Lord Byron's most intimate friends, who, it was said, felt and expressed the same antipathy against every British traveller, with his lordship. In former days I was intimately acquainted with this gentleman, but many years had elapsed since we met; I therefore judged that he had forgotten me, or, if not, that he would have no inclination to renew an acquaintance with one, who was guilty of being born in England, and unable to estimate the worth of those who have the reputation of wishing to subvert most of her institutions. I was reluctant to accost him, fearful of a repulse, but, after a moment's gaze in my face, he pronounced my name, seized my hand with all the hearty feeling of uninterrupted friendship, and signified, in terms which I could not mistake, his delight at this unexpected meeting.

I soon found that the strong barrier of opinion which lay between us, acted as no obstacle to an unreserved communication, and that my early friend, who had shewn me many a kindness when a boy, had lost none of that warm-heartedness and good-humour for which he was so distinguished before he became a reformer in politics, and a visionary in religion. We remained together for about an hour; a thousand questions about old times and old companions were asked and answered, and I flattered myself, that he had derived more satisfaction from thus following the natural current of his feelings, than from floundering in those troubled waters, on which he had so unhappily embarked, with the discontented and the sceptical. The reply to one question which I ventured to put to him, under the mistaken idea that the reports to which I before alluded, were true, assured me that the path he had marked out for himself, was attended by anything but happiness, and was not exactly voluntary.

Are you so much estranged from England, that you have left no regrets behind you?

"Do you suppose," was his answer, "that I can be torn up by the roots without bleeding?" He immediately added, that great as might be his errors, if they were errors, his punishment was equal to them, for that they had caused a general alienation of friends, a necessity to exile himself from his country, and a sacrifice of his natural tastes and amusements.

The next day, my friend called upon me at my hotel, and inquired if I had any wish to be introduced to Lord Byron. I signified my surprise at having the option offered to me, as I had been informed that Lord Byron carefully avoided his countrymen. "The inquisitive and the impertinent," said he, "but not others; and I am sure you will have no reason to regret the interview."

A day was appointed, that Lord Byron might be apprised of the intended introduction, and when it came, Mr —— and I set out from Genoa together, and walked to Albaro, where the noble poet was then residing.

The walk was such as an enthusiast would envy. My eye ranged over a thousand objects which were equally new and interesting to an Englishman, and my imagination was fully occupied in dwelling either upon the past glories and catastrophes of Genoa, or upon the singular character of the extraordinary man whom I was going to visit. Our path lay near the spot where the Inquisition stood; the whole of the once formidable building was not quite removed, and we turned aside to look into some of the chambers and dungeons, into which my companion would have had a good chance of being consigned, had he been found in this city some few years back. After walking over ruins and rubbish, which have been steeped in the tears and blood of many an un-

happy victim, we passed the ducal palace, the residence of the governor or viceroy of Genoa, to which, on the evening before, I had been invited, and where I witnessed a scene, the very reverse of what the Inquisition had presented to my imagination. All the Patrician pride and beauty of Genoa had been assembled there, to enjoy the pleasures of dancing and music, and few are the places in Italy, where nobility is more noble, or beauty more brilliant. "I am more proud of being simply styled a Patrician, than a marquis," said the Marchese di Negro to me; and well he might be, for he was descended from a long line of heroes, who held a distinguished rank in the annals of the Republic, long before the monarchs of Spain, or France, or Sardinia, had an opportunity of conferring titles upon Ligurian subjects. We descended the hill that leads down to the eastern gate, crossed the ramparts, and the torrent of Besagno, which had lately carried away the stone bridge that was built over it, and mounted the acclivity upon which Albaro stands. Many a time did I turn back to gaze upon the magnificent city that I had left behind, as it extended itself gloriously over rock and glen, from the mountains to the shore, and literally stretched its boughs to the sea, and its branches to the river. It lay under my eye with its bright suburbs, and its decorated villas, graceful and becoming even in their gaudiness, for the very variety of colouring. The fronts of the houses are painted all manner of colours. The yellow and the red, and the blue, which in most places would look whimsical and fantastical, do absolutely harmonize with the brown mountains, and the slate roofs, and the azure sea, and form a picture which it is delicious to dwell upon. How the lordly towers, the stately edifices, the marble palaces, and the costly temples of the princely merchants, carried me back to the years that are gone, and reminded me of the little nation of traders, who thundered defiance against the strong places of some of the mightiest sovereigns of their times! How I thought of names—of the Dorias, and the Durazzi, and the Brignoli, which used to make the Mahomets and Solymans of the east, and the Charles's and the Philips of the west, tremble upon their thrones! A nation of shopkeepers! So Buonaparte styled us in derision. But when we reflect upon what the Venetians and the Genoese have been, and what the English are, either in their palaces or in their wooden walls, we need not be ashamed of the designation. Alexander himself, the proud Autocrat of the Russias, the ambitious Czar, who thinks to reap where the sickle fell from Napolean's hands, even he could not conceal his feelings of admiration struggling against envy, when he experienced a reception from the merchants of London, such as kings would be proud to be able to give in their banqueting halls.

The nearer we approached to the residence of Lord Byron, the more busy became my anticipations. How shall I be received by him? Shall I be made to shrink under the superiority of talent? Shall I smart under the lash of his sarcasms? Shall I turn abashed from the glance of his haughty eye? Shall I be annoyed by sceptical insinuations, or shocked by broad and undisguised attacks upon what I have been in the habit of regarding with respect and reverence? In short, my fancy was wound up to the highest pitch, in conjecturing how he would converse, how he would look, and whether I should derive more pleasure or pain from the interview.

The approach to that part of Albaro where the noble Poet dwelt, is by a narrow lane, and on a steep ascent. The palace is entered by lofty iron gates that conduct into a court-yard, planted with venerable yew trees, cut into grotesque shapes. After announcing our arrival at the portal, we were received by a man of almost gigantic stature, who wore a beard hanging down his breast to a formidable length. This, as I was given to understand, was the eccentric Bard's favourite valet, and the same who had stabbed the soldier in the fray at Pisa, for which Lord Byron and the friends of his party were obliged to leave the Tuscan States—an exploit, not the first in its way, by which he had distinguished his fidelity to his master. An Italian Count, with whom he lived before he entered Lord Byron's service, had experienced similar proofs of his devotedness. From what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe the fellow has at length fallen a sacrifice to that sort of violence, to which he

had so little scruple in having recourse himself. He was shot by a Suliote captain; and it was that circumstance that occasioned the epileptic fits, which are said to have seized Lord Byron not many weeks before his death, and to have weakened his constitution.

By this Goliath of valets we were ushered through a spacious hall, accommodated with a billiard-table, and hung round with portraits, into his Lordship's receiving-room, which was fitted up in a complete style of English comfort. It was carpeted and curtained; a blazing log crackled in the grate, a hearth-rug spread its soft and ample surface before it, a small reading-table, and lounging-chair, stood near the fire-place; and not far from them, an immense oval-table groaned under the weight of newly published quartos and octavos, among other books, which lay arranged in nice order upon it.

In a few seconds after we entered, Lord Byron made his appearance from a room which opened into this; he walked slowly up to the fire-place, and received me with that unreserved air, and good-humoured smile, which made me feel at ease at once, notwithstanding all my prognostications to the contrary. The first impression made upon me was this—that the person who stood before me, bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile, that I had ever seen, professing to be his likeness; nor have I since examined any which I could consider a perfect resemblance. The portrait in possession of Mr Murray, from which most of the prints seem to be taken, does not strike me as one in which the features of the original are to be recognized at first sight, which perhaps may be owing to the affected position, and studied air and manner, which Lord B. assumed when he sat for it. Neither is the marble bust by Bartolini a performance, with whose assistance I should pronounce the lines and lineaments of the Bard could be distinguished at a glance.

It struck me that Lord Byron's countenance was handsome and intellectual, but without being so remarkably such as to attract attention, if it were not previously known whom he was. His lips were full and of a good colour; the lower one inclined to a division in the centre: and this, with what are called gap-teeth, (in a very slight degree,) gave a peculiar expression to his mouth. I never observed the play of features, or the characteristics of physiognomy, more narrowly than I did Lord Byron's, during the whole period of a very animated conversation, which lasted nearly two hours, and I could not but feel all my Lavaterian principles staggered, by discovering so few indications of violent temper, or of strong tastes and distastes. I could scarcely discern any of the traits for which I searched, and should decide either that he had a powerful command over the muscles of his face, and the expression of his eye, or that there was less of that fiery temperament than what has been ascribed to him. In short, I never saw a countenance more composed and still, and, I might even add, more sweet and prepossessing, than Lord Byron's appeared upon this occasion.

His hair was beginning to lose the glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud, and several grey strangers presented themselves, in spite of his anxiety to have them removed. His figure too, without being at all corpulent or rotund, was acquiring more fulness than he liked; so much so, that he was abstemiously refusing wine and meat, and living almost entirely upon vegetables.

The reserve of a first introduction was banished in a moment, by Mr ——'s starting a subject, which at once rendered Lord Byron as fluent of words as I could have wished to find him: He mentioned the manifesto of the Spanish Cortes, in answer to the declaration of the Holy Alliance, and an animated conversation followed between the two, which, as I was anxious to hear Lord Byron's sentiments, I was in no hurry to interrupt.

Among other things, Lord Byron observed upon the manifesto, that he was particularly pleased with the dry Cervantez humour that it contained. "It reminds me," said he, "of the answer of Leonidas to Xerxes, when the Persian demanded his arms—'Come and take them.'" He evidently calculated more upon Spanish resistance and courage, than the event justified; and he proceeded to describe, with a great deal of spirit and correctness, the nature of the country which the enemy would have to encounter before

they could strike a decisive blow.—"Spain," he added, "is not a plain, across which the Russians and Austrians can march at their pleasure, as if they had nothing to do but to draw a mathematical straight line from one given point to another."

There were several other pretty conceits, as we should call them, in the noble poet's discourse; but when he attempted to enlarge upon any subject, he was evidently at a loss for a good train of reasoning. He did not seem to be able to follow the thread, even of an argument of his own, when he was both opponent and respondent, and was putting a case in his own way.

From the cause of the Spaniards, the conversation directed itself to that of the Greeks, and the state paper of the Holy Alliance upon this subject also was brought upon the carpet. Lord Byron and Mr —— both ridiculed the idea that was broached in that notable specimen of imperial reasoning, of the *insurrectionary movements* in the east, (as it was pleased to style the noblest struggle for liberty, that an oppressed people ever made,) being connected with the attempts at revolution in Western Europe, and of a correspondence existing between the reformers of different countries. "If such a formidable concert as this existed, I suppose," said Lord Byron, smiling, and addressing Mr ———, "that two such notorious Radicals as ourselves, ought to be affronted for not being permitted to take some share in it." Cobbett's name was introduced, and the aristocratic poet's observation was too striking to be forgotten—"I should not like to see Cobbett presiding at a revolutionary green table, and to be examined by him; for, if he were to put ten questions to me, and I should answer nine satisfactorily, but were to fail in the tenth—for that tenth, he would send me to the lantern."

Lord Byron then turned to me, and asked, "Are you not afraid of calling upon such an excommunicated heretic as myself? If you are an ambitious man, you will never get on in the church after this."

I replied, that he was totally mistaken, if he fancied that there was any such jealous or illiberal spirit at home, and he instantly interrupted me, by saying, "Yes, yes, you are right—there is a great deal of liberal sentiment among churchmen in England, and that is why I prefer the Established Church of England to any other in the world. I have been intimate, in my time, with several clergymen, and never considered that our difference of opinion was a bar to our intimacy. They say, I am no Christian, but I am a Christian." I afterwards asked Mr —— what his lordship meant by an assertion so much in contradiction with his writings, and was told that he often threw out random declarations of that kind, without any meaning.

Lord Byron took an opportunity of complaining, that some of his poems had been treated unfairly, and assailed with a degree of virulence they did not deserve. They are not intended, he remarked, to be theological works, but merely works of imagination, and as such, ought not to be examined according to the severe rules of polemical criticism.

I mentioned a late production of a Harrow man, in which "Cain" had been noticed. "I hope," said Lord B., "he did not abuse me personally, for that would be too bad, as we were school-fellows, and very good friends."

Upon my informing him that the strictures were only fair and candid observations, upon what the author considered his Lordship's mis-statements, he rejoined, "It is nothing more than fair and just to examine my writings argumentatively, but nobody has any business to enter the lists with a dagger for my throat, when the rules of the combat allow him to play with tilts only."

Lord Byron and Mr —— scrupulously avoided touching upon any subject in a manner that was likely to be irksome to me, but once or twice, when their peculiar opinions were betrayed in the course of conversation, I did not choose to lose the opportunity of declaring my own sentiments upon the same subjects, as explicitly as the nature of the conversation would admit. Among other things, I suggested the danger there must be of offending Omniscient Wisdom, by arraigning what we could not always understand, and expressed my belief, that the Supreme Being expects humility from us, in the same manner as we exact deference from our inferiors in attainments or condition. Lord Byron and

Mr —— thought otherwise, and the former expressed himself in the celebrated lines of Milton—

——" Will God incense his ire
For such a petty tresspass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead
To happier life."—B. IX. 692—697.
Paradise Lost.

I ventured to reply that his Lordship's sentiments were not unlike those expressed in the Virgilian line—

" Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo."

During the whole interview, my eyes were fixed very earnestly upon the countenance of the extraordinary man before me. I was desirous of examining every line in his face, and of judging, from the movements of his lips, eyes, and brow, what might be passing within his bosom. Perhaps he was not unaware of this, and determined to keep a more steady command over them. A slight colour occasionally crossed his cheeks; and once, in particular, when I inadvertently mentioned the name of a lady, who was formerly said to take a deep interest in his Lordship, and related an anecdote told me of her by a mutual friend—" I have often been very foolish," said her ladyship, " but never wicked." At hearing this, a blush stole over the noble bard's face, and he observed, " I believe her."

Once, and once only, he betrayed a slight degree of vanity. He was speaking of a narrow escape that he had lately had in riding through a torrent. His mare lost her footing, and there was some danger of her being unable to recover herself. " Not, however," said he, " that I should have been in any personal hazard, for it would not be easy to drown me." He alluded to his swimming, in which he certainly surpassed most men.

Once also he seemed to think he had spoken incautiously, and took pains to correct himself. He was alluding to an invitation to dinner that had been given to him by an English gentleman in Genoa. " I did not go, for I did not wish to make any new—I did not feel that I could depart from a rule I had made, not to dine in Genoa."

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me by the Countess D——, the lady of a late governor of Genoa, who was anxious to be introduced to Lord Byron. A note was written to that effect, and the answer explained in as polite language as the subject would permit, that he had never complied with such a wish as that which the Countess did him the honour to entertain, without having occasion afterwards to regret it. In spite of this ungallant refusal of a personal introduction, notes frequently passed between the parties, with presents of books, &c., but they never met.

When I took my leave of Lord Byron, he surprised me by saying, " I hope we shall meet again, and perhaps it will soon be in England." For though he seemed to have none of that prejudice against his native country that has been laid to his charge, yet there was a want of ingenuousness in throwing out an intimation of what was not likely to take place. Upon the whole, instead of avoiding any mention of England, he evidently took an interest in what was going on at home, and was glad, when the conversation led to the mention of persons and topics of the day, by which he could obtain any information, without directly asking for it.

Such was my interview with one of the most celebrated characters of the present age, in which, as is generally the case, most of my anticipations were disappointed. There was nothing eccentric in his manner—nothing beyond the level of ordinary clever men in his remarks or style of conversation, and certainly not anything to justify the strange things that have been said of him by many, who, like the French rhapsodist, would describe him as half angel and half devil.

Toi, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,
Esprit mysterieux, mortel, ange, ou demon,
Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal genie!
La nuit est ton sejour, l'horreur est ton domain.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVI.

To Christopher North, Esq.

ON THE LAST EDINBURGH REVIEW.

DEAR NORTH,

I ONCE knew an old joker, who, on the point of death, still continued to have his jest. His complaint was such, that it permitted him to be placed in the balcony before his house, to enjoy the warm sun. In this position, his eye was caught by the figure of an old battered-looking beau, who had been a prime swell in his youth, and was still rigged out in the finery of the day, and was endeavouring to look young. "Who is that?" asked the valetudinarian. He was told. "Take me in," said he—"take me in, for God's sake!—I lay my death at that fellow's door." My poor friend died in half an hour after.

Now, Mr North, if I die within the next half hour, I shall certainly lay my death to the account of the Edinburgh Review, which you have sent me. It is as stupid as usual, but, I think, more impertinent. The old abominable lumber—the genuine, natural, and indigenous filth of the concern—is buoyed up by some insolence, and leavened by an extra portion of spite and malignity. I confess it is balm to my very soul to find that the fellows have not pluck to face Mill and his brother Radicals of the Westminster Review. Jeffrey and his folk, at the time that they were wincing under *us*, and carefully scanning our every sentence, in order to pick from it matter of libel—used to have the brazen forehead to deny ever seeing such a book at all as Blackwood's Magazine. "It circulates," they would say, "exclusively among the Tories," *i. e.* the gentlemen of the country, "and we despise it too much to look at it." Accordingly, they voted us out of every library in which they bore sway—for which the Ebonian ought to be very much obliged to them, for it, of course, increased his sale—and took every other method to convince the public that we were never in their way. Leslie's action against us was, to be sure, rather a *betise* of the party, for it convicted them of ill-concealed soreness, and I understand it is generally condemned by his friends. But, in the case of the Westminster, this line of action will not do. The Westminstrians address the same honourable and upright body—the Whig-Radicals, or Radical-Whigs; and read *they* must be by the identical people who turn away from us *in public* with well-affected horror. It is in this case sheer want of pluck, without covering of any kind. Happy am I to say, that the sale of the Edinburgh has been already materially injured by that of the Westminster.

What have we here, in this 79th Number of Blue and Yellow?—Rise and Fall of Profits?—Pish!

Hall's Voyages and Travels. An article to puff a book published by Mr Constable. Not but that Hall is a sensible and clever man, and his book well, very well worth reading—but we are sure the Captain himself will be thoroughly ashamed of this piece of barefaced, base bibliopolic influence. It is just as bad as anything done by our friend, Joannes de Moravia.

Quin's Spain—Another book of Archibald's, puffed and abused, abused and puffed, according as publisher or politics bore the ascendant. The sheer impudence of these Whig fellows, in talking magisterially of the Spanish war, is truly "refreshing." A year has not elapsed since they were gasconading about the defeat which the Duc d'Angouleme was to receive, and boasting of the intense valour of the Cortes and their ragamuffins. Now that all that is dispersed into thin air, (*as we said it would be,*) they keep on prating, prating, prating, with as much grandiloquence as ever. The animal who is reviewing Quin is admirably *naive*. "Without pretending (says he, p. 58,) without pretending to any *great* political foresight, WE may venture to predict," &c. &c. *Great* political foresight, indeed! Why, you unconscionable ass, when could you pretend to *any* at all? When was there a single prediction of the whole gang fulfilled? Has not every one of you been not only a μαντις κακων, but a μαντις κακος. You venture to predict! you might as well venture to swallow

the Calton. A failure in the one attempt is not much more certain than in the other.

However, there is something pretty, after all, in this review. We think it must come from London, for we do not know anybody here whom we can suspect of this particular piece of utter trash. Mr Quin, it appears, was employed by a newspaper to send home reports of affairs on Spain, for which, no doubt, Mr Quin got the regular honest and well-earned wages of men in his station. On which the reviewer lifts up his hands in as much amazement as Dr Southey would do if he saw a bug illustrating the ways of nature by biting a beggar man, and preaches on the glories of the "gentlemen of the press." No man, it appears, need now-a-days be ashamed of scribing for a newspaper at —— per week. A circumstance greatly to be rejoiced at. "Whatever tends to raise the character of so important a class of literary (!!!) and political (!!!!) men," is a fine thing. There are, however, barbarians, it appears, who affect ("for it can only be affectation") to contemn the public journals, and to hold light the reputation of their conductors." Oh! the wicked people! O people thrice sunk in Cimmerian gloom! What, think little of the Times? undervalue the Morning Chronicle? read not the Morning Herald? light the pipe with the Examiner? Fie, fie, bring them out at once, that they may perish at the point of the pen. Do they, as our eloquent article-monger phrases it, wish to frown down public opinion, "by refusing to venerate the collected majority of the What-d'ye-call-'ems de plume?" We hope not, for the sake of common decency.

I see Jeffrey has taken my advice, and reviewed Savage Landor. He is, as I told him to be, justly indignant with the conceit of the Bœotian in despising Charlie Fox, and indeed cuts him up in tolerably decent style. The article is nevertheless a blackguard one. The cut at the king is about as dirty a piece of cowardly nastiness as I have ever seen*—and so, thank heaven, it will be considered by everybody who will read it. The Whigs are really a low, mean, paltry, ungentleman-like set of fellows. I leave Jeffrey's squabble with Southey and Co. alone, giving them full liberty to box it about among themselves as manfully as they can; and take leave to say, as a steady uncompromising Tory, that, whatever such folk may have done, I hated Buonaparte—I hated Robespierre—I hated the Jacobins—I despised the Whigs—I pitied the Radicals—and I spit upon the present Liberals of the Continent. No change of times can ever check that feeling in me. Let others weather-cock it to and fro as they please.

There is a considerable quantity of very excellent and solid ignorance in this article. They quote, for instance, as a mere specimen of style, Landor's account of Mr George Nelly, which he puts into the mouth of old Bishop Burnet, without once seeing that it is a character of Lord Byron in disguise. No such man as George Nelly ever existed. But the redeeming passage of all the article is, "We ourselves," taking shelter in a ruined shealing in the Highlands, when that eminent pluralist saw an unbreeched barbarian mutton-keeper in a "steep of weet," as our own shepherd would call it, reading the Edinburgh Review! Shades of Ossian and Dugald MacGlashan, ye mighty men of Celtland, look down out of your mists, and think of that! If the story be true, it seriously, however, is a sad proof how far the demoralization of our peasantry is carried.

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* Does Timothy allude to the following sentence, about the middle of p. 80:—"A remarkable instance occurs in the dialogue between Ann Boleyn and Henry VIII., into which the rough, boisterous, voluptuous, cruel, and yet gamesome character of that monarch, WHOSE GROSS AND PAMPERED SELFISHNESS HAS BUT ONE PARALLEL IN THE BRITISH ANNALS, is transfused," &c. Is it possible that our friend can be right in supposing (if such be his supposition) that any *man* in England durst talk so in allusion to the humane, beneficent, generous, and kind-hearted prince now on the throne of these realms? If one could believe that there were such a man, and that Brougham were he, well indeed might we parody the poet's lines, and pray heaven to

"—— put a whip in fifty Gourlays' hands,
To lash the - - - - - - - through the lobby."

I must do Jeffrey the credit to say, that I do not think he wrote that passage. How would his little angular visage have grinned twenty years ago at the gander who should exclaim, "From that time [the time he saw the Celt savage reading the Edinburgh] the blue and yellow covers seemed to take a tinge from the humid arch !!!" that spanned the solitude before us. Oh, Jupiter! and "our thoughts were comingled with the elements !!!" No, no, Jeffrey did not write that curst nonsense—it must have been a Cockney.

I was taken in by the title of the next article, "Corrections of Mr Hume." I thought somebody had been shewing up Joseph, and wondered how it got into the Edinburgh; but on looking more attentively, I find it is *David* Hume who is cut to pieces by one Brodie. Sir Jamie has given us 56 pages out of his forthcoming History of England on the subject. It is rather late in the day now to think that any worthy young lad, such as you see lumbering about the Outer House, will be able to demolish a great historian on the strength of petty facts.

Hume, no doubt, is often very wrong, and always very partial, but when Brodie is in Erebus, and his books, (which Jamie absurdly fancies will come to a second edition) are feeding moths, Hume will be one of our great English classics—

Oh, the bonny Geordie Brodie,
Is an unco canny bodie,
Such a chiel as Geordie Brodie,
Is na fra this to Linkumdoddy:
David Hume is but a noddy,
When he meets wi' Geordie Brodie:
So let's gang ben and tak our toddy,
Drinking gude luck to Geordie Brodie.
Oh, the bonny Geordie Brodie, &c.

You must forgive this little sportive sally of my muse, but I am so enchanted with the demolition of Jack Leslie's friend Hume, that I could not help it. There, however, is good stuff in Mackintosh's article, if one could read it. I understand that there was some of it, though, so vagabond that Constable's folk insisted on a cancel. I am not quite sure of this fact; as you are on the spot, you may inquire, if you think it worth while, which, however, it is not.

I heartily thank Sir James Mackintosh for one sentence, of which I shall make a separate paragraph; bid Ballantyne set it up in small caps. "At the time it (Hume's history) was written,

"THE WHIGS WERE STILL THE PREDOMINANT PARTY OF THE STATE—AND IT WAS NOT ALLOWED DIRECTLY TO QUESTION ANY OF THEIR PRINCIPLES." (P. 102.)

God bless the darling party! They are and were, and will ever be, the true friends of the liberty of the press.

Then comes some heavy Goth abusing Croker's Suffolk Papers. I do not think the Secretary of the Admiralty will lose a wink of sleep in consequence of this ass's work. I shall treat you to a few important blunders he discovers in C.'s notes. "The Duke of Kent," Croker says, "died in 1740"—"No," says his critic, "in 1741."—"Lord Scarborough killed himself in 1739"—"No, in 1740." "A Duke of Dorset died in 1765"—"No, in 1763." "Lord Mansfield died in the 88th year of his age"—"No, in the 89th." This valuable correction arises from the fact, that Lord M. was 88 years and *eighteen days* old. Did you ever hear of such a blockhead?

"French Romances" is the next article—evidently by a new hand—and that a very poor one—very poor indeed. Where did Jeff. pick up this creature? He has the face to pilfer one of our Noctes, Vol. XIII, p. 372, &c. for the only decent thing in his review—that part which quizzes Vicompte D'Arlingcourt's mineralogical novel, and that he botches most clumsily. Jeff. had better turn off this Grub-Streeter.

"Mr Bentham," says the next gentleman, "cannot write anything which a sensible man will not be glad to read." Having read which sentence, I skipped the article altogether. In looking through it, I see he is abusing the Old Man of the Mountain, I suppose, in vengeance for the castigation of the Westminster. And there is a delicious paragraph p. 201. to the praise and glory of the "gentlemen of the press." That eminent body, I suppose, is enlisting for the old crazy concern.

"Italy" is the heading of an article dedicated to plastering with applause that most contemptible of all human associations—the Italian Carbonari—they are weak, cowardly, wicked, and disloyal—and therefore fit for Whig panegyric, and our contempt. Oh! that some *really* Roman spirit would once again arise in the Garden of Eu-

rope! Those scoundrels are putting back that consummation an entire century.

Mr Brougham concludes the Number with his speech in Parliament on the question of the Demarara insurrection—and as that has already afforded sufficient merriment by its balloon denouement, I shall not say a word about his egregious special pleading. The West India business is sickening every one—the humbug is exposed—and Brougham and Co. may depend upon it, that abler men than he, and works of more power and circulation than his effete journal, are employed on the contrary side of the question. Indeed he admits it in the beginning of the article.

Just think of this Number of the Edinburgh Review ending with a prayer in the honour of Christianity! I flatter myself it was *we*, who badgered them into that. I wish old Playfair was alive, to see his coadjutors prostrate before the altered spirit of the age.

Good night. I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Tuesday. T. T.

P. S.—I shall perhaps send the article on Horace Walpole, the great Whig authority so much praised by Croker's reviewers in this Number. But after all, it may be better not to say anything about the disgusting wretch. Infamies, says Tacitus, should be veiled in silence. You are aware, of course, that he was——

[Timothy must write plainer. I cannot read the last word. Indeed, the whole epistle bears evident marks of the third bowl. Our friend is quite right, indeed, as to most of the points he takes up, but we at least must think him quite wrong as to the style in which he introduces Quin and Basil Hall. We had a *hearty* and an *early* review of the former ourselves, as T. T. might have recollected, and if we have not yet had an article on the other, we wash our own hands of that, having entrusted the book the very day we read it, to a particular friend of ours, who ought long ere now to have done justice to the Captain's distinguished merits—merits of which no Edinburgh reviewer that ever chipped biscuit, can be half so well aware as he is. We also beg leave to state, that in our opinion Mr T. T. has never read one syllable of Mr Brodie's book, otherwise he would have spoken of it more respectfully. Mr B. says he is a Whig—that is true—but he is a laborious inquirer, and a successful inquirer; and we sincerely wish there were more Whigs like him, because we cannot believe that men of learning and sense can be Whigs in the true (and offensive) sense of the word.

We should have had a Review of him also; but were bothered with the size of the four octavos. C. N.]

STANZAS.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me;
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell!"
But with an utt'rance faint and broken;
An earth-sick yearning for the time,
When it shall never more be spoken.

C.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Present—TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ., ENSIGN ODOHERTY, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, AND MR JONATHAN SPIERS.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, Tickler, you are, after all, quite in the right—I took the other side merely for the sake of conversation.

TICKLER.

Aye, and if my young friend here had happened to be called away half-an-hour ago—aye, or if I had happened not to be in the exact humour for squabashing, and particularly for squabashing *you*—what would have been the consequence, Mr Morgan?—what would have been the consequence, you care-me-devil?

ODOHERTY.

Why, I suppose, I should have helped to

"Give to the press one preux-chevalier more,"

as the old zigzag of Twickenham says, or ought to say. Pope was decidedly the Z of Queen Anne's time—his dunces were the progenitors of the present Cockneys.

HOGG.

Wheesht—wheesht—for heaven's sake dinna name thae creatures again—I'm sure they're doon enough at ony rate. But really, Mr Tickler, are ye no ower hasty?—Od, man, (*whispering Timothy,*) the lad might have turned out a genius.

TICKLER.

No whispering at Ambrose's, Hogg.—Here, Jonathan, boy—here's the Great Boar of the Forest grunting into my ear, that we may be spoiling a genius in your honourable person—What say you to this, my hearty?—Do you really now—but *sans phrase* now—do you really take yourself to be a genius?

HOGG, (*aside to ODoherty.*)

He takes his toddy brawlies, at ony rate.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg remarks that our youthful friend is a promising punchifier—But this, even this, I fear, may still leave the matter a little dubious—*bibimus indocti doctique.*

HOGG.

Jeering at me, I daursay—but what signifies that?—Here, Mr Jonathan, you're a very fine douce lad—never ye heed what thae proud-nosed chiels tell you—put out the poem or the novell—Whilk of them said ye it was?

MR SPIERS.

A romantic tale, sir, interspersed with verses.

HOGG.

Is there a gay feck o' verses?

MR SPIERS.

A considerable number, sir—Several of the characters, sir, give vent to their feelings in a poetical form, sir.

HOGG.

Aye, that's a gude auld fashion—A real novell young leddy has ay her keelivine in her pouch, and some bit back of a letter, or auld mantuamaker's count, or something or other, to put down her bit sonnet on, just after she's been stolen, or robbed, or, what's waur, maybe——

TICKLER.

Hold your tongue, Hogg. Jonathan Spiers' book is a very pretty book, I assure you—and his verses are very well introduced—very well indeed.

ODOHERTY.

Why, Hogg himself, in one of his recent masterpieces, has given the finest example of the easy and unaffected introduction of the ornament of occasional verse, in a prose romance.

TICKLER, (*aside to ODoherty.*)

I forget what you are alluding to. Is this in the "Confessions of the Justified Sinner," which I see advertised?

ODOHERTY.

No, 'tis in the "Three Perils of Man." One of the chief characters of that work is a *bona fide* poet, and this personage never opens his mouth, but out comes a *bona fide* regular psalm-measure stanza of four lines. In the Pirate, to be sure, old Norna spouts most unconscionably; but even she must knock under to the poet of Hogg.

TICKLER, (*rings—enter Ambrose.*)

Mr Ambrose, have you the Three Perils of Man in the house? If yea, bring them forthwith.

AMBROSE, (*indignantly.*)

Sir, Mr Hogg's works form part of the standing furniture of the tap-room.

ODOHERTY, (*aside.*)

Standing furniture, I will be sworn.

AMBROSE.

I rather think, Mr Macmurdo, the great drover from Angus, has one of the volumes just now; but he seemed getting very drowsy, and I shall perhaps be able to extract it. (*Exit.*)

HOGG, (*aside.*)

Honest man!—he's surely been sair forfaughten the day at the market.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg has another character in the same book—a priest; and what think ye is his dialect? Why, pure Chaldee, to be sure.

TICKLER.

Chaldee manuscript you mean, I suppose. Well, I see no harm in this.

HOGG.

It's a' perfect nature. If I liked I could speak nothing but poetry—deil a hait of prose—frae month's end to month's end—It would come like butter.

ODOHERTY.

In a lordly dish, to be sure. Come, Hogg, I take you at your word. Stick to your psalm-tune then.

HOGG.

Now stedfastly adhere will I,
Nor swerve from this again,
But speak in measured melody
For ever more. Amen!

TICKLER.

Hurra! Hogg for ever! that's a thumping exordium, James. Could you match him there, Jonathan?

HOGG.

There is no poet, no not one,
Nor yet no poetess,
Whose ready rhymes like those can run,
Which my lips do express.

Yea all the day continually
Out from my mouth they go,
Like river that not waxeth dry,
But his waves still do flow.
Sith it be so that Og, the King
Of Bashan——

TICKLER.

Come, Hogg—in virtue of the power which Christopher gave me when he took the gout, you are absolved, and hereby I do absolve you.—One rhyme more, you great pig, and I'll have you scalded on the spot.

HOGG.

The pitcher's getting cauld, at ony rate. Ye had better ring, and bid Ambrose have on the big boiler at ance.—And as for you, Jonathan Spiers, they were deaving us wi' saying there was nae opening in the literary world.—Me away, that canna be said, my braw lad.

ODOHERTY.

Come, Hogg, a joke's a joke—we've had enough of this. There *is* no opening in the literary world.

HOGG.

Weel, Jonathan, if Byron and me canna make an opening between us, I'm thinking ye maun just ca' canny, and wait till ye see out ODoherty and the Author of Waverley—I reckon them about the next to Byron and me.

TICKLER, (*aside.*)

Either of their little fingers well worth you both.——But, however—Come, Hogg, supposing Jonathan really to reject my poor advice, what would be your counsel? Come now, remember 'tis a serious concern:—so be for once the sagacious master of the sagacious Hector.

HOGG.

I would be for Jonathan trying a good, rowsing, independent Tory paper. Deil a paper I see's worth lighting one's pipe wi'. It would surely do.

TICKLER.

I daresay Jonathan's ambition aimed at rather higher concerns; but no matter, what have you to say against the papers, Jemmy?

HOGG.

Just that they're a' clean trash—the Scots anes, I mean. There's the Scotsman—it was lang the only ane that had ony bit spice of the deevil in't, and it's noo turned as douce and as doited as the very warst of them, since that creature turned Ricardo Professor, or what ca' ye't. He was a real dour, ugly, sulky beast, but still he was a beast—now they're mere dirt the lave o' them—just the beast's leavings—perfect dirt.

ODOHERTY.

What say ye to the Weekly Journal, James?

HOGG.

Too—too—too—too—too! By'r Lady, good Master Lieutenant—too!—too!—too!—too!—too!—pheugh!

TICKLER.

The Courant, Hogg?

HOGG.

An edificationing paper, I'll no deny. It has a' the farms and roups. I couldna do without the Courant.

TICKLER.

What sort of paper did you wish Jonathan to set up—A Beacon, perhaps?

HOGG.

A Beacon! Gude pity us, Timotheus,—are you gaun dementit a'thegither? I thought ye said Jonathan was a prudent, quiet, respectable laddie—wishing to make his way in the warld—and "your ain sense tells you," as Meg Dods says about the lad remaining in the room with Miss Mowbray, that, though your Anti-jacobins, and John Bulls, and Twopenny Post-Bags, and sae on, do very weel in the great Babel of Lunnun, the like o' thae things are quite heterogeneous in this small atmosphere of the Edinbro' meridian—the folk here canna thole't.

TICKLER.

Jonathan might try a good daily paper in London—that is much wanted at present. Indeed, a new one is wanted every three or four years; for the chaps that succeed soon get too rich and fat for their business. Stoddart is quite a Bourbon man now. The Courier is verging to conciliation.

ODOHERTY.

By the bye, some dandies always pronounce *Courier*, as if it were a French word, *courié*—Did you hear our friend Peter's joke upon this at Inverness?

TICKLER.

Not I—What was it?

ODOHERTY.

Why, a young Whig wit asked some witness before the venerable Jury Court, "Are you in the habit of taking in the *Courié*, sir?" Upon this, Patrick, in cross-examination, says, "Are you in the habit, sir, of taking in the Morning *Po*—?"

TICKLER.

Very well, Peter!—But enough of the papers. I wonder you, Odoherty, don't think of patching up the Memoirs of Byron—you could easily guess what sort of stuff they were; and, at any rate, an edition of 10,000 would sell ere the trick could be discovered.

ODOHERTY.

Why, I flatter myself, if it were discovered, the book would still be good enough to sell on its own bottom. But the booksellers are turning so deucedly squeamish now-a-days, there's really no opening for a little fair quizzification. There was Hooke went to Colburn about his Foote; Colburn remarked, it was a pity there was none of Foote's private correspondence to be got hold of.—"Pooh, pooh!" quoth Theodore, "I'll make a volume of it in three weeks." Colburn took fright at this, and the thing stopped. What a pity now! Would not the letters have been all the better for being not Foote's, but the Grand Master's?

TICKLER.

To be sure they would; and, after the Memoirs of Byron that Colburn did publish—old paste-and-scissars work—he need not have been quite so sensitive, I would have thought. But there's no saying as to these people. Colburn's getting deuced rich upon the Literary Gazette, Lady Morgan, The Writer Tam, and the rest of these great Guns of his, I have a notion.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure he is.—But, as for Byron's Memoirs, why, I can tell you I have read the book myself, twice over; and, what is more, you will read it yourself within a month or six weeks' time of this present.

TICKLER.

Aye?—how?—indeed?—Well, you surprise me!

ODOHERTY.

Why, the fact is, that the work had been copied, for the private reading of a great lady in Florence; and it is well known in London, that Galignani has bought the MS., and that it will be out in Paris forthwith.—But is this really news for you?

HOGG.

It's news—and blythe news too—to me, for ane. But, I say, Ensign, speak truth now—Am I mentioned?

ODOHERTY.

Frequently.

HOGG.

Dear me! what does he say of me?—nae ill, I'll be sworn—I ay took his part, I'm sure.

ODOHERTY.

Why, he takes your part, too, on the whole—He puffs your Queen's Wake and Chaldee most stentoriously; and on the whole does you justice—You are in the Dictionary.

HOGG.

The Dictionary!—was he at an English Dictionary too?—Od, I would like

to see myself quoted in the English Dictionary—A bit of Hogg in below a bit of Bacon, maybe—it would look very well.

ODOHERTY.

In the next Dictionary that appears, no question, you will be gratified with abundance of such compliments—but the dictionary of Byron is quite another sort of thing. One volume of his Memoirs, in short, consists of a dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters—criticisms on their works (when they had any)—and generally a few specimens of their correspondence. To me this volume seemed, on the whole, the most amusing of the three.

HOGG.

I dinna doubt it—Oh, the ne'er-do-weels, to gang awa and burn sic a book as this.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I tell you 'tis *not* burnt—you will see it in the course of the summer.

TICKLER.

After all, it could not well have been published by Murray—Galignani, or some foreigner or other, was the only plan.

ODOHERTY.

Why, there may be two opinions as to this. It was at one time understood that Murray was to have employed my excellent friend Tegg to bring the thing forth—but perhaps Tom would have been overnice.

TICKLER.

O, as to that, you know Davidson's name could have stood alone, as in the case of the first canto of the Don.

ODOHERTY.

Hang it, you are forgetting that infernal narrow-minded old quiz of a Chancellor—his abominable punctilios about the injunctioning law, you know, have entirely done away with the temptation to publish improper books. There is an English judge and cabinet-man for you! Discountenancing Don Juan—Strangling Byron's Memoirs, (so far as the English MS. was in question)—Fine doings—fine doings—we shall be a pretty nation soon, I calculate.

HOGG, (*sings.*)

My blessings on your auld pow,
John Anderson, my joe, John.

And yet, I'm doom'd glad that the lady in Florence had had a copy of Byron's *MS.* I have a gay hantle letters o' Byron's in my ain dask—I wonder what the trade would give a body for a sma' volume of his epistolary correspondence wi' his friends.

ODOHERTY.

Not one rap—His letters to John Murray will be quite a sufficient dose of themselves—but, to be sure, they mayn't be printed just immediately.

TICKLER.

Not in my day, I calculate—you young dogs may expect to outlive both me and John Murray—you will see the whole of it, Ensign—and you, Jonathan.—But I, long ere then, shall be enjoying the conversation of Byron himself.—

Ενθα γε Κιμμεριων ανδρων δημοστε πολιστε,
Ηερι και νεφελη κεκαλυμμενοι, ȣδε ποτ' αυτȣς
Ηελιος φαεθων επιδερκεται, ακτινε εσσιν
Ουδ' ὁποτ' αν στειχησι προς ȣ̓ρανον ἀςεροεντα
Ουθ' ὁταν ἀψ επι γαιαν ἀπ ȣ̓ρανοθεν προτραπηται—

Helas! helas! φεω, ποποι, ῳ! och! och!

HOGG.

Hech, sirs! what's a' this rumbleterow?—what's ailing Mr Tickler?

ODOHERTY.

You upon pale Cocytus' shore!—you old piece of whip-cord!—I'll back you to ninety-five as readily as if you were a sinecurist.—And besides, to be

serious, I hope you don't mean to keep company with people down yonder, whom you've done nothing but abuse, while εστι χθονι δερκων.

TICKLER.

Come, ODoherty—I know very well you and I can never agree as to this. But, now that Lord Byron is dead, you must really stint in your gab, Morgan ODoherty.—We have lost a great man, sir—a truly great man—one of the very few really great men of might that our age has witnessed.

ODOHERTY.

Not at all, my dear youth—by no manner of means. Byron was a very clever man, and a very clever poet; but, as to his being either a truly great man, or a truly great poet, I must altogether differ from you.—Why, sir, he has left no truly great work behind him; and his character was not *great*.

TICKLER.

I don't admit all that.—But, taking the first thing you say to be so for a moment, what is the *great* work that we have of Alcæus, of Sappho—even of Pindar, or of Sallust, or of Petronius?—and yet these, I take it, *were* great people, and are so even in your estimation.

HOGG.

I never heard tell of one of them afore since ever I was born—Did ye, Jonathan?

MR SPIERS.

O fie, Mr Hogg!—never heard of Sallust?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, Tickler, my good fellow, but you are not stating your case fairly.—These people have left glorious fragments—enough to make us believe what other great people say of the works that have perished: but, misery on that infernal engine the press!—the next worst thing after gunpowder—Byron's fragments never can exist.—Spite of fate, the whole mass of lumber exists, and will exist, and nobody, in modern times, will take the trouble to pick out the few fine bits Byron really may have produced, and place them before the eyes of the world, to the exclusion of his portentous balaam. This is the true devilry of your modern authorship.

TICKLER.

Has Candide, then, no separate existence of its own?—Does anybody, when they read that glorious thing, or the Princess of Babylon, or Zadig, trouble their heads with thinking of the existence of *Œdipe*, the Universal History, and all the rest of Voltaire's humbugging Tragedies and Histories?—Not at all, my hearty.—Or, when people read Manon Lescaut, does it diminish their delight that the Abbé wrote and published fifty volumes, or more, of *bad* novels, which no human creature above the calibre of a Turnipologist would now endure three pages of?—Or do I, in reading Goldsmith's Essays, bother myself with his History of Animals, or his History of Rome?—Or do any of us enjoy Tam o' Shanter the less, because Dr Currie's edition contains all that stuff of Burns's Epistles to Mrs Dunlop, George Thomson, &c.?—Or who the devil has ever even heard the name of the five-hundredth part of the trashy productions which flowed from the pens of Fielding and Smollett, or their great masters, Le Sage and Cervantes? The critiques of the Doctor, the plays of the Justice, the many bitter bad plays and novels of the Author of Don Quixote, and the myriads of bad plays, and bad books of all kinds, of the Author of the Devil on Two Sticks—these matters are all pretty well forgotten, I suppose; and what signifies this to the Student of Sancho Panza, Asmodeus, Commodore Trunnion, or Parson Trulliber?—Come, come—own yourself beat now, like a fair man.

ODOHERTY.

You spout nobly when your breath is once up; but, seriously then, wha are the works of Byron that you think will be remembered in honour? and what is the sort of name altogether that you think he will bear,

"When we're all cold and musty,
A hundred years hence?"

TICKLER.

I think Byron's Childe Harold, Corsair, Lara, and Don Juan, (in part,) will

be remembered in the year of grace 1924; and I think the name of Byron will then be ranked as the third name of one great æra of the imaginative literature of England; and this I think is no trifle.

HOGG.

After Sir Walter and me?

TICKLER.

No, Hogg, to be honest, before you, my dear creature. Yes, before you. Before everybody else in the line, my dear James, except the author of the Bride of Lammermoor, and the author of Ruth. I name the two best and most pathetic works of the two best, and, to my feeling, most pathetic writers of our day—the only two—I speak with disparagement to no one—that have opened up absolutely new fields of their own. For, after all, I do not uphold Byron so much on the score of original invention, as on that of original energy.

HOGG.

Original energy! what means that, being interpreted?

TICKLER.

Why, I mean to say, that mere energy of thought and language may be carried so far as to make, I do not say a poet of the very highest class, but a poet of a very high one—and I say that Byron's energy was of this kind—and I say that his place is immediately behind the all but Homeric magician of the North, and the all but Miltonic prophet of the Lakes. There's my apophthegm—for that, I think, Jemmy, is your name for anything you don't understand.

HOGG.

Many thousand thanks to you, Mr Timothy Tickler of Southside.

ODOHERTY.

The fact is, that Byron was a deuced good rattling fellow; a chap that could do most things he had seen anybody else do before him, just as I could write five hundred first-rate songs, *a la* Tom Moore, or *a la* James Hogg, if I had a mind. The far greater part of his composition was decidedly of this class—his short narrative octosyllabic was as decidedly a copy of Walter Scott, as that of the Queen's Wake—his "deep feeling of nature,"—ha! ha! ha!—in the third canto of Harold, and other subsequent concerns, was the result of his having read then—and a hint that he had not, more shame to him, read before—the poetry of that old Pan of the woods, W. W.—His Beppo was the visible by-blow—a vigorous one, I admit—of Whistlecraft—his Manfred was a copy of Goethe, and his Deformed Transformed was at once a half-formed and a deformed transformation of the Devil and Doctor Faustus, of the same unintelligible, cloud-compelling, old Meerschaumite.—Shall I go on?

HOGG.

As lang as you like, my dear fellow—but you wunna make out Wordsworth to have written Parasina for a' that—no, nor Frere to have ever had one canto of Don Juan in his breeks. Pooh! pooh! ODoherty, you might as weel tell me that Shakespeare was the copyist of the auld idiots that wrote the original Henry Fifths, King Johns, and so forth. Byron *was* the great man, sir.

ODOHERTY.

I'll give you this much—I do believe he might have been a great man, if he had cut verse fairly, and taken to prose. My humble opinion is, that verse will not thrive again in our tongue. Our tongue is, after all, not an over-melodious one. I doubt if even Shakespeare would not have done well to cut it—at least it always appears to me, that when he writes what the critics call prose, he is most poetical. What say you to Hamlet's talk with Rosencrantz and Gildenstern?—"This overhanging vault, look ye, fretted with golden fires," &c. &c. &c.—Is not that poetry, sir? At any rate, the fact is, that Byron never could versify, and that his Memoirs and his private letters are the only things of his, that I have ever seen, that gave me, in the least degree, the notion of a fine creature enjoying the full and unconstrained swing of his faculties. Hang it! if you had ever seen that attack of his on Blackwood—or, better still, that attack of his on Jeffrey, for puffing Johnny Keats—or, best of all perhaps, that letter on Hobhouse—or that glorious, now I think of it, that inimitable letter to Tom Moore, giving an account of the blow-up with

Murray about the Don Juan concern—Oh dear! if you had seen these, you would never have thought of mentioning any rhymed thing of Byron's—no, not even his epigrams on Sam Rogers, which are well worth five dozen of Parasinas and Prisoners of Chillon, and——

TICKLER.

Stuff! stuff! stuff!—But I take it you're quizzing within the club—which you know is entirely *contra bonos mores.* Drop this, Ensign.

ODOHERTY.

I am dead serious. I tell you, Byron's prose works, when they are printed, will decidedly fling his verse into total oblivion. You, sir, that have merely read his hide-bound, dry, barking, absurd, ungrammatical cantos of Don Juan, and judge from them of Byron's powers as a satirist, are in the most pitiable position imaginable. One thumping paragraph of a good honest thorough-going letter of his to Douglas Kinnaird, or Murray in the olden time, is worth five ton of that material. I tell you once again, he never wrote in verse with perfect ease and effect—verse never was his natural language, as it was with Horace or Boileau, or Pope or Spenser, or any of those lads that could not write prose at all. When he wrote verses, he was always translating—that is to say, beastifying—the prose that already existed in his pericranium. There was nothing of that rush and flow that speaks the man rhyming in spite of himself, as in the Battle of Marmion, or Hamilton's Bawn, or any other first-rate poem. No, no—he counted his feet, depend upon it—and, what is less excusable, he did not always count them very accurately. Of late, by Jupiter, he produced tooth-breakers of the most awful virulence. I take it the Odontists had bribed him.

TICKLER.

Why, whom *do* you call a good versifier, then?

ODOHERTY.

We have not many of them. Frere and Coleridge are, I think, the most perfect, being at once more scientific in their ideas of the matter than any others now alive, and also more easy and delightful in the melody which they themselves produce. We have no better things in our language, looking merely to versification, than the psycological curiosity—

> "A damsel, with a dulcimer,
> In a vision once I saw,
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on a dulcimer she play'd,
> Singing of Mount Abora," &c.

Or Frere's translation of the Frogs, printed long ago in Ebony. Do you remember the verses, in particular, which old North used to read, with a few literal alterations, as a fine cut at Joseph Hume, Peter Moore, and the other grand leaders of the Whig party now?

> "Foreign stamp and vulgar mettle raise them to command and place,
> Brazen, counterfeit pretenders, flunkies of a flunky race;
> Whom the Whigs of former ages scarce would have allowed to stand,
> At the sacrifice of outcasts, as the scape-goats of their band."

Byron seldom or never made verses equal, merely *quâ* verses, to the like of these. When he did, it was by a strict imitation of something his ear had caught in the versification of some preceding poet. As for the Spenserian, you well know that whenever his sweep of stanza did not vividly recall Thomson or old Edmund himself, the stanza was execrably hard, husky, and unswallowable.

TICKLER, (*solemnly.*)

> "Tambourgi, tambourgi, thy larum afar
> Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war!'

ODOHERTY.

Come, come, Timotheus, don't throw your chair back in that abominable Yankee-doodle fashion—Stick to the argument, sir—don't lounge and spout.

TICKLER.

"It is the hour, when, from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;—
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear;—
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met;
And on the waves a deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heavens that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon, away."

HOGG.

Ay, ay, man, these *are* verses. (*Aside to Spiers.*) Do you think they're as good as Kilmeny?

TICKLER.

Listen to me one moment more, O Doherty. The fact, sir, stands simply thus:—It is obvious to any one who is capable of casting a comprehensive eye over things, that there are three different great veins of thought and sentiment prevalent in this age of the world; and I hold it to be equally clear, that England has furnished at least one great poetical expositor and interpreter for each of the three. This, sir, is the Age of Revolution. It is an age in which earth rocks to and fro upon its foundations—in which recourse is had to the elements of all things—in which thrones, and dominations, and principles, and powers, and opinions, and creeds, are all alike subjected to the sifting of the winds of Intellect, and the tossing and lashing of the waves of Passion.—Now, there are three ways in which the mind of poetic power *may* look at all this—there are three parts among which it may choose. First, there is the spirit of scorn of that which is old—of universal distrust and derision, mingled up with a certain phrenzy of indignation and innovating fury—Here is Byron—Then there is the high heroic spirit of veneration for that which has been—that still deeper, that infinitely more philosophical distrust, which has for its object this very rage and storm of coxcombical innovation which I have been describing—This is Scott—the noble bard of the noble—the prop of the venerable towers and temples, beneath which our fathers worshipped and did homage in the days of a higher, a purer, a more chivalric race.—This is the voice that cries—*In defence*—!

"Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,—
Page, vassal, squire, and groom,
Tenant and master:
Come as the winds come,
When forests are rending;
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranding!"

And there is yet a third spirit—the spirit of lonely, meditative, high-souled, and yet calm-souled men—of him who takes no part in sounding or obeying the war-pipe of either array—the far-off, philosophic contemplator, who, turning from the turmoil, out of which he sees no escape, and penetrated with a profound loathing of all this mighty clamour, about things, at the best, but fleeting and terrestrial, plunges, as it were, into the quiet, serene ocean-depths of solitary wisdom, there to forget the waves that boil upon the surface—there to brood over the images of eternal and undisturbed truth and beauty.—This is Wordsworth;—hear how *he* describes a poet's tomb.—

"A convent—even a hermit's cell—
Would break the silence of this dell.

It is not quiet—is not ease,
But something deeper far than these.
The separation that is here
Is of the grave—and of *austere*
And happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said,
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place."

HOGG.

Hech me!—I'll be buried beside Yarrow mysell!

ODOHERTY.

And dug up, no doubt, quite fresh and lovely, like this new hero of yours, one hundred summers hence. I hope you will take care to be buried in the top-boots, by the by—they will gratify the speculators of the year two thousand and two.

TICKLER.

So Byron is, after all, to be buried in Greece—Quite right. His suspiration was originally from thence—his muse always spread a broader pinion whenever she hovered over the blue Ægean. Proudly let him lie on Sunium! loftily let his spirit gaze at midnight upon the rocks of Salamis!

ODOHERTY.

So be it. But I have still one word to say to you *anent* his Lordship of Byron. Byron was by no means, Mr Timothy, the Jacobin Bard that you seem to hold him. I'll be shot if he ever penned one stanza without feeling the coronet.—Ay, ay, sir, he was indeed "Byron my Baron," and that to the backbone.

TICKLER.

You are quite right, ODoherty, and I would have said the same thing if Hogg had not interrupted me. The fact is, that Byron took the walk I mentioned, but he did not take it in that singleness of heart and soul with which the two other gentlemen took to theirs. No, sir, he was too good by nature for what he wished to be—he could not drain the blood of the cavaliers out of his veins—he could not cover the coronet all over with the red night-cap—he could not forget that he was born a lord, a gentleman, an English gentleman, and an English lord;—and hence the contradictoriness which has done so much to weaken the effect of his strains—hence that self-reproaching melancholy which was eternally crossing and unnerving him—hence the impossibility of his hearing, without a quivering pulse, ay, even after all his thundering trumpets about Washington, America, Republics, and fiddle-de-dees, the least echo of what he in his very last poem so sweetly alludes to—

——"The home
Heart ballads of green Erin or grey Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic Continents or Islands—
The calentures of music that o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions"—

Hence the dark heaving of soul with which he must have written, in his Italian villeggiatura, that description of his own lost, forfeited, ancestral seat—I can repeat the glorious verses.

"It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
  Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
  In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
  And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

"Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
  Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
  Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
  Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

"A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,
  (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
  These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
  And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

"Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
  Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
  But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
  The annals of full many a line undone,
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

"But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
  The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
  Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
  This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

"A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
  Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
  Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
  The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

"But in the noontide of the moon, and when
  The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
  Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
  Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall.

"Others, that some original shape, or form
  Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
  In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.
  Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

"Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a Saint:
The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles."

HOGG.

It is there—it is nowhere but there, that Byron's ghost will linger. Ye may speak about Greece, and Rome, and America; but his heart was, after all, among the auld mouldering arches and oaks of his forefathers. I would not, for something, stand ae hour of black night below the shadow of that awful auld Abbey. Ghosts indeed!—I could face the spectres of auld priests and monks enow, I daursay—but od, man, what a ghost of ghosts will Byron's be!

TICKLER.

Well said, James Hogg—Go on.

HOGG, (*having drunk off a tumbler.*)

I canna express what my feelings are as to some things—but I have them, for a' that. I ken naething about your grand divisions and sub-divisions, about old things and new things, and contemplative spirits and revolutionary spirits, and what not—but this I ken, sirs, that I canna bide to think that Byron's dead. There's a wonderful mind swallowed up somewhere—Gone! and gone so young!—and maybe on the very threshold of his truest glory, baith as a man and as a poet—It makes me wae, wae, to think o't. Ye'll laugh at me, Captain ODoherty; but it's as true as I'm telling ye, I shall never see a grand blue sky fu' of stars, nor look out upon the Forest, when all the winds of winter are howling over the wilderness of dry crashing branches, nor stand beside the sea to hear the waves roaring upon the rocks, without thinking that the spirit of Byron is near me. In the hour of awe—in the hour of gloom—in the hour of sorrow, and in the hour of death, I shall remember Byron!

TICKLER.

Euge! Let no more evil be said of him. Μα τους εν Μαθαθωνι τορομαχευσαντας—Peace be to the illustrious dead!

ODOHERTY.

By all means, gentlemen—by all manner of means. Here, then, fill your glasses to the brim—and rise up—To the Memory of Byron!

OMNES (*rising.*)

THE MEMORY OF BYRON!

Air—The Last Rose of Summer.

ODOHERTY, (*Sings.*)

1.

LAMENT for Lord Byron,
In full flow of grief,
As a sept of Milesians
Would mourn o'er their chief!
With the loud voice of weeping,
With sorrow's deep tone,
We shall keen o'er our poet,
"All faded and gone."

2.

Though far in Missolunghi
His body is laid;
Though the hands of the stranger
His lone grave have made;
Though no foot from Old England
Its surface will tread,
Nor the sun of Old England
Shine over its head;

3.

Yet, bard of the Corsair,
High spirited Childe;
Thou who sang'st of Lord Manfred
The destiny wild;
Thou star, whose bright radiance
Illumined our verse,
Our souls cross the blue seas,
To mourn o'er thy hearse.

4.

Thy faults and thy follies,
Whatever they were,
Be their memory dispersed
As the winds of the air;
No reproaches from me
On thy corse shall be thrown,
Let the man who is sinless
Uplift the first stone.

5.

In thy vigour of manhood
Small praise from my tongue
Had thy fame, or thy talents,
Or merriment wrung;
For that church, and that state, and
That monarch I loved,
Which too oft thy hot censure
Or rash laughter moved.

6.

But I hoped in my bosom
That moment would come,
When thy feelings would wander
Again to their home.
For that soul, O lost Byron!
In brilliantier hours,
Must have turn'd to its country—
Must still have been ours.

7.

Now slumber, bright spirit!
Thy body, in peace,
Sleeps with heroes and sages,
And poets of Greece;
While thy soul in the tongue of
Even greater than they,
Is embalm'd till the mountains
And seas pass away.

TICKLER.

Very well, indeed, ODoherty; I am glad to see that you really have some feeling about you still. Oh yes, man, that is what everybody must feel.

ODOHERTY.

Feel what?—why, what a proper old humbug you are, after all!—(*Sings.*)

1.

Oh! when I am departed and passed away,
Let's have no lamentations nor sounds of dismay—
Meet together, kind lads, o'er a three-gallon bowl,
And so toast the repose of ODoherty's soul.
Down, derry down.

2.

If my darling girl pass, gently bid her come in,
To join the libation she'll think it no sin;
Though she choose a new sweetheart, and doff the black gown,
She'll remember me kindly when down—down—down—
Down, derry down.

Were you deep in for it about the battle, Tickler?—I won five ponies on Spring—that was all I had done.

TICKLER.

I have cut the pugilistic mania ever since the Thurtell business—it quite disgusted me with the ring.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! stuff of stuffs;—you're getting crazy, I believe. I suppose you shut Redgauntlet, whenever you came to that capital murder of Nanty Ewart and Master Nixon—the best thing in the book, in my humble opinion.

HOGG.

An awfu' gruesome business, in truth. Weel, I think it's a very gude book, now, Redgauntlet. I consider it as a very decent novel. I read him through without stopping; and it was after supper, too, ere I got haud o' the chiel.

TICKLER.

Why, that's not the worst way of judging of such affairs, James. My case was pretty much the same. 'Tis a very excellent book, a spirit-stirring one, and a spirit-sustaining one. It never flags.

ODOHERTY.

I wish to God it had been written on in one even strain, no matter whether in the first or in the third person; but I hate all that botheration of Mr Latimer's narrative, Mr Fairford's narrative, and the Author of Waverley's narrative. Indeed it is obvious he had got sick of that stuff himself ere he reached the belly of the second volume, and had the sheets not gone to press, no doubt he would have altered it.

HOGG.

I really never noticed that there was onything out of the ordinary in this particular. I read it clean on, till I got baith sair een and a sair heart.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes—these are mere trifles. Give me such a stream of narrative, and give me one such glorious fellow as Auld Willie, and I'm pretty well off, I calculate. What a most terrific piece of diablerie that is, the story of the old Baron and his Baboon. By Jupiter, they may talk of their Sintrams and their Devil's Elixirs as long as they please. That's the best ghost story ever I read. I speak for myself—and how gloriously the Fiddler tells it, which, by the way, is, all things considered, not the smallest part of the feat. To make a cat-witted, old, blind creature like that tell such a tale, without for a moment using an expression out of his own character, and yet tell it with such portentous, thrilling energy, and even sublimity of effect—this, sirs, is the perfection, not of genius merely, but of taste and consummate art.

ODOHERTY.

Nanty Ewart for my money! Why, Byron might have written for fifty years without digging the fiftieth part so deep into the human heart—ay, even the blackguard human heart he is so fond of. The attempt to laugh—and the stammered "*Poor Jess!*"—and then that fearful sarcasm, "he is killing me—and I am only sorry he is so long about it."—These, sir, are the undying *qu'il mouruts* that will keep this lad afloat, although he should write books enough to fill the James Watt steam-boat.

HOGG.

I kent Peter Peebles brawlies—I've seen the doited body gaun gaping about the Parliament-House five hundred times—I forget his real name though. Peter's really a weel-drawn character—he's a very natural delineation, to my fancy.

TICKLER.

Natural delineation! Well-drawn character, indeed!—Come, come, Jamie, he's a prince, a king, an emperor of characters. Give us one such a character, sir, and we will hoist you up till old Stodhard's ridiculous caricature be realized, and the top-boots of the Ettrick Shepherd are seen plaited in the most intimate and endearing familiarity with the point-hose of Will Shakespeare. He's quite as good, sir, as any Malvolio, or Slender, that was ever painted by the hand of man. I build, in the true Catholic phrase, *super hunc Petrum.*

ODOHERTY.

Nothing is so disgusting to me as the chat of these Cockneyfied critics about those books. Prating, prating about fallings off, want of respect for the public, absurd haste, repetitions of Meg Merrilees, &c. &c. &c.—I trouble them to shew me the man that can give us a Meg Dods, or a Clara Mowbray, or one of these characters we have just been discussing. Till then, I spurn their balaam with my heels.—The only person I really was sorry to see joining in the beastly stuff was Tom Campbell—but, to be sure, his dotage is sufficiently evident, from many things besides that.

TICKLER.

Ay, ay, poor Ritter Bann! He has gone down hill with a vengeance, to be sure.

ODOHERTY.

Spurn we with our heels the Balaam and the Balaamites!—North, I suppose, will be squabashing them in the shape of a Review of Redgauntlet.

TICKLER.

Not he, i' faith. He was in a deuced rage with Ebony, for wanting him to have a review of it. He said he supposed the next thing would be to review Homer's Iliad, and the Psalms of David. And after all, Kit is so far right—everybody has read a book of that sort as soon as yourself, and there being nothing new in the *kind* of talent it displays, most people are just as able as any of us to make a decent judgment. When another Ivanhoe, or anything ranking as the commencement of another flight altogether, makes its appearance, then, no doubt, the old lad will touch the trumpet again—not I think, till then.

ODOHERTY.

He is getting crustier and crustier every day.—One can scarcely get him to put in the least puff now, merely to oblige a friend. Ebony does not like to speak to him on the subject, particularly when his gout is flying about in this horrid way; but *entre nous*, he is by no means satisfied with old Christopher. He seldom or never mentions any of Blackwood's books, which to me, I must own, seems deuced unfair. But he's so capricious, the old cock—There is Gilbert Earle, now, a really clever thing too—but that ought to have been nothing, either here or there, when I asked him so small a favour. I sent him one of the handiest little articles on Master Gilbert you ever saw, and, by Jupiter, back it came by return of the caddie, with just this scrawled on the top in red ink, or beet-root sauce, I rather think. "Out upon Novels"—these were the words of the Carmudgeon.

HOGG.

Out upon Novels! keep us a'!

TICKLER.

Gad! I almost sympathize with Christopherus—there positively is too great a crop—but *sans phrase*, now, what sort of a concern is this same Gilbert Earle?

ODOHERTY.

Why, it is a work of real talent—I assure you—'pon honour it is—a very clever work indeed—and besides, it is published by Knight, a lad for whom I have a particular regard—'Tis a most melancholy tale—both the subject and the style are after Adam Blair, but that does not prevent the author's exhibiting great and original talent in many of the descriptions.—By the by, he would suit you exactly in one thing, Hogg. Such a hand for describing a pretty woman, has not often fallen in your way, I calculate. Upon my soul, I'm not very inflammable you know, and yet some of his pieces of this kind almost took away my breath—But read the book, lads, for yourselves—ask for "Some account of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq," written by himself, and published by Mr Knight. You will find the author to be one of these true fellows who blend true pathos with true luxury. Some of his bits, by the by, may have caught your eye already, for he published one or two specimens of the affair in the Album.

TICKLER.

A clever and gentlemanlike periodical, which I am truly sorry to find stopped—at least I suppose it is so, for I have not lately heard the name. There were some capital contributors to that concern.

ODOHERTY.

I believe North has now enlisted some of the best of them; but not the author of the said Gilbert Earle, he being a Whig. He is a devilish nice lad, however, for all that.

TICKLER.

I perceive, ODoherty, that you have no notion of impartial criticism. You always sit down with a fixed resolution to abuse a fellow up hill and down dale, or else to laud him to the Empyrean. I suspect you are capricious as to these matters.

ODOHERTY.

Not at all. I always abuse my enemies, and puff my friends. So do all the rest of the lads "of the WE," if they had the candour to confess things—but that they have not, wherefore let perdition be their portion. I, for my part, have no hesitation in avowing that I consider Burns's best, truest, and most touching line to be,

"They had been fu' for weeks together."

How could one hesitate about puffing him whose cigar-case has never been closed upon his fingers? Do you know why Jeffrey has been so severe of late upon Doctor Southey?

TICKLER.

Impertinence, that's all—though I admit there *is* a pretty considerable d—d deal of humbug about him (*ut yankice loquar.*)

ODOHERTY.

The reason of Jeffrey's spleen is obvious. The laureate invited him to *tea!*—invite a literary character of rank to a dish of catlap, and a thin, scraggy,

dry, *butter-brodt*, as the Germans call it, in their superb and now popularish dialect. Why, there's no saying what might have happened, had he set down the little man to a plate of hot kipper, or some nice fried trouts, and then a bowl of cold punch, or a bottle of sauterne or markebrunner. That is the way to treat an editor of that magnitude, when he calls on you in your country house in the evening of a fine summer's day—more particularly when, as I believe Jeffrey's case really was, the said editor has dined at an earlier hour than he is accustomed to, and when, as I also understand to have been the fact on this occasion, the lad is evidently quite sober. In such circumstances the notion of the tea was a real *betise*. Southey was always a spoon; but I wonder Coleridge could sit by without recollecting what sort of an appearance it would have, and tipping Betty a hint to bring in the broth.

HOGG.

The broth! Het kail to the four hours, Captain?

ODOHERTY.

Was *Broth* the word I used. I have been in Glasgow lately, you know. It has the same meaning there with punch—cold lime and rum punch, I mean—the best liquifier, perhaps, that has yet been invented for this season of the year. I prefer it, I confess, both to Sangaree and Brandy Panny. These are morning tipples decidedly.

TICKLER.

Come, you're getting into your Maxim vein, I think. You are becoming a perfect Solomon of Soakers, Ensign. You should have called it the Code ODoherty, sir, and produced it at once in a handy, little, juridical-looking, punchy double duodecimo. The work would be much referred to.

ODOHERTY.

I am great in my legislatorial capacity, I admit. Nothing equal to me in my own department. As Byron has expressed it, I am at present

The Grand Napoleon of the realm of punch,

or, rather, it should be of *paunch*, for of late I've been patronizing both sides of the victualling office.

TICKLER.

Yes, you've been poaching in every corner of Kitchener's preserve. By the way, how does the Doctor take up with your interference?

ODOHERTY.

Oh! admirably—We understand each other thoroughly. Kitchener—his name, by the by, settles all disputes about the doctrine of predestination—Kitchener is a prime little fellow—an excellent creature as earth contains. Why, here's a man that has written three or four of the very best books our age hath witnessed, as the puff-maker says; and what's far better, my hearties, he gives one of the very best feeds going—quite the dandy—such sauces! By jingo, I admire a man of this stamp.

HOGG.

Deil doubts you—Wha doesna admire them that can give ye baith a gude book and a gude dinner? For my part, I admire a man that gives me the bare bit dinner, just itsell, without ony books.

ODOHERTY.

The bare bit dinner! Oh, you savage! You have no more right, sir, to open that cod's-mouth of yours, for the purpose of uttering one syllable on any subject connected with eating or drinking, than Macvey Napier has to mention Bacon, or Professor Leslie to stand for the Hebrew chair, or a Negro or a Phrenologist to be classed among the genus *rationale*.—The bare dinner! Oh, ye beast!

HOGG.

Some folk have a braw notion of themsells, Captain.

ODOHERTY.

If I could choose now—if I had Fortunatus's cap in good earnest—I'll tell you how I would do—By Jericho, I would breakfast with Lord Fife at Marr Lodge—Such pasties! such cakes! what a glorious set out, to be sure!—I should then keep stepping southwards—take my basin of mulligatawny and glass of cherry-brandy at Mrs Montgomery's here *en passant*—get on to Belvoir, or Burleigh, or some of these grand places on the road, in time for dinner,

and tap just about twelve at the door of the Blue Posts—Prime whiskey-punch there, sirs. If you were here, I might probably trace back a bit so as to drop in upon your third bowl.

HOGG.

Hear to the craving ne'er-do-weel!—You'll not be a lang liver, I can tell you, Captain, if you go on at this rate. You ought to marry a wife, sir, and sit down for a decent, respectable head of a family—you've had your braw spell of devilry now. Marry some bit bonny body of an heiress, man, and turn ower a new leaf.

ODOHERTY.

With a gilt edge, you purpose. Well, I have some thoughts of the thing—the worst of it is, that I am getting oldish now, and deucedly nice—and I really distrust myself too. I have serious apprehensions that I might turn out rather a quisquis sort of a Benedict. Hang it! I've been too long on the hill—they could never break me now—But I'll try some day—that's obvious.

HOGG.

You'll easily get an heiress, man, wi' that grand lang nose o' yours, and thae bonny, bonny legs, and that fine yellow curly head of hair.

ODOHERTY, (*aside.*)

Bond Street growth—but no matter.

HOGG.

And, aboon a', your leeterary name—Od, man, I ken twa leddies in the Cowgate that wad fain, fain have me to bring ye some night to your tea—Bonny birds, Captain—Will ye gang?

ODOHERTY.

You be skinned!

TICKLER.

I'll tell you what my real views are, ODoherty.—Hang it, I don't see why you should not take up a Scots Baronetcy as well as the Bishop of Winchester, or, as Johnny Murray called him, Mr Winton. I suppose this sort of concern don't stand one much higher than an Aberdeen degree. I really would have you think of it. Sir Morgan and Lady ODoherty request the honour——Lady ODoherty's carriage stops the way!—Sir Morgan ODoherty's cabriolet!!—By Jove, the thing is arranged!—You *must* be a baronet, my dear Signifer.

ODOHERTY.

Hum!—Well, to oblige you, I shan't much object to such a trifle. How shall I set about it, then, Timothy?

TICKLER.

Poo!—Find out that there was some ODoherty, of course there were many,—but no matter for that—in the army of M'Fadyen, the lad that flung his own head after Lieutenant-General Sir William Wallace, Baronet, K.T. and C.G.B.—or in the armies of Montrose—which, by the by, were almost all of them Irish armies; *secundo*, Find out that this glorious fellow—being, of course, (as all gentlemen in those days were,) a Knight-Bachelor—had been *once*—no matter from what beastly ignorance, or from what low, fawning vulgarity, *addressed* as a Baronet. Then, *tertio*, have a few of us assembled at Ambrose's some day at five o'clock, and the job is done.—I myself have frequently acted as Chancellor.—I am quite *au fait*.

ODOHERTY.

Why, as to the first of these points, I have no doubt there must have been some ODoherties here in Montrose's time.—As to the second, it obviously *must* be so; and, as to the third, by Jupiter, name your day!

TICKLER.

This day three weeks—six o'clock sharp. I stipulate for a green goose, and a glass of your own genuine usquebaugh.

ODOHERTY.

Thou hast said it!—stinginess would ill beseem a man of my rank. I trust his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands will be here in time to join us. I am told he is a hearty cock.

TICKLER.

To be serious—I was really amazed to see John Bull, honest lad, going into the Prettyman Humbug. It is very likely, indeed, that the worthy Bishop himself is by no means aware of the absurdity of the system under which he supposes himself to have acquired the orange ribbon of Nova Scotia. He has probably been led—but no matter, as to one particular case. The fact is, that, if they wished to give us a real boon, they ought to look to this subject—the people above stairs, I mean.—They ought to bring in a bill, requiring that the man who wishes to assume any title of honour in Scotland ought to do the same thing which the House of Lords demands when a man wishes to take up a peerage of Scotland. If that were done, the public would be satisfied, and the individual would be safe from that annoyance, to which he must be subjected so long as matters are managed in the present ridiculous and most unlawyer-like method. Why, only consider what it is that the jury (Heaven bless the name!) does in such a case. The claimant appears, and demands to be recognised as the heir of such a man, who died two, three, or four centuries ago. Well, he proves himself to have *some blood relation* to the defunct. The *factio juris* is, that when a man makes such a claim, those, if there be any, that have a better title—a nearer propinquity—will, of course, appear and shew fight; and, in the absence of any such appearance, the work of the said noble jury is at once finished. Now, in the case of a man making a claim, which, if allowed, will give him a certain number of acres, no doubt the chances are infinitesimally small, that any person, concerned from his own interests in the redarguing of the said claim, will fail to come forth to give battle. Nay, even in the case of a Scotchman, of a Scotch family well-known in the history, or at least in the records of the country, coming forward with a claim, the object of which is a mere honorary matter, such as a title of baronet, the chances are not very great, that, in a small nation, where everybody knows everybody, and where all are very much taken up about titular trifles,—the chances are not great, that even a claimant of this order will be allowed to walk the course: But in the case of an Englishman, of whose family nobody in Scotland ever heard a word, coming down, and wanting a title, to which nobody in Scotland can of course have any claim—in this case, no doubt, the most perfect apathy must prevail. The Bishop *may* be in the right; but I, and all the world besides, must continue to regard with suspicion the assumption of a title, the patent for which is *not* produced, unless the clearest evidence as to the tenor of the patent be produced.

ODOHERTY.

Then what is the Bishop's way to get out of the scrape?

TICKLER.

Why, in the present state of matters, I see but one. He ought to bring an action before the Court of Session against some friend of his, no matter about what, assuming the style of baronet in his "summons," as we call it—that is, in his original writ. The friend may put in his objection to the style under which the Bishop sues, and then the Court will be open to hear him defend his right to use the said style. In this way the whole matter may be cleared up.

HOGG.

There's naebody cares ae boddle about sic matters—they're a' just clean havers. I own I do like to hear of a real grand auld name like the house of MARR being restored to their ain. That is a thing to please a Scottish heart. The Earl of Marr! There's not a nobler sound in Britain.

TICKLER.

Quite so, Hogg. But was ever such beastliness as Brougham's? Why, in seconding Peel's motion for dispensing with the personal appearance of an old gentleman of near ninety in London, what topic, think ye, does this glorious fellow dare to make the ground on which he (Brougham) solicits the indulgence of Parliament? Why, this—that Mr Erskine of Marr is distinguished for his *liberal opinions!!!* Egregious puppy! what had old Marr's politics to do with the matter? They are Whig, and so much the worse for him; but conceive only the bad taste—the abominable taste—of this fellow's lugging in the old man's whiggery as a recommendation of him to the House of Commons, at the very moment when the House was about to pass a bill conferring

high honours on the old man—a bill originating, no doubt, in the high personal feelings of the King, but still owing its existence there to the support of the King's Tory ministers. Such insolence is really below all contempt. I wonder Peel did not give him a wipe or two in return.

ODOHERTY.

The sulky insolent ——!

HOGG.

The born gowk!

TICKLER.

For cool, rancorous, deliberate impudence, give me, among all Whigs, Brougham! Only think of *his* daring, after all that has happened, to say one word in the House of Commons, when the topic before them referred, in any degree, however remote, to an act of generous and magnanimous condescension of that monarch, whom, on the Queen's trial, he and his friend Denman dared to speak of as, we can never forget, they did!

ODOHERTY.

I confess Brougham is a fine specimen.—By the way, what is all this piece of work about changes in your Scots Courts of Law?

TICKLER.

It is a piece of work originating in the by no manner of means unnatural aversion of the Chancellor, to a law of which he is ignorant, and carried on by the base and fawning flattery (which he should have seen through) of certain low Scotch Whigs, who, nourishing the vile hope that, change once introduced, changes may be multiplied, are too happy to find, in the best Tory of England, their ally in a plan, which has for its real object the destruction of all that is most dear and valuable to Scotland, and of course held and prized as such by the Tories of Scotland. But the low arts by which the whole affair has been got up and got on—the absurdity of the proposed innovations, and, in particular, the pitiable imbecility with which the whole real concerns of the Jury Court—that *job*—are blinked—all these things shall ere long be exposed in a full, and, I hope, a satisfactory manner. I shall demolish them in ten pages—down—down—down shall they lie—never to rise again—or my name is not Timothy.

ODOHERTY.

A letter to Jeffrey, I suppose?

TICKLER.

Even so let it be. My word, I'll give him a dose.

HOGG.

It's ay a pleasure to you to be paiking at him—I wonder you're not wearied o't.

TICKLER.

I am wearied of it—but duty, Hogg, duty!

HOGG.

It's my duty to tell you, that the bottom of the bowl has been visible this quarter of an hour. (*Rings.*)

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WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A work, entitled Views in Australia, containing Plates with Illustrations of New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land, is about to be published in numbers, to commence next month.

A Voyage to Cochin China. By John White, lieutenant in the United States Navy.

Excursions through Cornwall, embellished with Fifty Engravings. By W. F. L. Stockdale, Esq., late of the East India Company's service.

W. Buchanan, Esq. has in the press Memoirs of Painting, containing a chronological history of the different collections of Pictures of importance which have been brought to Great Britain since the French Revolution.

A Short History of the Christian Church, from its first erection at Jerusalem, to the present times; designed chiefly for the use of Schools, and for those persons with whom the size of Milner's Church History would be an objection. By the Rev. John Fry, B. A.

A Diagram, Illustrative of the Foundation of the Human Character, suggested by Mr Owen's Development of a new View of Society.

In the press, Facts, verified upon Oath, in contradiction of the Report of the Rev. Thomas Cooper, concerning the general condition of the Slaves in Jamaica, and more especially relative to the management and treatment of the Slaves upon Georgia estate, in the parish of Hanover, in that island.

A work is announced for publication, entitled, The Oratory, or Devotional Anthology.

Five Years' Residence in the Canadas, including a Tour through the United States of America, in 1823. By E. A. Talbot, Esq. is in the press.

No. I. is in the press, of Civil and Military Costume of the City of London, to be published in Monthly Parts, in imperial folio. By T. L. Busby.

The Relapse, or True and False Morality.

Memoirs of Eminently Pious Men; containing lives of the confessors, reformers, and martyrs, of the English Church, eminent clergymen, and laymen. Intended as a companion to the Memoirs of eminently Pious Women of the British empire.

Specimens, selected and translated, of the Lyric Poetry of the Minessingers, of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa and the succeeding emperors of the Suabian Dynasty: illustrated by similar specimens of the Troubadours, and other contemporary lyric schools of Europe; with historical, critical, and biographical remarks, is now in the press.

A Statement of the Principal Facts, in the Public Lite of Augustin de Iturbide. Written by himself, with a Preface by the Translator, and an Appendix of Documents.

A new edition is in the press of a Treatise on Ruptures. By William Lawrence, F. R. S.

A Course of Sermons for the Year; containing two for each Sunday, and one for each holiday; abridged from eminent divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the service of the day; intended for the use of families and schools, by the Rev. J. R. Pitman, are announced for early publication.

Muscologia Britannica; containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described; with Plates illustrative of the character of the Genera and Species. By William Jackson Hooker, F. R. S. A. S. L., &c. and Thomas Taylor, M. D. M. R. I. A., and F. L. S., &c.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, historical, practical, and descriptive. By John Farey, jun., engineer. 1 vol. 4to. With illustrative plates and cuts.

A Second Edition of Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures. In Three Parts. 1. From the Geography of the East. 2. From the Natural History of the East. 3. From the Customs of Ancient and Modern Nations. By the Rev. George Paxton. Is in course of publication.

The Sisters of Narsfield. A Tale for Young Women. By the Author of the Stories of Old Daniell, &c.

The Emigrant's Note Book, with Recollections of Upper and Lower Canada during the late War. By Lieut. Morgan, H. P. late 2d Battalion R. M. With a map. Will soon appear.

Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Richard Wilson, R.A. With some Account of his Lire, and Remarks on his Landscapes. By T. Wright, Esq.

Physiological Fragments; to which are added Supplementary Observations, to shew that Vital and Chemical Energies are of the same Nature, and both derived from Solar Light. By John Bywater.

The Etymologic Interpreter; or an Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Part I. Containing a full Development of the Principles

of Etymology and Grammar. By James Gilchrist.

An Essay on the Beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure. By Robert A. Slaney, Esq.

Typographia; or the Printer's Instructor. By J. Johnston, printer. Dedicated, by permission, to the Roxburghe Club.

The Rev. R. Roe has in the press the Principles of Rhythm, both in Speech and Music, especially as exhibited in the Mechanism of English Verse.

Mr Thomson is about to publish a Treatise on the Distribution of Wealth, shewing what are the Natural Laws of Distribution, as connected with Human Happiness, derivable from, and application of the same to, the newly proposed "System of Voluntary Equality of Wealth."

A Fourth Volume of the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

Washington Irving has in the press a volume entitled Tales by a Traveller.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved. By L. M. Hawkins.

A Short History of the Horse. By Bracey Clarke.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. J. H. Vernon, is in the press.

A Poem, entitled the Slave, is about to appear.

Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq., including a History of the Stage, from the time of Garrick to the present period. By J. Boaden. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr Conrad Cooke has in the press a New and Complete System of Cookery.

In the Press, Letters from North America, written during a Tour of nearly 8000 Miles in the United States and Canada. By Adam Hodgson.

Mr Wolstenholme, York, has in the press an Account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival, held in September last; by a Member of the Committee of Management. It will be preceded by a brief notice of the Abbey Festivals, and of the History of Music subsequent to the publication of Dr Burney's Work; the materials for which are so widely scattered that any attempt to concentrate them must be highly useful. The work will be printed in royal 4to., and ornamented with two elegant engravings of the interior of the Minster, and other plates.

The History of Waterford, which we announced some time ago as preparing for the press, by the Rev. Richard Ryland, will be published by Mr Murray in the course of a few days.

In a few days will be published, in a pocket volume, with an elegant frontispiece, Letters between Amelia in London, and her Mother in the Country, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq., the popular author of the Three Tours of Doctor Syntax.

The Ashantees. We understand that Mr Dupuis, late his Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a Journal of his Residence in that Kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war. It will comprise also his Notes and Researches relative to the Gold Coast, and the interior of Western Africa, chiefly collected from Arabic Manuscripts, and information communicated by the Moslems of Guinea.

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Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription the Historical Works of Sir James Balfour of Kinnaird, Lord Lyon King at Arms under King Charles I., from the original and hitherto unpublished Manuscripts preserved in the Library of the Honourable the Faculty of Advocates. This publication (which we understand is nearly ready) will form four large volumes in octavo; will be embellished with a Portrait of the Author, from an Original Picture, and illustrated with a Prefatory Memoir. The impression will be limited to 500 copies, printed with a new set of types, on wove paper of the finest quality. The price to Subscribers will not exceed L.2, 16s. Fifty copies will be struck off on an extra fine paper.

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A Glance at the Salmon Fisheries of Scotland, with regard to the Stake Net Question. By a Salmon Fisher.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*June* 16.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 38s. 0d.	1st,...27s. 0d.	1st,.....27s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.
2d, ...34s. 0d.	2d, ...—s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.
3d, ...27s. 0d.	3d, ...—s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 6d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.

Average £1, 14*s.* 6*d.* 3-12ths.

Tuesday, June 15.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4½d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.
Pork	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	17s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*June* 11.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...38s. 0d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st; ...27s. 0d.	1st, ...27s. 0d.	1st, ...27s. 0d.
2d, ...34s. 0d.	2d, ... 27s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d, ...24s. 0d.	2d, ...24s. 0d.
3d, ...30s. 0d.	3d, ... 24s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.

Average £1, 14*s.* 4*d.* 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 5.

Wheat, 63s. 8d.—Barley, 33s. 2d.—Oats, 26s. 4d.—Rye, 42s. 6d.—Beans, 38s. 5d.—Pease, 37s. 6d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3*d to* 24*th May* 1824.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	243½	242½ 1½	—	235 4 5
3 per cent. reduced,	95½ ⅝	95½ ⅜	95½ ⅜	95⅛ 4⅞ 5
3 per cent. consols,	96⅛ ⅛ ¼	96⅛	96¼ ½	95⅞ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	101⅜ ⅞	101⅞	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	100⅝ ¾	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	108⅝ ¾	108⅜ ¼	108⅛ ⅞	108 7¾ 8⅛
India stock,	—	299½	—	—
—— bonds,	81 79 pr.	75 80 pr.	75 76 pr.	77 75 pr.
Exchequer bills,	50 49 51	34 40 34	28 46 pr	37 34 33
Exchequer bills, sm.	49 50 pr	30 32 pr.	39 47 pr.	—
Consols for acc.	96 ⅜ ⅛ ½	96 ¾ ⅛ ¼	96½ ¼ ⅛	95 ⅞ ¾
Long Annuities,	23 1-16	—	22⅞ 15-16	22 13-16
French 5 per cents.	—	104f. 15c.	—	104f. 50c.

Course of Exchange, June 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 19¼. Rotterdam, 12 : 2½. Antwerp, 12 : 3½. Hamburgh, 37 : 3½. Altona, 0 : 0. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 40. Ditto 25 : 65. Bourdeaux, 0 : 0. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburgh, per rble. 0 : 0. *Us.* Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 5. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 5. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37⅜. Cadiz, 36⅜. Bilboa, 36¼. Seville, 36¼. Malaga, 36¼. Gibraltar, 0. Leghorn, 47¼. Genoa, 44¼. Venice, 0 : 0. Naples, 38¼ Palermo, 115¼. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 0. Bahia, 0. Dublin, 0. per cent. Cork, 0. per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d.
New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11¾d.

PRICES CURRENT, *June* 12.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	60	54	56	52	53	53	54
Mid. good, and fine mid.	67	73	—	—	—	—	55	61
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	70	72	68	70
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	102	115	—	—	—	—	107	112
Powder ditto, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	90
Single ditto, . . .	90	104	87	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	82	88	82	84	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	82	—	78	80	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	33	38	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25	25 6	23 9	24	25	26	26	27
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	60	70	—	—	40	60	50	56
Ord. good, and fine ord.	88	98	59	76	57	72	57	67
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108	120	80	95	73	96	76	104
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	66	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	59	76	67	78	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	80	97	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	60	62	61	64
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	7½	8	7	7½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0	—	1s 11d	2s 0	1s 11d	2s 0d	1s 9d	2s 0
Brandy, ...	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 9	3 0
Geneva, ...	2 0	2 3	—	—	—	—	1 9	2 0
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6	4 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£48	£50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 5	8 15	£8 0	— —
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 10	9	— —	— —
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	— —	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	8 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	10 0	10 10	9	10 0
INDIGO, Caracccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	9s 0	10s 6	11 0	13 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 11	1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	3 6	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 9	2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	15 0	16 0	12 0	14 0
Archangel, ...	17 0	17 6	—	—	—	—	16 0	18 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	12 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 6	—	37	—	36 6	—	34 9	—
Home melted, ...	36	—	—	—	—	—	29 0	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41	41 10	—	—	—	—	£38 0	39
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	37	38	38	—	39	40	35 0	35 10
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	45	—	—	—	—	—	£46	53
Dutch, ...	50	75	—	—	—	—	46	56
Irish, ...	33	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	95	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40	41	—	—	—	—	36 6	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	41	42	40	41	38 6	39	41	42
Pot, . . .	38	—	36	—	34 6	—	41	42 6
OIL, Whale, . tun,	20	—	21	2	—	—	19	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 10	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¾	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 7½	0
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¼	0 3¾	0 5	4	5
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	2¾
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 7½	0 9½	0 8	0 9	8	9
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 2	1 5	1 0	1 9
Good, . . .	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0½	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 10	1 0	0 10½	1 0½	0 10½	1 0½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 7½	10	—	—
Pernambuco, . .	—	—	0 10½	0 11½	0 11½	1 0	0 11	—
Maranham,	—	—	0 10½	0 11	0 10¾	0 11¾	—	—

London, Corn Exchange, June 7.

	s.			s.	
Wheat, red, old	62	to 70	Maple, new	—	to —
Fine ditto . .	50	to 56	White pease .	37	to 40
Superfine ditto	62	to 64	Ditto, boilers .	41	to 43
Ditto, new . .	42	to 48	Small Beans, new	42	to 45
White, old .	68	to 76	Ditto, old . .	44	to 48
Fine ditto . .	54	to 62	Tick ditto, new	35	to 40
Superfine ditto	68	to 70	Ditto, old .	40	to 42
Ditto, new .	48	to 52	Feed oats . .	21	to 24
Rye	38	to 44	Fine ditto . .	25	to 27
Barley, new .	30	to 32	Poland ditto .	23	to 24
Fine ditto . .	33	to 35	Fine ditto . .	26	to 29
Superfine ditto	36	to 38	Potato ditto .	25	to 28
Malt	53	to 56	Fine ditto . .	24	to 31
Fine	58	to 62	Scotch . . .	32	to 35
Hog Pease .	35	to 37	Flour, per sack	55	to 60
Maple . . .	38	to 40	Ditto, seconds	50	to 55

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. White, .	7	to 12 0	Hempseed .	—	to — 0
— Brown, new	10	to 16 0	Linseed, crush.	28	to 48 0
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 5 0	— Ditto, Feed	47	to 51 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	42	to 47 0	Rye Grass, .	22	to 37 0
Turnips, bsh.	6	to 10 0	Ribgrass, . .	40	to 60 0
— Red & green	—	to — 0	Clover, red cwt.	44	to 83 0
— Yellow,	0	to 0 0	— White . . .	57	to 94 0
Caraway, cwt.	48	to 56 0	Coriander . .	8	to 13 0
Canary, per qr.	58	to 65 0	Trefoil	3	to 16 0

Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £24, 0s.

Liverpool, June 8.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					Amer. p. 196 lb.			
Eng. new	9	6	to 10	4	Sweet, U.S.	22	0	to 25 0
Foreign . .	9	6	to 11	3	Do. in bond	—	0	to — 0
Waterford	8	0	to 8	9	Sour free .	—	0	to — 0
Drogheda	8	3	to 9	0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.			
Dublin	8	0	to 8	9	English	30	0	to 36 0
Scotch old	9	0	to 10	6	Scotch . .	32	0	to 34 0
Irish old .	8	6	to 9	9	Irish . . .	30	0	to 37 0
Bonded .	4	0	to 5	6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	6	to 1 8
Barley, per 60 lbs.								
Eng. new	5	0	to 5	6	*Butter, Beef, &c.*			
Scotch . .	4	9	to 5	3	Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.	
Irish . .	4	6	to 5	0	Belfast, new	—	0	to — 0
Oats, per 45 lb.					Newry . .	—	0	to — 0
Eng. new	3	8	to 3	11	Waterford .	92	0	to 94 0
Irish do. .	3	9	to 3	10	Cork, pic. 2d,	91	0	to 92 0
Scotch pota.	3	8	to 4	0	3d dry	80	0	to — 0
Rye, per qr.	40	0	to 44	0	Beef, p. tierce.			
Malt per b.	8	9	to 9	0	— Mess	70	0	to 78 0
—Middling	8	0	to 8	6	— p. barrel	45	0	to 50 0
Beans, per q.					Pork, p. bl.			
English .	40	0	to 46	0	— Mess .	76	0	to 78 0
Irish . .	40	0	to 44	0	— Middl. .	73	0	to 75 0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£23	to 24			Bacon, p. cwt.			
Pease, grey	34	0	to 40	0	Short mids.	50	0	to 52 0
—White .	44	0	to 48	0	Sides . .	48	0	to 50 0
Flour, English,					Hams, dry,	52	0	to 56 0
p. 240 lb. fine	46	0	to 54	0	Green . .	38	0	to 42 0
Irish, 2ds	44	0	to 52	0	Lard, rd. p.c.	45	0	to 48 0

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M. 44½	29.440	M. 59	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 54	.598	A. 59		sunshine.
2	M. 50	.760	M. 59	W.	Ditto.
	A. 51	.729	A. 60		
3	M. 39	.634	M. 56	NE.	Fair foren.
	A. 49	.402	A. 50		rain aftern.
4	M. 34½	.307	M. 48	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 42	.360	A. 48		sunshine.
5	M. 36	.495	M. 53	W.	Ditto.
	A. 49	.519	A. 55		
6	M. 32	.575	M. 54	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 46	.575	A. 54		
7	M. 39	.646	M. 55	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A. 46	.640	A. 56		aftern. dull.
8	M. 41	.998	M. 56	Cble.	Morn. dull,
	A. 50	.998	A. 55		day sunsh.
9	M. 37	.999	M. 54	Cble.	Day sunsh.
	A. 47	.958	A. 56		even. foggy.
10	M. 44	.830	M. 61	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A. 58	.882	A. 56		dull aftern.
11	M. 37	.946	M. 54	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 44	.798	A. 49		sunshine.
12	M. 36	.820	M. 56	E.	Shower of
	A. 45	.760	A. 51		rain noon.
13	M. 31	.744	M. 55	E.	Night frost,
	A. 46	.684	A. 52		day sunsh.
14	M. 32	.632	M. 50	NE.	Dull and
	A. 41	.623	A. 49		cold.
15	M. 34	.580	M. 50	NE.	Night frost,
	A. 45	.622	A. 50		day dull, cld.
16	M. 34½	.753	M. 51	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 46	.650	A. 56		
Mar. 17	M. 35	29.528	M. 56	W.	Dull foren.
	A. 52	.500	A. 55		sunsh. aft.
18	M. 38½	.552	M. 53	Cble.	Sh. rain mn.
	A. 48	.540	A. 52		sh. hail aft.
19	M. 31	.520	M. 50	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 41	.460	A. 48		day cble.
20	M. 26	.425	M. 48	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 41	.539	A. 47		day shrs. hail.
21	M. 31	.632	M. 48	NW.	Morn. frost.
	A. 42	.742	A. 50		day dull.
22	M. 34	.730	M. 52	W.	Ditto.
	A. 46	.672	A. 54		
23	M. 42	.625	M. 57	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A. 55	.656	A. 56		sh. rain aft.
24	M. 45	.754	M. 58	Cble.	Fair, mild,
	A. 57	.848	A. 58		rather dull.
25	M. 44	.960	M. 63	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 58	.940	A. 62		suns. warm.
26	M. 43	30.180	M. 63	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A. 59	.260	A. 64		dull aftern.
27	M. 43	.345	M. 64	W.	Fair, with
	A. 59	.350	A. 66		sunshine.
28	M. 43	.308	M. 65	Cble.	Fair, warm,
	A. 57	.180	A. 62		rather dull.
29	M. 40½	29.999	M. 59	Cble.	Very foggy.
	A. 47	.837	A. 59		
30	M. 42	.725	M. 61	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 53	.580	A. 60		suns. warm.
31	M. 42	.571	M. 59	SE.	Foggy, mild,
	A. 52	.693	A. 56		sh. rain. aft.

Average of Rain, .534 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of April, and 20th of May, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Barker, J. Butler's-alley, Little Moorfields, silk-manufacturer.
Barnet, C. Barlow-mews, Bruton-street, horse-dealer.
Bath, W. Copenhagen-house, Islington, victualler.
Bentley, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant.
Betts, J. T. Temple-place, Blackfriar's-road, wine-merchant.
Bochsa, N. C. Bryanstone-street, teacher of music.
Bowes, J. Battersea, carpenter.
Broady, W. Old Jewry, woollen-warehouseman.
Brown, T. Chelmarsh, Shropshire, farmer.
Butt, W. P. Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, grocer.
Clark, W. H. and R. Clement, High Holborn, linen-drapers.
Cooke, T. Banbury, mealman.
Corbet, B. O. Friday-street, linen-draper.
Corfield, C. W. Norwich, carrier.
Critchley, M. Crooklands, Westmoreland, coal-dealer.
Crole, D. Old Broad-street, stock-broker.
Crooke, H. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Dacre, G. H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, merchant.
Dale, T. Old Bell Inn, Holborn, coach-master.
Davis, S. Devenport, grocer.
Davis, W. Lewisham, corn-dealer.
Dawe, J. Hellingtown-mills, Devonshire, miller.
Douthwaite, C. Pancras-lane, wine-merchant.
Durham, J. New Cut, Lambeth-marsh, oilman.
Eaton, G. Upper-Thames-street, stationer.
Edey, E. L. Charing-cross, coffeehouse-keeper.
Ella, S. Noble-street, shoemaker.
Emens, W. Barnsbury-row, Islington, stationer.
Featherstonhaugh, M. G. Bishopwearmouth, merchant.
Fisher, F. Austin-friars, merchant.
Flashborn, E. Wakefield, victualler.
Foster, J. Tring, Herts, victualler.
Gilbert, J. A. George-lane, Botolph-lane, merchant.
Graham, M. Union-street, glass-dealer.
Groves, L. Sheffield, saw-maker.
Gruncisen, C. Lower Cumming-street, Pentonville, merchant.
Harris, T. Egg, Buckland, and F. Harris, of Devonport, butchers.
Haselden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer.
Heyden, W. Liverpool, coach-maker.
Hodson, J. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
Holgate, G. and T. Burnley, Lancashire, bankers.
Holbrook, J. Derby, grocer.
Jackman, W. Horsforth, Yorkshire, miller.
Jackson, W. High Holborn, victualler.
Jepson, J. Congleton, spirit-merchant.
Johnson, W. Worksop, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer.
Keast, J. East Looe, Cornwall, scrivener.
Kennedy, H. Brighton, carpenter.
Kerbey, O. T. Finch-lane, stock-broker.
Lansley, W. Andover, carpenter.
Manifold, J. Kendal, skinner.
Morgan, J. Bedford-street, Commercial-road, victualler.
Mortimer, R. Scholefield, Yorkshire, dyer.
Narraway, J. Bristol, fellmonger.
Neilson, J. Cheltenham, tea-dealer.
Palling, W. Old South Sea-house, merchant.
Petty, R. Manchester, joiner.
Plaw, J. New Kent-road, grocer.
Procter, J. Oxford-street, wine-merchant.
Ramsden, R. Wandsworth, coach proprietor.
Ree, J. and P. Sanders, Cobb's-yard, Middlesex-street, Whitechapel, rag-merchants.
Rees, B. Haverfordwest, linen-draper.
Rhodes, J. Heywood, Lancashire, house-carpenter.
Roberts, T. A. Montford-place, Kennington-green, coal-merchant.
Roscow, H. Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer.
Rutt, N. Coleman-street, painter.
Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor.
Sargent, G. F. Marlborough-place, Great Peter-street, patent leather dresser.
Sawtell, T. Somerton, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
Shackles, W. Hull, linen-draper.
Sintenis, W. F. Langbourne-chambers, merchant.
Sloggett, J. jun. Bath, hosier.
Smith, A. Beech-street, timber-merchant.
Smith, P. Petticoat-lane, spirit-merchant.
Smith, T. Kentish-town, bookseller.
Sudbury, W. Reading, coach-maker.
Tomkinson, S. Burslem, manufacturer of earthen-ware.
Townsend, R. and S. Nottingham, cutlers.
Twaddle, W. C. Hertford, draper.
Tweed, J. Darby-street, Rosemary-lane, cabinet-maker.
Wall, J. Brentford-butts, broker.
Welsby, W. Manchester, innkeeper.
Whitehouse, J. and W. N. Wolverhampton, factors.
Whiting, T. Oxford, mercer.
Wild, J. Burslem, victualler.
Wilson, T. Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, undertaker.
Wise, S. and C. Brinchley, Maidstone, paper-makers.
Wood, H. J. and J. Chandos-street, haberdashers.
Wreaks, J. Sheffield, saw manufacturer.
Yates, J. C. Rosemary-lane, chinaman.
York, A. Birmingham, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st of May, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Christie, Peter, grocer and spirit-dealer in Perth.
Coghill, Alexander, merchant and fish-curer in Wick.
Haygarth, Thomas, furniture-dealer and commission agent in Edinburgh.
Liddel, Robert, grocer, brewer, and baker, at Blantyre-toll.
Neilson, Michael, merchant in Glasgow, and one of the partners of the company of Andrew and Michael Neilson, wholesale tea-dealers there.
Robertson, James, jun. merchant, Dysart.

DIVIDENDS.

Andrew, Thomas, late brewer in Linlithgow; a dividend after 17th June.
Brown, William, late of Longbedholm, Dumfriesshire, cattle-dealer; a third and last dividend after 30th June.
Douglas, Alexander, sheep and cattle-dealer, some time at Haugh of Tullimet, thereafter at North Binn, in the parish of Fowlis Easter, Perthshire; a dividend on the 11th June.
Dove, James, merchant, and ship-owner in Leith; a dividend after 9th June.
Fleming, John, and Son, merchants, Langloan; a first and final dividend after 12th July.
Levach, George, merchant in Thurso; a dividend after 5th June.
Mathie, William, and Company, late merchants in Greenock; a final dividend after 25th June.
M'Morran, Robert, jun. and Company, wool-spinners at Garschew-mill; a dividend after 18th June.
Miller, George and Peter, cattle-dealers in Maus; a dividend after 26th June.
Pollock, John, cotton-spinner, Calton, Glasgow; a final dividend on 2d July.
Robertson, James, and Company, booksellers in Edinburgh; a dividend after 10th June.
Singer, Adam, merchant and grocer in Aberdeen; a first dividend after 6th July.
Smith, William, innkeeper in Hamilton; a dividend after 18th June.
Wilson, John, and Son, merchants and manufacturers in Dunfermline; a dividend after 28th June.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Capt. Edwards, 75 F. Major in the Army 15 May, 1824.
—— Aveline, E. I. Comp. Service, Adjt. at R. Military Seminary at Addiscombe, Local Rank of Capt. while so employed, vice Lester, resigned do.
Lieut. Ritherdon, of do. Acting Adj. at do. Local Rank of Lieut. while so employed do.

7 Dr. Gds. Cornet Brett, Lieut. by purch. vice Nicolls, prom. 24 Apr.
E. R. Buller, Corn. do.

3 Dr. T. Richardson, Corn. by purch. vice M'Lachlan, ret. 29 do.

4 Major Brown, from 8 Dr. Maj. vice Onslow, h. p. 42 F. rec. diff. 15 May

8 Bt. Maj. Brown, Maj. by purch. vice *Sir* H. Floyd, prom. 6 do.
Lieut. Paterson, Capt. do.
Corn. Parlby, Lieut. do.
J. T. *Lord* Brudenell, Corn. do.
Bt. Lieut. Col. *Lord* G. W. Russell, from h. p. 42 F. Maj. vice Brown, 4 Dr. 15 do.

15 Corn. Ross, Lieut. by purch. vice Jolliffe, 29 F. 22 Apr.
E. A. Perceval, Corn. do.

16 Corn. Penn, from 17 Dr. Corn. vice Brett, h. p. 24 Dr. do.

17 Lieut. Bond, Capt. by purch. vice M'Neale, ret. 6 May
Corn. Lewis, Lieut. do.
Hon. G. W. Edwardes, Corn. do.
Corn. Barron, from h. p. 24 Dr. Cor. vice Penn, 16 Dr. 22 Apr.

Gren. Gds. Assist. Surg. Harrison, Surgeon, vice Curtis, dead 29 do.
H. S. Elmslie, Assist. Surg. do.

4 F. Quart. Mast. Serjt. Bayne. Quart. Mast. vice Kelly, dead 5 Mar.

12 As. Surg. O'Halloran, from 64 F. Surg. vice Price, dead 29 Apr.

15 Capt. Gowdie, from h. p. 19 Dr. Cap. vice Fox, 95 F. 6 May

20 Lieut. Day, from h. p. W. I. Rang. Lieut. vice Warren, canc. 22 Apr.

28 Ens. Campbell, Lieut. vice Semple, 38 F. 28 do.
—— Browne, from 44 F. Ens. do.

29 Capt. Stannus, Maj. by purch. vice Tod, ret. 22 do.
Lieut. *Sir* W. G. H. Jolliffe, *Bt.* from 15 Dr. Capt. do.

32 —— Birtwhistle, Capt. by purch. vice Belcher, ret. 15 May
Ens. Ives, Lieut. do.
J. Markham, Ens. do.

36 Ens. Roberts, Adjt. vice M'Pherson, ret. Adj. only do.

38 Lieut. Matthews, Capt. vice Read, dead 23 Oct. 1823.
—— Semple, from 28 F. Capt. vice Willshire, prom. 24 do.
Ens. Grimes, Lieut. 25 do.
E. Bagot, Ens. do.

44 Bt. Maj. Brugh, Maj. vice Nixon, dead 7 Nov.
Lieut. Connor, Capt. do.
Ens. Ogilvy, Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. M'Crea, from Ceylon Regt. Ens. v. Browne, 28 F. 28 Apr. 1824.
Gent. Cadet. J. D. De Wend, from Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Ogilvy 29 do.

Ens. Langmead, from 76 F. Lieut. vice Wood, removed from the Service 25 do.

46 —— Hutchinson, Lieut. vice Law, dead 25 Oct. 1823.
G. Woodburn, Ens. 29 Apr. 1824.

51 V. Joham, Ens. by purch. vice Rice, canc. 6 May

59 Lieut. Chadwick, Capt. by purchase, vice Clutterbuck, ret. 29 Apr.
Ens. Coote, Lieut. do.
J. A. Barron, Ens. do.

60 As. Surg. Melvin, Surg. vice Faries, dead 10 Dec. 1823.

64 Hosp. Assist. Chambers, As. Surg. vice O'Halloran, 12 F. 29 Apr. 1824.

78 T. M. Wilson, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton prom. 15 do.

91 Gent. Cadet J. Hughes, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Campbell, dead 29 do.

92 Capt. Spinks, from 4 F. Maj. by pur. vice Lieut. Col. Fulton. ret. 15 May

95 —— Fox, from 15 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Mitchell, h. p. 6 do.

96 Lt. Furlong, from h. p. 43 F. Paym. 22 Apr.

2 W. I. Reg. Capt. Smith, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Welman, canc. do.

Ceyl. Regt. G. Pickard, 2d Lieut. vice M'Crea, 44 F. 29 do.

Afr. Col. C. As. Surg. Stewart, from 11 F. Surg. 15 May
Hosp. As. Fergusson, As. Surg. do.
—— Picton, do. do.

1 R. V. B. Capt. Welman, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Leach, ret. list 29 Apr.
—— Le Guay, from h. p. 95 F. do. vice M'Arthur, ret. list 15 May.
Lieut. Quill, from h. p. 15 F. Lieut. vice Blood, ret. list 29 Apr.

Unattached.

Maj. *Sir* H. Floyd, *Bt.* from 8 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Gen. Dowdeswell, ret. 6 May 1824.
Lieut. Douglas, from Gren. Gds. Cap. by purch. vice Maclauchlan, Rl. Eng. ret. 15 do.

Garrison.

Lieut. Clarke, 77 F. Town Adjt. in the Island of Malta 29 Apr. 1824

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. 2d Capt. Patten, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Close, h. p. 25 Apr. 1824.
1st Lieut. Miller, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Richardes, h. p. 12 May

R. Eng. Col. Mulcaster, from h. p. Col. vice D'Arcy, ret. 15 Apr.
Capt. Henryson, from h. p. Cap. vice Maclauchlan, h. p. 15 May

R. Sap. & Min. 2d Capt. H. D. Jones, Adjt. vice Reid, ret. 22 Apr.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Insp. Baxter, Insp. by Brevet 10 Dec. 1823.
Phys. Calvert, Dep. Insp. by Brevet 25 Nov. 1818.
—— M'Mullen, do. do.
As. Surg. Barry, from h. p. As. Surg. 6 May, 1824.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Gordon, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Col. Wallace, h. p. Unatt.
—— Cross, from 36 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Col. Hewett, h. p. Unatt.
Maj. Gardiner, from 14 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Campbell, h. p. W. India Ra.
Capt. *Marq. of* Tichfield, from 2d Life Gds. with Capt. *Lord* G. Bentinck, h. p. W. Ind. Rang.
—— North, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Kington, h. p.
—— Bannet, from 7 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Gowdie, 15 F.
—— M'Neill, from 17 Dr. with Capt. Locke, 2d W. Ind. R.
—— Swinton, from 17 F. with Capt. Rotton, 20 F.
—— Halfhide, from 17 F. with Capt. Caulfield, 44 F.
Lieut. Jervis, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. Ramus, h. p. 24 F.
—— Leathes, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wathen, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Nicholson, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Greenland, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— *Lord* Wallscourt, from 98 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barrett, h. p. 52 F.

Capt. Blake, from Afr. Col. Corps, with Lieut. Sword h. p. 91 F.
——— Forster, 63 F. with Lieut. Shenley, h. p. Rifle Brig.
Lt. and Adj. Flood, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Ramsden, h. p. 4 F.
Corn. Lett, from 12 Dr. with Ens. *Hon.* R. Petre, 58 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Gen. Dowdeswell, late of 60 F.
Lieut. Col. Tod, 29 F.
——— Fulton, 92 F.
Maj. M'Neale, 17 Dr.
Capt. Belcher, 32 F.
——— Clutterbuck, 59 F.
——— Maclauchlan, R. Eng.
Cornet M'Lachlan, 5 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Wellman, 2d W. Ind. Ra.
Lieut. Warren, 20 F.
Ens. Rice, 51 F.

Removed from the Service.

Lieut. Wood, 44 F.

Dismissed.

Staff As. Surg. M'Loughlin.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. T. Marshall, East India Comp. Service, 28 May, 24.
Col. *Marq. of* Lothian, *K. T.* Edinburgh Mil.
Lieut. Col. Hall, h. p. 65 F. Clifton, 13 May, 24.
Major Waldron, 27 F.
——— Tomkins, Limerick Mil. Carnarvon, No. Wales, 13 Apr. 24.
——— Barberie, late of Barrack Dep.
Capt. Rylance, 43 F. supposed lost at sea, 31 Dec. 23.
——— Goddard, Dep. Bar. Mast. Gen. Nova Scotia, 29 Feb. 24.
——— Parker, h. p. 94 F.
——— Nosworthy, h. p. 2 West I. R. lost on passage from Sierra Leone, Aug. 23.
——— Connor, h. p. New Brunsw. Fen.
Lieut. Lorimer, 1 F. Limerick, 13 May, 24.
——— Taggart, late 5 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 18 Apr.
——— Maclean, late 12 do. Cork 1 do.
——— M'Donald, h. p. 7 Dr. Edinburgh, 23 Mar.
——— Matthews, h. p. 23 F.
——— Keough, h. p. 25 F. Ireland.
——— Yelverlon, h. p. 32 F. Kirk Michael, I. of Man, 24 Apr.
——— Howard, h. p. 33 F. Chalfont, St Giles's Bucks, 1 Jan.
——— Wishart, h. p. 42 F. Upper Canada.
——— Stewart, h. p. 82 F. Hampton, 28 Feb.
——— Armstrong, h. p. Irish Artil. Liverpool, 3 Apr. 24.
——— Strong, Light Horse Vol. London, 2 May.
Ens. Oates, h. p. 38 F. 14 Jan. 24.
——— Sutherland, h. p. 152 F. 26 Apr.
Paymaster Nosworthy, h. p. 2 W. I Regt. Abergele, Denbighshire, 18 May, 24.
——— Burley, Brecon Milit. 15 Apr.
Quarter-Master *Ens.* Kelly, 4 F. Antigua, 5 Mar. 24.
Surg. Murphy, Louth Milit. Apr. 24.
——— Ambrose, h. p. R. Art. So. Mayo Milit. Ireland, 17 do.
Assistant Surg. Cochrane, h. p. York Ra. Lambeth. 29 Feb. 24.

Erratum.

For 1st Lieut. Henry Sandham, R. Art. *dead, read,* 1st Lieut. Christopher Knight Sanders, R. Art. *dead.*

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Dec. 1, 1823. At Madras, the Lady of Major Cadell, assistant-adjutant general, of a son.

29. At Madeira, the Lady of Robert Wallas, Esq. of a daughter.

April 22, 1824. At Westwood, near Southampton, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, of a son.

29. At the British hotel, 70, Queen's Street, the Lady of George Fullerton Carnegie, Esq. of Pitarrow, of a daughter.

May 2. At No. 9, Abercromby Place, the Lady of James Greig, Esq. of Eccles, of a son.

4. At No. 45, Queen's Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Shand, Esq. of Balmakewan, of a son.

6. At his Lordship's house, in Berkeley Square, London, the Countess of Jersey, of a daughter.

7. At Dovecot, Musselburgh, Mrs Home, of a son.

9. At Inverness, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Fraser, of Torbeck, of a daughter.

— At Milton House, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, of a daughter.

11. Mrs Alexander Douglas, Albany Street, of a son.

12. At York Place, the Lady of Dr John Campbell, of a daughter.

15. At Elie, Fifeshire, the Lady of Captain Porteous, R. N. of a son.

16. At London, Mrs Duff of Carnousie, of a daughter.

— Mrs Smith, 3, Albany Street, of a son.

— At Bonnington Bank, Mrs Wyld, of a son.

— At York Place, Mrs Dr. Gillespie, of a son

17. At Dumbarton Castle, the Lady of T. Y. Lester, Esq. of a son.

18. At No. 10, St John Street, Mrs Dr Poole, of a daughter.

19. At Albany Street, Mrs Orr, of a son.

22. In Coates Crescent, Mrs Abercromby, of Birkenbog, of a son.

24. In Coates Cresent, Mrs George Forbes, of a daughter.

25. Mrs George Robertson, 28, Albany Street, of a daughter.

27. In Meadow Place, Mrs Irving, of a son.

28. At North Berwick, the Lady of Major-General Dalrymple, of a son.

— At Stewartfield, Mrs Veitch, of a son.

29. At Woolwich, the Lady *of* Lieutenant William Cochrane Anderson, Royal Horse Artillery, of a daughter.

29. At Coates Crescent, the Lady of Captain Ayton, Royal Artillery, of a son.

30. At Penchrise, Mrs Pott, of a son.

— At Forge Lodge, Dumfries-shire, the Lady of Pulteney Mein, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 4. At London, Captain Francis J. Davies, of the grenadier guards, to Anna, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Dunlop, M. P. of Dunlop, county of Ayr.

— At London, James John Fraser, Esq. major in the 7th hussars, to Charlotte Ann, only child of the late Daniel Craufurd, Esq.

5. At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mr W. B. Mackenzie, merchant, to Agnes Grieg, daughter of Robert Anderson, Esq. merchant, Leith.

6. The Rev. John Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. to Augusta, daughter of John Swinfen, Esq. of Swinfen House, in the county of Stafford.

— At Birstall, Mr Benjamin Hewitt, of Leeds, in his 77th year, to Miss Jenny Hewit, (*his niece*) in her 16th year, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Hewit, of Middleton.

7. At Mrs Keith's, Corstorphine Hill, James Wilson, Esq. to Miss Isabella Keith, youngest daughter of the late William Keith, Esq. of Corstorphine Hill.

8. At Pennyland, near Thurso, Robert Rose, Esq. writer, Thurso, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Alexander Paterson, Esq. of Pennyland.

11. At Blackburn, James Hozier, Esq. advocate, younger of Newlands and Barrowfield, to Catherine Margaret, second daughter of William Feilden, Esq. of Fenniscoles, Lancashire.

12. At London, the Marquis of Exeter, to Miss Isabella Poyntz, daughter of W. S. Poyntz, Esq. of Grosvenor Place.

18. At Edinburgh, S. Callender, Esq. merchant, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Mr Archibald, wine-merchant, Leith.

21. At London, the Rev. William Robinson, son of Sir John Robinson, Bart. to the Hon. Susanna Sophia Flower, eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ashbrook.

24. At St Andrews, Mr David Balfour, writer there, to Miss Margaret Tod, daughter of David Tod, Esq. St Andrews.

DEATHS.

Dec. 13, 1823. At Calcutta, John Calman, Esq. late of Pittenweem, Fifeshire.

April 19, 1824. At Missolonghi in Greece, after an illness of ten days, George Gordon, Lord Byron, in the 37th year of his age; who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye. On the 9th of April, he had exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by previous illness made him unwilling to be bled, and the inflammatory action, unchecked, terminated fatally on the 19th April. The following is a translation of the Proclamation which was issued by the Greek Authorities at Missolonghi, to the grief of its inhabitants, who were thus arrested in the celebration of their Easter festivities:—

"*Provisional Government of Greece.*—The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all: Lord Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which lasted for ten days. During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of sex or age, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter. The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it. His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one; and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor. Until the disposition of the National Government regarding this most calamitous event be known, by virtue of the Decree of the Legislature No. 314, of date the 15th October,

"*It is ordained,*—1. To-morrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.—2. All public offices, including all courts of justice, shall be shut for the three following days.—3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivities and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period.—4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days.—5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches."

The Greeks have requested and obtained the heart of Lord Byron, which will be placed in a mausoleum in the country, the liberation of which was his last wish. His body will brought to England. His lordship leaves one daughter, a minor.

April 21, 1824. At Assapole, Island of Mull, the Rev. Dugald Campbell, minister of Kilfinichen, in the 78th year of his age, and 52d of his ministry.

May 1. At his residence in Argyllshire, John Macalister, Esq. of Cour, in the 82d year of his age.

2. In Russell Place, London, Archibald Cullen, Esq. of the Middle Temple, one of his Majesty's Council, and youngest son of the celebrated Dr Cullen.

— At Stewartfield, Mrs Elliot, of Woollie.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Buchanan, daughter of the late John Buchanan of Arnprior, Esq.

5. At Oldhamstocks Manse, Miss Mary Moore, daughter of the Rev. Robert Moore, minister of Oldhamstocks.

— At London, after a very short illness, the widow of the Right Hon. William Windham, at an advanced age.

5. At Brighton, James Patrick, the fifth son of James Loch, Esq. Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

6. At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Mackenzie, second daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. W. S.

— In Charles Street, Mrs A. C. Littlejohn, wife of David Littlejohn, Esq.

7. At Cranston Manse, Mrs Helena Brodie, wife of the Rev. Walter Fisher, minister of Cranston.

8. In Duke Street, Leith, Eliza Giles, eldest daughter of Mr James Black, merchant there.

10. At Edinburgh, Mr John Guthrie, bookseller, aged 77.

11. At Kilchrinan Manse, Henry, fifth son of Mr Thomas Dallas, merchant, Edinburgh.

— In Charlotte Square, in her 10th year, Jane, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk.

12. At North Charlotte Street, William, only son of Mr William Tennant, jun.

— At Inveresk, Louis David Ramsay, the infant son of J. H. Home, Esq. of Longformachus.

13. At Deanbank House, near Edinburgh, William Bruce, Esq. upholsterer in Edinburgh.

— At Limerick, Lieutenant Lorimer.

14. At Cottartown of Logiealmond, Elspeth Robertson, in the 100th year of her age.

16. At Edinburgh, Archibald Craufuird, Esq. W. S.

17. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Countess of Glencairn. Her ladyship was sister to the Earl of Buchan.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Kilgour, aged 19 years, youngest son of Laurence Kilgour, King's Kettle, Fife.

— At Logie, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Kinloch, of Kilrie.

— At Springkell, Charles Douglas Maxwell, fourth son of Lieut.-General Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart.

19. At Wester Duddingstone, Mr John Henderson, late of the New Club, St Andrew's Square.

— At Ely, Mr Robert Maltman, aged 74 years.

— At Moat of Annan, David Steuart, Esq. formerly merchant in, and Lord Provost of Edinburgh, aged 78 years.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr Hugh Gray, solicitor at law, Bank Street.

21. At Belvidere, Kent, the Hon. S. E. Eardley, only son of Lord Eardley.

— At Leslie, after a lingering illness, Mr David Laing, in his 22d year.

22. At Dumbarton Castle, the infant son of T. Y. Lester, Esq.

— At her house, in North Nelson Street, Miss Katherine Gilliland, daughter of the late James Gilliland, jeweller, Edinburgh.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Cummings, prompter of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Hutton, eldest daughter of the late John Hutton, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Glasgow, Wilhelmina Johnston, relict of the late Mr James Mackintyre, Leith.

— At Dr Wylie's, Queen Street, Lellies Gillespie, daughter of the late John Gillespie, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

29. At 7, St Anthony Place, William Laurie, student in medicine.

— At Portobello, James, eldest surviving son of James Roughead, Haddington.

— At his house, in Forth Street, David Kinnear, Esq. banker.

30. At Coates House, Major-General Nicholas Carnegie, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal establishment.

31. At Star Bank, Fife, Mr Thomas Erskine Pattullo, aged 19, third son of Robert Pattullo, Esq.

Lately, At No. 1, Leopold Place, Mrs Margaret Reoch, wife of Mr Hugh Reoch, late of Forth Bank.

— Suddenly, at Clifton, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hall, C. B. late of his Majesty's 65th Regiment.

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